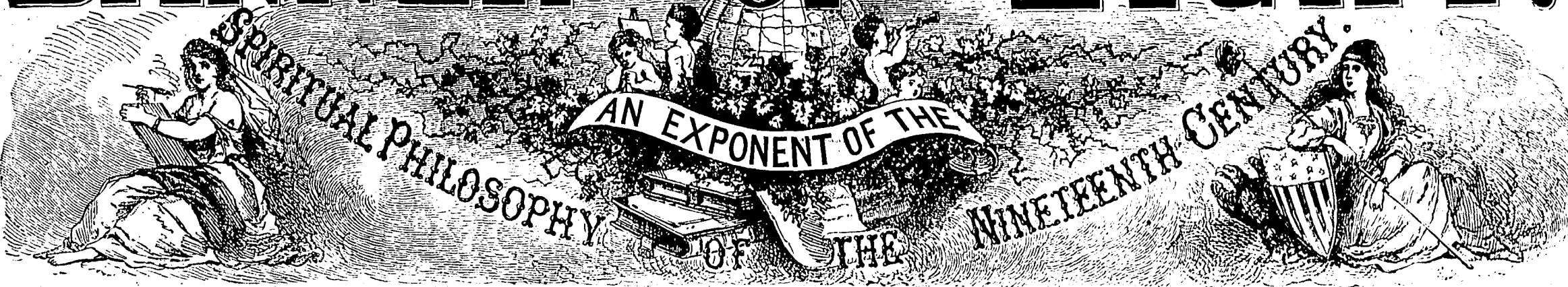


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXXIII.

COLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1873.

\$3.00 Per Annum,
In Advance.

NO. 18.

Free Thought.

WETHERBEE'S "NIGHT THOUGHTS."

II.

It is the hour that children talk with angels, says the poet. All day the din of active life overwhelms, and the latent soul speaks not. Thankful are we for the return of night, when hearts speak and voices are silent. It is the hour we feel our immortality. I am a debtor to my night life—I mean not as now, awake and dreaming. Some day I expect to find that the hours spent in sleep have their history which will yet open to us, and our biography will cover two lines of travel—our sleeping and our waking life. I have an idea that the soul is a Nemesis that never sleeps; mythically, then, the soul is the daughter of night; then the "night side of Nature" is its bright side, this life is but an eclipse. This is logic, then, in saying, "It is the hour we feel our immortality."

Immortality! shall that, then, be our night thought? How trivial and undesirable are the current ideas of the future life, called the immortal state! With it before me, once the very word made me tired, and I used to say to myself: When I get to heaven, (nobody expected to go to hell, you know—hell is for other people), and imagining myself among the blest, how glad I shall be when it is all over and I am at rest as I was before I was born! Does any one wonder that thoughtful and even pious people were inclined to doubt of this future state? and when science knocked the foundation out of the faith born of bible revelations, by proving this word of God (or, rather, word of man,) to be in error, that a feeling of rest came over the mind? At least it did to mine. I think I am not alone when I say, if I had an evangelical or biblical heaven offered me, or an eternal sleep, I would choose the latter. In fact I did, on common sense grounds, for I became an infidel after starving in the church a decade of years.

If Modern Spiritualism had opened the same door, or into the same place, that the bible and the pulpit did, and do, as a general thing, as a blessed future, a feeling of disappointment would have come over me, and I would have turned my back on it if I could. I took to it, anyhow reluctantly, and I think on that account. It was an improvement over old ideas to say or feel, after I became an infidel, that when a man died that was the end of him. This epithet always suited me, so very common—"She sleeps well."

I investigated Spiritualism partly for amusement, as I would any slight-of-hand entertainment, and partly for the purpose of disabusing a loved one's mind, who was tasting of it, and rather liking the taste. The future life that Modern Spiritualism introduces is so different from the current notions of heaven that the subject is attractive; it is a future world of human activities and progress, where we are still men and women, not gods or angels in the supernatural sense; it is a continuation of ourselves, with extended powers and a wider field. I am glad that with this new light, or new perception of an old light, there came also this new heaven, which, after all, seems but a new and better earth. Liberal churches have stolen our thunder, but the paternity of the thought is in Modern Spiritualism.

How well I remember the first ray of this light that reached me. I examined it a little, and reflected more. Alone in my room, one time, I said, "Can such things be?" And I said, also—which is true to-day, and applies to all—if the loved and lost still exist, and are conscious and communicative, it must be by some law, and they should come to me as well as to or through a medium. I am sure they do now to everybody; but this thought I will not carry out here, but will do so some other time. I was satisfied that, if it was true, it was natural; so I sat alone one day, and asked of an old table to tip or to rattle, but got no response. I put an old bible on it, and said, audibly, "Please manifest." Well, says I, perhaps, spirits, you may hear and you may see, but I may not be in tune for your use; so I said to the circumambient air, "Grandmother" (who was much attached to that old bible), and then "Sister;" and, not wishing to slight any one, I said, "Or any spirit friend who hears me now, send me this message when my friend (whom I said had begun to like the subject) goes to see the medium." I repeating it audibly, with my hands on this bible-crowned table. A suggestion also came into my mind to write this message, and I did so, and read it hopefully, and looked it up, and told no one. A few weeks after, this friend, who had been at a "sitting," as we called it, said, "There is a message from the other side for you," handing me a paper to read, which had been written out, letter by letter, by the raps. It was a duplicate of the message I had requested when all alone in my room. I know that no one knew my request, or had heard it or read it. I had never seen the medium. The person who got it for me was not expecting one, and did not know that I was—and I must own I did not expect any, and it was both a pleasure and a surprise when it came. There was a definite, intelligent response from an intelligence on the other side of the grave, and from a person I had seen suffer and die and be buried, and who now claimed to be

alive and happy, and in good, plain English told me so. There was but one thing for me to do, viz.: investigate; make it take any form but that; and, if it stood exhaustive analysis, admit the fact as claimed—a communication from a spirit. Now, after sixteen years' experience, I have never had reason to doubt but that then, and since, I have had intelligent communications from spirits who once, like us, lived in the form familiar to us.

I have tried a great many times since to get a repetition, that is, I have asked for a special message. I have got as good tests, but not what I asked for. I do not know why. Mr. Lum, in his book on "Spiritual Delusions," would say: If they did it once why can't they do it again? When the soldier said to Jesus on the cross, "Come down and I will believe in you," the records do not say he came down. If he had done so it might have made that soldier a Christian; but the next man might have said, "I do not believe you was ever on the cross; but yourself back and I will believe in you," and so keep it a going. Are converts worth all that trouble, seeing there is a "to-morrow to death," when all eyes are to open?

The proof of identity is a more difficult question to settle, and though in many respects desirable, is a non-essential. All the world wants to know to-day is, "If a man die shall he live again?" and an actual response from one who has passed on settles that question. Mr. Lum will admit that, but he says, no response, all accounted for otherwise than by the spiritual hypothesis. I find the spiritual solution the only one that fits every time; other definitions fail to cover the ground. If Mr. Lum thinks otherwise, he needs some of my experience before he writes books on delusions. It is a wonder sometimes to me why the spirits, doing what they do, do not do more. I, for one, am glad of that little, yet my constitutional skepticism would compel me to attribute it to anything else but spirits; if that "anything else" covered the ground; but it certainly does not, speaking from my own experience.

I was going to speak of identity, but I must defer it. I have come to the conclusion that it is better that the subject of identity should be more or less doubtful. We are stronger men and women by being self-reliant. We would not, be it avowed implicitly rely upon those in the spirit who were aids to us when in the form. A man who presses on the point of identity will find the subject bending under him; and any one who takes into consideration consequences will see wisdom in the fact.

It once seemed to me that mediums should be clothed in purple, and fare sumptuously—the spirits owed that much to them for switching them off of life's track for a common benefit; then I remembered the good, good mourning all their days, and the lucky and the selfish and generally the undeserving occupy the best places in life—that the Christs are rarely Rothschilds; so that the language of the past reads a lesson in these words, viz.: "God shows his appreciation of wealth by the quality or character of the men to whom he generally gives it." My conclusion is, the spirits do not handle material tools—they have to work through human beings as they can, and as they (the spirits) themselves are; and can no more with certainty make a man successful in a worldly sense who is of a tender and sympathetic nature, except as an exception, than they can inspire with music an organism that has no ear for music, and I see a wisdom in that fact, and come to the conclusion under the new, as under the ancient *modus operandi*; that men and mediums are pretty much what luck and their mothers have made them; and further, the real, true, pure gold of life does not necessarily glitter. Spirits living in a moneyless world, where "a man's a man for a' that," see better than we can the soul-shrinking qualities of worldly success, and out of the two evils, poverty and wealth, choose, as far as they can, the least, which is poverty. We do not mean to say by this that they choose either—only to convey the idea that any one not having his measure of happiness of any special kind, owes it to his own constitution; it could not very well be otherwise. The spirits work, if at all in this matter, indirectly. I have learned some things by being a Spiritualist: I have learned to gauge myself, and, holding a pint, I don't propose to grumble because I have not room for a quart. I believe my spirit-friends do all for me they can, as I would in a change of cases for them; and if I do not live in the largest house and have the largest purse, it is wisely and necessarily otherwise, and the spirits cannot alter it, and I think would not if they could.

Experience has taught me that, had some of my accented desires in the past been realized, I would have been the worse for it to-day. I have wept tears of disappointment, which now I remember as tears of joy. Spiritualism, which has opened a future for us that nothing else did or could, has made me willing to take what comes, and as it comes, for I know by it there is time enough to take all I want—I am to have my fill. The spirit in my heart says, the longer I am about it, the longer I shall last, or something that amounts to that. I want to last, now that I am a Spiritualist, and do not go to blind. I have an idea we shall all last a great while, and shuffle off many mortal or provisional coils besides this one. I am in no hurry; I hold a through ticket—the coupons are limitless. I am not a dead-head—no one is; we all work our passage, world without end. Is the thought tiresome? Not to me, now—certainly the fact is not—so let us take it easy; and I propose to, and fret not myself be-

cause of evil-doers. This is a long subject—immortality. It was hard to stop; there is no stop to immortality, but there is to this "night-thought"—thus.

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT FOR THE RECOGNITION OF THE CHRISTIAN GOD, JESUS, CHRIST AND THE BIBLE IN THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION.

NUMBER NINE.

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

The year 1868 appears to have been quiet so far as this Christian Cause is concerned—the meetings held being substantially the same as those of previous years.

In February, 1869, the Ohio State Christian Association met at Columbus.

The National Convention met at Pittsburg,

Pa. It was during this year that I had the satisfaction of attending the Iowa State Christian Reform Convention at Oskaloosa, and being invited to participate in its deliberations. It held six sessions, Nov. 3d and 4th. The debating was sharp and vigorous, and drew out crowded audiences after the first day. The excitement throughout that part of the country was intense. The Oskaloosa Conservator, published by the poet-editor, Mr. Porte C. Welch, gave a photographic report of the proceedings, and used the influence of his paper against the Movement. The Oskaloosa Herald was in favor of it.

At various times during the sessions I occupied the floor of the Convention and spoke plainly to the people; and to the delegates, mostly clergymen, I particularly addressed words of warning, told them their Reform(?) meant Spiritual despotism, the most cruel, merciless species of despotism; cited them to the awful lessons of history; showed them that the history of Christianity is written in characters of blood; that there were holy crusades against human life; that persecution, in the language of Milton, inheres in the religious spirit; that our revolutionary fathers evinced the highest order of wisdom in divorcing the State and Religion; and, now, they had met to undo, if they could, the work of such as Jefferson, Adams, Paine and Washington.

Concerning the debate the Herald said that by the Convention opening "the door of free discussion" the "liveliest interest" was the result. It forgot to add that several times it was proposed by delegates to "shut the door." When I closed my principal speech referred to, there was a death-like silence over the broken assembly. The force of the facts could not be broken by argument, so one of the delegates had recourse to the mythical. He set out by declaring I had made an attempt to carry the audience by a piece of declamation, which reminded him of a little story: A gentleman with his negro boy went hunting deer. The master gave his slave special instructions how to shoot: to stand near a clump of bushes, and if the deer passed a certain opening, to take good aim and fire! The master frightened up the deer, which came bounding along very near the negro, who was almost dead with fright. The master came running up, and inquired:

"Sambo, did you shoot? Why did n't you shoot?"

"Golly! Massa, no, I did n't shoot! 'Cause he jumped so high I did n't get full and kill him!"

I must confess I heartily enjoyed the joke, and the roars of laughter which followed.

The clergy applied all sorts of epithets to me, "atheist," "blasphemer," etc., etc. Some of the more sensible ministers inquired of me, How I managed to keep so perfectly cool amid so many attacks? I replied that it was reported that I had this Satanic Majesty for a constant attendant, and it was well-known he was ready for his part. The Herald referred to my opposition in the following delicate manner:

"It was a rare sight to see an atheist pointing out the fierce risks of his put-up denunciations on the heads of the clergy."

That Convention convinced me that a religious war was not far distant. Before this question is settled it will involve the shedding of blood. To Spiritualists belongs the credit of first sounding the alarm against the effort to destroy Liberty in America. Mediumship as clearly indicated its approach as the barometer informs us of the coming storm. With a Spiritualist, too, rests the honor of publishing the first book against the Movement, the perusal of which, I am confident, will place each American reader "on guard."

MARK TWAIN says you cannot find as much climate bunched together anywhere in the world as you can in the Sandwich Islands. You take a thermometer and mark on it where you want the mercury to stand permanently, with the privilege of ranging five or six degrees at long intervals, and you may select the spot that will exactly accommodate you. At Honolulu it is always about 82 deg.; five hundred feet higher up the mountain you can have it permanently at 70 deg.; go higher, and your mercury falls to the exact point you like. If you want snow and ice forever, go to the summit of Mauna Kea; if you want it hot, go to Lahaina, "where they do not hang the thermometer on a nail, because the solder might melt."

The following conversation between two clever lawyers was overheard: "How does your client like it?" "Not overmuch; begins to complain of the expense." "Mine is all right, bound to fight it out. Can we manage to get the jury to disagree again?" "Do not know; we must work for it." "You get heat, of course, in the end; but you'll appeal, of course?" "Of course."

Literary Department.

THE ARTIST'S HOPE;

OR,

THE INSPIRATION OF A ROSE.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. ELIZA M. HICKOK.

CHAPTER I.

The clear September sunshine poured its golden light over the great, comfortable-looking farmhouse and the grand old trees which guarded it on every side, the ample beds of autumn flowers, the fields and orchard, and fairly flooded the clean, airy kitchen, where, half-doing over his paper, sat the fortunate possessor of all—except the sunshine—a healthy, vigorous man, nearly sixty years of age, whom we will call Deacon Harland.

His easy after-dinner rest was presently disturbed by the entrance of his wife, whose fair, motherly countenance was usually as placid as the still waters of the lake, beneath the calm sunshine, but who now appeared much agitated, and started him by exclaiming:

"There, Josiah! it's come at last—just what I feared. Raymond has gone—left the only home he ever knew"—how the kind voice trembled over those words. "I'm afraid your last night's talk drove the poor boy to desperation. Your advice was rather stern, Josiah." And, laying before him an open note, the mother drew her low rocker to the window which looked out upon the sunny field and orchard, with the dark belt of forest trees beyond, and, bowing her head upon her hands, no longer attempted to restrain her tears.

"There, there, Mary! don't get so excited," spoke the Deacon, rather nervously, taking up the piece of paper, covered with a plain, firm writing, familiar to them both. His wife's unusual emotion considerably moved the firm old man; but he only hardened his heart toward the writer as he read:

"DEAR, BEST OF MOTHERS: I must leave you, but not forever; no, do not think that. I cannot longer endure this life. Father means well, no doubt; but he will not understand me, and blames me that I feel no interest in the work he designed for me, while my whole soul cries out for another sphere of action. I never can feel interested in farm work, nor yet the constrained life of a minister, who must preach what will please his congregation. I am not fitted for either place; and, though it is hard to disregard a parent's wishes, it is harder, ay, impossible, mother, to still the promptings or crush down the aspirations of one's own heart. Father will call this foolish sentimentalism. Ask him where I could have learned that—from Bible or catechism?—for these have been the principal reading given me for leisure moments since I can remember. I leave only respect and filial regard for father. I know he will not forgive me now, but trust there may come a time when he will blame me less. And, mother, darling mother, I could not bid you good-by, for you could weep at parting, and then I should waver in my purpose. But do not fear for me. Your loving counsel shall always be remembered. I leave your picture, mother, and that shall be my talisman wherever I may wander. Frank will tell you more than I can write; he knows my plans, and you shall hear from me if I stop in Boston, where I design going first. But, remember, do not fret, do not worry if I am silent for awhile. I leave a few sketches for you, dear mother; and again I promise that you shall never be ashamed, and there may come an hour when you will be proud of your loving son,

RAY HARLAND."

Deacon Harland compressed his firm lips still more firmly, and knit his heavy brows, while a look of hard endurance, not pleasant to see, settled on his face. At length, he said:

"Well, Mary, I do not know as I blame you for feeling bad about the foolish boy, gone to the very haunts of wickedness, as he has, trusting only in his own strength. Don't suppose he even took a Bible with him. Well, I've tried to bring him up in the ways of righteousness, but I can't answer for him now."

Then Mrs. Harland wiped her tear-stained face, and answered, mildly, but with an emphasis which startled the pious Deacon:

"I have too much faith in Ray's natural goodness and love of truth and principle to fear his going astray; but I'm afraid he has n't thought of all the trials and annoyances which await him in the great, selfish world, and will get discouraged and poor, and then he too proud to let us know it."

"And I hope he will be too proud, Mary," was the cold rejoinder. "For I should not be willing to help him, even if he needed it—no, not to stay there. I don't wish him to come to poverty or suffering, of course; and when he is ready to come back and take his place, I will receive him kindly. Pretty hard, though, to have a child cross my wishes as he does. You know I had set my heart on seeing him a minister of the gospel, he was such a bright, smart boy, or I never should have given him his way so much about learning. But he cared more for his nonsense of drawing and sketching (which, in my

opinion, will never amount to anything); and here he has grown to the age of twenty-one, perfectly indifferent in regard to the salvation of his fellow-beings, or even his own; and now he has gone out into the sinful world without the protecting arms of the Church to shield, or the grace of God to save him from temptation."

"Ray is a good boy, if he does n't belong to the church," said the mother, calmly meeting her husband's grave, astonished look. "He never gave you a saucy word: he never gave me a heart-ache. Not many parents can say that, Josiah."

"True, Mary; but I am afraid you are too willing to rest upon a false security. I don't like to hear you, extolling his natural goodness and morality, as if that was going to insure him life everlasting, without the regenerating grace which every sinful heart must have."

Mrs. Harland remained silent. She did not care to listen to one of her husband's sermons just then. Her loving mother-heart was with the absent one, and the greatest anxiety she could feel was for his moral welfare. She had always been less strict in her religious ideas than her husband; and of late the worthy man feared she was in a "backsliding" state, she had such a odd way of speaking of "sinners."

But her daily life was exemplary; her counsel always for hence; her influence always harmonious; and since the Deacon could not discover wherein she failed to be a Christian, in the true sense of the word, (which so few appear to understand,) his natural good sense forbade him to chide her very severely for her liberal views. In the present case, she knew that all argument would be lost, and deemed it wise to let the subject rest for the time; and soon after she left the room, and proceeded to look over Ray's collection of sketches.

Her heart was heavy, and many a tear fell on the rude drawings as they were arranged and laid by as sacred treasures to the fond mother. Yet she was hopeful for his future; she would trust him, distant though he might be, and exposed to all sin and temptation.

Her noble, loving Ray! How every look and act of his was stamped upon her memory! Could she ever forget his broad, intellectual brow, with laughing dark eyes beneath, his curly hair, of rich, deep black, so like her own before the silver threads mingled with its luxuriance? Yes, Ray's was a handsome, spirited face, not lacking in strength and firmness; for the resolute mouth bespoke his father's determined perseverance.

Mrs. Harland gazed long and fearfully upon the pictured face of her son, while from her loving, anxious heart went out such an earnest, prayerful desire for his safety and happiness, that surely-sweet, guiding influences must have been drawn near to him in that hour.

CHAPTER II.

Our good city of Boston is very fair to look upon, as we go out from our pleasant homes and wander through its clean, shaded streets, with their lofty structures, through whose richly curtained windows we catch glimpses of the beauty and elegance which only wealth can furnish. If we enter these residences we find the richest finishing and furnishing; gilded cornices and glittering, massive chandeliers, that turn into day with their brilliancy; soft, luxurious carpets, which give no sound to the foot-fall, cover the floor of each spacious room and hall for the fair ones favored of fortune, to trail their rich robes over, alike on Monday morn or Sabbath eve. For them no hours of toil, no eager looking forward to a blessed day of rest.

But way down in the basements, with their vast closets and store-rooms to be kept in perfect order, their furnaces and elevators and many modern appliances to be attended to, are beings who could tell you the difference between Monday morning and Saturday night.

Then we linger with pride and delight beside our city's lovely parks and squares and nicely-kept grounds, green and beautiful, which daily gladden the sight of the rich—the rich who can enjoy the country air and scenery any time they choose.

But the stranger, arriving at one of our busy wharves or stations, finds himself in the midst of confusion and bustle—of a moving mass of humanity, horses and carriages, in such nearness that he is puzzled to know how each one can attend to his own affairs and keep clear of the others. The whole is a bewildering labyrinth for him to thread his way through. He sees before him narrow streets, pitiful children, and wretched homes. He struggles on, to escape from dirt and confusion and the painful evidences of sin and shame and poverty, and is soon amazed at the contrast.

To a stranger, utterly alone and friendless as Ray Harland was, the city of our love and pride is lonely and forbidding. The stranger, with wealth at his command, can make his sojourn

pleasant and agreeable in every way; but one without must anxiously seek for occupation at once.

Ray had barely sufficient for present wants, and could not long afford to be idle. Day after day he sought for some light employment that might give him leisure moments to devote to his beloved art. He wandered through busy Tremont and Washington streets, pausing some time to dwell upon the beauties of art and rare, rich paintings displayed in the spacious windows. But in vain he sought and hoped, until his means were almost exhausted. He even reduced himself to scanty meals and the plainest food, yet no thought of returning home or of asking for help. He had worked at his easel diligently and hopefully at first, but no one had seemed to recognize his talent, and his modest little pictures did not sell. He had only wealth and influence to bring them into notice, they would be pronounced "boyish," "charming," and grace many an elegant parlor and drawing room up town.

Ray thought this, rather bitterly, as he found himself at last glad to accept of a menial situation, with meagre pay. The first clouds were gathering about his young, hopeful aspirations. He longed for his mother's gentle caress and wise counsel; but he remembered his stern father, and would send no discouraging appeal to the home where want was never known.

And Ray's was a lonely, troubled mood, as he went out from his comfortable lodging-room early one Sunday-morning for a walk. He wandered far away, until he reached streets less densely populated, more quiet and peaceful, with only now and then a solitary traveler like himself. As he paused to look about him, his attention was quickly arrested by the appearance of a young girl (and but a passing glance sufficed to assure one of her rare loveliness) who carried with the utmost care a large bouquet of beautiful autumn flowers. In all his walks about the city Ray had never seen a face so charming in its innocent beauty. She appeared about fourteen years of age, a slight, graceful form, delicate hands and feet, a wealth of curling, heavy hair, just a shade too dark to be called golden, eyes of the darkest blue, fringed with long, jetty lashes, and features which seemed perfect to the young artist's wondering gaze.

He could not take his eyes from the lovely girl, as she tripped lightly along, until, just as she was beside him, when another passer-by carelessly brushed against the rare bouquet so lightly held, and it would have fallen in the dust but for Ray, who, by an adroit movement, saved it unscathed. He marked her look of alarm, quickly succeeded by one of relief, as he politely restored the flowers, while the admiration he could not conceal looked out from his expressive eyes.

"Oh, thank you, thank you, sir, for saving my flowers," said the young girl gratefully. "I could not have caught them, and Mrs. Lafayette is so particular the least grain of dust would spoil them for her! They are choice ones, too," she continued, looking them over to see if any were disarranged; "the last of the season, so I could not have replaced them."

Ray made some commonplace reply, wishing he could think of something proper to say, and keep the lovely being by his side for a moment. Suddenly the deft little fingers discovered a loosened stem, and drew from the bouquet a beautiful white rose.

"There," said she, smiling, "I told Auntie Leonard this rose was hardly needed. There is another like it; and I am glad it is loosened now, for you shall have the darling for your kindness, sir, if you will accept it," and she looked up frankly into Ray's handsome but now pale, sad face.

She noted the expression there, and while he took the fragrant flower, with many thanks, a wistful, pitying look crept into her beautiful eyes, and she, in turn, tried to think of something she might say to cheer him, for hers was a happy, sympathetic disposition that found sunshine everywhere.

"Do you love flowers, sir?" she asked timidly.

"Very dearly," he replied; "but, being always accustomed to them, never thought to prize them as highly as I shall this one white rose."

"Oh, sir, it is such a trifle!" she said lightly. "But, when we've nothing else to give, a flower will sometimes speak our kind wishes for a person. You see I am very fond of flowers. Auntie and I cultivate them; we live a little way out from the city," indicating by a glance the direction in which she had come, "and we are very glad to dispose of them to wealthy people, when they wish for them. I think flowers make this world very beautiful, sir."

"So they do; but when the way is so rough, and the future so dark and hopeless, one can hardly appreciate even the beautiful," answered Ray sadly.

"Oh, sir, I hope you do not look on the dark side of life, for my mother says there is always a bright side, and we must seek to discover it. She says we will understand, in the other life, that all is for the best; and I believe every word of hers now as when she was here; for, sir,"—in answer to his astonished, inquiring look—"my darling mother went to the spirit-world four years ago."

"I thought you spoke of her as living," said Ray. "How do you know what she says since she is dead?"

"Oh, sir, my precious mother is not dead! I often hear her speak to me, and sometimes she comes in my dreams. I'm sure I know her voice when she says Sybille, for no one else speaks it as she did. But, sir, I must not stop longer. Indeed, I quite forgot myself," and the sweet face flushed a little at the recollection of her freedom in talking with a stranger.

"And I am more grateful to you, little lady, than words can tell," said Ray, bowing respectfully, "for your cheerful words and presence. I will remember your happy ideas of this life and the future, and that you may know whom your gentle words have encouraged, please accept this card."

She glanced at the name, which was in his own clear, perfect writing; bade him good-by with childish frankness, and was gone before Ray had dared to ask her name in full, or residence.

Ray Harland retraced his steps with an inspiration utterly new to him—as if a gleam of radiant brightness had suddenly fallen athwart his gloomy sky; and though it had passed quickly away, the spell of its beauty lingered still.

With this beautiful influence strong upon him he eagerly sought the drawing and painting materials which had been laid by in despair, and again applied himself to his beloved art.

He sketched the fair, young face, which would

never fade from his memory; and then attempted a perfect representation of the rose she had given him.

Every spare moment was thus devoted until its completion. Then he became aware that it far exceeded his former efforts, and with a confidence hitherto unknown, he offered the little gem for sale.

It seemed as though the inspiration yet lingered about the picture, impressing every one who beheld it, for—"What a perfect rose!" "How lovely!" "One could almost inhale fragrance from it, so pure and fresh it looks!" and similar words of praise were daily bestowed upon it while it remained before the public gaze.

A purchaser soon appeared, however, and Ray's heart was gladdened by his first well-earned remuneration. He felt that he had gained a foothold, from whence he could work and win his way upward, and, in time, make for himself a name among men. That simple painting of a rose was indeed the stepping-stone to future wealth and fame. The brush and pencil were no longer allowed to remain idle, and Ray soon found his vocation profitable enough to admit of his entire devotion to it.

His mother's anxiety was dispelled, and her heart rejoiced by his frequent, cheering letters, and his father's prejudice against his chosen vocation was perceptibly lessening. He was, indeed, rather proud of one picture which adorned their old-fashioned parlor—an oil-painting in an elegant frame, which Ray had sent home from Boston.

It was not long before Ray Harland's name was mentioned in circles of art and literature as the handsome and rising young artist. But, strangely enough, with his struggles and discouragements all in the past, with a brilliant future opening before him, Ray grew restless and unhappy.

The days glided by, until they were numbered by months, and even years marked his home in our busy city—and Boston seemed Ray's home.

He had formed many acquaintances—had found some valued friends—who all agreed that he was too much devoted to his art. They affirmed that he was too studious, too averse to gay society. They declared it strange, too, that he did not fall in love with some of the fascinating fair ones who so much admired him. They never guessed how constantly his thoughts were wandering in the past to that bright vision which had once crossed his pathway, inspired him with hope and courage, roused all his latent genius, and alas! had vanished so suddenly and left no trace! They never dreamed that, in his inmost soul, he did love, even to idolatry-worship, what was little better than an idol. The one hope of his life was that, somehow, somewhere, their diverging paths might blend again!

He had, indeed, sought to know more of her—child though she was—who had so influenced his life. Often he had walked slowly, wistfully through that street, but she came no more. He had followed it far out into the country, where it became a quiet, shaded road, with neat cottage houses and handsome mansions, betokening every comfort and convenience, until that became his habitual walk when in a thoughtful mood.

He knew the young girl must have been in humble circumstances, for her dress was very plain; while her anxiety in regard to the flowers showed her dependence upon them for support—to some extent at least.

Once it happened in one of his solitary walks that he paused beside a large garden, filled with many-hued flowers, in their richest bloom. He had many times admired this place, and now seemed in a pleasant looking, middle-aged woman, busily engaged there, he ventured an approving remark, to which the lady kindly responded, evidently accustomed to seeing strangers admire the well-arranged, ample beds.

"But I do not attempt to keep them in such regular order as they formerly were, nor to care for so many," she added; "the lady who lived here before me gave most of her time to their cultivation."

Ray's heart gave a sudden bound. Perhaps he was now to learn something of the fairy Sybille, for he well remembered her singular name, as well as that of her aunt, which she had casually mentioned.

"May I ask the lady's name, madam; or if you were acquainted with her?" he questioned. "Mrs. Leonard—a widow lady, sir. I was not personally acquainted with her, but have often heard her spoken very highly of since coming here; and her niece, who lived with her, was very lovely both in mind and person."

"And do you know where she removed to?" was the next anxious question.

"I cannot tell you that, sir. I believe they left quite suddenly—some good fortune came to them unexpectedly, and they were obliged to go to another State to receive it. All their neighbors were glad for them because they were so deservingly, and—indeed had always seemed above their humble station. May I ask if they were friends of yours, sir?"

"No, madam; I only knew of them, but felt sufficient interest to make inquiries. I am very grateful for your information, and will no longer intrude upon your time and patience," said Ray, his tone betraying a little disappointment.

"Not the least intrusion, sir," said the pleasant lady. "Many strangers pause here to look at the flowers. Perhaps you would accept a small bouquet of them," she continued, approaching the gate where he stood.

Ray thanked her kindly, and went his way. The lady, looking after him, said to herself, "He must have seen Sybille, I think. Every one was interested in that lovely child, I believe. He looks a perfect gentleman—very handsome, but rather sad. Well, I am sorry for him, whatever the cause."

And Ray Harland went to his room, feeling that in all his future there was a lonely void, a dreary waste, never to be filled or brightened without that radiant presence which might never gladden his vision again. Yet he never sought to banish it from remembrance, nor reflected that there were many fair ones around him, whose companionship, perchance, would bless and brighten his earthly life. Nor did he speak of his one hope, for he deemed every thought of her too sacred to be breathed to mortal save herself. Then came to him an idea—like an inspiration, it seemed—which daily grew and strengthened, to paint a picture, imbuing it with his own strong, loving nature—with a vague idea that some mystic, unseen influence might somewhere, in the years to come, draw her to it and to him.

Thus the young artist commenced the picture, which he anticipated would require weeks and months of patient toil for its completion; but, as

day after day he wrought upon it, and beneath his touch the canvas seemed to grow animate with the life represented, he was conscious of a sweet, peaceful influence about him—something new and undefinable, yet so elevating, so restful, that his happiest moments were passed in the solitude of his room, painting what would be a masterpiece to him.

The world might behold and admire it, and never guess its hidden meaning, but surely she for whom it was intended would understand.

The scene was not exactly that of his meeting with Sybille; it embraced much more, which his true artistic taste had rendered grand and beautiful, and no description can do it justice.

But the face was from his sketch of that well-remembered day. He had given to it an expression so pure, so divinely perfect, that every one supposed it an ideal; yet, if ever she was drawn to look upon it, she could hardly fail to trace a likeness to herself.

Then, curiously formed by the trailing vines and rare flowers, which the fair being (seemingly of another world) was bestowing upon a weary, way-worn traveler, was the name of Sybille, though very few would be able to trace the delicate letters so skillfully executed.

Ray guarded his picture as something sacred. No one was allowed to see it, until perfectly completed. Then, rich and glowing in its massive gilded frame, it appeared to public view, in the window of a popular art store, whose proprietors were now Ray's warmest friends.

Of course it was not for sale, although the young artist might have received a handsome sum for it, so much was it admired and commented upon. Ray Harland would soon have bargained for his most sacred thoughts as for that picture, which indeed seemed a part of himself; and which he hoped would yet, in some mysterious way, bring to him the one happiness of his life, which all future wealth and fame alone would fail to give him.

CHAPTER III.

Within a silent, darkened room, furnished with costly magnificence, lay the weary form and wan, pale features of a woman, who had nearly died with earthly scenes and sorrows. The racking pain and feverish unrest were past, and the holy peace upon the white face told that the mind was clear and undisturbed—the spirit calmly awaiting its welcome transition.

Slowly the large, dark eyes unclosed, and wandered about the room; then the feeble voice spoke—low but perfectly distinct—one word: "Sybille."

"I am here, Auntie," came the gentle reply; and from the shadow of heavy drapery curtains a young girl stepped lightly, and quickly stood at the bedside.

That was a rarely beautiful face, into which the sick lady gazed with an anxious, wistful expression. More than the wealth of waving golden-brown hair, held back from the pure brow, on either side by a glittering arrow, and falling then in free luxuriance—more than the perfect contour of the pale, sweet face was the beauty of expression, seen in the dark, soulful eyes, and about the sensitive mouth.

"Sybil, darling, I am almost there," spoke the waiting one.

"Yes, dear Aunt Alice, I know it," replied the watcher, and her lips quivered, as she kissed the pale brow, so soon to bear the impress of the silent messenger.

"But I've much to say to you, dear, before I go. I have just seen your mother—my own sister, Sybil; and she seemed so real to me, that I could not remember she had been dead more than ten years. Talking with her made me forget and call you by her name just now. She says your strange faith is true, child. Oh, I am so glad. Half the pain is gone to know I need not go far away from you; but I can return with your mother and watch over you, Sybille."

"Do not weary yourself, dear Auntie," said the young girl, passing her soft hand caressingly over the sick one's brow and eyes.

"No, dear Sybille, for I seem to have had new strength given me, while I slept; and I feel that I shall be able to say all that I wish. And now I must speak of earthly things. All's well for me; but for you, my gentle darling, my heart aches even in this moment, to think of the terrible reverse which has come. But first tell me, Sybil, is it really your final decision not to marry Mr. Chalmers? Perhaps you have thought better of it, dear?" with a questioning, appealing look, which made Sybille pause before giving the reply, which she feared must pain her loving aunt.

"Dear Aunt Alice," she said, in her soft, musical tones, "I can hardly bear to wound your feelings, ever so little, in this hour; but I must answer truthfully. I cannot wed Mr. Chalmers because he is a millionaire."

"I think he loves you, Sybille, and hoped that you might have discovered an affection for him, for he could place you in a position you are well fitted to grace. But perhaps you care more for young Allan Carlton, who, though not as rich now, has fine prospects, and I am sure, would devote his life to your happiness. We know he is high-minded and honorable."

But slowly Sybille shook her beautiful head, and replied, with the gentle firmness which always characterized her:

"I will not marry until I love, if it be never on this earth. I esteem many of my gentlemen friends very highly, but, Auntie, I love not one of them."

Mrs. Leonard closed her eyes for a few moments. Presently she spoke again:

"You are right, Sybille, in being true to yourself. Marriage without love is a mockery and a sin. I would not influence you, dear, if I could. Only my anxiety for your future prompted these questions; and it seemed strange to me that, among all who have sought your hand, you love no one. Sybille, dear, I can hardly realize the events of the past few weeks—that this fortune, so unexpectedly bequeathed by an eccentric relative, should be now as suddenly faken away by those who claim a nearer kinship. But I have little faith in this man who claims Aunt Elsie's property. If his representations were true, I think she would not have ignored his existence; and he might, at least, share a portion with you. I do not blame you for not accepting the home here so grudgingly offered, and which I doubt not is yours by right. But, since you will not contest, these strangers must take possession; and you—oh, my poor darling, what will you do?"

"Oh, Auntie, give no troubled thought to me," answered Sybille. "You know I have improved the golden opportunities of the past six years, and am thankful for the privilege of wealth even for that time. I accept the reverse

as a part of life's discipline, and have no fear but that I can support myself."

The feeble woman gazed long and sadly into the hopeful young face she spoke again: "Oh, my child—for like my own you seem—you are very beautiful. You must be aware of that as well as others; and I fear you will be grieved and annoyed beyond what you anticipate in your contact with the rude, wicked world; and I did hope to remain here to see you happily situated in a home of your own. But have you any plans for the future, Sybille? You might find it easy and pleasant to teach music, and yet, hardly like to seek employment among the rich, whose friendship for us is now, of course, in the past; people are so influenced and fettered by the wealth which perishes on earth."

"I shall not remain in New York, Auntie," replied Sybille's low, sad voice, "but return to my native city. Dear old Boston! she seems even now to be calling me there, and I could never be content here. So long as it was Aunt Elsie's request that we should occupy this grand old mansion just as she left it, and while I had your dear companionship, with an ample income, I have found it very pleasant here, and learned to love these lofty rooms, some of them gloomy, some cheerful in their influence. But soon I shall be alone; and, by some mystic influence, I seem drawn again to the city of my birth. I can hardly express my ideas, Aunt Alice, but I am conscious of a power, stronger than all else, calling me hence. Nor shall I hesitate for choice of work. Anything honorable, with fair compensation, so I can be independent. Now, let your mind rest, dear aunt; for I know, in the clearer light of the better world, you will feel less anxiety for my future."

A peaceful smile lighted the wan features of the dying woman, and she slowly whispered:

"I will, my dear child; for I know that, wherever your lot may be cast, you will be what you now are, a true, noble woman."

"I thank you, dearest of friends, best of counselors; I will try to merit your approval. But do not exhaust your strength more, dear Auntie, for I want you to stay with me as long as you can." And very tenderly Sybille wiped the moistening brow, while tears rained down her face.

A longer pause; then the pale lips whispered: "But my work is done. I am going soon, dear. Your mother is here, and—all is well."

The physician soon after came in, and with Sybille watched the loving spirit drift peacefully, slowly away from them, out into the mystic life beyond the reach of mortal vision.

[Concluded in our next.]

A Great Query.

M. M. Pomeroy, in his paper for June 28th, gives under the above heading the following expression of views, which cannot fail of being heartily endorsed by our overworked media and Spiritualists generally. The amount of courage manifested by "Birk" in the face of social and theological opposition, is quite equal to that evinced by him in the field politics:

"H. Parks writes from Des Moines, Iowa: 'I am greatly interested in your investigation of Spiritualism, but why will not spirits come and converse without pay?'

"A lady writes from Mobile, Ala., June 14th: 'I believe all this Spiritualism is a wicked humbug. It's nothing but a trick so you can make money. I have always believed it, and now I know it. My father, when he was alive, never refused me anything I asked for, and when you write to me that I must send \$5 to get a reply from him, it is a test to me that the whole thing is a lie. You can send the questions back. I never did believe in your paper, and I never shall. I am glad I never took it, and I am glad I have now a test that Spiritualism is a lie, and I will say so to the person who wanted me to read. I see in your paper that you print letters; print this if you dare expose yourself.'

The above letter reminds us of a little, bushy, scraggy apple tree, that grew in a pasture field near a good orchard on the old homestead. Its fruit was so sour and pucker, and unfit for use, that it was left to stand that the fine-grained fruit growing in the orchard might show what culture had done. We have no unkind feelings for the woman who writes us. She knows not what she says or does. We print her letter, and send to her a paper that she may see how it looks, with this our reply.

In the yard is a beautiful rose tree. It gives its flowers and fragrance free, as do the spirits who talk with or write to friends. But it costs something to take care of the rose tree. We have paid a gardener several dollars to care for it. We pay a house girl to bring roses therefrom to a place on our desk, as she performs her daily duties. I am sure the letter which came from the amiable Mobile lady six cents were due for postage. Of course she would not charge us six cents for writing or sending a letter, but somebody must pay the man who brings it, or he could not support his family. A friend in Paris, to whom we had written in May last for information, sent it by the ocean cable telegraph, but we did not say the friend was a myth, or telegraph a lie, because the medium or the man who has the office charged nineteen dollars for the message. Within a few days we expect to be in Mobile, and must pay the medium who furnishes the means of transportation.

This lady does not believe in the Democrat. She does not believe in Spiritualism. She wants to receive a message from her dear, dear father, as she sends her communication to him which covers four pages of note paper, written in a miserable hand, and in which no less than seventeen questions are asked. We should call her a case of unrelenting affliction! She does not believe us honest, yet is willing to rob us of much time that severe work makes valuable. The medium to whom we must go for the reply she wants, lives in a distant part of the city. To go to his house and return consumes two hours of our time and twenty cents of our earnings. The medium is a poor man. He is sick, and has a family to support. He has rent to pay, food to purchase, nurses and doctors to employ, medicine to buy. Hours and hours of his time and much of his vitality are consumed by those who visit him to abuse Spiritualism, to gratify curiosity, or beg a little information. People ask, "Why don't mediums go into other business?" There is no law to compel them to be mediums! To this we reply, "Why don't people go without information? they need not seek it." People have much to say because mediums are poor; yet are willing to spend money on horses, dogs, and in whiskey, rather than to help develop the intelligence that makes men and women better.

We give our time to this matter and run of errands for nothing. But we do not feel like sponging upon a medium, or paying money merely to gratify those who do not believe in our honesty. Why does not the lady refuse to believe in God because Henry Ward Beecher charges twenty thousand dollars a year for preaching or acting as a medium?

But never mind. The lady has a test that convinces her! As we have the name of her father, who was in life a courteous gentleman, we will ask him to tell us what he thinks of his daughter, and will let her have another test, without money or price."

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow;
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her foam doth wear the line and crest of woe;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No sap so hard but may in time be eend.

The Oneida Community.

THEIR DRESS AND DIET.

An article in the Albany Times contains some interesting particulars concerning the Oneida Community, or "O. C.," as its members habitually style it. Of this article we subjoin a part. Their homestead is a picture. Their buildings are of artistic architecture externally, and very homelike internally. Their rule of business claims honesty of manufacture and dealing as fundamental. They are very successful as financiers. All business and correspondence to or from O. C. is done in the name of the community. The manufacture of sewing silks, traps and light castings is the source whence their heavy revenues are derived, and a close inspection of these articles does credit to their mechanism. Education with them is an end; and they aim to give all of their young people an academic or college instruction. A half dozen graduates from Yale are boasted of by the O. C. In this they are far in advance of the Shakers, as also they are in manufactures, music, arts and aesthetics generally. And these might be introduced into any religious body, and their effect be in harmony with a good spirit. The dress of the males is uniformly the same; also wearing of the full beard; and neither these, nor ought else that a stranger needs to know, give any distinction as they in the general mass. The women dress in full bloomer style, and this, while it strikes one as extremely odd, at the same time convinces all of its simplicity and modesty. We were of the opinion that pride is a stranger to their dress, and that much more pride is evinced by the preparation of the Shaker kerchief and cap than any exhibition of love and dress at O. C. I sat down with nearly two hundred of them at dinner. The repast was almost sumptuous; the greater portion being composed of home production. Meats are only very seldom used. They have two meals daily, and these are prepared by servants from without their Order, but superintended by a man and woman of their own number. Their washing is similarly performed.

Their farm work is done by hired help, as is almost all their mechanical business, superintended by themselves. Large numbers of individuals are thus given employment, and they invariably leave the O. C. members the largest commendation for fairness of dealing. I visited their ornithological and entomological cabinets; they were creditable, as being prepared by their taxidermists. The botanical museum was delightfully arranged, though far from complete. I wanted to see the children, and was taken to the nursery and play-ground. They appeared healthy. I asked the matrons attending if they ever cried, and learned they seldom did. "Do they wake up pleasant or peevish?" They replied that almost invariably they rose with a smile or a laugh. One peculiar feature predominated—the large majority were red or very sandy headed, which is not prevalent, as I could observe, in the adults. To these children they give every attention, and hopefully look to the building up of the community by an improved race. We shall see. Their lawns and flower-gardens are especially fine. Swings and other play grounds were prominent in the distance. Large numbers from surrounding villages visit them and purchase dinner—sometimes hundreds daily. They keep a large and fancy stock of cows. Ayrshires predominate; while the present rise of their calves, "Rocket," is far more handsome than any picture I ever saw. They are cultivating acquaintance with the Holstein race, and have some very fine specimens. They also excel in all sheep and horses. In their farm superintendent drove with me over the road a fine three-year-old, full of life and kindness. The Water-vet Shakers had lately purchased some of their Ayrshire stock.

System, like clock-work, seemed to be everywhere. From the garden to the office of the Circular—their weekly paper—all seemed most orderly and prosperous. Their government is the *raz papari*, obtained in their meetings of criticism. The correction of individuals for both major and minor offenses is done by the severe criticism of the body; and each in his or her turn, being liable to sit on the culprit's seat, is good reason for the practice of the Golden Rule. This criticism practice is a very prominent feature of the institution, and its results very gratifying. If there should be no subjects up for criticism, any are at liberty to offer themselves as targets, and the effect on the whole body has sometimes been marvellous. In this way, tobacco, in all its forms, was completely discarded from the Oneida Community, though very many had been prominent users of the weed for half a century—among whom was Noyes himself! We do not believe the Shakers could accomplish this feat by any process of government now exercised by them. The Oneida Community are total abstemious, except in cases of sickness. Their only religious exercises consist in these evening meetings, where, besides criticism of conduct, they give vent to religious impressions and experiences.

A LITTLE DEAD PRINCE.

(PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF HESSE—GRANDSON OF QUEEN VICTORIA.) [DIED JUNE 1, 1873.]

Over the happy mother's bed
Gambol three children, loving and gay:
Ernest strong, and delicate Fritz,
Pretty baby Victoria,
Two little princes, sans sword, sans crown,
One little princess, infant-sweet—
In the mother's heart, as rich and as full
As any mother's in lane or street.
They grow—three roses—love-rooted deep,
Filling with perfume all their own
The nursery air, oft so sharp and keen,
Of the lonely hedges too near a throne.
The palace windows stand open wide,
The harmless windows; and through them pass
May winds, to the palace children dear—
As to cottage babies upon the grass;
Out through the chamber runs Ernest bold;
The mother follows, with careful mind,
Fearless of fate, for a minute's space
Leaving the other two behind.
Grand on the bed like a gentle queen
The Victoria gravely sits,
While clasping closely his darling toy
Up to the easement clings merry Fritz;
It drops—his treasure! He leans and looks—
Twenty feet down to the stony road—
Hearst! Thou that shriek from the mother's lips!
Hast thou no mercy, oh God, oh God?
One ghastly moment he hangs in air,
Like a half-fledged bird from the nest's edge
Thrown.

With innocent eyes of dumb surprise—
The falls—and the brief young life is done.
Mother, poor mother! try to see—
Not the skeleton hand that thrust him there
Out of sunny life into silent death—
But the waiting angels in phalanx fair.
Oh try to feel that the earth's hard breast
Was the bosom of God which took him in—
God, who knows all things, to us unknown—
From sorrows, sicknesses, peril or sin.
Oh hear, far off, the low sob of tears.
Dropping from many an eye like mine,
As we look at our living children sweet,
And our mother-hearts weep blood for thine.
God comfort thee! Under the robe of state
That hides, but heals not, wounds throbbing wild,
Mayst thou feel the touch of one soft dead hand—
The child that will always remain a child,
And when the long years shall have slipped away,

And gray hairs come and thy pulse beats slow,
May one little face shine star-like out
O'er the dim descent, that thy feet must go.
Mother, poor mother! 'neath warm June rain
Bear to the grave thy coffin small;
Oft, children living are children lost,
But our children dead—ah, we keep them all!

—The Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."
[Frederick communicated at our private circle recently. He cried, and said he wanted to go home, giving his own name and stating the place, etc. He then asked if his coach was broken when he fell from the window. It was a marked manifestation, showing in a remarkable degree the childish solitude for his toy coach after he had left the earthly body.]

BY IONE.

Spiritual Phenomena.

A SEANCE WITH MRS. M. M. HARDY.

Before the company had got arranged at the end of the table in front of the cabinet, Aaron put all the gas-burners entirely out, which seemed rather annoying, as all were anxious for the

investigate this matter, and expose this gross "*humbug*," if it is such, and save the world from this "debauch of the devil," as they call it. A opportunities will be given to such committed that it may ask for ; and, if there is any hidden "*machinery*" used to "raise the dead," let it found. They would *do more for their* can than by any other means. If they cannot this, then let them cease their persecutions, for will say to them, in the words of Holy Writ, they had better let these people alone, for their doctrine be of *men*, it will come to naught but if it be of *God* ye cannot overthrow it."

Moses A. Dow.

THE MEDIUMSHIP OF THOMAS EAVES.

The editor of the Spiritualist says of Mr. Eaves:

TEST OF SPIRIT IDENTITY.

TEST OF SPIRIT IDENTITY.

The following is an exact copy of the communication from my father :

Yours for the truth;
Syracuse, N. Y. E. B. WALDO

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISM.

fear, when reason is left free to combat
 it, is in my humble opinion, not only the right
 but the duty of a Spiritualist to declare his
 lie and opinion, whether they are derived from
 the radical teachings of a Mrs. Woodhull or
 her guides, or the mild, Christian influences that
 prompt your Tipton correspondent. If he
 longs to the class he speaks of—those who
 think the Bible can be safely interpreted in the
 spirit of spirit return and communion—will
 allow me to say, in behalf of another class, that
 spirit communion has established itself with
 the availing endorsement of the Bible? and
 for one, do not doubt in the least, but that Spiritu-
 alism will eventually swallow up the Bible, and
 all those Christians who cannot let go of it, will
 better not be induced to become such mild Spiritu-
 alists as your correspondent wishes; for,
 that event, his assertion, which I heartily

Reading, Pa., July 22, 1873.

SPIRITUALISM IN IOWA.

BY EDWIN ARNER DAVIS.

People should rather wish Spiritualism to be living truth, than oppose it with coarse epithet and cry of fraud! There is nothing about it unreasonable to any believer in a future life. With some degree of consistency atheists may scout it as imposture; the professed Christian never can, because, if the Nazarene taught anything, he taught Spiritualism; if he *taught* anything, he was a medium of the highest type.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS

STONEHAM, MASS.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at Harmony Hall every Sunday at 1 P. M. E. Whittier, Conductor; J. Wellington, Assistant do.; M. Ella R. Merrill, Guardian; Mrs. Jennie Manning, Assistant do.

SALEM, MASS.—Lyceum Hall.—The Spiritualist Soc.

Secretary: C. R. Caplin, Treasurer: A. D. Ems, E. C. Barnum, Betsey Brown, Executive Committee.

JEFFERSON COUNTY, N. Y.—A. B. Moore, President, O. B. Vanvorner, 1st Vice President, Mrs. L. D. Olney, 2d do, W. Nott, Treasurer; Win. Howland, Secretary, Laura M. DeGani, Corresponding Secretary; L. D. Olney, Mrs. Asphwall, Mrs. O. W. Smith, O. T. Green, Executive Committee.

LIST OF LIBERAL LEAGUES

*** HUSTON, MASS.—J. S. Roger, President; A. Davis, Jr., Secretary; J. C. Presider, Jr., Treasurer; A. B. Brown, Secretary; J. A. J. Wilcox, Treasurer; R. H. Hanney, F. W. Clarke, Jr., Secretary, Executive Committee.**
*** ALBERTA, CANADA.—W. W. Conwell, President; J. M. Allen, Vice President; Eleazer Wood, Treasurer, Miss Anna E. Giddings, Secretary; Executive Committee: W. L. B. Crowell, Mrs. Mary A. Giddings, D. B. Holmes.**
*** ST. LOUIS, MO.—M. A. McCull, President; J. Gallion, Vice President; George Lovejoy, L. La Grille, Secretary; E. Thomas, Treasurer.**
*** VINCENNES, N. J.—Louis Bristol, President; Eliza Dietrich, Eliza R. White, Treasurer; John A. Masted, Secretary; J. W. White, Treasurer; J. Gage, D. Russell, E. G. Matted, Deborah L. Butler, Augustus C. Bristol, J. W. White, and J. Gage, Jr., Executive Committee.**
*** WYOMING, O.—W. H. Crowell, President; J. E. Curti, Vice President; A. Giddings, Secretary; E. Wood, Treasurer; L. B. Crowell, M. A. Giddings, D. B. Holmes, Executive Committee.**
*** DETROIT, MICH.—W. R. Hill, President; A. T. Garrison, Secretary; J. W. Watkins, Treasurer.**
*** NEW YORK.—J. W. Smith, President; E. F. Smith, Secretary; L. Brown, Vice President; Frank R. Knowles, Secretary; C. B. Cadyn, Treasurer; D. F. Fox, E. J. Johnson, Roy Jones, and J. W. Smith, Jr., Executive Committee.**
*** JEFFERSON COUNTY, N. Y.—A. B. Moore, President; O. B. Vauvomer, 1st Vice President; Mrs. L. D. Olney, 2d Vice President; J. W. Smith, Jr., Secretary; E. F. Smith, Treasurer; Laura M. Detamo, Corresponding Secretary; L. B. Olney, Mrs. Asaphiah, Mrs. O. W. Smith, O. T. Green, Executive Committee.**

Brittan's Journal.

It may not be known to some of our readers, that the third number of a new "quarterly journal of spiritual science, literature and inspiration," edited by S. B. Brittan, M. D., published by the New York Standard Spiritual Association, has appeared and is now for sale at this office. Externally it is a remarkably neat and well-printed publication of 143 large octavo pages, and each number is embellished with a fine steel engraving of some man or woman who has made important contributions to spiritual science, or has illustrated its truths in action. The terms of Prof. Brittan's Journal are three dollars per annum in advance, or ten copies for twenty-five

Putnam's note in another column, headed "Harvard College Library."

New York Advertisements.

SPENCE'S
Positive and Negative
POWDERS.

THE magic control of the **POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS** over disease of all kinds, is wonderful beyond all precedent. They do as they please, causing no cure, no danger, no uneasiness.

The **POSITIVES** are: **Neuralgia**, Headache, **Rheumatism**, Pains of all kinds; **Dysuria**, **Dysentery**, Vomiting, **Dyspepsia**, Flatulence, Worms; all **Female Weaknesses** and *derangements*; **Fils**, **Camps**, **St. Vit's Dance**, *spasms*; all high grades of **Fever**, Small Pox, Measles, Scarlatina, Erysipelas; all **Inflammations**.

The **NEGATIVES** are: Paritysis, or, Palsy, whether of the muscles or senses, as in **Hindness**, **Deafness**, loss of taste, smell, feeling in members; all Low Fevers, loss of heat, shivering, cold, faintness.

Both the **POSITIVE** and **NEGATIVE** are needed in **CHILDREN AND PUPILS**.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

Mailed Postpaid: 44 Boxes \$1.00
at these PRICES: 56 Boxes 5.00

Send your money at your risk and expense, either by

Post office **Money Order**, or be **Registered Letter**, or by **Draft** on New York, or be **Express**, deducting from the amount to be sent, 5 cents. If you send a **Post office Money Order**, or 15 cents if you send its Registered Letter, Draft, or Express. If you send a **Post office Money Order**, tell the Post master to make it payable at Station D., New York City.

PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D.,
371 St. Marks Place, New York City.
For sale also at the Banner of Light Office, 14
Hanover Street, Boston, Mass., 1st July 1891.
FURNISHED WITH COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS.

JEANETTE WATERMAN DANFORTH,
TRANCE MEDIUM,
 Residence 78 West 48th street, New York City,
CLAIRVOYANT HEALING COMPOUNDS,

PREPARED BY MRS. DANFORTH for the cure of
Chronic Disorders, sent pre-paid on receipt of one dollar.
Written diagnosis, including remedies, from lock of
hair, \$5.

ROBERT DALE OWEN SAYS:
"They have been used by a relative of mine in a case of
bronchial derangement and threatened pulmonary com-

plaint with excellent effect; and I should be glad to hear that the sale of these remedies is extended, both because of the good they have shown themselves capable of effecting, and because of the evidence they furnish that practical aid may come to us from the next world." —SW* Aug. 2.

A GREAT OFFER: ERB & SON, 451 Broadway, New York, will dispose of 100 PIANOS and ORGANS of first-class makes, the settings of WATERS', at extremely low prices for cash, or part cash, and balance in small monthly payments. New 7-Octave first-class PIANOS, all modern improvements, for \$275 cash, Organs \$355, \$75. DOUBBLE REED ORGANS, \$100; 1-STOP, \$110; 8-

STOP. \$125, and upwards.
WATER'S CONCERTO PARLOR ORGANS
are the most beautiful in style and perfect in tone
ever made. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES MAIL-
ED. A liberal discount to Ministers, Churches, Sunday
 Schools, Lodges, etc. **AGENTS WANTED.**
 July 5, '98.

A CARD.
BUSINESS of importance calling me suddenly and un-
 expectedly to attend the "World's Conventione
 Merchants" at Vienna, I would say to my patients that
 shall be absent in Europe till October 1st, when I shall re-
 turn and resume my practice. Persons desiring my Reme-

177-
William
and ex-
ing the
n books

cles, "A," "B," "C," "D," can obtain them, and also
Circulars, by addressing as before,
F. A. PALMER, Magnetic Physician,
No. 23 West 27th Street, New York City.
July 26, '11

12,000 ACRES GOOD SOIL.

FAIRM. Fruit and Strawberry Lands, one hour from Long Branch, in Monmouth and Ocean Counties, N. J.; O. railroad 11 miles from New York; 30 from Philadelphia.

CLIMATE CURES THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.
NO FEVER AND AGUE.

In lots to suit purchasers and easy payments. For particulars: circulars, &c., address

O'S
 Price
 Gen-
 postage

ROBERT CAMPBELL, 153 Broadway, N. Y.
 June 28, 1917.
DR. GLOVER'S
CHAMPION-LEYER TRUSS
 FOR Males, Females and Children. Elastic Silk Stockings.

ments. A higher Enlarged Velus, Shoulder Braces, the "Acne of Perfection," Abdominal Supporters, Instruments for Bow Legs and Deformities of the Body. **Dr. Glover Trevis and Bandage Institute, 10 Ann Street,** is joining the "Herald" Banding, New York. Established forty years. 315 W. Mar. 8.

(Of the Original Fox Family.)
Is permanently located at 162 West 66th street, corner
 7th Avenue, New York City, where she will be happy
 to receive those in search of spiritual knowledge.
 May 10, 1936

SARAH E. SOMERBY, Healing and Development Mediums, 35 East 9th street, New York City.
July 12, '34.

New Books.

CLOCK STRUCK ONE
AND
—Christian Spiritualist.

REVISED AND CORRECTED.

Being a Synopsis of the Investigations of Spirit-Intercourse by an Episcopal Bishop, Three Ministers, six Doctors and others, at

Also, the *Opinion* of many Eminent Divines, living and dead, on the subject, and Communications received from a number of persons recently.

BY THE
REV. SAMUEL WATSON,
Of the Methodist Episcopal Church.
"Truth is noble, and will prevail."

"THE GLOCKER STRUCK DEATH" is an intensely interesting work, in which great additional interest is given from the high standing of its author in the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which he has been a bright and shining light for a quarter of a century, and is personally known to nearly all the clergy of the South and to a wide circle in the North, and wherever known is held in the highest esteem; this

Price \$1.50, postage free.

CLOCK STRUCK TWO
AND

Christian Spiritualist
Being a Review of the "Reviews of the "Christian Spiritualist," "Struck One," "Charges," etc.
WITH
Recent Investigations of Spiritualism

BY SAMUEL WATSON.

the point, it deserves the same regard and respect accorded together with its predecessor. *The Clock Struck On which it so ably defends, should be circulated through the camp of Orthodoxy.

Price 50 cents, postage 2 cents.

For sale wholesale and retail by COLBY & RICH, (Wm. White & Co.), at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 41 Haverhill street, Boston, Mass.

THE
INNER MYSTERY
AN INSPIRATIONAL POEM.

to 2 cts.
accord-
Price
\$1.25;
Price 3 cents, postage free.

For sale wholesale and retail by COLBY & BROWN,
Wm. White & Co., at the BANNER OF LIGHTLY
STORE, 14 Hanover street, Boston, Mass.

Common Sense Theology;

NAKED TRUTHS IN ROUGH-SHOD RHYME
 upon Human Nature and Human Life. With a Chapter
 on the *Creeds*. In Four Parts. By D. HOWL-
 HAMILTON, thirty years a practical Phrenologist.
 Price, with portrait of author, \$1.50; without portrait,
 \$1.25; postage free.
 Sent by mail, postpaid, by GUN BY, 841 CHURCH

For Sale wholesale and retail by COLWELL & REED (Wm. White & Co.) at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 11, Hanover street, Boston, Mass.

1990

