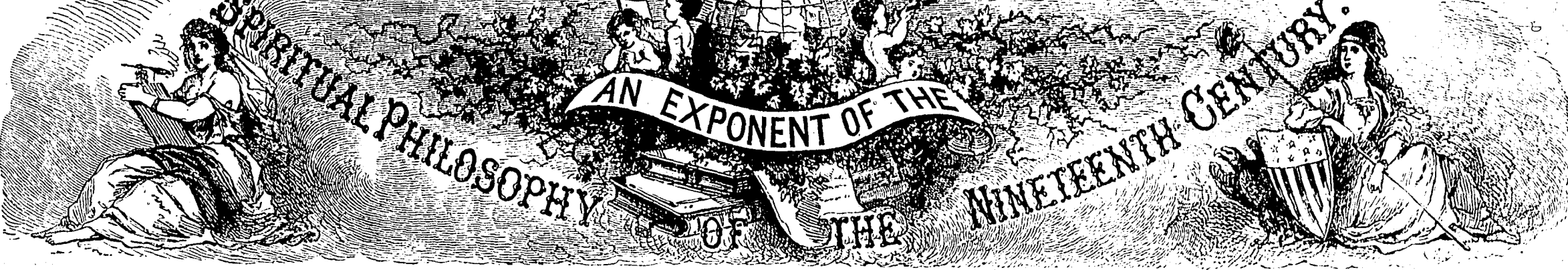


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 9.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Interview with Mrs. Maynard, the Celebrated Trance Medium.

We can account for many phenomena produced by mediums, but cannot account for the power which moves persons in a trance to assume different characters and voices, and to speak in imitation of those who have lived on earth, unless it be on the theory that disembodied spirits have a freedom and an existence different from the teachings of all orthodox creeds. A few years since we became acquainted with a lady, Mrs. Nettie Maynard, a resident of White Plains, New York, where, with her husband, a business gentleman, she now lives. Mrs. Maynard is known to thousands. She is one of the good, pure, earnest women of the country, earnest in her belief, satisfied in her faith, and a woman of rare devotion to her family and her duty as a wife.

During the war, while she was in Washington or Alexandria, known as a medium, President Lincoln met her, and often had sittings with her while she was in a trance or clairvoyant state. Several times, as we know, while in this condition, she, or the power which gave utterance through her organs of speech, told the President strange and startling things—gave him information of the progress of battles, directed him to order certain movements, and announced results many times hours before news confirmatory could reach him by telegraph or otherwise. The spirit, so called, which spoke to Lincoln through this medium, forewarned him of his death. To the advice he generally gave prompt heed; to the warning he gave none, allowing his friends to laugh him out of the idea.

On the 10th of May, 1872, while Mrs. Maynard was visiting in this city in company with three friends, one of whom was an expert short-hand writer, we visited her, to be favored with a sitting. After she went to sleep or trance, sinking to unconsciousness, she assumed a different expression; her face was extended to welcome one of the visitors, who said:

"Good-evening, Dr. Beecher. We meet again." Mrs. Maynard was at this time controlled by the spirit of the celebrated Dr. Beecher, as she had often been before, and whose ways and manner of speech and gesticulation were recognized by the visitor:

"Good-evening, my child. I am glad to meet you again face to face. Your health is much better than when last we met. The 'silver lining' the poet speaks of, is surely coming."

"Yes, Dr. I am better—much better. Allow me to introduce to you these gentlemen, one of whom wishes to ask some questions."

"Good-evening, gentlemen. One of you I know quite well. I am glad to see you all. One of you is known and spoken of often in our life as a pioneer of thought. The axe of the frontiersman reaches beyond the line of civilization, as the thoughts of the one who reaches for truth, at last reaches beyond the boundary of mortal existence and is recognized by those who are in spirit-life. You, sir, have said a great many good things—a great many foolish things. You have said foolish things which will be forgotten, and have uttered great truths which will live and bear fruit as you will live to see. I notice that you have brought with you an expert at his profession—writing by sounds—to take down what I may say. There is no objection to this, for there is nothing to be said which should not be heard and read. First let me say that the nearer you keep your heart attuned to truth, the quicker will the free bear fruit. As you came to ask for something new—for information, and as I have an engagement just now for a brief time, a spirit of Wisdom, further advanced than I am as yet, will converse with you, through this, our well-loved medium, after which I will return."

Here the manner of the medium again changed. Her face assumed an expression even more calm, peaceful and benignant than before. Shortly she spoke, in a slow, distinct voice, the perfection of enunciation:

"Brother, we shall not attempt to present our thoughts in form sufficiently pleasing to render them worthy of preservation; nor shall we give you, perhaps, that which will repay the kindly efforts of our friend with his ready pencil, yet our ideas we wish you to retain."

The manner of clothing our thoughts will be left entirely to chance, as we shall not take time to frame and then to utter ideas in pleasing form. We only wish to give the truth; this will satisfy us."

We have long wished to speak with you; for we feel with those who watch you unseen, yet read you better than mortals can. We have noted your career, walked with you through life-time, and know you better and better appreciate you than those who claim to be your friends. This leads us to desire to speak to you more closely than we are used to address you. There is many a thought gathered from out the great universe of silence that never found language through mortal lips—many a treasure from the unseen realm of infinite thinking that was never fashioned to outward expression till it struggled for utterance through some living heart. Such has been our communion with you through the medium of silence and in the holy watches when you have waited for the holy baptism of your mother's love."

In years gone by we have come to you. We come to you now for a two-fold purpose: first, to tell you something of our thoughts, as to the future, as we view it—to tell you of the future as it is related to the destinies of men, the destinies of nations, the relations you sustain toward these; and secondly, to speak a few words of a personal, business character."

I scarce know when I have attempted to touch matters so broad, deep and far-reaching as these, and hardly know where to begin or what words to choose to convey my meaning. You, who have conned these mighty questions, which now challenge the intelligence of the age; you, who have silently thought and reflected, and know the needs of humanity, can come into sympathy with us on the subject."

Brother, if there is one part of your nature that above all others stands before us, living with light and beauty—pardon us, for we speak plainly—if there is one thing that speaks closely to us,

it is the human side, that speaks through the broad realm of human fellowship to elevate the human family toward the Creator. It is this disposition, this desire on your part, that brings you in such close sympathy with the earnest toiler, and renders you dear to us. We have watched you for years, have had you in charge, and if your feet have strayed, we go back to earlier associations than these, and remember that where you sought your deepest hold on life you met with the hollowiness, the cold and the chill which were better bestowed with the hand of death than by that where you were seeking love and affection. If there have been times when you took steps you would fain retrace, it has been when, on the mystic sea of affection, you craved and received not—where you asked for bread and received a stone. These things bring you near to us, and this remembrance of you, this knowledge of you, is that which calls us to speak thus plainly. Knowing you better than the world knows you, better than it ever will know you, we have to speak with you of those events which are crowding thickly upon the minds of men—thinking men. The age demands the renovating hand of truth and honesty. It does not require a seer or prophet to state this. It has become so plain that he were indeed a fool who did not see the necessities and needs of the hour. Now mark that which we have to say:

Throughout the realm of political life there seems to be a disintegration in progress, involving all political parties; that seems to lay the hands of destruction upon the strongholds of power, and slowly, but surely, the invincible hand of justice is tearing down the ramparts of evil and letting in the light of God's truth. This is apparent to you as well as to me. We are looking abroad for a remedy for all the ills which stare us, mortals, and spirits, so glaringly in the face. And we ask, "Should we find it quick, existing factions?" We find that the Eternal has written that all there is in the present existing forms must change, and they are passing away. If the change be slow, remember this is a gigantic people. And this being a great people, it requires time to renovate this mighty cathedral of human life. It requires thought and reflection. It is necessary that the earnest student, the lover of his fellow men should think earnestly on this subject."

Brother, old parties, old conditions will, with the political action of the coming four years, pass away. A new order of things is coming up. Yet it does not take the forms that are spasmodically introduced in this convulsion age. It does not follow that the earnest efforts of certain ones here and there shall fail. But it is an indication—this bursting forth of feeling here and there—of the working out of the lives of the nation and women who speak and demand for humanity."

The question is, How may the needs of the time be met? We glance it over. These old parties are breaking, intermingling, and disintegrating. Each finds itself perplexed. The old fragments are drifting down the stream of time. We have always noticed, whenever a revolution occurs in any department of human existence which works changes in the political, moral or social world, that some of the extremists stand in their bigoted prejudices on the extreme right, while the others stand on the extreme left, far away to the left, stretches the other wing of the human feeling, simplified in human form—extreme radicalism. They are first strong, gigantic, ever presenting their side. Do either represent the right? On the contrary they look to us like two mighty vessels, representing the extremes in human nature; the one dark, selfish, exacting; the other without form, without order, without system, without law; both rushing headlong in their blindness; while through the centre, up the middle ground, on the mighty highway of progress, march the hosts of God preparing a pathway for mortals. This latter is the ground at last to be arrived at; this is the right position, this middle ground, this line between."

So we are expecting the formation of a new party—not a new political party (God knows we have had enough)—but a new element of strength and power that shall draw to itself the best of all parties who seek to benefit humanity for the love of humanity. This is that which will correct the present condition of things; this is a question of peculiar interest to you. In the first place you have witnessed strange things in your short life; you have witnessed the rise and downfall of strong factions; you have seen them broken and scattered, but have still kept on, while the strong sentiment of brotherhood in the human heart has been growing and growing."

The time is coming when those who proclaim a love of man as their idea, or method of worshiping God, will be called to represent those who understand the necessities and needs of human nature."

Brother, there is but one thing we see before you which seems to interfere with that which we have in view. We digress a moment to say we have a purpose in view, an object. That object is to carry forward for our best good your life. That it may be a blessing unto you, and that you may live your real ideas of truth and justice, in freedom to live as you truly desire, in freedom to be as you would be in any direction. We desire to carry you forward where you can live that which is in you to express. We have a care over your life. Unseen we watch you, and unseen we guide you, and unseen we minister to you when seemingly forgotten by the world. It is this that has endeared you to us—your silently rendering unto a loved mother's guardianship a son's devotion—and this endears you unto us that you give unto human nature its due, and feel yourself not unworthy the clasping of hands with the poorest of God's children. But to return to that which we were saying:

There is one thing which threatens the future we have in store for you—your physical welfare. Should it continue as it now is it threatens to interfere with our object. We should advise that at times you steal away more completely from your business. You are threatened with difficulties of a congestive character, and you need to be more careful, especially after the exercise of speaking, and particularly after long journeys you cannot be too cautious. Be guarded against this, my brother, for we have work for you. You are in danger of being suddenly translated, and we give this warning that you may live to complete the work you have to do."

After the present—the coming four years—a new order of things will be introduced. Men who have remained in the quiet walks of life will rise to power and position. Men who have loved humanity, who have labored earnestly to promote the welfare of the people, will be called into the field of action, and your place is there. You must, regardless of all that is now tending toward political results—we pass over the four years coming—press on. Regardless of all that we pass on to the years following it—entering upon a plane of action that brings into prominence and position those we are interested in,

that through them we may advance the common cause."

It is thought that the present defection in the ranks of the party in power will cause the defeat of that party. *I think differently.* We will tell you why. In July and August of this year that party will bring out before the people a force—a power—that will develop itself, that will throw all its weight and influence in favor of the present incumbent, and place the present President back in power. The party now in power will remain passive and quiet until July, August or September, when will begin a movement which will result in the re-choosing of the present Executive. *We speak this now that you may remember it.* We say to you simply: take care of yourself personally; regard your health; look out for you are in danger, and it is imperative that you bear in mind your physical condition."

The above extract is but a small portion of what was said through the medium at this interview. After what was termed the spirit of wisdom had concluded, that of Dr. Beecher returned, and for an hour talked and answered questions. Then came the spirit of "Pinkie," an Indian girl, readily answering to the test questions put to her, and at half past eleven o'clock the interview was terminated, after one of the longest sittings ever given by Mrs. Maynard, and one of the most satisfactory to the visitors of any we ever had or witnessed."

People may think as they please. Spiritualism may be a humbug. One fact is well known, there are hundreds of humburs practicing as mediums, and there are those who, like Mrs. Maynard, seem controlled by the spirit of truth. On waking from her trance she did not know who had spoken through her, or what had been said, and will know a portion thereof only when she reads this paper or hears it read per chance. At the time of the interview, May 10th, it was expected by millions that Grant would be defeated by Greeley. But on this occasion, against the sentiment of all who were with us at this time, the election of Grant was predicted. Much else stated there has come to pass, while in other matters not of a public nature, of fifteen predictions made, eleven have already come to pass and life time for the proving or disproving of the others has not yet come around. One thing shows for itself: the advice given as to the duty of men to labor for humanity, was good and worth heeding, and it is always safe to take up with good advice, no matter from what source it comes or how mysterious its authorship."

It is our purpose, if possible, to put tests to some of the best of the mediums—to put on record in this paper such answers as may be received. If spirits know of the future, and can tell the truth thereof, they shall have a chance, and if they cannot tell the truth, it will do no harm to continue these investigations till the wheat and the chaff shall be separated.—*Pomeroy's Democrat.*

Mrs. Woodford's Seance.

The first of a series of seances for Mrs. Woodford was held at the Spiritual Institution, on Monday evening, April 28th. The medium as yet scarcely coming before the public, and the admission was free of charge. The medium's guide "Lily" spoke, also spirits related to persons present. An Indian chief and his wife, who are medical attendants on Miss Hudson's mediumship, controlled Mrs. Woodford in a very interesting manner. The old chief, who had passed away from the Sioux tribe about a hundred years ago, explained why the migration of the Indians was so satisfactory and strengthening. In his forest-home he breathed in the pure influences of Nature; he was simple in his diet, and natural in his habits. This gave him a peculiar individuality, which he carried with him into spirit-life. The civilized man, on the contrary, contracted morbid conditions, which had an irritating and disturbing influence on the very organs of the body, given off by the Indian. The mind of the red man was simple; he did not burden his thoughts with theories and dogmas; he loved Nature too well for that. He did not give God a form, but recognized him as the Great Spirit, so he was not an idolater. He had no trinity, nor did he believe that the Great Spirit was a murderer and a suicide, by putting a portion of himself to death that the wicked might be freed from the righteous consequences of their guilt by being washed in the blood of the sacrificed God. The spirit-world of the Indian is natural—all natural, no theories of men's brains."

Mr. Burns: It is remarkable that Spiritualism, which originated in America, the Indian home, should partake of theological features so peculiar to the old inhabitants of the country."

Spirit: It is in the air, in the earth, in the sphere of the country, and it is breathed in; it impresses itself on the mind of the American. That country is also a newer formation, and its products are more simple and novel. The American ruins himself by fast living, but he is remarkable for his fresh new thoughts and practical ways of doing things. In addition to these influences, there is to be added the fact that Indian spirits are attracted to their old home, and exercise a very decided influence on the minds of the present inhabitants.—*London Mail and Daily News.*

The schoolmaster sees the mother's face dangerously altered in the conduct and character of each little boy and girl. Nay, a chance visitor, with a quick eye, sees very plainly which child is daily baptized in the tranquil waters of a blessed home, and which is cradled in violence, and suckled at the bosom of a storm. Did you ever look at a little pond in a sour, dark day in March? How sullen the swampy water looked! The shore pouted at the pond, and the pond made mouths at the land; and how the scraggy trees, cold and bare-armed, scowled over the edge! But look at it on a bright day in June, when great rolling clouds, all golden with sunlight, checker the heavens, and seem like a great flock of sheep which the good God is tending in that upland pasture of the sky, and then how different looks the pond—the shores all green, the heavens all gay, and the pond laughs right out and blesses God! As the heavens over her family, so a mother broods over her family, March or June, just as she will.—*Theodore Parker.*

Free Thought.

SUPERSTITION.

What is it? We read of superstition, in the so-called dark ages, and refer to it as something to be deprecated. "The people were given over to superstition," is one of the common opinions of the historian, the historian meanwhile, being esteemed not superstitious. Now what is superstition, and why should people whom we are in the habit of calling superstitious, be held up as subjects of condemnation?

Superstition we take to be a belief in something which we do not understand, something not clearly known, or not practically proved to exist.

In ancient times there were, we know, the few thinkers and reasoners, and the many listeners, believing whatever the few chose to present to them, without the power, through any knowledge of their own, to controvert or even to criticize the theories, which, to them, were truths, not perhaps understood, but accepted as a matter of course."

The expression of the ancient poets came to the people as from a superior source, (and it was superior) to them almost unfathomable in its intellectual depths, and there was not yet knowledge enough in the world with which to test its credibility; it was therefore entirely natural that the uneducated masses should be easily persuaded to believe every assertion boldly put forth and maintained. The imagination then, as now, had no clearly defined limitation, save that which arose from the comparatively short and simple chain of events then in the world, as compared with the myriad occurrences which afterwards happened, and formed history."

Looking back, we call these people superstitious. Again, even in the present age, we find, nomadic tribes, apparently little advanced beyond their primitive ancestors, who entertain simple, natural ideas concerning a future state of existence; who have an indistinct, worshipping awe or dread of some being, say of their imagination, which leads to a feeling more or less analogous to what we term religion; and this has more or less influence upon their treatment of each other, and this influence we refer to as superstition."

The ordinary or every-day impression of the meaning of the term seems to be, an unreasonable belief of something we have not the power or the inclination to investigate for ourselves. It may arise spontaneously in our own minds, or it may be communicated in some form from another mind. It is a belief in the truth or existence of something not yet proved to be true or existent. For, if proved to be true or existent, it could no longer be superstition."

In this view of the term, superstition would seem to be the inseparable concomitant to some extent of every religion; for no man has seen God; and yet God in the human mind is the foundation of every religion."

The term superstition has, however, a common meaning in the popular mind, signifying an ignorant belief in some theory, or circumstance not deemed worthy of the serious attention of the educated mind; but it has also another phase, as when the votaries of one church pronounce the doctrines of another differing church to be "superstitions."

Touching the religious belief of any given individual, it must, begin in a sort of superstition, in childhood. The teaching of the religion, whatever that religion may be, must at first be accepted without any ability in the childish recipient to reason upon or question its validity. It can be to the child, then, no more, than a superstition. It then grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength; and, ultimately, the judgment may confirm or, as in some cases, dispute the points of belief."

We cannot, if we would, take away all tinge of superstition, even from the most advanced religious beliefs; because, in the very nature of the case, religious belief involves more or less superstition, in the sense indicated."

Since no one sees God, excepting through the manifestations known to us, which we may have ascribed to God, it is our worship, and not God himself, that we adore or worship. All religions are thus far necessarily superstitious."

The Christian religion, in all of its numerous phases, however these may present Christ, ultimates in God, the Father of all. All other religions have the same ultimate; and generally each religionist, looking from his own particular standpoint, sees superstition in the ceremonies or doctrines of others, while his own ceremonies and doctrines are, naturally enough, esteemed to be Orthodox and free from superstition. Yet, in fact, none can be thus free."

Our religious writers often refer to the ancients as living in "an age of superstition," as though this age were free from it; while, in truth, there is much more at present in the world than there ever was in the olden time. But it now assumes grotesque shapes, frequently backed by some authority, claimed to be supreme. Instead, therefore, of condemning superstition or the superstitious, Christians, more than all other religionists, should uphold the necessity of superstition, as an indispensable element of religion, giving a fair meaning to the word."

Until men may arrive at the perfect knowledge of God and Creation, assuming (which we do not) that perfection in knowledge is attainable by any created mind, they must always be more or less superstitious; always reaching after something unknown. The difference between the superstition of the most ignorant races of mankind and the most advanced, is merely one of degree,

precisely proportioned to the difference of their education and knowledge. They are equally the creatures of an infinite God, and, therefore, infinitely removed from his knowledge, although equally under his beneficent care."

Since the whole life of the individual man, and of the entire race, is but a struggle to eliminate error and establish truth, the greatest of all intellectual virtues must be the "forbearance" of knowledge when it comes in contact with ignorance. It is time to explode the idea that ignorance is crime, at least until those who have knowledge show that they have exhausted all means of teaching others what they know."

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

NUMBER FOUR.
BY W. F. JAMESON.

A large delegation was appointed to visit Washington, and urge the proposed Amendment on the attention of President Lincoln. This Committee—embracing Prof. J. A. McMillan, D. D., Princeton, N. J.; Prof. J. T. Presly, D. D., Pa.; Rev. John Douglass, D. D., Pa.; Rev. D. C. Page, D. D., Pa.; Rev. H. H. George, Ohio; Rev. Dr. Storrill, Pa.; John Alexander, Esq., Ohio; Rev. J. S. T. Milligan, Mich.; Rev. R. A. Browne, Pa.; and Rev. A. M. Milligan, Pa.—met in Willard's Hotel, Washington, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 9th. The Rev. Dr. Gurley, Rev. Dr. Channing, Chaplain of the United States Senate, J. J. Marks, D. D., Rev. T. F. Morris, Rev. R. D. Johnson, and Rev. S. R. Croy, of the District of Columbia, met with the delegation, heard the address prepared by Dr. McMillan, the chairman of the committee, and gave it their hearty sanction. Most of them signed the address, and waited on the President with the delegation. Revs. S. O. Wyllie and J. L. Sloan, with Wm. Brown, Esq., delegates from the Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church to the President, also, by invitation, signed the address and acted with the delegation. Through the aid of Senator Sherman, of Ohio, an arrangement was made with the President for an interview on Wednesday, half past three P. M., when the delegation was introduced to the President by Dr. Gurley, and the chairman made the following address:

ADDRESS TO THE PRESIDENT.
"MR. PRESIDENT—The object for which we have taken the liberty of trespassing a moment upon your precious time can be explained in very few words. We are the representatives of a mass convention of Christian people, without distinction of sect or denomination, which was held in Allegheny City, on the 25th and 26th of January last; and we are instructed to lay before your Excellency the action of that convention."

After reading the resolutions of the convention and the Memorial to Congress, embodying the proposed Amendment, the address continued as follows:

"We are encouraged, Mr. President, to hope that you will give the great object for which we pray your cordial and powerful support, because you have already shown, by many significant acts of your administration, that the principle on which it rests is dear to your heart. This principle is our national responsibility to God, which you have expressly and repeatedly recognized. We remember that when, under one of your predecessors, an anti-Christian power had refused to treat with the United States, he granted that we were a Christian nation; the objection was removed by the authoritative statement that we, as a nation, had no religion; also that several of your predecessors refused, when earnestly importuned, to appoint days of national fasting and thanksgiving for the same reason, whilst you, sir, within the space of a single year, have thrice, by solemn proclamation, called us either to national fasting, humiliation and prayer, for our many and grievous sins, especially our sin of forgetting God, or to national thanksgiving for His unspeakable mercies."

You, moreover, as no other of our Chief Magistrates ever did, have solemnly reminded us of the redeeming grace of our blessed Saviour, and of the authority of the Holy Scriptures over us as a people. By such acts as these you have awakened a hope in the Christian people of this land that you represent them in feeling the want of a distinct and plain recognition of the Divine authority in the Constitution of the United States. For we hold it most certain truth, that nations, as such, and not individuals alone, are the subjects of God's moral government, are responsible to Him, and by Him are graciously rewarded for their obedience, or justly punished for their disobedience of His divine laws."

We believe also that our civil and religious liberties, our free institutions and all our national prosperity, power and glory, are mercies and blessings derived from God to us through the channel of the Christian religion. Notwithstanding either from inadvertency, or following some godless theory of civil government, we have omitted even the mention of His blessed name in the most significant and highest acts of the nation."

"We believe that in thus leaving God out of our political system we have grievously sinned against Him—have dishonored upon ourselves and against Him his just displeasure, opened the flood-gates of that political corruption which is the curse of our nation, and given occasion to that prodigious development of the spirit of oppression and injury to the negro race, which is the immediate source of our present calamities and sorrows. We believe, therefore, that it is our first duty to repent of this and all our national sins, and to return to our obligations as a Christian people, by acknowledging the true God as our God in our fundamental and organic law, in order that we may resistlessly implore His merciful interposition in our behalf, to give victory to our national arms and success to the national cause; to establish the unity of the nation and the authority of the Government, now assailed and shattered by a horrible rebellion. We ask for no union of Church and State—that is a thing which we utterly repudiate; we ask for nothing inconsistent with the largest religious liberty, or the rights of conscience in any man. We represent no sect—

rian or denominational object, but one in which all who bear the Christian name, and all who have any regard for the Christian religion, can cordially agree; and one to which we are persuaded that all law and wise movement would call forth an overwhelming public sentiment in its support.

"We therefore do earnestly hope that you, our beloved Chief Magistrate, will not be indifferent to our prayer. For by what you have already done in this cause, and by your integrity, firmness and excellent wisdom, obviously guided as we believe it has been, and pray that it may ever continue to be, under the terrible responsibility laid upon you in this darkest hour of our country's peril and gloom, you have won the confidence and affection of the Christian people of this land beyond all your predecessors, save only the Father of his Country. Knowing then, the respect and deference with which your sage counsels are listened to by the whole people, and deeming the present time and occasion most opportune, we are persuaded that, if you will give this movement your favor and support, it will be successful, and thus you will place yourself in the hearts of the present and of all future generations as one of the greatest benefactors of your country. For, having inaugurated those measures which aim to right, so far as that is possible, our great national wrong committed against man, you will have welded that vast influence which will have been clothed by Divine Providence, and by the voice of the people, to right, so far as that can be done, that great wrong which we as a nation have committed against God in leaving Him out of our political system."

The President replied as follows:

"GENTLEMEN: The general aspect of your movement I cordially approve. In regard to particulars I must ask time to deliberate, as the work of amending the Constitution should not be done hastily. I will carefully examine your paper, in order more fully to comprehend its contents than is possible from merely hearing it read, and will take such action upon it as my responsibility to our Maker and our country demands."

Rev. R. A. McNeal, of Oskaloosa, Iowa, says that after the presentation was over, Mr. Lincoln turned to a friend and remarked: "These men have gained, during my first administration, one of the reforms they have sought, the abolition of slavery. I hope they may get the other before my second expires."

Mr. McNeal has not given his authority for that statement. It may be forthcoming. *Non verum.* If Lincoln ever made the remark, then it shows he was not well posted on the slavery question as John G. Whittier, Parker Pillsbury, Wendell Phillips, Stephen S. Foster or William Lloyd Garrison. The idea itself is preposterous, that Lincoln should yield all the glory of his Emancipation Proclamation to the Protestant ministers. Furthermore, Lincoln was a Liberal in religion, which makes the claim of the Constitutional God Christians, that he hoped they might Christianize the Constitution, inconsistent with the simplest demand of Liberalism.

Re-incarnation.

At the risk of repeating some points made by us in a former article on this subject, we desire to present to our readers an extract from an article received by us not long since from an esteemed correspondent—J. B. Hall, of Portland, Me.—on this subject. We do it more readily than the public may perceive the various aspects of the case as it strikes inquiring minds, and that perhaps a clearer idea may be afforded by several differently worded versions of the same facts.—[Ed. B. of L.]

"The principal objection to this new phase of progress seems to be the idea that it interferes with the continuity of life after the dissolution of the body, and destroys the pleasing prospect of meeting the loved ones 'over the river,' for how can they be there to meet us if it be possible that even now they may have re-incarnated themselves and are again living on the mortal plane?"

I confess that I have read but little upon this subject, and the way to its complete adoption is not entirely clear to me; but a few thoughts suggest themselves in answer to the objection named. First, I apprehend that we generally fall into the error of thinking that this brief moment of human life is the *ex-ovo*, and eternally the *drop*, while the reverse is true. Eternity—spirit-life—is the ocean, and this rudimentary life is but a drop in that ocean. In other words, it seems to me that the advocates of re-incarnation as a means of progress must take the ground that there is *no other than spirit-life*, and that this brief mortal existence is but one phase or condition of that spirit-life. If we take this view—which undoubtedly may seem absurd to many of your readers—and admit that almost unceasing teaching of intelligent inhabitants of the spirit world that, even while incarnated in mortal body, the spirit is not confined to its temporary and decaying tenement, but can and does absent itself from it, the idea of re-incarnation is shorn of some of its chief objections; for the spirit—the man himself—although incarnated, is still in spirit-life, and can commune with the friends of a former incarnation, as well as to be ready to meet them and welcome them on their own return home.

Sometimes I think, if the doctrine of re-incarnation be true, that this human life may be aptly termed the school of the spirit. The youth goes to school for a term. He pursues certain branches of study necessary for his complete education, but he cannot accomplish all in a single term. At the close, he takes a vacation and returns home, and after a brief season of rest and recreation among his friends and the familiar scenes of his childhood, he takes a leave of them and returns to his studies for the next term. Again and again he returns alternately to his home and his school until he has perfected his education and is developed to manhood, ready to take his position among his fellows in the stern battle of life. So, standing in spirit-life, reviewing the past experiences and attainments, may it not be natural to presume that the spirit may see that some element essential to a complete education is wanting, and that another and yet another term in this school of the spirit is necessary for the attainment of that element? Remembering that it is simply one condition of spirit-life, and fully understanding the object to be attained, he will, as I gladly return to mortality again, knowing that until he reaches a still higher position or state, he must consent to be unconscious in the outer or school-life of the real life at home, while in the inner life he is still connected with and is a part of the home he has left for a season.

It is in this view that re-incarnation becomes a part of the stupendous plan of eternal progress, and through it we may look forward confidently to the time when death shall no longer exist, and the spirit may put on and lay off incarnation at pleasure. Even now, we hear that under certain conditions, men and women like unto ourselves, with whom we have in this school of the spirit become associated, and who have returned home before us, incarnate themselves in bodies visible and tangible to mortal senses, and speak to us as of yore, thus taking on and laying off mortality at pleasure. What is this but re-incarnation? It is true it can continue but a few moments, as we mortals count time, but that it occurs as a fact as fixed and sure as that God lives. And in the measureless eternity of spirit, when the angel of the Lord declares that "Time shall be no longer," how brief the moment of incarnation, even though it last a hundred of our years.

THE BEAUTIFUL SNORE.—Oh the snore, the beautiful snore, filling her chamber from ceiling to floor! Over the coverlet, under the sheet, from her dimpled chin to her pretty feet! Now rising aloft like a bee in June; now sunk to the wall of a crackling bassoon! Now, flute-like, subsiding, then rising again, is the beautiful snore of Elizabeth Jane.

Children's Department.

AN OLD STORY NEWLY TOLD.

Tommy, prowling on the lawn, Spied a sparrow, just at dawn, Up and at her labors. Secure and sweet she hopped along, Or, flying westward sang a song. That roused her sleepy neighbors. But Tommy meant to break his fast. That time, song-sparrow, in your last, Whatever you intended, Just light down on the grass again; I'll eat you up in seconds ten. And so your story's ended."

The sparrow is a little chit, And plain of dress, but full of wit; So, when upon the grass she lit, And Tommy at a bound Had whisked her off behind a tree, And growled, "I'll make a meal of thee," She plucked up courage. "Tom," said she, "Just sit me on the ground; And do, I pray you, have the grace, Before you eat, to wash your face."

Tom was a cat of high degree, And used to good society. "Your words are wise, you bird," said he, "Though you're a silly creature!" Knowing that manners make the man, He sat her down, and slow began With dignity (cats only can) To wash each solemn feature.

Scarcely was his paw across his nose, Before aloft the sparrow rose, From tallest tree the garden grows. She sends him down a song: "Oh, Tommy! do n't you wish you could For breakfast have a sparrow good? Birds are such dainty, tender food, And all to eat belongs."

Tom eyed her with a rueful grin; "I must say, bird, you took me in. But long as I've to stay Upon this earth, so full of cheat, Of artful birds and all deceit, My breakfast when it's caught I'll eat, My face wash when I may." And so, you know, Do all the race of cats until this day.

From Harper's Bazar.

THE HINKLES' DIFFICULTIES.

[Concluded.]

Having relieved his mind by this last confession, Mr. Hinkle ate his dinner with an excellent appetite, and in due time his supper also, his wife not having appeared.

"I expect she calculates for me to go for her, and I'd better be off," said he, as he strained the milk with extreme care and deliberation, and by this means let a slow stream trickle down the outside of the pail upon the spotless pantry-floor. "Why, if there ain't Ezra Tripp now?" and as he spoke, in at the door came his wife's brother-in-law, with unwilling feet, as though goaded on by the spears of the setting sun behind him.

"Lavinny ain't sick, I hope?" said Mr. Hinkle, anxiously.

"No, 'tisn't that," replied Mr. Tripp, twisting his forefinger under his collar, as if his cravat choked him—" 'tisn't that—but—"

"She is getting most out of patience waiting for me, I suppose," suggested the unsuspecting Reuben. "Well, I'd oughter gone afore, only the off ox broke through the fence, and—"

"Lavinny says she won't come back," interrupted Mr. Tripp, desperately; "for she has lived with you as long as she can stand it!"

Mr. Hinkle dropped down like a starless diekey. "I might have knowed she wouldn't bear what I do," groaned he. "This morning, when she was blowing of me, I spoke ha'sh to her; I don't see how I come to. But, Ezra, you don't think, now, she won't never come round?"

Mr. Tripp muttered something about his sister-in-law being "pretty resolute," and turned away. "I wish you would carry over Lavinny's cough-medicine," said Mr. Hinkle, rousing himself. "Lord, to think of her hacking-cough in the night, and me not hearing her! And, Ezra, I'd take it kindly of you if you'd step in in the morning and tell me how she rested!"

Mr. Tripp consigned the bottle to his coat pocket, while Reuben, returning to the deserted kitchen, which already wore a masculine air, lifted his chair against the wall, and listened to the dirges of the frogs, or gave expression to his feelings by singing:

"As on some lonely building's top
The sparrow tells her tale,
Far from the tents of joy and hope
I sit and grieve alone."

"A dreadful poor hand I should be to sit alone," commented he, as he shuffled about to fasten the windows. "Lavinny is a masterwoman for makin' things lively; somehow I can't bear to look her out," and it is a fact worthy of note that the faithful Reuben, for the first time in his married life, went to bed leaving the porch door unbolled.

If he had cherished a vague hope that his wife might steal home in the early morning, he certainly saw no traces of her ruling presence. Instead, the abandonment of desolation reigned.

"Seems if I was just a framework, with nothing inside," said the poor man, moving about the chaotic kitchen in a hushed manner, like a person at a funeral; "the pith is all knocked out of me."

But notwithstanding this alarming internal condition, by dint of burning three fingers he succeeded in making a lumpy hasty-pudding for breakfast, and also a cup of coffee, which, by reason of the large amount of fish-skin that settled it, bore an unpleasant resemblance to chowder. As he was sitting at his frugal repast his sister knocked in.

"Has Lavinny left you, Reuben? It can't be," Mr. Hinkle nodded his head solemnly, his mouth being not available just then as an organ of speech.

"The worst is her own," stormed Miss Phebe, raining a shower of hair-pins from her falling chignon. "I guess we shan't die on her account!"

This reflection seemed to convey no consolation to Mr. Hinkle.

"You never felt right toward Lavinny," said he, sorrowfully. "I don't lay this up again her, clearing out; I blame it on to Miss Niddins. She has had a dreadful faculty for unsettling Lavinny."

Miss Phebe had a contemptuous nose, turned upward at the end like a sled runner. It curled higher yet at this remark.

"I wish you had some of my spirit, Reuben Hinkle," said she, coiling her back hair with a rapid circular motion, as if she were winding herself up; "if you had, you wouldn't go hating Lavinny for one while. She's contrary, and depend upon it she'll be a great deal more apt to come back if you don't tease her. I'll keep house for you, so don't you be a mite concerned."

Mr. Hinkle groaned in answer. As dough is

without yeast, so was he without Lavinny. "He needed her to keep him up," he said, pathetically; and though tortures would not have wrung from her the confession, it was equally true that Lavinny needed him to keep her down. Some heaven is safest hidden in its three measures of meal. Certainly, in her husband's presence Mrs. Hinkle had been a patient Griselda compared to what she now was, freed from home restraints. She fretted and fumed in an explosive manner, raising an unwanted fermentation in the Tripp household. She hated his folks, she hated Reuben for not hating them, she hated herself for having borne their interference so long, and declared she had not had "the temper of a fly"—which, indeed, was quite true. But as the week wore on without bringing the coveted vision of her husband at her feet, the effervescence of her mood was fast subsiding, when the rumor that Miss Phebe was wielding her domestic sceptre agitated it anew. Pretty work it will be crowded out of her own home by his folks! She knew now why Reuben did not come. They had been setting him against her. What if he should never come? For the first time this thought introduced itself, and in her anguish she sought relief in the camphor bottle. What right had Phebe in her kitchen, solacing Reuben with delectable cookery, when he should have been hungering in solitude after his wife? She declared such conduct would provoke a saint, though she did not give her authority for this conviction. One thing was sure, Phebe should not have the washing of her tea-spoons, and without delay Mrs. Hinkle sent a juvenile Tripp to remove these and other personal valuables, choosing the dinner-hour for the errand, that the scenic effect might be greater. When Mr. Hinkle was forced to stir his tea with a fork, perhaps he would be in more haste to conciliate his wife! The plan was well laid, but it failed in the execution through the tardiness of little Joe, who, having a woodchuck to attend to on the way, did not reach his uncle's till the remains of the dinner lay cold on the pantry shelf, and Mr. Hinkle was half a mile away at his afternoon plowing.

Miss Phebe sent the spoons obediently, inwardly resolved that Reuben should not know of this proof of "Lavinny's ugliness," for she was well aware that only her own repeated assurances that Lavinny would soften toward him if left to himself had kept him passive thus far.

"Seem 's if I was n't doing the handsome thing not to go high her," he often said. "I wonder whether or no she ain't counting on my fetching her."

"If she comes of her free will she'll be likely to stay put," Miss Phebe would answer; "but try to drive her, and you know what Lavinny is."

Mr. Hinkle did know, unfortunately, and, knowing, schooled himself to patient waiting.

Thus the days wore on, and he plodded through the spring work, cheered a little in spite of himself by Miss Phebe's earnest efforts at making him comfortable, while Lavinny, mortified, and then alarmed by his non-appearance, worried herself into a course of expiring sick-headaches, and in every sense shut out the sunlight from the house of the Tripps. In the midst of paint-scrubbing Mrs. Tripp found no leisure to devote to her complaining sister, but left one of her children to wait upon her. Mrs. Hinkle felt abused. When had Reuben been too busy to bathe her aching temples? Little Joe made her nervous as a witch, and one day she told him so, and a moment after had the satisfaction of hearing him say to his mother in the kitchen that he "could n't get along with Aunt Lavinny no how."

"Why, that was just what Reuben had said—Reuben, who had never spoken hastily to her in his life! Was she an uncomfortable person to live with?"

"Taint in the power of mortal man to get along with you, Lavinny." The words came back to her with the startling force of a proof-text, and haunted her afterward continually.

It must have been in rhubarb time, for dandelion greens had gone by, when one morning little Joe rushed in with the terrible tidings—that "Uncle Reuben had fallen ker-chunk from a beam in the barn."

Mrs. Hinkle tore the bandages from her head and started up.

"Where's my bonnet, Susan? I'm going home."

"Maybe he is n't badly injured. Wait till you hear further," urged Mrs. Tripp.

"I tell you I'm going home, Susan Tripp! Where's my bonnet?" and taking it by the string, Mrs. Hinkle sprang into the wagon just vacated by her nephew, and drove away at a doctor's pace.

Little Joe turned a series of somersaults and then lay writhing in the grass in a fit of uncontrollable giggling.

"Didn't Aunt Lavinny streak it!" shouted he. "And Uncle Reuben was n't hurt a mite, but she wouldn't let me tell her! Tee-hee-hee!"

Yet, though no bones were broken by the fall, it is a fact that Mr. Hinkle found his two hundred pounds avoidpounds considerably shaken, and he was actually, according to his wife's prediction, "camping on the lounge in his boots;" when, opening his eyes, they rested on her frightened face in the doorway.

"Why, bless your heart! come right in, Lavinny," said he. And she went in and shut the door.

Five minutes afterward, as Miss Phebe lifted the latch she heard her sister-in-law say:

"I know I have hector'd you awfully, Reuben, but I do mean to live peaceable now, and put up with your folks."

And Reuben answered, heartily, "I haven't blamed you a bit, Lavinny. I knowed 't was Miss Niddins's work. But after we'd lived together so long, she might have let us be till God divorced us."

The Erie Indians.

Let an Indian tribe vanish entirely from the earth without leaving a shadow behind, not even one chieftain to go as a delegation to Washington, not even one brave, who refuses to live upon his reservation, and skulks around the settlements clad in the cast-off silk hats of the white man, and forthwith we begin to exalt the extinct race with the heart of an antiquarian and the pen of a novelist. It is only the degenerate, mind-fatiguing Indians of to-day whom we despise; no doubt the tribes of the past were of a nobler nature. Among these tribes of the past there are none more completely past than the Erie, who have left scarcely more than a name behind them. They belonged to that remarkable confederacy of tribes called the Neutral Nation, dwelling upon the South-west shore of Lake Erie, a city of refuge for warring parties on either side. To them belonged the right of lighting the council-fire of peace, a ceremony which was said to require a maiden hand, and for years they held their place, respected and at peace. Upon these Western Islands were some of their fastnesses; traces of their fortifications were discovered there by the first surveyors, earth-works built, appar-

ently to enclose a village, with gates and saltports of wood, and in one place a quantity of new stone axes and arrow-heads stored away in a rude armory for future use. Picture-writing was also found, and one rock inscription upon Kelley's Island has been pronounced "the most extensive well-sculptured and preserved inscription found in America." The Eries were at the head of the Neutral Nation, and at the time of the first French explorers they were in the height of their power. So much is known, but no more. The Indians could not save them from the face of the earth. "Of course," says the student of lake-country history, wearily, "The Iroquois are as sure to come sweeping in at the last as Sir William Johnson." The Eries were so utterly destroyed that the most patient investigator can only say, "They were, and they are not." "Little besides their existence is known of them," says Parkman, whose histories are as reliable as they are fascinating—an unusual combination.—*Harper's Magazine for June.*

"PARKER-MEMORIAL" MEMORANDA.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

"Delicate omens traced in air
To the soft hand true visions are."

This Emersonian distich may be a little mixed, as we quote it from memory. It is possible that "soft" has the place of "true," and "true" that of "soft," but, like a "with-it's prayer," it makes sense both ways. Perhaps the present setting may prove the better one of the two for the matter in this instance that it leads off. With this for preface we start out for our Sunday food. We have had our brown-bread and our beans, but "man cannot live by bread alone," brown or white; we must have at least a dessert of thought, especially on a Sunday, or we go hungry. The longer we live, the less we care for the one, and the more we care for the other. We sometimes attribute our lessening appetite for "bread and beans" that we once had to the fact that we have got our growth; in fact, that we have begun to waste, and our appetite corresponds to our decay. We are glad, then, it is moderate. With regard to the other, we are glad that our soul has not got its growth, for we are still hungry for thought. We have a sort of premonition that our soul will never stop growing. This, by the way, is encouraging to small-souled men to keep up their courage. There is time enough in this world for the other. We will not moralize, but narrow our thought, to the occasion, for it is an eventful Sunday. The "Parker Memorial" is to have nominally its first service. Like a premature birth, externally it lacks eyebrows and finger-nails, but it opens its mouth and breathes to-day for the first time. As Lyman Beecher only weighed three and a half pounds when he was born, we have a feeling that this will be a giant institution—at least in influence. We heard the Rev. J. D. Fulton say once that the teachings of "The Erie" were the harvest of the next thousand years. Some people think Fulton a prophet. We give him the benefit of this atom on the right side.

Speaking of these services, it was essential that this edifice should breathe before its time for financial reasons. It thereby takes a thousand dollars out of the world's pocket and puts it in its own. It is no robbery. It will pay back in ideas. We feel that the world will be the richer for the deed. Whichever measure in dollars the value of a life's utterance of a great thoughtful soul, as Theodore Parker is now world-wide admitted to be? Nicely-adjusting mathematics have at last invented equivalents, and we have units of weights, of measure and of volume, and can express the value of one with the other. We sometimes wonder whether we shall ever reach an unit of thought, and thus the influence or thought of a great man be expressed in equivalents of definite value, when we could, with a slate and pencil, for example, express the world's gain for this contributing this thousand dollars in taxes for the benefit of free-religion.

Free-religion does not like the idea that \$300,000,000, or more, in church property in these United States, should go untaxed—making a world of unbelievers pay tribute to superstition in their eyes. The Twenty-eighth Congregation would willingly lose this early tribute for the law's rectification; but while the Tremont Temple makes the tribute to it, in a released tax of \$8000 it takes a satisfaction in getting of the same pool one-sixth of the sum, and would like the six-sixths. By-and-by the world will wake up and find this nation can save \$10,000,000 or more annually by being simply equitable. The children of this world, judging by the record, used to be wiser in their generation than the children of light. If the godly, or church-going, are indeed the children of light (which we think is at least debatable), they are not wanting in wisdom or power, did not propose to write an article on religious economy. The spirit was otherwise disposed; but, as Paul says, the flesh was weak—which is our apology.

A fair gathering met on this lovely morning—the last Sunday in April—for a regular religious service; and we had one. The Rev. J. W. Winkley was the preacher. He gave a good, sensible discourse—not a warm one. We rather needed warmth, or could have stood it. The plastering of the walls was damp, and the floor finish was not at all, but a nice layer of brown paper hid all that was rough; and one could see the future Parker-Fraternity Hall, its varied gatherings on Friday nights that are to come of improvement, recreation and sociability. On this occasion it was rather risky to sensitive people, owing to its chilliness from immaturity of preparation.

We were baptized with ice in the river many years ago, and were told that no one ever took cold by "immersion;" and in our case it proved so. We should be sorry to think the Great Eastern would subject any party to a strict sect, and feel as though no damage will accrue to those who constituted this audience.

We said this discourse was not as warm a one as the audience would have borne, but it was sensible, and in keeping with the sentiment of the institution. The preacher remarked, which we all felt to be true, "that we were working under difficulties, though the idea [Parkerism] at last had got comfortably housed in the world at large," which we thought good and true, and seemed to encourage a line written by a devotee for another occasion in tribute to the man whose name this edifice bears:

"The voice of bigotry now is hushed
That called him heretic, though sent of God;
Put him a slum by him thus crushed,
And others walk where he in perit trod."

As we sat listening to this thoughtful discourse with a feeling of snow in our persons, we felt it a kind of providence that the pulpit and see-tees, borrowed for the occasion, were Orthodox, and had the benefit of that atmosphere, and were kind-dried; and thus evangelism was useful outside of its constituency. Who would have thought that those thoroughly-dried see-tees, the only things that would burn on this occasion if the building had caught fire, would have been preparing for an emergency like this? We were rather glad than otherwise that the rigidly righteously have uses, and, although early disaffected ourselves with Orthodox doctrines, we felt, on this occasion, glad that there were people who had patience to sit years to warm and dry see-tees to do us "heretics" a service; for there did come into our souls a feeling of security against the prevailing dampness for which we wish to give credit.

We heard a good story, the other day—almost too good to be true; no, almost too true to be good. This edifice is near one of the Boston and Albany railroad grain-elevators on Berkeley street. A man, looking at it, said to one of the building committee: "This memorial edifice looks like an elevator." "Just so," replied the committee man; "that is what we intended it for." As these are merely notes, we will close by saying, simply a great many church edifices are erected that are not elevators; may this, and we say it hopefully, prove to be one that is in truth and not.

Berkley street, April 27, 1873.

THE TEST.—Those who would put God into the secular Constitution discover a deplorable want of that constituent in their own constitution. E. MYRICK.

Banner Correspondence.

Wayside Pencillings.

DEAR BANNER—I believe my last jottings were from Philadelphia. Previous to my Sunday engagement there, I crossed the Delaware River, traveling about thirty miles over a beautiful country, arriving at Vineland, New Jersey, famed in New England as the town of pit and flowers. I cannot omit an expression of admiration for this place in this communication; in many respects it approaches near my "ideal" as a town; rustic and country-like in its appearance, yet embracing many of the privileges and opportunities found in our cities. Everything in the arrangement of houses, gardens, places of business, churches and schools, indicates a taste and refinement seldom met with in a town so rapidly settled as Vineland has been.

The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at Plum-street Hall—sustain a good Lyceum—and connected with this Society has been formed a "Reading Club," which convenes each Sunday afternoon.

I found a quiet resting-spot in the congenial home of Mr. and Mrs. Ladd; no true hearts beat in human form than those that throb under that little cottage roof, and whoever goes there for a day can but feel "Angels are their constant guests." I remained with them in all but three weeks; then trunks were packed, hurried "good-byes" exchanged, and I found myself en route for Washington, D. C. Lectured there one Sunday. No word of commendation from me is needed as regards the condition of the Society of Spiritualists in that city. It is "rich in itself," if talent, ability and education are estimated as valuable in this life. Remained one week in the "pleasant home" of Dr. Mayhew and his good wife.

The remaining Sundays of this month I spend in the "Monumental City." I have been gratified with my audiences here, and the attention manifested during my lectures has convinced me of an interest felt in the same. There are good workers here and a fine Lyceum in good operation.

I am domiciled at present at a pleasant boarding-house, kept by Spiritualists, Mr. Hollister and lady are genial people, and strangers visiting this city can find no pleasanter home. My next appointment is at Harrisburg, Pa. Shall go from there to Western New York, Allegany County, for two Sundays, lecturing in the vicinity during the week. When I have fulfilled this appointment, shall turn my face toward old Massachusetts.

Will spend the summer and autumn months in New England, and would like work in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Maine, or New Hampshire. Everywhere the *mighty* word is in vogue. Every "snake" grows longer, because "Truth is at the Hub." Slowly she may do her work, but always surely. Men and women are learning this truth, that "Reason is the grandest attribute of the human soul, and her experience the divinest legacy that can be bequeathed to humanity."

MRS. M. B. SAWYER.

Witnessing the Releasing of a Spirit from the Body.

DEAR BANNER—I desire through your columns to express not only my sorrow but my joy to you, well knowing that the wise and loving angel always tempers the sorrow so that it becomes a blessing in the end. Had I known six months ago, when the first sorrow fell like a shadow on my spirit, the facts as they have since been developed, that I had now, in my old age, health and youthful manhood, was to be the one, I could not have served my guide so well. But gently have I been led and sustained, through this night of sorrow. During my labors in St. Louis, and while engaged in preparation for the memorable 31st of March, I received a telegram bidding me hasten to the sick bed of a son at Columbus, Ohio. I hastened only to find him unconscious to all outward things, and but faintly uttering the name of "Mother." After several days the disease seemed to yield to treatment, and a hope was entertained of his recovery, so much so that I was making preparations for his removal to my home in Dayton, Ohio. When Mrs. Jennie Savage, wife of Dr. Savage of Columbus, Ohio, a young wife and mother, after a lingering illness of five weeks, passed on, I was invited to assist Mrs. Coate at the funeral, and after closing my remarks, and while yet the glow of inspiration was on me, a spirit came and laid a wreath of white flowers on my lap, and instantly a clear conviction of the truth flashed on my mind that my son would die, so much so that I was forced to speak of it as I was going to the cemetery. On my return I perceived a change, and from that time he gradually grew worse, and after four weeks of patient suffering, Walter D. Lanston passed over (April 24th), aged twenty-one years.

During the lonely hours of silent night the angels were with me, and my vision was opened. I saw the mystic river that the angel-servant was waiting for the spirit of my departing one, the description of which may be encouraging to others, as it was to me. For several days before his release, I saw a large circle of spirits, and gradually it grew nearer until they seemed to touch me with their loving hands, and then as the end came, the boat that had stood on the river was entered by myself and him; twelve mortal hours did my spirit accompany him, and during that time he frequently spoke of seeing his spirit brothers, and once said, "Mr. Coate, you know me." Then when the light that had shone like morning's golden sunlight floated over the river and made its dark waters an open doorway to the spirit-home, I stood and gazed wishfully after his receding form, now made immortal by his change.

MARY LANSTON STROZG.

Dayton, O., May 24, 1873.

Our Medium.

DEAR BANNER—We have a medium (we think much like Mrs. Conant) through whom we can converse with disembodied men and women as easily and as clearly as with persons who are still in the body. Spirit men and women take entire and seemingly perfect control of her body. She is sure she leaves her body, and always recognizes those who are coming to take possession of it. If strangers to her, she correctly describes them, and instantly recognizes their photographs when shown to her. She makes no mistakes in this respect. She remembers what the spirits say to her while out of the body, but has not in eight years been detected in knowing one word which they have spoken to us through her. There is no room for a rational doubt of the identity of those we have intimately known in the body. They are entirely natural, like themselves, and seem in no sense effected by the medium's mind. One stranger spirit called upon the writer, superior in talents to any earthly mind which has ever visited him.

A man of high principle, every way a gentleman, but perhaps as cool an infidel head as our country has produced, one day said to the medium, "If the dear wife whose body I buried eight months ago has still an intelligent existence, and could call on me, though unseen, I am sure I could recognize her." A few hours later he said to her, "I now know my dear Laura is not dead. I have conversed with her for two hours as easily as I now talk with you. I am in a new world. It is better than a thousand miracles."

Perhaps not over fifty or sixty persons have availed themselves of her mediumship. She utterly refuses to sit for the general public. For this reason I can only give you my real name.

I. N.

New Hampshire.

PORTSMOUTH.—A. B. writes May 17: We are making cheerful progress in the work of extending a knowledge of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism. Mrs. M. Sunderland Cooper, from your city, has come to reside with us for a time, and for the week past has held several well-attended evening circles, and private sittings, through the day. The manifestations through her are the cheering old-fashioned raps, now so seldom heard, and which to many are quite convincing of spirit power, coming as they do simultaneously from different parts of the room. Another form is the writing of names on the

ELLIOT, MRS. WORTHINGTON, Inspirations, Leslie, Mich.
 ELIAH and Mrs. ELIZA C. WOODMERE, Eagle Harbor,
 N. Y.
 E. WHEELER, Semi-Drance and Inspirational, Utica, N. Y.
 F. H. E. W. WHEELER, Phœnixton, Kan.
 G. A. WARREN, Waterloo, Iowa.
 H. S. N. J. WILLIAMS, 44 Windsor St., Cambridgeport, Mass.
 I. A. WILLETTTE, New York City.
 J. C. WATTS, Cambridge, Mass.
 J. S. JULIETTE YEAW, Northboro', Mass.
 K. S. FANNIE T. YOUNG, Centre-Stratford, N. H., care
 of H. C. Colburn.
 L. S. and Mrs. W. J. Young, Boise City, Idaho.
 MRS. JOHN S. ZELLER, Burlington, N. J.

MATRIMONIAL

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD

THE POLAR SEA

There is the same dogmatic spirit among the

President Coonley closed the session with some amusing accounts of the work in Vineland, where the next Convention will be held on the 8th, 9th and 10th of August.

house put a rifle bullet through it. He said he did not to see a paper "lead" quite so much.

like & RICH. (late Wm. White & Co.,) at the BAN
LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 14 Hanover street, Boston

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