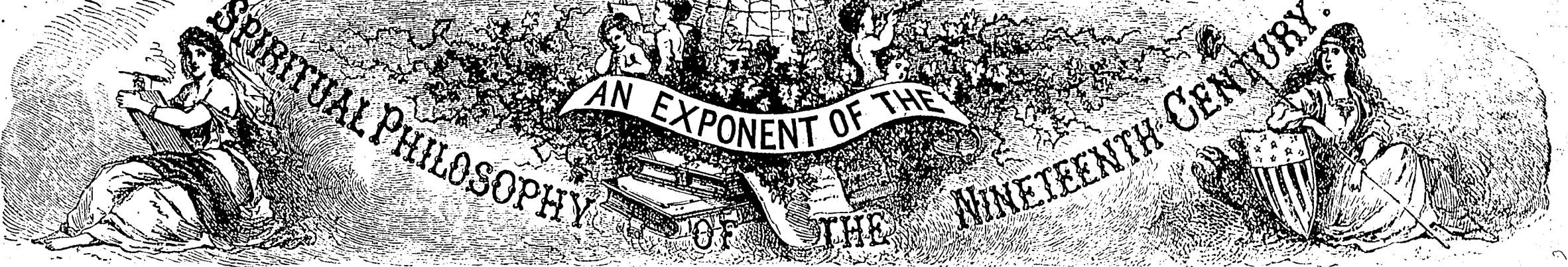


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 2.

Written for the Banner of Light.
IMMORTALITY.

BY MRS. ELIZA M. HICKOK.

Spirit, thy race is run,
Thou near'st the shore;
Thine earthly work is done,
Thy conflicts o'er.
Spirit, no care or pain
Crosseth thee now—
Never shall mar again
Thy pale, still brow.

No more life's surges beat
On mortal shore;
No more dark tempests meet;
All, all is o'er.
Spirit, in realms afar
Thou hast found rest;
All strife and suffering o'er,
Thou must be blest.

Spirit, thine earthly one
Loved thee so well,
This heart its loneliness
Never can tell.
Spirit, my requiem
Regoeth thee not;
Sadly my heart inquires
Am I forgot?

Hark! for soft tones I hear,
"Low, and so sweet!"
Yet they are strangely near;
Now they repeat:
"Oh, earth one, I loved thee
Never as now!"
Oh, oft I caress thee,
Kiss thy sad brow.

"I only ead aside
Mortal that even;
I crossed no flowing tide,
Reached no low heaven.
Still thou wilt draw me near
By thy love given,
And where thou art, my dear,
There is my heaven."

"So thy sad requiem
Was not in vain;
Spirit, who loves thee well,
Cometh again.
Now, banish all thy gloom,
Like shades of night;
Think not of lonely tomb,
All is so bright.

No shades in summer-land,
No griefs divide;
Those who have truly loved
Still blest abide.
Soon I shall meet thee, dear,
Just ere life's even;
Then, when I greet thee here,
This will be heaven."

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

BY ANNA L. RUTH.

Whist, sir!—Would ye please to speak aisy,
And sit ye down there by the fire?
She sleeps, sir, so light and so restless,
She hears every step on the floor.
What ails her?—God knows. She's been weakly
For months, and the best doctors her wily;
The summer has wasted and worn her;
Till she's only the ghost of a child.
All I have?—Yes, she is, and God help me!
I'd dress her in diamonds and lace,
As pretty as ever ye see, sir,
But woe it was that took her, and died.
What was it that took her, ye're asking?
Why poverty, sure, and no doubt!
They perished for food and fresh air, sir,
Like flowers that wither in a drought.

It was dreadful to lose them?—Ah, was it!
It seemed like my heart-strings would break,
But there's days when I want and wild sorrow
I'm thankful they're gone—for their sake!
Their father?—Well, sir, saints forgive me!
It's a foul tongue that lowers its own!
But what did the strikes and the liquor,
I'd better be struggling alone!

Do I want to keep this woe?—The darlint,
The last and the dearest of all!
Shure ye're niver a father yourself, sir,
Or ye wouldn't be askin' at all!
What is that?—Mile and food for the baby!
A docher and medicine free!
Ye're huntin' out all the sick children,
An' poor toilin' mothers, like me!

God bless you! an' thin that have sent you!
A new life ye've given me, so,
Shure, sir, ye've got 'em look in the cradle
At the collect you've saved; 'fore ye go!
Oh mother o' mercies! have pity!
Oh darlint, why couldn't ye wait!
Dead! dead! an' the help in the dweary!
Too late! Oh my baby! Too late!

SCANDAL.—The story is told of a woman who
freely used her tongue to the scandal of others,
and made confession to the priest of what she
had done. He gave her a ripe thistle top, and
told her to go out in various directions and scatter
the seeds one by one. Wondering at the penance,
she obeyed, and then returned, and told her
confessor. To her amazement, he bade her
go back and gather the scattered seeds; and
when she objected that it would be impossible,
he replied that it would be still more difficult
to gather up and destroy all evil reports which she
had circulated about others. Any thoughtless,
careless child can scatter a handful of thistle
seed before the wind in a moment, but the
strongest and wisest men cannot gather them
again.

"The Prêreque Isle (Mr.) Sunrise" newspaper
contains the following item: "In consequence of
the circus being here next Saturday, Sept. 12th,
the dedication of the Baptist Church is postponed
until Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock."

Spiritualism Abroad.

BELUCOSE CHRISTIANITY IN NEW
ZEALAND.

In our issue of July 5th, Bro. J. M. Peebles (in
"Letters of Travel" Number Eight) gives an ac-
count of the trouble of soul which the labors of
himself and Dr. E. C. Dunn caused among the
good Presbyterian Christians wherever they went,
and in a marked degree at Dunedin, New Zea-
land. Mr. John Logan, a deacon in the Knox
Church, that city, a most exemplary man, and
one occupying a high social position, was made at
the time a test case upon which to exhibit the bit-
ting power of church bigotry, as evidenced by the
following letter:

"DUNEDIN, March 10th, 1873.
MR. JOHN LOGAN—Dear Sir: I am directed to
summon you to appear before the session at a
meeting to be held in the front vestry of the
church on Monday, the 10th instant, at half-past
seven (7:30) in the evening, to answer the follow-
ing charges made against you, viz., That you ap-
peared on the platform of the Theatre at a public
lecture delivered by Mr. Peebles on the evening
of the Lord's day, 2d February last, when cer-
tain doctrines were propounded, as reported by
the papers, contrary to the doctrines of this
church.

That being waited on by a committee appointed
by the session to remonstrate with you and ex-
press its strong disapproval of your conduct, you
avowed your right to appear where you did on
Saturday or Sunday, and refused to abstain from
such conduct in the future.

I am, etc., JOHN BOYCE,
Session Clerk, Knox Church.
Mr. Peebles and Dr. Dunn went their way on
their mission of duty, to open to other eyes the
man-sealed volume of heavenly inspiration, but
the Knox Church people sharpened their claws
and teeth and howled around the unfortunate(?)
Mr. Logan, scarcely able to await the assembly
of the Presbytery of Dunedin. Finally, however,
on Wednesday, June 11th, that august body was
convened in the First Church, there being present
the Rev. Mr. Blake (Moderator), Rev. Drs.
Stuart and Copland, Rev. Messrs. Will and Gow,
and Messrs. Kennie, Dunnean, Wales, Miller, and
Somness, Elders.

And the very first piece of business transacted
by that body exhibits (as given in a four column
report in the Otago Daily Times) the weakness
of the church cause in the Colony. The Rev. Mr.
Davidson desired to tender his resignation as pas-
tor of the North Taieri Church congregation,
stating that "the money had been dwindling
down year by year, and he felt it his duty to him-
self and the Church to resign."

The stricken brother was comforted at once by
having his resignation accepted, and his being put
"on probation under similar circumstances to
ministers brought out from home," in other
words provided for out of the general church fund
till he should get another place of employment.
Some skirmishing concerning the importance of
sending a missionary to China then ensued, in the
course of which Rev. Mr. Gow made the astonish-
ing statement that he thought it would be better
to send to China for a missionary than to send a
missionary there.

A slight disturbance concerning a nice little bit
of land claimed in some manner and at the same
time by the Church and the Trustees, and ar-
rangements for a further provision of funds to
establish scholarships for students desiring to enter
the pulpit, and for the support of aged and infirm
ministers, consumed the afternoon session, and
at 7 o'clock P. M. the Presbytery, refreshed by its
evening meal, reassembled to "settle" the case
of the arch rebel, Mr. Logan.

Rev. Dr. Stuart, pastor of Knox Church, spoke
of Mr. L. as being his warm personal friend, as
well as parishioner and deacon, and regretted that
the necessities of the case made it incumbent
upon them to consider the matter publicly. He
had hoped Mr. L. would listen to his desires and
repent, but such he would not do.

He (Dr. Stuart) knew that Mr. Logan had
been a student of Spiritualism for some years
past. For a time his study of this subject did
not appear to interfere with his Christian life
and conduct; and from conversations which he
had had with Mr. Logan during that time upon
the subject, he thought that Spiritualism was a
mere revival of the old ghost stories of his native
hills. He found no fault with Mr. Logan for
studying the subject, for he thought it was well
for all men to look into such subjects and ascer-
tain their character. It was important that Chris-
tian men should make themselves acquainted with
all subjects occupying public attention, that they
might know for themselves what to think about them
and form an opinion regarding them.

However, Messrs. Peebles and Dunn came, and
Mr. Logan was credited with being the chief
agent in bringing them here. While they were
here he followed them to the full extent of a de-
cided adherent to the views advocated by them.
He (Dr. Stuart) thought that the doctrines taught
and upheld by these men were very damaging to
the Christian faith. They were, indeed, blas-
phemous. Mr. Logan's attendance at the lec-
tures of these men was regular, and at last he
went on the platform with them.

It was a fact patent to all, that in some of
these lectures, there were passages directly op-
posed to the doctrines of the Church; and the
fact that Mr. Logan had countenanced these in
the manner he had done was sufficient to justify
the Presbytery in expelling him from the office
of deacon.

Hereupon arose a sudden wind of discussion
as to whether the case should not be tried in
secret session—a step much more in accordance
with the desires of the ministers and elders, who
evidently did not relish the idea of being re-
ported by the papers, but had rather do their
work in the dark—or before the public. But, it
being finally decided that Dr. Stuart had virtu-
ally read the indictment against Mr. L. publicly,
the case was continued with open doors.

The various divines then proceeded to surround
Mr. L., and ply him with questions the most ab-
struse, and theological puzzles the most brain-
tormenting—one of the ministers remarking (as if
to apologize to his own reason for his course), in
defense of and concerning the beliefs held by
the Church: "There are many things in Nature
which we believe, but of which we cannot say
we are perfectly acquainted; in fact, which we
cannot comprehend."

In answer to the following questions: "1st,
Do you believe the scriptures of the Old and New
Testaments to be the word of God and the only
rule of life and manners?" 2d, Do you sincerely
own and declare the Confession of Faith ap-
proved by the General Assembly of this Church to
be the confession of your faith, and do you be-
lieve the doctrines therein contained to be the true
doctrine which you will constantly adhere to?"

Mr. Logan made the manly reply that he
had heard many sermons from Presbyterian min-
isters very much diluted—yes, even from some
of those who were now before him; that he had
learned to be even more liberal than they; and,
in conclusion, gave this sentence, worthy of re-
production in letters of gold: "What I believe
to be a Christian is a man who does well."

The matter then ended, as far as the Presby-
tery was concerned, by the presentation, by Rev.
Mr. Gillies, of the following resolution, which
was adopted at once:

"The Presbytery, having considered the refer-
ence, and that Mr. Logan, Deacon of Knox
Church, by the public and private countenance
he gave to Messrs. Peebles and Dunn, on the oc-
casion of their Sabbath evening lectures in the
Queen's Theatre, at which doctrines were pro-
mulgated antagonistic to the Christian faith,
thereby causing a grievous scandal, to the injury
of religion generally, and the Presbyterian Church
in particular; and, further, having considered
the written statement given to the Session by
Mr. Logan, expressing his conviction that Messrs.
Peebles and Dunn were doing a great Christian
work, and laboring hard and disinterestedly, with
God's help, to elevate mankind, and again de-
claring them to be eminently Christian men;
further, that it is duly given by the evidence con-
tained in the documents sent up by the Session,
that Messrs. Peebles and Dunn had at their lec-
tures promulgated doctrines directly antagonistic
to the Christian faith and the doctrines of the
Presbyterian Church; and whereas, in answer
to questions put to him by members of the Pres-
bytery, Mr. Logan expressed his inability to dis-
tinguish between the divinity of Christ and that
of Moses or other men, thereby having given evi-
dence of unsoundness in the faith as believed
and taught in this Church, and set forth in the
standards thereof; this Presbytery resolves to
depose, as they hereby do depose, Mr. Logan
from the deaconship; and further suspend him
from Church privileges, until repentance is
shown satisfactory to the Session."

Upon his being called to the bar of the court
to receive his decision, Mr. Logan gave notice of
his determination to appeal to the Synod. He
was then cited to appear before that body at its
next meeting, in January, 1874; and was in-
formed that the decision of the Presbytery would
have effect until that time.

It is too late for the Church to endeavor, even
in remote New Zealand, to stay the oncoming
of truth. It may expel its disciples, and socially
persecute, to the extent of its influence, every
person who dares to give in adherence to hetero-
doxy; but the tide is fast rising, and the old
landmarks of bigotry must inevitably disappear.
Mr. Logan's brave endeavors to fight out the
question of individual right to free conscience
inside the Church, can, of course, have but one
result—his final expulsion from the fold; but he
will bear away with him the endorsement of his
own manhood, which will be higher and more
satisfactory than the "flattering anction" which
the Church strives to pay to the restless souls who
yet within its ranks are chafing in the harness,
under the repeated spur of aroused reason.

Reasons for Believing in Spiritualism.
To the Editor of the Boston Globe:
SIR:—In the Globe of August 11, after rather
an unflattering notice of a little book, entitled
"Eleven Days at Moravia," wherein I narrated,
without exaggeration, some phenomena that oc-
curred in the presence of Mrs. Mary Andrews, a
so-called "spirit medium," and quite a number of
other persons besides myself, you proceed to
make ironical remarks regarding the costume in
which the "glorified soul," as you express it,
of an Indian maiden presented itself. In the criti-
cism that follows, I perceive that you have fallen
into the very common error of supposing that the
costume in which it is said a human apparition
presents itself to material vision, necessarily im-
plies that such is held by Spiritualists to be its
clothing in the unseen world or condition. Per-
mit me the use of your columns, merely to remark
that it was not my intention to convey any such
impression. I have used the narrative. For the
last seventeen years I have been a diligent in-
vestigator of the alleged spirit phenomena, during
which my leisure, as well as inclination, has
prompted me to hold converse, through the agency
of the many scores of those sensitive and pecu-
liarly organized persons called "spirit mediums,"
with what I deem to be spirits of the so-called
dead, and of the many hundreds or thousands
with whom I have in this way communicated—all
that have referred to the subject—alike testify that
there is a hidden form involved in every human
body that not only retains its natural life and
identity on passing to the higher life, but is clothed
in vesture more or less resplendent and beautiful,
or otherwise, in accordance with its moral attain-
ments or degrees of innocence or guilt, that at-
tached to it at the period it passed from earth, or
has since acquired in spirit-life. With like au-
thority returning "spirits" allege that under me-
diumistic conditions they have, with the aid of
some occult alchemy unexplainable to material
senses, the power to extract elements from the
surroundings wherever they are enabled to pre-
sent themselves in an exact resemblance to their
earthly bodies, (together with its clothing and pecu-
liarities), and thus enable their earth friends to
identify them, and, in many instances, respond
to their loving advances more readily than they
otherwise would. As usual as this seems to some,
and once seemed to me, of the fact I have now no
doubt, nor with the many and varied experiences
I have had, can I believe that anything will ever
shake my belief and acceptance of it.

Yours truly, R. L. THOMAS R. HAZARD.

Literary Department.

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at Washington.

THE TWO COUSINS; OR, SUNSHINE AND TEMPEST.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY MRS. A. E. PORTER.

CHAPTER III.
The Doctor and his Guest.

Near one of the most beautiful cities of the
West stands a large and imposing building. In
architecture it is a compromise between the cas-
telled mansions of the Elizabethan era and
the red brick dormitories or college buildings of
our own country. The house stands on elevated
ground, and commands a fine view of the neigh-
boring city and of the rich lands of the valley—a
valley as fruitful in milk and wine as the Canaan
of Abraham's vision.

The lawn and garden in front of the building
are laid out with great care and taste. Nature
and art have combined to render the place at-
tractive, and to the eye of the passing traveler
it seems a quiet resting-place for the weary in
body and the faint of heart. More than forty
species of roses give their beauty and perfume
in sweet wastefulness, twining over arbors, run-
ning along hedges, and climbing the sides of the
house to peep in at the windows, as if craving
the love which they so richly deserve.

Groups of trees are scattered here and there,
and are so arranged as to hide from view no part
of the pleasant prospect beyond the grounds. In
the rear of the building is a large orchard filled
with choice fruit trees, whose strawberry-beds
stretch away, like little piazzas, hiding their
wealth of glowing berries beneath their green
leaves. There are two wings to the building,
and a fine portal to the main entrance.

It was a pleasant June evening when a lady,
somewhat past middle age, came out to watch
the sunset from one of the rosy arbors near the
front of the house. The gorgeous tints of the
western sky vied in beauty with the flowers of
the garden, and, turning from one to the other,
she sat musing upon the wondrous beauty of
color and the magic power of light. There was
little in her appearance to harmonize with the
scene. Her dress was black, and the hair, which
was parted plainly upon her forehead, was thick-
ly sprinkled with white, while her pale face wore
an expression of sadness.

As she sat there Dr. Mhoon came out to breathe
the fresh evening air and to smoke his cigar. He
saw the lady, and, coming toward her, said, half
in jest, half in earnest:

"A handful of pennies for your thought as
you turned from the sunset to the windows of
the left wing!"

She raised her finger as if to ask silence for a
moment, when a voice from one of the iron-
framed windows of the left wing rung out, clear
and sharp, cutting the air like an arrow from an
archer's bow:

"Yes, yes, yes, Paradise without, Hell with-
in!"

The voice came from a pale, cadaverous-look-
ing man with black hair and eyes, whose hands
were thrust through the open spaces between
the bars of the window.

"Truth!" said the Doctor, sentimentally, tak-
ing his cigar from his mouth and as quickly re-
placing it, apparently afraid he should say more.

The lady looked at the Doctor with her search-
ing gray eyes for a moment, and then turned to
the window, from whence again came the words,
"Yes, yes, yes, Paradise without, Hell with-
in!"

"Doctor," said the lady, "I want to talk."

The Doctor seated himself at once in a rustic
chair opposite the lady, and, again, removing his
cigar, said:

"You have been my guest for a week, and
during that time have used eyes and ears, while
the tongue has been comparatively silent. I have
been waiting for the spirit to move. I hope it is
stirring the nerves of speech to action."

"When the dam is removed from pent-up
waters the stream sometimes flows too freely,
Doctor."

"I have another cigar, madam, and I am aware
that Havanas do not annoy you," and he con-
tinued to smoke, assuming meanwhile a very
comfortable position.

"Doctor," said the lady, "thoughts shut up
stagnate for want of air. We must give them
vent by tongue or pen. That has been said be-
fore, I believe, but no matter; I should say it
now if no one else had ever thought of it. Thirty-
five years ago, when I was a little girl, I rode
into the country with some playmates to
spend the day. In the afternoon the children of
the family we visited took me over to a farm-
house in the vicinity. Near this house was an
out-building, not as comfortable or as clean as
you give your pigs, and in this building a sort of
wooden cage with iron bars, not large enough
for a grown person to lie at full length, though
one of medium height could stand erect in it.
Within this cage was a woman, a delicate-look-
ing woman, clad in a single garment made of
stout, home spun cloth. She watched us very
eagerly and begged us to let her out. She was

thin and pale, with dark eyes and scanty gray
hair. I shrank away from her and asked my
companions:

"Why do they shut her up there? Has she
done something awful wicked?"

"No, no," was the answer; "she is crazy.
She grew crazy when her four little children died
with scarlet fever, all in one summer. She took
all the care of them herself, and for two weeks
she did not get any sleep; and father says that,
if people do not sleep, they become crazy."

"What is crazy?" I asked.

"I know—I know," said a little girl; "it is
being possessed with devils. I learned that of
my teacher in the Sunday school. I wish Jesus
Christ was here, and then he would send the
devils away."

"I could not bear to look at the woman, and
ran back to the house where I was spending the
day; but for many weeks afterwards, whenever
I went to bed at night, I could see that poor wo-
man, and hear her ask to be let out of that cage.
It puzzled me very much that God, who is so
good, should let the devils trouble that poor wo-
man after her little children died. I used to
count a thousand as fast as I could, to get to
sleep and stop thinking about it."

"In a few months, another incident occurred
which excited me very much, and confirmed my
belief in what the little girl had told me—that
devils made people crazy."

"There lived" next door to us a very beautiful
woman. She was the second wife of her hus-
band. I did not know then, but I learned after-
wards, when I was older, that she was engaged
to be married to a young man whom she loved
very much, when her married sister, with whom
she lived, died. The wife, on her death-bed,
made her sister promise that she would marry
her husband, and be a mother to her three little
children."

"It was very hard for her to give up her young
lover and marry this man so much older than
herself, and whom she did not love. She would
not have yielded if his love for her had not been
so great. He worshipped the ground she trod
upon. He pleaded again and again her solemn
promise at the death-bed of her sister, and, over-
come at last by his incessant pleading, she
yielded."

"How beautiful she was!" remember her
stately form, the fine, rich color in her cheeks,
the large, lustrous eyes, and the hair that reached
almost to her feet.

"One day, about a year after her marriage, I
was taking care of my baby brother while the
family were at breakfast, and, to amuse him,
had placed him in a chair by the window, that
he might see the milk and bread carts that made
the streets so lively at that time of day with their
bells. Suddenly a strange sight appeared. Mrs.
Marden, our neighbor, rushed by the window in
a white wrapper, her hair hanging loose, and her
eyes glowing fiercely."

"Oh, the devils—the devils! The devils—in
my hair!"

"On she came to our door. I seized the baby,
and ran trembling to my mother. Mrs. Marden
was just behind, and reached the dining-room
almost at the same instant."

"Oh, the devils—the devils in my hair!"—
flinging back with both hands the heavy mass of
hair which had fallen over her face.

"My father spoke soothingly to her; and per-
suaded her after awhile to go into another room
and lie down. When he came back, as I stood,
pale and trembling, by his side, he laid his hand
upon my shoulder, and said:

"Poor Mrs. Marden is crazy."

"If she should cut off her beautiful hair,
would the devils go away, papa?" I asked.

"He smiled as he said, 'I fear not, my child.'

"Had he known what theory of insanity I had
been taught, he would have answered me differ-
ently."

"From that time till her death, Mrs. Marden
was more or less insane. She tried the patience
and love of her husband beyond my power to
describe. She hated him with her whole heart,
and was ingenious in inventing ways to torment
him. In her semi-lucid intervals, she bought
rich clothing, only to cut it in pieces or throw
away. She was gentle and kind to the children,
but like a tiger in fierceness whenever her hus-
band came near her."

"His tenderness toward her was beautiful to
look upon, for it never failed. He would not al-
low her to be confined, but hired nurses to watch
and guard her. He never seemed afraid when
she threatened to kill him, and some persons said
that he would be willing to die by her hand.
But he grew old and bent and gray long before
he was an old man in years."

"The neighbors were all glad when she died—
glad for the beautiful woman, whose last words
were, 'I shall be all right in heaven'—glad to

the husband, who had suffered so much for his fatal mistake, and had borne his burden with such loving strength."

The Doctor had finished his cigar, but maintained the attitude of a patient listener.

"Take the other cigar, Doctor. I have not finished."

The Doctor smiled, lighted a fresh cigar and said, "I am not weary."

About a year after Mrs. Marlen's hasty morning call at our house, I went with my mother to visit an uncle in Charleston, Mass. He was a minister—a gentle, good man, who I thought must be a saint. John. He won me to his side by his kindness of manner, and in some way made me feel that I never intruded when I was in the study. He took me to ride one day, in his old chaise, drawn by a white horse as gentle as his master. We rode ten miles to visit a neighboring minister, at whose house we dined.

While at dinner, I heard a strange noise, which reminded me of the growl of a lion which I had heard when the menagerie came to our place, and was exhibited in the Mall, about a quarter of a mile from the house. All night I heard the lion's roar. This noise made me think of that distant roar, but it was a sharper sound, and seemed very near.

Uncle and Mr. Godard lighted their pipes after dinner, and talked the big words of the catechism—election, "predestination," "original sin," etc. They were associated in my mind with hard study and tears. The minister's daughter was not at home. His wife was dead, and there was only a pale, thin, sad-looking woman about the house, who gave me some nuts, and told me I might play in the yard, under the great butternut tree. I went out there, but I soon discovered a brood of young chickens, and went into the barnyard to feed them with the corn which I had brought for a luncheon, but had forgotten to eat.

While I was scattering the crumbs and watching the little live dumplings, I heard the same noise which had excited my curiosity while at dinner. I thought I would find from whence it came, and walking on to the side of the house, I saw a small room which seemed to have been added to the house after the latter was completed. The door stood ajar, but I now heard the sound very distinctly. "Perhaps it is a dog," I said to myself; but, if so, he must be chained.

I listened, but I was sure, after awhile, that it could not be a dog, for I could now and then catch a word, and I knew no dog could talk. I became more curious, and ventured to push the door open a little further, standing outside, myself, ready to run if I saw danger.

"Oh dear!" I exclaimed to myself, "it is an animal and he does talk, for I heard the words: kill him! kill him! kill him!" In this room was an iron cage, like those in which wild animals are confined in a menagerie; but it was not large enough for a man to lie down in or stand upright comfortably.

Between curiosity and fear I was fixed to the spot, but it was some minutes before I could believe the evidence of my senses—that I was looking upon a human being—a man with long black hair and beard, with hands all crooked and bent, and body distorted by confinement in the cage. A plate of bones and bread was on the floor of the cage, but no knife, fork, or spoon, only a tin cup of water beside the plate. The poor creature was dressed in trousers of low cloth and a calico shirt. There was an old, ragged blanket in the cage, which was all the bed he had, when he crouched down, as he must do to sleep. When he saw me he made that noise, which sounded, now that I was near, like that which I have heard an angry dog make when beaten by another. The creature saw me, and stretching his bent hands between the bars cried out, "Come on! I can kill you in two minutes and eat you up, bones and all!"

I ran away as fast as my legs could carry me, nor did I stop till I found myself at my uncle's side, whispering in his ear, "Please, let us go home. I am not yet ready, uncle."

"Yes, child," he said. "I am glad you came in, for I must stop on the way home at the Widow Whitman's, to get the flannel she has been weaving for our winter's wear."

Mr. Godard was a tall, dark-complexioned, stern-looking man. His eyes were set deeply in his head, and his heavy eyebrows met, making a thick set, rusty black hedge for the lower boundary of his forehead.

"And, so this is Charles's child?" he said, laying his hand on my head.

"Yes," said my uncle; "you can see his face in Mrs. I hope she may resemble him in disposition also. I never knew Charles to do a wrong act. He seemed to have no share in the common depravity of our nature."

"Ay, ay! They are all gone astray; there is none that doeth good—no, not I. See in my own family what human nature is, left without restraint—forsaken of God, given up to the powers of evil!"

I pressed close to my uncle, and put my hand in his.

"You and I, Brother Godard, may differ upon that subject, suddenly, my uncle. I wish to send you a book to read; I think it will give you some instruction upon the structure of that wonderful organ—the human brain."

"My Bible is the only guide I want upon that subject," said Mr. Godard, with a frown which made his face look as if he stood in the shadows of a thunder-cloud.

"Be not angry with me, brother," said my uncle, in a voice so low and tender, a heart must be very hard that could resist it. "If I tell you plainly that gentler treatment and a more comfortable place to eat and sleep might help to bring the afflicted one back to reason."

"Darker grew the cloud on Mr. Godard's brow, and an angry gleam shot from his brown eyes, as he replied:

"It is easy for you, who know nothing of such trouble, to give advice. I tell you when the devil takes possession of a human soul, you must not deal with him as if he were an angel of light. Let us discuss the subject," he added, with a wave of his large, dark hand.

I heard my uncle sigh as he turned away, saying, "Well, good-by, Brother Godard; the Lord bless you and give you grace to bear this trial."

The horse and chaise were at the door, and I was glad to get in and nestle close to my uncle, and felt an immense relief when the horse's head was turned away from the house.

"Uncle was silent for some minutes, and then began to sing:

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

"Come, Daisy, sing the next verse with me. I tried; my voice faltered some, but he sang soft and low to keep me company."

"There everlast spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death like a narrow sea divides
That heavenly land from ours."

"There, Daisy, now I feel better; that hymn cheers me like good wine when I sing it. I love this world better, and feel heaven nearer. They are only parts of one whole, Daisy; we must pass through this to get to the other."

"We are marching through Enanthe's ground
To other worlds on high."

"But all his, Daisy. This is not the Devil's world, say what they will."

"He stopped the horse a moment, for we were on the top of a very high hill, and the prospect was beautiful. We saw the river bordered with fields of grain almost ready for the harvest, the distant mountains with great purple helmets on their heads, looking strong and brave, while all around us were scattered little farm-houses with their shade trees and orchards, and in the distance a beautiful town nestling at the foot of Holyoke Mountain.

"Oh, Lord, how manifold are thy works!
In wisdom hast thou made them all.
The whole earth is full of thy riches."

"The singing and uncle's way of talking gave me courage. However, I was not so brave but that my voice trembled when I said:

"Uncle, if we should pray to God would n't he make the devils come out of crazy folks now, just as Jesus did when he lived in this world?"

"Why, Daisy dear, it does not follow because folks are crazy that they are possessed by devils. Listen, now, Daisy, and I will tell you: craziness is a disease—just as much a disease as measles, or scarlet fever. You had the scarlet fever once, I believe."

"Yes, uncle, and they said I was out of my head all one night."

"Well, that was crazy. The fever went to your brain. The brain, child, is the organ through which your mind acts, and when it is sick it cannot do its work well, any more than you can sew well when you have a lame hand."

"Then, uncle, poor Mrs. Cole, who became crazy because she didn't sleep any for weeks before her little children died, and cried so much after they were all taken from her, isn't so very wicked?"

"Wicked, child? no. Those only are wicked who have abused her. Wicked? poor, dear soul! she was a loving, affectionate mother; better by far than those who have had the care of her. That is one of the cases I have on my mind. Now, Daisy, I will tell you, for I think you will be interested: Our wisest and best men are building a beautiful home for all these crazy people, where they can be treated kindly, have nice rooms to sleep in, nurses to watch over them, doctors to cure them if possible, and everything to make life pleasant to them. I think it is the spirit of Jesus Christ wrought out by our state-governments—the blossoming out of Christianity. I am so interested in the work that I am going to persuade Mr. Godard to send his son, as soon as the house is completed, and that poor Mrs. Cole shall have a home there if I walk to Boston to ask the Governor myself."

"Oh, uncle, I saw Mr. Godard's son!"

"I am sorry, Daisy. It is too sad a sight for your eyes."

"What made him crazy, uncle?"

"Only hard study. He is Mr. Godard's only son, and his father was ambitious for him to stand high in college. He pressed him too hard before he went, making him study six or eight hours a day, without much exercise or recreation. Then he did not have good, nourishing food in college—ministers' sons, you know, are poor—but studied hard. He won the valedictory, but six weeks after he graduated he became deranged, and has been growing worse, till he is what you see him."

"Uncle, when will they build this beautiful building?"

"They are building it now, Daisy; it will be done in three months. I will show you a picture of it when I get home. I planned it up in my study, and every time that I look at it I seem to hear Jesus Christ saying: Come and be healed."

"I cannot tell you, Doctor, what a load was lifted from my heart as uncle talked. He was wise and good, and I trusted him. I would not be afraid of crazy people any more, and I would go to sleep thinking of the home that was building for all such persons as Mrs. Cole and Mr. Godard's son."

"Uncle, I said to him, 'I guess the new building is like the Palace Beautiful in the Pilgrim's Progress.'"

"Uncle smiled. 'The three sisters—Faith, Hope and Charity—will be there, Daisy.'"

"We were very happy, uncle and I, that day—two children together—and when we stopped a few minutes before sundown at Widow Whitman's for our flannel, uncle said, as he lifted me from the carriage: 'Why, Daisy dear, you must ride every day. You look better than when you came to us—your eyes are brighter, and there is actually color in your cheeks!'

"I kissed the dear old gentleman and said, 'I would like to ride whenever he could take me.'"

"Bless your heart, child! Old Jenny goes every day, and whenever you want to ride say so." [Jenny was the white horse, a strong, patient creature, and a great favorite in the family.]

"I did not need to count a thousand that night to put myself to sleep—the thought of the Palace Beautiful proved a good opiate. Then it was such a great relief to know that these poor creatures were sick, not possessed with devils."

"I visited the asylum when completed, and from that day to this have not ceased to interest myself in the management of the insane. But, Doctor, as these institutions have increased—each new one built on a larger scale, till one roof covers people enough for a village—and reports, with a broad basis of truth, of unnecessary coercion and cruelty, have reached the public mind, my heart sickens again as in my childhood over the condition of the insane."

"The Governor and legislators of our States point with pride to the massive buildings, fine farms, and beautiful gardens which the public have provided for these unfortunate beings, ignoring entirely the question, 'Are the sick healed?'

"The object seems to be to hide the dead souls in massive mansions, over which vines and flowers are twined, that the spectators may forget the corruption below in the beauty above. Insanity is increasing in our country at a fearful rate, notwithstanding the efforts of science and philanthropy to check its progress. In New England we have talked too much about 'saying souls' and too little about saying bodies. Women overwork themselves and 'go to meeting' for recreation. Men think more of making money than of rearing healthy, happy offspring."

The lady paused. The Doctor had finished his second cigar, but was still a patient listener. The lady rose. "I must go into the house, but I must thank you for your patience in listening to me. Talking has relieved me, as it does most women, I believe, when they have anything upon their minds."

The Doctor arose also. "Madam, I thank you. Let us remember, however, that noble men and good women planned these institutions. I am aware that the most culpable of all wrongs are done in the name of humanity, but before we censure too severely, let us seek a better way. Stay with us awhile; visit the wards of the women; move freely about among them at any hours you choose. You will find nearly three hundred women of various ages, from all conditions. In life, and in divers stages of insanity. There are materials there for tragedies that would move an audience to tears, if told in the simplicity of truth, more than the best acting of Ristori. Like yourself, I was a mere child when I began to study the condition of the insane and the best methods of cure. When you have spent a week longer in examining the wards, I will give you the result of nearly thirty years devoted to the care of souls unstrung and out of tune."

[Continued in our next.]

The Coming Telescope.

Spiritualism, being an advanced and progressive system, based upon the three long recognized departments—science, philosophy and religion—must, therefore, receive direct benefit from every advance made therein. Especially is this true with astronomy, a science in which we have received, from the celestial world, teachings at variance with the present revelations of the telescope. Foremost among these differences is the question: What is the character of our moon? Is it inhabited? Scientists affirm it is a dead world, devoid of atmosphere, water and life, while our spirit-friends assure us it possesses all these, and races who have made considerable progress in civilization. Evidently the solution of this question will either take from or give to us an important point.

Spiritualists, for these reasons, should take special interest in the projected great telescope, whose extraordinary power will settle this and numerous other questions. A large percentage of the inventors of the country being in our ranks, we believe they will take special interest in the enterprise.

From correspondence published in scientific journals, we learn the "coming telescope" will have an object-glass of five feet, or upward, in diameter. It will be located on some elevated point in the "far West," where the clearness of the atmosphere is favorable to its use. Its estimated cost is about one million dollars, and hence it is known as "the million dollar telescope." It is thought this instrument will enable us to clearly discern, upon the moon, an object smaller than ordinary dwellings; and, though it might not show us a single person, it would show a group, such as a company of soldiers. Respecting the organization of a company to build the instrument, various plans are proposed; but it will probably be done by a private corporation, and Government will undoubtedly grant proper aid in locating and guarding the instrument. The difficulties to be overcome differ only in magnitude from those already accomplished. The necessary money can be obtained; it only requires a proper organization efficiently conducted. It remains to be seen what person, company, city, state, or country shall secure the prize.

Free Thought.

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

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

1873. Nine National Christian-Amendment Conventions have been held since the Movement was born in Xenia, Ohio, in 1863, when "the numerous tongues from eleven denominations of Christians were blended in earnest wrestlings at the common Throne of divine grace, and there appeared to be great freedom of access and immediate answers granted to the prayers offered—and the soul-inspiring songs of praise and thanksgiving, which mingled so largely in the services, produced an effect so sublime and elevating as never to be forgotten by those who were engaged in them."

There are very few persons who believe we shall have a religious struggle. There were not many a short time before the firing upon Sumter who thought we would have a bloody rebellion. The incorporation of the name of God in the United States Constitution will inaugurate a religious war on this continent. At nearly all of these Christian Conventions, and especially at the one lately held in New York City, a great deal of sanguinary talk has been indulged in. It is only a few months since the Rev. A. D. Mayo, a Unitarian, in a public meeting in Cincinnati, employed the following language:

"The vast majority of the people who best understand and are the reliable support of American institutions are *degraded* by the Bible. *The Bible shall not be expelled from the public school.*" "This Republic is not an atheistic or socialist Utopia, but is a practical government, made by practical men who believe in Almighty God, (C) who have the wisdom to maintain, if need be, the strong arms to defend it. We sent our hundred thousand soldiers to heaven, and sunk untold millions of dollars in the sea to defend a *million* of human slavery. And, if need be, we have a *million* more young men and the rest of our property to protect our civilization against that anarchy which begins with rebellion against Almighty God."

This is a specimen of the way Christians make their demands.

Said Prof. J. R. W. Sloane, D.D., in the Cincinnati Convention:

"The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but they are mighty through God, to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin and Satan. We do not forget, however, that Christ has said that *the sword* cannot be used to bring peace on earth, but a sword. A nation, like an individual, reaches its goal through conflict, through agonies of war and strife. If she is to come forth triumphant, her garments will be red as are those treading in the wine press."

"Mr. Chairman, I believe we have held no Convention on this subject without hearing the roaring of some wild beast, threatening blood. Well, sir, we are the followers of the Prince of Peace. We propose to carry forward this discussion in the arena of fair argument; but, sir, we have heard such threats before, and we have seen them put in execution, and the result is before the world."

"We follow peace—but those who make these threats may as well know that they cannot intimidate or drive us from our firm purpose. If they attempt to carry them into execution, they will be met by a resolution as determined as their own, and by a heroism that no system of unbelief ever inspired."

Mr. Abbot, in his Remonstrance at the same Convention, said:

"Now I urge you to consider well the temerity of your proposed usurpation of religious power. I warn you against the peril of justifying the Christian war of our population to attempt this usurpation. I caution you against the folly of supposing that the majority of the people will finally consent to this subversion of their common liberties. I beg you to count the cost of this agitation before you carry it further. It is a wild and insane delusion to expect that the great body of freedom lovers will ever submit voluntarily, or can be made to submit by force, to any such outrageous oppression, whether in the name of God or man. I make no threat whatever, but I state a truth fixed as the hills when I say that, before you can carry this measure and trample on the freedom of the people, you will have to wade through seas of blood. Every man who favors it votes to precipitate the most frightful war of modern times; and it is simply preposterous for any of your number to speak of the liberals as 'threatening war.' You threaten war when you avow a purpose to destroy the equality of religious rights now guaranteed by the Constitution to all American citizens. On the assailant in this struggle be all responsibility of its results!"

A single decade has witnessed the progress of this politico-religious party, a progress unparalleled in the history of our country, with the single exception of Modern Spiritualism. It has grown into a body of immense proportions. It has increased in power while the people have quietly slumbered. Their fears, if they had any, have been quieted by a press which has sought to belittle and sneer at the whole affair as Don Quixote, scarcely meriting a serious thought, much less an earnest protest. This is the principal reason, perhaps, why the people have not been aroused to action. Another is, their insane trust in the liberality of the masses. But, as if the lessons of history were all forgotten, the Spiritualists have accepted the secular press's estimate of the movement, and straightway concluded there was no cause for alarm. Their decision has been based mainly upon the daily newspaper reports, which they know misrepresented their own cause, and strove to render it insignificant for the first twenty years of its existence. And some of the most stupid of these papers are not aware yet that Spiritualism is wide-spread, while many of their best-informed readers imagine that it died long ago. The press follows, does not lead public sentiment.

February 24th and 27th, 1873, the Ninth National Convention of Amendment-Christians assembled at Cooper Institute, New York City. Four hundred and seventy members took seats in the Convention. Three hundred and sixty-three of these bore certificates of their appointment as delegates from public meetings, auxiliary societies, churches, and other bodies. Nineteen States and one Territory were thus represented. Who will estimate the constituency behind that delegation? The attendance, notwithstanding an incessant snow-storm on the second day, was undiminished till the end. The audience at the evening sessions numbered fully fifteen hundred persons. It is claimed, in the official report, that this large audience remained until a late hour with "evident interest and delight." Those who have supposed there could be no danger to the nation from the action of such Conventions, because Protestants, they allege, could not agree among themselves, will sometime see their error. Witness the Young Men's Christian Association; witness the "Bond of Unity" among Protestants, for the accomplishment of a common object. Says the Christian Statesman:

"A delightful feature of this, as of all previous Conventions, was the harmony with which the representatives of the various denominations of Christians were able to deliberate and act together, in the interests of their common Christianity. Not a trace of denominational self-assertion or of sectarian jealousy was visible through the whole course of the proceedings. In fact, sectarian diversities sunk out of sight in the unity of feeling and purpose which pervaded the assembly, and the question, 'Of what church is he?' was seldom asked. To every one who deplores the divisions of the church, our work has great moral value, as it makes visible the underlying unity and essential agreement of all Christian sects, and brings them together in a holy fellowship which greatly promotes mutual acquaintance and esteem."

This was the largest Convention held since the Movement began. \$5,329.06 were subscribed to the treasury of the National Association to carry forward the work during the year. Several gentlemen joined in the subscription of sums varying from one hundred to five hundred dollars. "Every pulse was quickened by the ringing speech of Mr. Walter T. Miller, of New York, naming twenty thousand dollars as the amount which can and ought to be raised, and offering to give the twentieth part of all the receipts of the treasury during the year; and the profoundest impression was produced by the calm earnestness and faith which breathe in the following paper, presented to the Convention by Mr. John Alexander, of Philadelphia."

"By the grace and providence of God enabling me, I will

contribute to the treasury of the National Association for securing the amendment of the Constitution of the United States, the sum of Five Hundred Dollars annually, until an amendment (in substance such as at present proposed by this Association) shall be made to the Constitution of the United States."

"If this amendment is not made during my lifetime, I shall hope to continue the forward annual payments through the agency of the legal representatives of my estate."

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

JOHN ALEXANDER.

Philadelphia, Feb. 26, 1873.

This is a specimen of the earnestness of the men engaged. Can anything be gained by misrepresenting and belittling such a Movement? Are not the papers which do it treacherous sentinels crying out "All's well!" when they see the enemies of liberty assaulting openly the Constitution which guarantees us freedom? But what can we expect of the ordinary daily, when such professedly high-toned papers as the New York Independent will stoop to misrepresentation as follows?

"The convention of the believers in constitutional Christianity was a tame affair. But a small number of delegates were present, and the venerable Drs. Tyng and McAllister were the only divines of distinction who appeared upon the platform. The arguments presented were of a very hazy and inconclusive variety, and the effect of the meeting upon public opinion was exactly the reverse of what the managers intended. After two or three more conventions of this sort, the project of turning this republic into a theocracy will be very dead indeed."—New York Independent, March 6.

That is the way the majority of papers have treated the Movement from the first. And still it grows.

The gross unfairness of the press generally of New York City has been justly rebuked by Mr. Tilton in the Golden Age:

"Disagreeing totally with the object of the Convention, we have no sympathy with those journalistic and other critics who last week sneered at its proceedings. Nor has the New York press honored itself by reporting these, as it did, with such indifferent brevity and (in some cases) with such unjustifiable flippancy. The able men, from all parts of the country, who came as delegates to this annual convention, had a right to a courteous hearing. They have a positive idea; they believe in it; they are devoted to it; and they are to be respected for pressing it. True, it is an unpopular idea; it is a bigoted idea; but all good and strong men are apt to be bigoted about some idea. Heaven grant us a positive earnestness even for the narrowest of notions, rather than a lackadaisical and languid liberality which is catholic toward all reforms simply because it is earnest for none. When such men as Felix R. Brunot, Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Prof. J. R. W. Sloane, of Pittsburg, Rev. Dr. McAllister, of New York, Pres. A. A. Miner, Rev. Jonathan Edwards (deceased), of venerable memory, of Peoria, Ill.—when such men speak, as they did last week, they should have the heaving ear and the emulous justness of their thoughtful countrymen."

It gives us pleasure, therefore, to make a respectful chronicle in the Golden Age of a movement which we heartily condemn and shall strenuously oppose."

The whole Movement is being pushed forward by the Christians with an energy unequalled in any former year. Each member appears to be a worker. Each seems to act out the resolve of the Baptist clergyman who said, "For my part, I am to be counted on the side of this cause in body, soul, time, influence and pocket-book." The women, too, are co-operating.

The Executive Committee "recommend the general circulation, during the next year, of petitions to Congress in behalf of the Amendment," to be submitted for its consideration when next it assembles. It proposes to have the Tenth National Convention appoint a delegation to present them. Lecturers are to be regularly employed to travel, preach, organize societies, procure signers for the petition praying Congress for the amendment, and to obtain funds. The large amounts of money hitherto donated to convert the heathen into Christians will, instead, be contributed to convert the United States Constitution into a Christian creed. Missionaries will be found nearer home than heretofore.

The advocates of the amendment, when presenting it before the people, will state the issue in the most popular form: Christianity against Infidelity; for Christ, or against him. It will be our easy task to prove that Infidelity has, in all ages, been the synonym of Liberty. We must clearly show that their Movement means union of Church and State. This they deny. We must show that the religious spirit is invariably despotic. They will endeavor to prove that it has always been benign. Liberalists must not shun the anti-Christ charge—rather hail it. We should make no compromise with ecclesiasticism, but move forward in one body, organized upon the "Demands of Liberalism," which were published by F. E. Abbot, in January, 1873.

Four months have passed (at this writing, May 1) since it was proposed to organize "Liberal Leagues." The free-thinking classes do not yet see the necessity for such organized effort. A few of those who have seen and thoroughly understand that the existence of our American republic is threatened by the Christian religion, have organized, and are deserving of great credit.

To understand fully the causes which led to this modern Movement, an acquaintance with the progress of religion in America since its earliest settlement by the Spaniards, by the Hollanders, by the French, by the English, is necessary; and especially from the time of the landing of the Puritans; also, a knowledge of the French Revolutionary history, which reveals the close bond of sympathy which existed between French Infidels and our leading statesmen; the direct influence of French principles in molding our Magna Charta, which resulted in the omission of the name of God in that document in 1787. LIBERTY, not God nor religion, was the demand of the framers of our noble Constitution. Let us all be on the watch to preserve Liberty against Religion.

A WARNING.

—BY WARREN CHASE.

All persons are hereby cautioned against the Christian religion, in and under which so many people are made crazy and commit crimes. Mr. G. G. Lyon, of Chicago, ran, purposely under a train of cars near the city on Monday, Sept. 22d, and his body was torn to pieces and his spirit in suffering and agony went where his religion, according to his own teaching, could not save him from misery, and where our religion could only, by slow degrees, develop him out of his errors and give him a chance to return and undo some of the mistakes of his false system of religion. Mr. Lyon was the editor of the National Sunday School Teacher, and author or originator of the national series of Sunday school lessons now so popular with the churches. All this valuable service for the Lord and the church, and an exemplary life of modest and retiring habits, could not save him from the fatal effects of so much mental agony as could lead him to do what endangered or wholly destroyed his future happiness, if his religious belief was true. We are most happy to assure his friends that his religious teachings are false in philosophy and in fact, and that a better fate awaits him in due time than such doctrines teach as the result of his crime. His business connection with a publishing house in Chicago and his position as editor preclude any excuse of insanity, and we attribute the terrible event to the horrible doctrine he taught the children, involving the character of the most wicked and bloodthirsty God as given in the Bible, and a most corrupt system of morals as there taught in the examples of Moses, Solomon, David, and Peter, who was called Satan by Jesus. It is astonishing, even to us, to see what crimes modern Christians can commit. In our government and in public capacity the most prominent rogues and rascals are almost invariably covered with religious pretences that serve to give the deceived people confidence until they get the position to swindle the public, and then the fact appears that their religion had no restraint upon their conduct. It sometimes seems to us as if Christians are trying to prove that human nature is totally depraved, and that their "change of heart" does not supersede the depravity.

There is but one remedy for all this and all these evils, and that is a thorough knowledge of the spiritual philosophy, in which, if adopted, all may live happy and die happy when the time comes.

[illegible]

If you reply that the church is a school of morality, the freethinker has a perfect right to retort, "So I think the theatre is a school of morality, and the State is as much bound to legislate for my views on moral subjects as to legislate for yours — especially now that the freethinkers are probably a large majority of the public!"

We have received from the publisher
 Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Boston—and offer for
 sale, as per advertisement—a fine work entitled
 "Stories of Infinity," by Camille Flammarion,
 author of "The Atmosphere," "The Plurality
 of Inhabited Worlds," &c., translated from the
 French by S. R. Crocker.

We noticed in brief the fact in a
 issue of this paper that a donation of five
 hundred dollars was willed us to be expended for
 purpose of promoting the cause of Spiritu-
 It should have read, "given in trust to
 expended toward the support of free spi-
 meetings in Boston." This is more explicit
 we are pleased to make the correction.

157 We are in receipt of a pamphlet—valuable to all who have interest in controversy with Spiritualism—which gives the recapitulation of speeches delivered by Messrs. R. G. Eccles (affirmative), and F. W. Evans (negative), at the close of a six days' debate upon the question, "Does the Bible Sustain Modern Spiritualism?"

Rich, booksellers, No. 9 Montgomery place, a work, entitled "THE LIFE." The advertiser in another column will give the reader the of this singular volume of sixty-eight pages an idea of its contents. The "Unknown" w and his associates simply inform us that it is necessary to the purposes of the book that

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Another foreign letter from the gr
pen of Bro. J. M. Peebles will appear in our
issue. These letters are highly entertainin

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Banner of Light is claimed to be spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of an MRS. J. H. CONANT, while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirit-far-ry with them the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-plane in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive, no more.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Free Circles are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 111 West 19th street, New York, (second story), every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon. The Hall will be open at two o'clock, services commencing at precisely three o'clock, at which time the doors will be closed, neither allowing entrance nor exit until the close of the service. In case of necessity, any one desiring to leave the room during the service, the fact must be signified to the Chairman, and permission will be granted to retire after the expiration of five minutes. But it is to be hoped that visitors will remain throughout the session, as every Spiritualist knows that disturbing influences produce inharmonious, and this our spirit friends particularly enjoy upon us to avoid, if possible. As these Circles are free, we have no doubt visitors will readily conform to our rules.

The questions answered at these Seances are often propounded by individuals among the audience. Those read to the controlling intelligence by the chairman, are sent in by correspondents.

Donations of flowers for our Circle-Room solicited.

Mrs. CONANT receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock, P. M. She gives no private sittings.

Sealed Letters.—Visitors at our Free Circles have the privilege of placing sealed letters on the table for brief answer by the spirits. First, write one or two proper questions, addressing the spirit questioned by his or her full name; then put them in an envelope, seal it, and write your own address on the envelope. At the close of the Seance the Chairman will return the letters to the writer. Questions should not be placed on the table for answer upon our circle table expecting lengthy replies, otherwise they will be disappointed.

LEWIS B. WILSON, Chairman.

Invocation.

Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee, by every step in life, by every thought, by every deed, from flowers blooming on the soil, through Nature up to Nature's God, we seek to go. Oh, our Father and our Mother, there is darkness yet on earth so dense that I can feel, that the senses of thy mortal children are glorified by it. Oh, give them something more of the clear light of thine eternity. Give us the power, oh, Infinite Spirit, in whom dwelt the all of love and wisdom and truth and power, to unfold to thy children here those grand, immortal truths that shall sweep away the darkness and show them the light of the kingdom. Father, Mother, thy blessing is with us, and our praises go out to thee in union with our prayers. Amen.

April 15.

Charlotte Woods.

My name was Charlotte Woods. I was twenty-three years old. My home is in Peckskill, on the Hudson. I died in Dresden, Germany. I was traveling in Europe, hoping to get well; but yesterday morning I left the body and entered upon the new life. These things were not entirely new or strange to me. I had friends in Dresden who were firm believers, and they said to me, Oh, if it is possible, go to the Banner Circle in Boston, and give us some word of cheer from your new home. I did not suffer in passing away, as you suppose I did. My vision was opened to the things of the new life, and I was so absorbed in them I forgot my suffering. Pursue your investigations. Seek, and the victory is yours.

E. April 15.

Philip Crossman.

These things are so new and novel to me I hardly know how to proceed; but, as I have some half-crazy friends who exalted a promise of me to come back if I could, I am in duty bound to keep the promise. I say "half-crazy," they will understand it. It is no matter whether you do or not.

I have been trying for about eighteen months to get back here, and there's always been something up, or in the way. [Your perseverance is commendable.] Well, it was when I was here, I started out to do business, with two shillings in my pocket, and died a rich man, for which I am very sorry. If I had made the money and distributed it to poor cusses who did not know how to make it, why, that would have been the right thing; but I didn't do it, you see. I made it, and I kept it, and I am not so very happy. [You'll have to persevere some time longer in order to distribute it.] Yes, but there's a good many difficulties to be overcome in doing it this way, you see; 'taint quite so easy distributing what you can't get hold of only under certain conditions. You've got first to learn what those conditions are before you can take a step in the right direction; then you've got to fight your way, inch by inch. Well, I'll do it, and I hope the next time I come here I'll be happier than I am now—can't tell. Philip Crossman, of London, England. Good day.

April 15.

Lucy Warrington.

[How do you do?] I am pretty well now. I was sick; that's why I had to be taken away from my mother—I got so sick. I ain't learnt to write yet, so I want you to write a letter for me to my mother, and tell her I am living with Aunt Lucy. I should like ever so much, only mother is n't here. And tell her I've a boat. I row it myself. I wanted one when I was here. She said little girls didn't have boats—mother said so; but I've got one now, and I row it myself, too. [On what stream?] Oh, it's water close by our house, where I live with Aunt Lucy.

I think Edgar had better be a good boy, and not trouble father so much. He'd better not smoke. If father knew he did, he'd catch it. This will tell him, won't it? Well, I don't care. He's no business to do it. He knows father would n't like it; mother would n't, either. He must n't do it; he must be a good boy. He's away at school, and I think father had better look after him a little—'t would be just as well.

Mother must n't cry about me, because I am nice. Do you want to know what my name is? [Yes; your mother won't get your message unless you give your name.] Oh, yes; sure enough. Well, my name is Lucy Warrington, and I was seven years old. [What place did you live in?] Do you remember?—Yes; of course I remember. I lived in New York City.

Tell mother I ain't dead, at all; that'll comfort her a good deal. Good by. April 15.

Sagoyewatha.

Good moon, white man. The talking chief in the Great Father's council at Washington has said upon the Indian to come here and tell him what he thinks should be done with the land who have so cruelly murdered some of his brethren. He tells Sagoyewatha that "the peace policy"—it is Sagoyewatha can remember his words—"has played out." It never has been played in. Sagoyewatha comes not to your council to defend bad Indians. If they take the life of their white brothers, they should give their own in return—that is justice—that is right. No white man should take Indian's life without being willing to give his own in return. No Indian should take white man's life without being willing to give his own. The great talking chief says "the chief of the Medocs has proved himself very bad." Well, he's two-thirds white. How can you tell which was the most bad in him—the white or the Indian? Hard to tell, Sagoyewatha thinks; but he done very wrong. He killed his friend. For it, he should give his own life; it is the best he can do.

The great talking chief at Washington perhaps forgets how his white brothers have done the same thing—how they have called Indians together in peace's councils, made prisoners of them all, and shot them. So, if Captain Jack is bad, he is not alone.

The great talking chief should remember, too, that Indians have not the advantage of books that the white man has, or of schools that the white man has. The white man has been his enemy ever since the white man first planted his foot upon this great land. The Indian knows it. There is not one that don't know it, from the chief of every tribe down to the smallest papoose. When the white man came here and found this land inhabited, he knew he had no right here except he bought it. But he did n't buy it; he stole it and he fought for it. He came in great numbers; the waters were full of his canoes, and he came, and came, until every seat was occupied—until his wigwams were as thick as the forest trees.

The great talking chief should remember that there are bad white men as well as bad Indians. Bad Indians should be punished if they do wrong; but 't is hard for the white man to see what justice is when the cause of the Indian is up for consideration. The white man wants of his red brothers all that will minister to his avarice and greed. If there's anything left the white man don't care for, the Indian can have it. Sagoyewatha would remind the great talking chief of all the wrongs that good white men have written down in books, that bad white men have committed against their red brothers. Take them all, put them into the balances, fling in the Indians' bad deeds on the other side, and then test the question. Good moon. Sagoyewatha has done. April 15.

Seance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by "Vashti."

Invocation.

Let thy light shine upon us, oh Infinite Soul of Truth; let thy wisdom guide us, oh Infinite Soul of Wisdom; and may we ever feel that security that is a necessity to the soul's perfect happiness, so that we may thus dwell with thee and in Heaven.

April 15.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLED SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, I am ready to hear your questions.

Ques.—Magnetic, mesmeric and psychological influences—are they one and the same thing?

Ans.—Scarcely. Magnetic influences are received from Nature at large, are gathered in from the great reservoir of Nature as it exists on this planet and all others. Magnetism is the positive principle governing atoms and worlds. Mesmerism is akin to it, inasmuch as it is dependent upon it for its existence. Mesmerism is that power or science discovered by Anthony Mesmer—the exercise of the power of mind upon matter. Psychology may be called the twin brother of mesmerism; indeed, unless we observe very closely, we can scarcely discern any difference between the two. To my mind, they are only different terms for the same power.

Q.—Then are we to understand that there is no point of distinction between mesmerism and psychology?

A.—If I should wish to psychologize you, I should act upon your thought, your mind. I should bring your mind into subjection to mine; but if I wish to mesmerize you, I should bring my thought or mind to act upon your body and mind also. In psychology—mind you—I should only act upon the mental; in mesmerism I should act upon the mental and physical. This is all the difference there can be.

Q.—Intuition and spirit impression are often used as terms with different meanings. Are they, not in reality the same thing?

A.—No. Intuition is a natural faculty of the soul, by which it perceives things that have been, that are, and that are to come. It is the method through which the soul receives its education.

Q.—What in regard to impression?

A.—I may be impressed by this table, by this audience, by any object that I may see or handle. I may be impressed by the mind of some other spirit. Impressions are received from all things, from the highest thought in the realm of mind down to the lowest atom in the stratum of matter. You are living in a world that is all alive, and you are connected with every particle of matter and mind that exists in that world. Think you that there are no telegraphic dispatches being constantly given and received from you to all this great universe? You would be inert if it were otherwise.

April 15.

Henry C. Clayton.

I am here all right. I came near making sad havoc with the lady medium; but, never mind; I'll take away all my old clothes that might be an incubation if I left 'em behind. And now a word to the friends I have left, who differ with me in this religious faith. I live, and because I live, after you have passed through the change, I have you will live also.

To my friend H. T. F.—I am not allowed to give the full name, if I did should offend—I remember my promise, which was this: If I went away first, I would give you this watchword—"I still live," which belongs as much to me as to Daniel Webster.

To my nearer and dearer friends: It is all right with me. My Spiritualism has proved true, and although I went out a little unexpectedly—got

rather a hasty summons—yet it couldn't have been better. I had a successful passage and a good welcome—a better welcome than a fellow like me deserved. When next I come, I shall not have to struggle through so much of my old troubles, and consequently shall do better. Henry C. Clayton. [To the Chairman.] And now good with your good work. If the devil, with all his artillery and infantry combined, arrays himself against you, you say, "Step a little behind, Satan, because I am going ahead." April 16.

Joshua Pike.

I hardly know what to say, I've so much to say and so little time to say it in; but I feel I cannot feel exactly right here in this new life without coming back in this way to defend a faith which I could not believe when I was here. I have sons and daughters who, I suppose, will be just as rigid, the most of 'em—not all, but the most of 'em, in their belief as I was; probably more so. But that's nothing to me. My business is to come back and do my duty, and to cast my vote into the scale, in proof of the truth of this best of all religions that God Almighty ever gave the world. I was buried on my ninety-third birthday. On my ninety-third birthday I was buried, so you see I had a good long experience with this world, but not a very varied one, because I didn't go from home much. I lived—well, I hardly know where to say I lived. Some would say Exeter, some would say Hampton, some Hampton Falls, and some between the two; so you can take your choice.

Now there's one thing certain, and that is this: If my children fail to be warned by my coming back, they will regret it when they get where I am. I want them all to inform themselves—those who have not—some of them have—and know a good deal more about these things than I do. Some of 'em do; but to those that don't, I want to have to say, inform yourselves; if you don't you will be sorry; and don't cry out against the thing until you know whether it is good or bad. There's been a good deal of talk about this Spiritualism dying out. Well, I looked, in my day here, to see it die out; but it grew, and it grew, and it grew, and now from the spirit-world I can see what a mighty thing it is, and it is destined to cover the whole earth. The prophecy of Isaiah, with reference to this very thing, tells the whole story, and of Ezekiel, too—tells the whole story. There you have it. Talk about these things dying out! You might as well talk about blotting out the sun. I've returned, I've thrown my feeble testimony in the scale, and my prayer is that it may do good. Joshua Pike. April 16.

Alice Stevens.

[How do you do?] I am very well. I was sick, but I am well now. My name, Alice Stevens, I am from Bridgeport, Conn. I was ten years old. My mother died when I was very small. I say died; that's a harsh word to use. My mother changed her home—that would be better—when I was very small. I did n't remember her, only I used to see her in my dreams; but when I came to the new life I knew her at once. I knew her at once. There was a group of ladies standing, seemingly waiting for somebody. I went right up to one of them, and says I, "Mother, I've come." "Darling," said she, "I waited to see if you'd know me." Oh, wasn't we happy then, and have n't we been happy ever since! But poor father—that's the trouble. You see he don't know much about any hereafter, any way, that's the trouble. [Perhaps you can teach him.] Well, if only could! but you see it is pretty hard work. But, father, don't you remember the last things you gave me—those two oranges—and I didn't eat 'em, and you've kept 'em; and they're bad as rocks. I don't think anybody else but you and me knows about your keeping 'em. Now solve the problem, if you can, and tell who told you that story. It'll be a harder one than any of Euclid's. I tell you, unless you solve it in the right way, unless you go to Spiritualism to solve it; then it'll be easy enough. Just go to some good medium, father, and see if I don't come and tell you lots of things—and mother, too. Good-day, sir. April 16.

Seance conducted by John Pierpont; letters answered by "Vashti."

Invocation.

Oh thou who hath power to change the bitterness of each individual life into exquisite sweetness, to thee we pray, asking for strength, asking for light, asking for that wisdom which shall lead us into all truth, and praising thee for what of wisdom we have obtained, though it has been gathered up amid tears and many, many groans; praising thee for life, with all its bitterness and all its sweetness, with all its joy and all its sorrow, and asking thee, oh Infinite One, that we may be wise enough to do it well, and to faithfully represent thy cause on earth, even as it is represented in heaven. Amen. April 17.

Prof. Alexander M. Fisher.

The student who obtains the most knowledge is always ready to receive from all sources from which knowledge can be obtained; never ignores the pebble because it is under his feet, or the scorpion because it stings, but studies everything, and so becomes familiar with God's great book of Nature. Now, it seems to me that this Spiritualism is the science of all sciences. It embraces all. It is the most important of all, and therefore it should be studied by the investigator without stint or measure. There should be no laying it on the shelf until it becomes a popular idea, but the student should grapple with it the very hour it is presented to him. It is amazing to me that the scientific men of America and of the world have so long ignored this fact, so long failed to come straight forward to the work, manfully and truthfully unveiling it. If it is nothing but a dead statue, find it out; if it is a living principle, find it out; class it somewhere. If it is of no use, then preach it down; but if it is of use, in Heaven's name give it to the world; but by no manner of means say it is of no use, until a thorough, candid, unprejudiced examination has been made.

I am told by some that it has been made—this examination; I deny it. I have watched the rise and fall of this spiritual tide. I have seen occasionally a scientific head upon the crest of some wave, but immediately it disappears, before it has had a chance to look even at the stars that beam above it. Now, this is unfair, and it is dealing most unjustly with ourselves. It is your soul, oh man of science, that demands to know of these things, and if you fail to answer that demand, there can be no escaping the penalty. I am told that certain scientific men from ancient Harvard came to the rescue some years

ago to investigate; but, in answer, I reply that these scientific men first threw their stumbling blocks in the way of investigation, and then said, "Now, come on with your chariot of fire." I first barred the door, and rolled the stone of bigotry against it, and then said, "If thou be indeed the Son of God, come down from the cross and save thyself."

Now, it is a monstrous shame that, in these days of enlightenment, when reason is crowned with wisdom, that such things should be; that truth should be trampled under foot; that the voice of God should be stifled by the voice of bigotry. I say it is a shame. They who have committed this error will regret it—if not here, certainly hereafter. They who are the teachers of the people should make themselves acquainted with this grand science—for such it is. If it is not, prove it. That's your business. It is mine, with others, as a spirit, to offer it to declare it to be what it is. If you take the negative side, prove it. We have proven our side, years ago, to thousands upon thousands of answering souls. Mr. Chairman, I was known here as Prof. Alexander M. Fisher, professor at Yale. I was lost in the Albin, in 1822, on the 16th of April. April 17.

Margaret Stillman.

I have been gone three weeks. My name was Margaret Stillman. I was thirty-seven years old—thirty-seven years and ten days. I have a mother living in Moultonboro, N. H. I want her to know of my death. She has n't heard from me for fourteen years. Say to her it is well with me, and when her hour of change comes, I shall meet her and will then explain all. April 17.

Clark Brewer.

One of my friends met me at a circle in a distant part of the city, a week ago last night, and he asked me a question which he desired that I would come to this place and answer. The question was, "Would you advise me to press forward in my present business undertaking, or had I better abandon it?" Saddle the load, and carry it, man-fashion; do n't ask anybody to be your donkey. That's my answer. Clark Brewer, of Boston. Good-day. April 17.

Daniel McCann.

Good-day, sir. I got two brothers in this country. I got three in the old country, and I have an old mother there, that I want to send some kind of a talk to. I was in this country but just three weeks when I got your infernal small-pox and went out with it. The first thing I want to say is to my brother James: "Don't come to this country—stay where you are." Faith, I never was so hoaxed in my life as I was when I got here, and found I had such hard scraping, and then got your small-pox—what you have round here, peddling it out. Faith, it was one of your policemen asked me to help him along with somebody to a cart, and I did, and the man himself had the small-pox, and I got it. Well, it is about as well, if I'd got to stay here and scrub round the way I did the three weeks I was here. Faith, it is big stories they tell, Jim! Don't come; stay where you are. My father was a man of some property, at home. He had a good patch of ground, a very good house, got along very well; we all make a good living. Mike and Pat they came to this country, some time ago. They had the chance for nought 'em; and I want 'em to write to Jim not to come, and tell him Dan's come back—that's my name—and he's not to come. He's thinking about it, when the weather gets warmer, and some of the work's done up there. He'd better stay where he is—make himself contented with what he can get there—not be coming here, running after the wind—that's it. There's more here now than is good. McCann's my name, sir—Daniel McCann. I'm much obliged to you for the way you have to come back. I ain't obliged to you for the way you have of going out, at all. [That don't belong to us.] Faith, I think it does here in America, more than anywhere else. [It's only stopping here for a rest.] Faith, I don't think it gets much rest. [You find it on the other side of the water.] Oh, yes, there's some; but then it's all heard about when I got here. Good-day, sir. May the Lord bless ye, and take care of ye. April 17.

Seance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by "Vashti."

Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles.

Since our last report the following sums have been received, for which we tender our grateful acknowledgments. We need every cent the friends can spare to keep up the various departments of this paper:

Mrs. Julia Avery	\$2.00	Harvey Price	25
Mrs. E. A. Masterson	1.00	M. E. Harding	25
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Mrs. M. M. Nichols	2.00	N. S. Bantam	25
Mrs. J. R. Wilson	1.00	John Patten	25
Wm. Bodin	1.00	J. W. Miller	25
Elizabeth Bortherton	1.00	Solomon Burley	25
Peter Folsom	20 cts.	Thos. M. Marks	25
Benj. Garrison	2.00		

"Is This Murder?"

The bungling execution of a criminal at Liverpool, recently, affords fresh evidence that the veteran English executioner, Calcraft, is getting old; and there is reason to believe that the Government will soon remove him from the proud position he has so long occupied. The prisoner in this case was one James Connolly, who was sentenced to death for the brutal murder of a fellow-laborer. Connolly bore himself with singular firmness, and nodded and smiled to two of the warders even carelessly. But when the drop fell, the man was seen still standing on the platform, with an apparently broken rope dangling over his head. Some of the officials immediately attended upon the unfortunate man, but a pair of steps had to be procured before he could be got out of his position and placed on to the upper part of the scaffold. The poor man uttered exclamations of pain; and on being got to the upper platform of the scaffold, the white cap was drawn above his eyes, and he was placed on a chair. Calcraft was much distressed at the accident, and as he moved about the scaffold, holding the broken rope and examining it, he trembled and was apparently greatly agitated. When again taken hold of, Connolly said, "What do you call this? Is this murder?" And when the priest exhorted him to keep up, he said, in piteous accents, "I stood it like a brick the first time; I think I should get on now." It was eight minutes before the second drop could be got ready, and the poor wretch was finally strangled. And this in a Christian country!

A Hartford gentleman, who had tarried late at a wine supper, found his wife waiting his return, in a high state of nervousness. Said she, "Here I've been waiting, and racking in the chair, my head spins round like a top!" "Jess so, wife, where I've been," responded he; "it's in the atmosphere!"

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

"The Love of the Angels."

Extract from a written spirit communication, given through the mediumship of Mrs. J. T. Burton, No. 111 West 19th street, New York.

"I welcome the minute in which I may come to you, and heaven is not wide enough for me unless I am assured that you can come in spirit to me and occupy some of its kingdoms. I am not so narrow to any such imaginary celestialism since my spirit birth as some old sectarians try to prove—as that my affections are stultified or my desires suspended. I am the same woman, changed only in locality and physical reduction. The clay which fastened my soul to earth was not intensified and vitalized alone, and the lever which worked behind the scenes is yet propelled and still holds the arbitration of mind in its mechanism. I am as alive as ever to every instinct which characterized my action on earth; and no impulse of beautiful obligation is forgotten. Therefore I am as warm and affectionate as ever, and as capable of soliciting all the sweet amenities from you and mine. I help you to an understanding of myself, that you may feel assured of my presence in conversation with me. Though I can occupy a space many times less than a material woman, and am so rarefied in person that I can substitute any fluid which may be condensed from the aura about a medium for standing ground or atmosphere, still I am in every respect an exact epitome of your own dear self. I claim to have the power of sending my spirit to you when its incorporated form is billions of miles away. I am thus often and often a thought of your mind, a suggestion or a warning, through the agency of impression or psychological control when my individual body is reposing at home in its spirit sphere. * * * (Signed) P. M. M."

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Ossau, Minn., Aug. 31st, David B. Thayer, in the 51st year of his age.

Our departed brother was a veteran in the Spiritual ranks. Nineteen years ago, in company with others of like faith, he removed from Michigan to Minnesota, and settled on a prairie near Lake Superior. Here he soon became widely known and highly appreciated for his mediumistic gifts. The sick sought his advice, the bereaved, through him, talked with their departed friends, and multitudes listened with delight to his discourses. Consumption had long preyed upon his system, and he had long been in retirement. He leaves a wife and four children to cherish the remembrance of his many virtues.

The writer gave the funeral discourse to a large and deeply interested audience. At the grave the assembled one controlled spirit Leper and gave a characteristic message to each member of his family.

From Ossau, Minn., Sept. 1st, Deez Handy, only child of Mrs. Lucinda Handy, lately deceased, and only grandchild of Brother and Sister Ellsworth, aged 4 years and 4 months. This child and mother met after a few weeks' separation. MARY J. COLBURN.

From Northfield, Vt., Sept. 25th, Elizabeth A., wife of F. W. Steele, aged 32 years.

Mrs. Steele, whose maiden name was Gram, was no stranger to the doctrines of Spiritualism. She was herself a medium, and realized that the change which must separate her, in our sense, and in the sense of the departed friends, would usher her into a better and purer life. The disease which forced her spirit from its earthly tenement was consumption.

Words richly laden with the sweetest consolation were spoken to the mourning circle and the sympathizing friends of Mrs. Steele. The funeral services were held on the 25th inst. at the speaker's house, which must have fallen like a hail upon the hearts of sorrowing friends. The writer could not help contrasting this, the Spiritual funeral, in this section, with the common order of funerals. The grave was indeed hallowed of its deepest shade of gloom. Northfield, Vt., Sept. 25th, 1873. D. T. AVERILL.

From Jefferson, Iowa, June 1st, Mrs. S. J. Nowcomb, aged 52 years to months and 10 days.

Deceased was formerly a member of the Board of Supervisors and Chairman of the same. She was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and passed to spirit-life calmly and peacefully as a Christian man. He was universally respected by all, and his death will be greatly mourned. The funeral occurred in Jefferson, the interment being in the new cemetery. M. LINN.

BANNER OF LIGHT.

A POPULAR FAMILY PAPER,

AND AN EXPONENT

OF THE

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OF THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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A PRAYER AND VISION.

(Given by Anna C. M. Mott, through Catherine Woodford, to the church.)

Oh, angel-friends before us gone, not passed
Beyond our call, but lingering fondly near.
To each each faintest whisper, every thought
Or shadow of a thought turned up to thee.
Bright robes of bliss who rent ye for ever?
Dear ones, who have above us like like love
Of promise newly given, who strive to reach
Our hearts each day with some device of love
To raise us to a higher state of bliss.
Dear, blessed ones, who thus come to us
With gifts of light and beauty from on high.
Gifts shining from a spiritual light, as flame
Our gorgeous robes of earth, but pure and fair.
And with a heavenly meaning, which we feel
Ye angels, filled with the light of truth, born
Of Justice, Wisdom, gathered closer now.
Your angel-auras bleed not with ours of earth.
Let your sweet emanations fill
Our souls, a unity from the grosser sense
Of this material plane wherein we live.
May we be able in the sweetest calmness
Of your higher souls, may our hearts be
Filled.

With love supernatural for our fellow-man
That love which is the earthly flame of love
Before we lighted with the angelic light.
That brings you down to fit us up, that bears
With ever-growing sweetness, all our weak
Infirm and earthly shavings of your work.
Oh, friends, I think I hear the rustling of
Your heavenly garments, that my soul is bathed
In perfume of your higher spheres. The breath
Of Paradise blooms refresh my life.
The soft delicious ecstasy of love
Thrills through my very being, and I float
Above the earth, borne up by loving arms.
A mild and gentle balance fills my brain—
A light which looks within itself, the warmth
Of love, its sweetness and its purity.
Within this light I read pure angel-thoughts,
The tender breathings of that life divine
Which with their souls harmonious vibrate ever,
As harp-strings vibrate to the wind—
The God-life flowing through them free, un-
checked.

Their gentle faces, lit with joyous smiles,
Beam forth the very essence of pure love.
Their robes are shining from the light of each one
Sheds forth from his divine, interior life.
The higher emanations of their souls
Surround them with pure, lucid atmospheres,
Bright beaming with the various colors of light
Which indicate the different grades of love.
All interblended, one harmonious whole—
The holy mingling of transcendent spheres
Of angel-life. A gentle rapture fills
And beats me up, and with them I inhale
Celestial air, a brief and blessed space.
And now within a twinkling I am
Slow gliding on a sunny streamlet's breast.
A shining sheet of golden light it waves,
Calm flowing 'twixt its flower-covered banks.
Lilies perfume up down their snowy heads
And kiss the gliding wavelets as they pass.
The concentrated sweetness of all flowers
I've loved within my native forests dear
Is breathed abroad from the dancing air
Filling calmly in the boat I lie.

And lo! the changing flower-cushion banks
And now that I in thought I stand on earth,
The beauteous rocks and quivers, and the waves
Are crystal and gray-green, and all the flowers
Are tinged with sadder hues, and drop their
heads.

So quick I turn me to the higher things
Of angel-thoughts my friends would give to me.
Once more the wavelets gleam, the flowers lift
Their beauteous blooms, and heaven shines
around.

Oh, friends, it has been borne forever on
Upon the golden stream of life above,
But down again to earth I shortly pass.
Far better for the vision and the prayer.
The lesson learned, that man himself can raise
By prayer and by close watching of his thoughts,
That night of evil nor of sorrow care—
Shall send discordant thrills across the harp
Melodious of his mind attuned with God's.

The Evangelical Alliance.

Which is now in full blast in New York City,
gets handled without gloves by many fearless
souls who refuse to "bow the knee unto Baal,"
and among them none is more prominent than
Rev. John Weiss, who, on Sunday morning, Oct.
5th, devoted his sermon—at the next Parker
Memorial Meeting-House, corner Appleton and
Berkeley streets, Boston—to the subject of
"Evangelical Alliance"—in the abstract, mingled
with much in detail which was calculated to
make the ears of the priesthood assembled at
Manhattan tingle with a sensation of truthfulness
but seldom communicated to their dull au-
diential nerves.

This subject, he said, included Christian union,
Christianity, and its antagonists, prayer, re-
vivals, the pulpit, Protestantism and Romanism,
Sunday laws and legislation, support of the min-
istry, Christian Missions, and finally, at the very
end of the formidable catalogue, social evils. As
regard authority was supreme in the Evan-
gelical churches, he said that he had considered
from what quarter the mould and tradition of
these subjects must have been derived, and he
found it at length in the tavern-hill which Prince
Henry discovered in Falstaff's pocket: "Items—
A capon, 2s. 6d.; sauce, 4d.; sack, two gallons,
5s. 8d.; anchovies and sack after supper,
2s. 6d.; bread, 1d." Monstrous indeed! the
preacher exclaimed, but one half penny worth of
social evil to that intolerable quantity of theolog-
ical fat.

At a time, he continued, when the most press-
ing need is, that men of all nations should
conspire against intemperance and pauperism;
should consult upon the question of marriage,
of cooperation; should labor to introduce the
principle of arbitration, to solve all international
difficulties—nine days are consumed in discuss-
ing subjects which do not touch these terrible
vital questions at a single point, and which con-
tain no scientific and organic capacity to solve
them. These men, he said, ought to rally in
general assembly, and with the earnestness of a cru-
sade to fight the fire all along the line, which
shoots like powder up the sturdiest tree, and
roars through the humble reeds and meadow
grass, the wasting fever of modern immorality,
which rages in politics and speculation, makes
cities patient-stricken, destroys the honor of young
men, and parches up the health of society. The
signs were prominent enough for men the most
addicted to dogma to perceive and take alarm at.
The common people, set up in a great cry, not for
any abstract of doctrines or basis of Christian
union; not for paying a Christian ministry
or organizing prayer-meetings and revivals, but
to be saved from a degraded politics, a mischiev-
ous gambling in world's property, a criminal crea-
tion of fictitious values. Monopoly and competi-
tion, he said, are making inveterate haters out
of men who would learn love in cooperation, and
poisoning the source of religion in their hearts;
for if a man cannot love his brother, whom he
hates, how can he love an unseen God?

When these religious men gather in council,
they ought to say in union: "Behold, we bring
you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to
all people." For we assemble to help save a peo-
ple from their sins, without a tract, with minds
emptied of dogma and sectarian zeal, to make
room for the thoughts inspired by fraternity, to
match the evils of mankind with the united in-
telligence of every land. Instead of this, it is
made plain that the theory of saving men
by fundamental dogma is essentially anti-
christian; to the theory that salvation depends up-
on obedience to fundamental law. The primary
desire of the churches was to fraternize in the
spirit of dogma. They sought to array a solid
front against the anti-dogmatists and the scien-
tific men who were accused of infidelity, because
they preferred faith in a system of nature to be-

lieve in a scheme of salvation. Their own preach-
ers, however humane and eloquent, passed un-
der a cloud of dislike and suspicion as soon as
their theories popularized immediate exigencies.
These men could not comprehend the breadth of
spirit which made Beecher say, of Dr. Furness,
whose theology he frankly disavowed as being
incompetent against sin. "It is admirable to see
how much more a man can do with a back-knife
than so many of the others who have a whole
chest of tools."

As to the anti-dogmatists, he said that they
claimed that human nature has never been over-
thrown. No incidents of evil were alarming
enough to do to destroy that conviction, or frighten
them into receding from their method of appeal-
ing to tendencies that were still latent, connected
vitality with their sources of nourishment, not
shut away from God.

Man, the speaker characterized not as a fallen
being who had offended God, but as a creature
of various intemperances, and a perpetual member
of the divine household by successive births, to
be trained, developed, and perfected, and grafted
with culture just where he stood.

After dwelling at length upon the conscious-
ness of right and wrong in connection with nat-
ural laws, the subject of Protestantism was taken
up. Protestantism, he said, has done in America
the best that it could do. The air of the republic
climaxed from thousands of steeples the hours
of conference and service. The thriving people
gathered in sumptuous edifices, whose collective
cost would apportion the builders of cathedrals.
The Bible, whose themes are purity and righteous-
ness, lay on every desk. There was hardly a
room in any hotel which was not provided with a
copy, as if the faithful were unable to spend a
night from home without it. The doctors of the
Church, he said, draw up their paper schemes
and give to their patient, saying, "Take that,"
and, like the man who took his doctor liberally,
and swallowed a prescription to find that it was
no better than any other piece of paper, the pa-
tient does not find the faint of Adam is expelled.
Who were the sinners? How many sinners,
alcohol and free-thinkers were indicated in the
scandalous transactions which furnish the promi-
nent news items of the day? Very few and
scattered are the undomestic sinners, was the
reply. With rare exceptions, the swindling in
this country was contradicted by professors of
Orthodox religion, who brand the liberal think-
ers as dangerous men, and expend part of their
enormous profits to endow seminaries of the
ology. The great defaulters, embezzlers and
gamblers were brought up by Presbyterian Meth-
odist and Episcopalians. There, the sal-
utary, trembling all the time as if an officer was
expected to tap them on the shoulder, to tell
them that their financial shifts and villanies were
discovered. Their unity in prayer, the men who
sport in property, who speculate with poor men's
deposits, who cripple noble charities. The way
these men make their grubs was as invisible to
the eye of men as their frocked hearts were to
the minister who exhorted them every Sunday to
come to Jesus and be washed in the blood of the
Lamb. The evangelical scheme was nothing but
paper at the moment of a pinch. The adventur-
ous speculators jumped through it like a circus-
rider through his hoops, and left it dangling.
But an Evangelical Alliance shiftily provided an-
other for the next man who is expert at riding
the two horses, God and Mammon.

In concluding the speaker criticized the Chris-
tian churches to call the world's morality into
an alliance that shall have no dogma but right
conscience, no form of worship but the fair hu-
manities and the true arts which corresponded,
no adorable object but the framer of morals
and beauty, the infinite cause of conscience and
brotherhood. Let this alliance of thinkers, sci-
entific men and philanthropists occupy itself
with the laws of Nature and of man, to create a
religion by observing and interpreting a God—
to make facts their comment instead of textual
fancies. Let the world be neutralized, let the
method be knowledge, natural opportunities, sci-
entific and sanitary legislation; let the emphasis be
placed on sympathy and cooperation; let the great
scheme of atonement be mutual redemption.
When Tyndall devoted the balance of his lectur-
ing profits to the United States "Good will" to
give our people the benefit of knowledge, he put
consecrated oil on his head and became a prophet
of peace and good will to man. Expecting to
get no grace from God by prayer, but applying
the grace he had by nature, he did a gracious
and religious act, and helped to unite two na-
tions more than kin. This was alliance.

The Financial Question.

BY WARREN CHASE.

Every writer and speaker must have an opinion
for the public on the crisis, its causes and
cures, and we have ours. For thirty years we
have watched the financial changes of our coun-
try and its government, and have been gratified
at the constant tendency toward a correct and
permanent system of currency and banking.
The first and greatest obstacle to a true system
was the National Bank, which monster was re-
moved by Gen. Jackson. The next most for-
midable obstacle was State Banks; and these,
with the private and incorporated banks of issue,
were finally cleared out of the way by the war.
They had lost the confidence of the people by
the constant failures in which the people were
repeatedly cheated in the entire loss or deprecia-
tion of their paper issues. We have at last
reached the point where the circulating paper
currency is safe, and the billholders are secure
against loss or depreciation (save in the ex-
changes for gold); but this could only be accom-
plished by the National Government holding se-
curities for all issues of incorporated banks, and
furnishing them the notes; but these notes can
never be better than the direct issues of the gov-
ernment (greenbacks). Can any honest man give
a reason why they should not entirely supersede
the national currency, and be issued to replace
it, and take up the national debt bonds on which
we pay interest to the banks that borrow the notes
of the government on this security, and then
loan them at profit, while they draw interest out
of us on the securities? Since we have to be re-
sponsible for the notes, and hold the securities,
why not stop the enormous sum paid as interest,
and take up the bonds, since it is only the gov-
ernment credit that gives security to the bonds
and the notes both? There was a necessity dur-
ing the war that no doubt justified the Treasurer
(Chase), with authority from Congress, in mak-
ing the unfavorable bargain with bankers, and
giving them this hold on the people for usury;
but that necessity exists no longer, neither does
any obligation exist to continue it. It is now
kept up only by the enormous power of the in-
corporated money monopolies, which no politi-
cian dares attack who has influence enough to
effect a change—or no party, at least. The fail-
ure of Jay Cooke & Co. is no injury to the coun-
try and its producing classes. A score or more
of the leading monopolies can be spared to ad-
vantage, and all will tend to bring about sooner
the necessary change toward which we have been
tending, and which can only be hastened by
financial crises and panics, such as those of '57,
'71 and '73. What is needed, and what we shall
have, is, first, all paper currency national cur-
rency, issued directly by the government, as
greenbacks are; second, national savings-banks
of deposit, where all the people can safely de-
posit their earnings and receive a small interest
on deposits, that will consequently always be
safe, as the government will be responsible, and

hence no runs or fear will cause them to be
hastily withdrawn; third, these deposits can
safely be invested (over suitable reserves) in the
best secured and interest-paying bonds and
mortgages, and thus the government lose nothing
by paying interest on deposits. The whole
system is simple, natural, and easily adopted
when the interested speculators and swindlers
can be overcome by honest people; but the in-
dustrial classes of this country have not yet
taken action nor wise counsel on the financial
business of the country. The whole business
has been left to bankers, brokers, stock specu-
lators and interested politicians, and their coun-
sel sought and relied upon in every financial cri-
sis; and yet we have gained some point at each
great commercial revolution.

The trouble at this time is not that the notes
in the people's pockets are worthless or damaged,
even though the national banks fail, but it is that
the people having surplus money, have, with a
promise of great interest, been induced to de-
posit their little savings and savings in the safety
banks, which, being private and incorporated
companies, were not safe, and as these institu-
tions, to make up the interest they paid on de-
posits had to speculate in stocks and bonds, of
course they became shaky and insolvent in many
cases. What we now want is the same security
for deposits that we have for currency, viz., the
Government, and our present post-office money-
order department shadow it forth. In small
towns the post-office could be made use of for the
purpose, and in large ones sub-treasuries and de-
posit banks.

There is a new and pernicious movement now
started in favor of free banking, on bond securi-
ty, to get more currency into circulation. It is a
bad move, because it will increase the amount of
circulation that we have to pay interest on, while
all increase in the currency should be greenbacks,
on which we not only pay no interest, but actual-
ly gain from two to three per cent in the loss, by
accidents, fire, &c., &c. When the people are
ready to look at this subject, and to listen to
wise counsel, they can and will adopt the true
policy of securing themselves not only against
worthless currency notes, but against swindling
institutions that get their earnings on deposit
and fail to return them. The people are the
Government, and are always security to the in-
dividual.

The financial question and the land question
are the two great questions to be settled, and the
labor movement will be involved in them, and
soon adjust itself when these are properly settled.
We see an easy solution and settlement of the
financial question, if any political party could
take hold of it for the people. Following this,
but not preceding it, the transportation question
can also be adjusted; and if the government does
not take any of the great railroad routes now
built, it can make new roads for transportation
of freight by using deposits for that purpose, and
hold these, as it does the navigable rivers, for
general use, subject to toll-rates and regulations
necessary for repairs and protection. Three or
four great trunk freight roads would soon be
built across the country that would open the
whole world for markets at cheap rates of trans-
port from the great grain-fields of the West.

There is a glorious future for our country, if
we do not avert it by bad legislation and narrow
policy on different subjects; but the policy must
be such as to meet the great wants of the age in
all directions—and the present is a crisis in
finance, and a good time to move one point
ahead and secure the right currency and security
for surplus funds of individuals.

Social, religious and political tyranny go hand
in hand, and so must the progressive reforms. If
we now had some strong and leading intellects
in political life who would take hold of the
subject and push forward the interests of the
people in securing the above changes in the
financial policy, an important step could be
gained easily, as all the land and labor reform-
ers would join in it, for it is greatly for their
interest, and they would see it at once. But
there is a mighty power—of bankers, brokers,
jobbers and ex-changers—that runs (and ruins
often) the finances of this country, which would
oppose any system that would put a stop to
speculating on and in the money borrowed in
small sums from the confiding and often cheated
people. These bankers and brokers want more
chances to speculate, and want more currency
based on interest-bearing bonds, &c.

A Mirror of "Christian" Justice.

Looking over the account of the execution of
the unfortunate Modoes in last night's paper,
Mr. Editor, I came upon the following, which I
copy verbatim: "As the drop fell, * * *
wails of deep and bitter anguish went up from
the stockade, where the wives and children of
the poor fellows had a fair view of the shocking
scene." It was certainly bad enough to hang
the poor wretches, who, after all, were only fight-
ing for existence; but I question whether the
civilized world ever exhibited so hideous a spec-
tacle as the leading out of women and children
to witness the execution of husbands and fa-
thers! It seems too infamous to be believed.
Yet this is a Christian nation. The Evangelical
Alliance is in session in New York, and the holy
fathers, when they can spare any time from that
occupied in mutual admiration, are prophesying
the spread of Christianity over the whole world,
and generally agree that civilization owes its ex-
istence to Christianity. I commend to the lead-
ers of the Evangelical Alliance this conclusion,
which is drawn from innumerable dismal but
undeniable facts: that the so-called civilized Chris-
tian nations, in their treatment of the weaker
races, are as brutal, ferocious and relentless as
the savages themselves; and that, if civilization
is an outgrowth of Christianity, then Christian-
ity is directly responsible for the outrages com-
mitted by civilized nations.

A few facts in support of this conclusion:
1. The outrage on the Modoe women and chil-
dren noted above.

2. The Sand Creek massacre in Colorado, where
Col. Chivington, with five hundred Colorado vol-
unteers, surprised and in cold blood murdered
eight hundred Cheyennes, men, women and chil-
dren, not sparing even infants, these Indians be-
ing invited to "talk" by government officers,
and suspecting no harm.

3. The extermination of the California Indians,
many of them being murdered on their reserva-
tions.

4. The treatment of the Chinese in California,
whereby Chinamen are murdered in open day,
in the streets of San Francisco, without the pos-
sibility of obtaining a jury to convict or a witness
to testify against the murderer.

A clergyman of the Methodist denomination before he
used the army.

5. The massacre of negroes in Louisiana a few
months ago.

6. The slaughter of men and women, and the
burning of orphan asylums in New York City
during the war.

7. The frauds on the government by men
standing high in the church.

8. The disgraceful disclosures of the doings of
a Christian minister in a New York female or-
phan asylum.

9. The putting down of the rebellion in India,
where the foremost Christian government of the
earth blew away from the mouths of cannon hun-
dreds of unhappy Hindoos. The papers of the
day were filled with pictures of these acts. The
details of the air being filled with blood and fly-
ing fragments of flesh—were simply sickening.

10. The slave trade carried on to-day by Eng-
lish vessels among the Pacific Islands—a more
potent horror than the African slave trade.

11. The extermination of the natives of Aus-
tralia, New Zealand and the Pacific Islands, either
complete or in progress.

12. The ferocity of the warfare which the most
Christian nation, Spain, now wages in Cuba.
The nearly equal ferocity of the Spanish Carlist
rebellion at home.

13. The outrages of the Dutch upon the Ache-
nese.

14. The message of his most Christian Maj-
esty, William of Prussia, to his Queen, ordering
a Te Deum and praises to God that fifty thou-
sand men made in His image lay stark and stiff
on the field of Sedan.

15. The horrid slaughter of the Communists in
Paris, and after, on the plains of Satory—men,
women and children—by the Christian govern-
ment of France.

I commend these things to the Evangelical
Alliance, lest the people begin to think, and
Christianity be put upon its trial at the bar of
Common Sense and Justice, and be judged by its
fruits.

Boston, Oct. 5, 1873.

Z. A. W.

Spiritualist Lectures and Lyceums.

Boston.—John A. Andrew Hall.—Wedding of
Miss Mary A. Sanborn.—The morning of Sun-
day, Oct. 5th—with its mingled streaks of sun-
shine and sheets of rain—will long be remem-
bered by the pupils and friends of the Children's
Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, as an occasion sanc-
tified to recollection by the union in marriage of
their faithful Guardian, Miss Mary A. Sanborn,
with Mr. George W. Lang, of this city.

The platform was finely decorated for the oc-
casion with wreaths of autumn leaves and flowers.
Mrs. Maria Adams superintending the work.
Mrs. S. A. Floyd, Mrs. Flanders and Hattie E.
Robinson also contributed floral offerings. On a
stand near the front of the stage, two beautiful
bouquets were placed, at a little distance, in
cases and connected by an intertwining of green
trailing vine—typical of the service about to be
inaugurated. A large audience filled the hall to
overflowing, and the Lyceum turned out with
full ranks. Assistant Conductor Danforth called
the meeting to order, and carried out the regular
services of the school, aided by Mrs. Stone as
Acting Assistant Guardian, and Willie S. French
as leader in wing movements. Songs, recitations,
instrumental music and readings were partici-
pated in by Mrs. Emma Fessenden Brackett,
Alice Caywood, Lizzy Thompson, Mrs. Anna
Barlow, Maria Adams and Miss Higgins, Master
Geo. Dodge, Ella Carr, the Misses Saunders, Cora
Stone and others; after which, the exercises
closed by singing, and the wedding was inaugu-
rated by music from a full orchestra, under di-
rection of T. M. Carter. Rev. Mr. Barnard, of
Charlestown, performed the ceremony, at the
conclusion of which, a fine water-set in silver
was presented to Mrs. Lang by Willie S. French,
in recognition of the Lyceum, as a slight token of
its appreciation of her faithful labors as Guardian
for the last six years. The meeting then ad-
journed, and congratulations were the order of
the day, all parties wishing happiness and success
to the newly united.

Mrs. Sarah A. Floyd spoke as usual on the af-
ternoon and evening of the same day.

The Boston Spiritualists' Union and the La-
dies' Aid Society connected therewith have re-
nted the NEW FRATERNITY HALL, in the Parker
Memorial Building, corner of Appleton and Berke-
ley streets, for one year. The Union will
commence their regular weekly course of Sunday
evening meetings in their new and convenient
hall, on Sunday evening next, Oct. 12th, at 7½
o'clock. Question for conference: "What can
be done to secure harmony and concert of action
among Spiritualists?" All Spiritualists and
friends of Liberalism are cordially invited to at-
tend. ADMITTANCE FREE.

H. F. GARDNER, Pres.
The Ladies' Aid Society will meet on Thursday,
Oct. 10th, at 2½ o'clock, in New Fraternity Hall,
Parker Memorial Building, corner of Berkeley
and Appleton streets. General sociable in the
evening. The ladies invite all their friends to
visit them in their new and commodious quarters.
Songs, readings, music and dancing will make
the evening sociable one of unusual interest. All
are freely and cordially invited.

LOUISE F. KITTREDGE, Sec'y.
The Religio-Scientific Meetings held at Caledo-
nian Hall, 281 Washington street, are increasing
in interest as well as in numbers. The object of
the meeting is to discuss religion from a sci-
entific or common sense standpoint.

An address (not exceeding twenty minutes) is
delivered at the morning service, which forms
the basis for discussion the remainder of the day.
On Sunday, Sept. 28th, the address was deliv-
ered by Dr. Hodgdon on the subject of Moral
and Physical Inheritance, followed by remarks
from Mr. Asa Fitz, Dr. Brown, Dr. Dewey, Dr.
H. B. Storor, Dr. Thompson and others. The
subject proved to be one of so much importance
that Dr. Brannen (who presided the following
Sunday) delivered an address in continuation, or
one of similar import.

The object of the meeting, as stated, is to gain
knowledge by an exchange of opinion, each
speaker bringing into the discussion as much of
truth as he may have been able to gather. All
rational remarks on outside issues are checked,
and the speakers are requested to confine them-
selves to the subject under discussion.

The Nassau Hall Meetings were well attended
and interesting on Sunday, 5th inst. Mrs. Litch
and Mrs. Ireland gave many very excellent tests
from the platform in the morning. Mr. Stiles
was occupied in the afternoon by Mrs. C. F.
Taber and Mr. Stiles. Several poems were given
under inspiration by the latter; also an excel-
lent address by Mrs. Taber. Mrs. Gray also
made a short address. Next Sabbath afternoon
the evening service will be principally to the interest
of the children. Seats free. The demonstrations of
spirit power at the above-named hall on the
evening of the 5th, through the mediumship of
Mrs. R. K. Stoddard and her son, Master Hough,
was of such convincing nature that the com-
mittee chosen by the audience to examine the
cabinet and tie the medium were completely con-
founded.

Yearly Meeting at Richmond, Ind.

The Yearly Meeting of the Friends of Progress, and the
Semi-Annual Meeting of the Indiana State Association of
Spiritualists, will be held at Richmond, Ind., commencing
Friday evening, Oct. 30th, and continuing over Saturday
and Sunday, Nov. 1st and 2nd. A cordial invitation is ex-
tended to all friends of free thought, to come, and particu-
larly those of our State who would say, do not fail to be
present.

DR. SAMUEL MAXWELL, President.

J. R. BELL, Secretary.

New Hampshire Spiritualist Association.

The Friends of Progress are requested to meet in Annual
Convention at Bradford, Town Hall, on Friday, Saturday
and Sunday, Oct. 31st, and Nov. 1st and 2nd. H. P. Fairbank
will preside. All speakers and free thinkers
are cordially invited. Come one and all.

Per order of the Committee,
ALBERT STORV, Secretary.

JUST PUBLISHED,
A LARGE EDITION OF

Andrew Jackson Davis's

Latest Investigations and Conclusions; and Embodying a
Most Important Recent Interview with

JAMES VICTOR WILSON,

Who has been for the past twenty-five years a resident of
the Summer-Land.

THIS FRESH REVELATION IS ENTITLED

THE DIAKKA,

AND THEIR EARTHLY VICTIMS;

BEING AN EXPLANATION OF MUCH THAT IS

FALSE AND REPULSIVE IN SPIRITUALISM.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

Published in style uniform with all the other works by
this author.

Press Criticisms on the Diakka!

"After reading 'Divine Revelations,' one would not
suppose, suppose the same author had written 'The Diakka,'
which is a full and complete history of the Diakka, and
which the one before us is a sample."—From *Banner of
Light*, Sept. 13, 1873.

"The Diakka is an explanation of much that is false
and repulsive in Spiritualism."—By Andrew Jackson Davis.
It is often supposed by those to whom the abundant
claiming the name of Spiritualism overlooks the better
part of it that its believers endorse equally all its
manifestations. The little pamphlet now before us is a
solid and worthy refutation of this idea. —From *Boston
Commonwealth*, Sept. 13, 1873.

"The Diakka is a class of objectionable spirits whose
existence is passed in playing practical jokes. It is
said to learn how utterly regardless of truth the average
Diakka is. It will palm off the most ridiculous stories upon
an innocent medium, and then get back to the Summer-
Land and laugh over his conduct, with other Diakkas, in
the most heartless and brutal way. Frequently he will an-
nounce himself as the spirit of some great man, and bring
the medium into no end of trouble by the imposture. The
presence of a Diakka in a Spiritualist circle can, however,
easily be detected."—From *Daily Graphic*, A. T. Sept. 13,
1873.

"This pamphlet may be interesting to Spiritualists, but
it is probably too ethical and too much of a practical con-
sideration for those who are not Spiritualists. It is
said to learn how utterly regardless of truth the average
Diakka is. It will palm off the most ridiculous stories upon
an innocent medium, and then get back to the Summer-
Land and laugh over his conduct, with other Diakkas, in
the most heartless and brutal way. Frequently he will an-
nounce himself as the spirit of some great man, and bring
the medium into no end of trouble by the imposture. The
presence of a Diakka in a Spiritualist circle can, however,
easily be detected."—From *Daily Graphic*, A. T. Sept. 13,
1873.

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REPORT

ON

SPIRITUALISM,

OF

THE COMMITTEE

OF THE

LONDON DIALECTICAL SOCIETY.

TOGETHER WITH

THE EVIDENCE,

ORAL AND WRITTEN,

AND