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Original Essays.

THE CONFLICT OF FAITHS.

EULIPSE OF THE OLD AND ASCENDENCY OF THE "SPIRITUAL."

The grand obstacle Spiritualism has to encounter, whenever its advocates present its claims and merits to the notice of the more intelligent portion of the religious community—but whose area of freedom is circumscribed by the limitations of ecclesiastical dogmas and polity—consists in the extreme *tenacity of faith* by which the Church Christian holds to the uncompromising conviction, that Jesus Christ was the veritable, miraculous Son of God, co-equal and co-eternal with the Father, and indeed very God himself; by whose ignominious but preordained death, at the hands of the Jews, the only atonement for the sins of humanity could by possibility be accomplished. Now Spiritualism utterly repudiates the special divinity of Christ, and denies the consequent magnitude of his mission for "salvation," an undoubted accepted and devoutly believed in by "orthodox" religiousists. Therefore to "convert" a sectarian Christian to a "Christian Spiritualism," is to destroy the chief corner-stone and the key-stone of the grand arch, which support and compose the sacred temple of his theological worship.

A religious conviction, deep-seated as this, formed in all honesty, and established by the highest accepted standards of ecclesiastical authority, is the most difficult to oppose and successfully combat, of all human prejudices. To overcome it and supplant it by another, the very antithesis of itself, is almost equivalent to working a miracle. No matter how illogical that conviction, nor if it be acknowledged to rest upon utterly inexplicable *mystery*, the religious life has conformed to it, and allowed nothing to intervene to disturb its certainty. And the human mind, having of its own free will, once settled firmly upon what it shall and must recognize as truth for its government and guidance, and satisfied of having accomplished, in practical living, the soundness of its convictions, is most likely to become continually strengthened therein, from the very fact that—in the nature of things—no special revelation ever occurs to alter or correct the most erroneous theories and beliefs it may adopt in its life-philosophy.

Only such a marvelous epoch as *spirit intercourse* has inaugurated—really and truly the development of a Heavenly Revelation—seems to have liberated power to arouse the mind to any sense of possible mistakenness in its hitherto adoption of a specific "plan of salvation," and acceptance of spiritual truth in conformity thereto. Spiritualism, whenever it has been thoroughly investigated, and intelligently understood in the universality of its comprehensiveness, has never failed to subvert all other religious systems to its own infallibility, and to ensure as cheerful and ready renunciation of all previous religious prejudices, as if enforced by mathematical demonstration. The only difficulty in the way of its universal conquest is, the reluctance of its adversaries to investigate, or, rather, their determined will to not examine its claims and merits.

Any attempted subversion of the above-mentioned Christian dogma of Faith, by the innovation of newly developed truths, whenever really met in an entertaining and forbearing spirit, is at once challenged by the confident assertion, "that no one, who has not enjoyed the blessed assurance of this faith, can at all appreciate the preciousness of its consoling and hope-inspiring power in the truly religious life. That, although the evidences of its genuineness are not demonstrable to the 'earl mind'—the logical reason—yet it is so satisfying to the inner sense of the soul, as to fully meet the interior, and highest spiritual needs of humanity." Therefore, whatever is offered in disparagement of this vital principle of a "divine revelation," however specious, and acceptable to the understanding and the reason, must be rejected as illusory, and repudiated as baleful error.

Now a comparative, philosophical view of the elements of conviction in the universal mind, will not fail to discover, in seeking illustrations, equal grounds for the acknowledgment and adoption of a vast many other religious dogmas, which are in direct conflict with this fundamental dogma of the Christian, but which are sacredly cherished as equally vital by their adherents. Faith is an undoubted prerogative of the human mind, but, in its manifold expression, is as diverse in its objects, and in its acceptance of truth, as the individual conscience in its recognition of right and wrong. The nearest discrimination of the highest mental and moral culture, is alone adequate to determine and establish universal truth. And the great variety of irreconcilable religious *Faiths*, among the enlightened portion of mankind, even, is a constant commentary upon human fallibility of judgment, and should ever serve as an imperative warning against authoritative promulgations of positive, prejudicial theories, whose bases do not rest in the demonstrable and eternal realities of Nature.

The "Holy Mother" of Christ maintains a sacred ascendancy in the devout Catholic heart, and holds as high a position of intervention between his sins and the throne of mercy, as Christ to the protestant Christian. The Catholic's prayer of faith is, doubtless, as faithfully answered to him, through the intercession of the Virgin Mary, as though he presented his petitions in the direct name of her reputed Son. The various *Saints* in his calendar possess a greater or lesser virtue of mediation for the forgiveness of his transgressions; and their intervention, also, to his faith, brings the consolation and satisfaction which he seeks. His ideal of atonement becomes realized, when he allows himself not to doubt the accomplishment of his prayer, through agencies inferior to the great spiritual Head of the Church. The *Virgin* believes his sins are forgiven, "when pious" committed to the private ear of the "good fa-

ther in God," who shall bear them in his petitions to the mercy-seat.

The devout Mussulman may never even have heard of Jesus Christ—he has heard of Mahomet, "the Prophet of God," and his faith in his spiritual promises is supreme. And, come ignominy or death, no earthly power may drive him from allegiance to his spiritual proxy, nor disturb the sincerity or strength of his confiding trust in the great warrior-Teacher and Exemplar, whose mediatorial mission once graced the earth, to restore and reconcile its peoples to the loving heart of the Infinite Allah, and to secure for all his followers the paradise of Heaven. He can live a truthful, loving, noble and pious life, fully in the fruition of his singular faith, and trouble not nor mar the future certainty of his soul's repose in Elysian joys, by even dreaming that God has been so kindly forgiving of his otherwise "unpardonable sins," as to have sacrificed the co-eternal Son of his bosom in expiation of the "awful guilt" of his "totally depraved" creatures. Tell the Mussulman of the miraculous Christ, and his marvelous mission of atonement to "fallen," and else, "ruined man," and he will reprovingly remind you, that "Allah is great, and Mahomet is his Prophet."

And shall not the devotee of Brahma—the devout Hindu mother; reasonably hope for the "divine grace," who has made the grandest sacrifice of which she is capable, when, in all-abounding faith, she has committed the infant of her affections to the "sacred flood" of the Ganges, to appease the anger of her God? No matter how ignorantly she has really sinned in her sacrifice, the effect upon her own soul has been accomplished—the sincerity of her conviction has been heartily demonstrated—and she expects, and doubtless receives—through the sublime hallucination of a sanctioning and approving conscience!—what to her is the smiling favor of Heaven. The authority of custom, and religious belief in conformity, magnetizes the Hindu mother into an abnormal conviction, which she must actualize by a horrid deed of cruelty, in order to realize the reward of her faith. And shall the wheels of ponderous juggernaut in vain crush out the life-time of the self-immolated victims, who thus seal the terrible testimony of their allegiance to the supernatural Spirit—their poor and wretched lives, on this side the stream of time, seeming all inadequate to testify to Heaven the sincerity of their devotion?

Every religious system illustrates the power of faith as a universal element in the human soul, more diverse in manifestation, perhaps, than in degree. Different degrees of civilization ensue to the varied influences of diverse Faiths; and, without doubt, the highest civilization is an expression of the highest manifestation of religious faith. Granted, that the civilization built upon, or accompanied by Christianity, is, in many respects, superior to all others; yet why should there be such a vast and vital dissimilarity between the Christian's faith and that of Greece or Rome, in the days of their national greatness—whose literature and whose Art are the accepted models of modern civilization? To be sure, modern Science bears to the science of the generations of Greece and Roman glory the relation of maturity to infancy; but science and religion never yet did go hand in hand together; and the development of the former by no means determines, historically, the character or superiority of the latter.

Science and religious philosophy ought never to conflict with each other, however different their ultimate purpose, for each have in view the development and permanent establishment of Truth; and, in the very nature of things, all truths must inevitably harmonize. Science deals with the positive, the known, and is logically as well as phenomenally demonstrable; and the Faith that in any manner conflicts with it, is thereupon and most surely convicted of error. Still the power of prejudice so subjugates the freedom of the mind and weakens its courage, that it will slavishly adhere to superstition and time-honored systems of dogmatic Theology, long after science has, with iconoclastic hand, dethroned and dissipated the "idols of the mind"—the illusions of legendary beliefs—and demonstrated the unreasonableness of popular conviction in maintaining them.

It becomes a very grave question, in the mind of the enlightened Spiritualist, how he shall secure from his religious opponents a candid and testworthy assay of the golden ores of Truth, which have so bountifully poured their hidden wealth into his treasury, from out the spirit-wrought mines of Nature's and Heaven's arcana; in other words, how he shall reach the intelligence of the Christian Theologian, and therefore the accustomed auditories who attend on the "orthodox" proclamations of spiritual Gospel, and be enabled to bring to bear upon their impartial investigation the overwhelming phenomena—both tangible and intangible—which are now repenting themselves with every remarkable variation of evidence that may serve to demonstrate their celestial origin?

Established in his convictions of truth by the concurrent testimony of ages; fortified in his chosen positions by the elaborate bibliotical, architectural and artistic defenses, which have been built up against the "infidel" warfare that has been waged for centuries to overthrow his *supernaturalism*; the orthodox Theologian feels impregnable in the strongholds of his religion; so with pious pity, indignant scorn, or holy horror—according to the measure of his moral development—he repels all invitations to a new conflict with a new order of "infidelity," that impudently claims to adduce the testimony and endorsement of the shades of departed mortals, to subvert his "holy and God-given Faith." Faith, in his acceptance, is the "substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," and all the sensuous evidences that the Spiritualist may parade before the ecclesiastical tribunal, in support of "spiritual agencies," are "the works of the Devil," "satanic necromancy," or—in the mildest form—"illusory combinations of the elements and powers of dark-

ness, to beguile, seduce and ruin the unwary sinner." And the final summing up of the judgment of this august and respectable tribunal will be expressed in language such as this: "The Bible specifically warns us against the devices of Satan and his ministering evil spirits, and the consequent rebellion of Antichrist; strictly your 'spiritual phenomena,'—which we do not gainsay—upon which you base such extraordinary pretensions, are the very illustrations of Scriptural truth and revelation; they are, to our minds, the very insignia of his Infernal Majesty, who is but seeking to clothe you in the seeming livery of Heaven, in order that he may the more alluringly and successfully gain your service to his kingdom, and thereby accomplish your eternal spiritual destruction. Away with your gilded 'spiritualism,' that but conceals the machinations of the infernal world; we will not be beguiled by its fascinations—we will have nothing to do with it!"

When the disciples informed Jesus that one Simon Magus was repeating his miracles, and when they wished to forcibly compel him to relinquish his limitations, Jesus reproved them, saying, "Forbid him not; for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me. For he that is not against us is on our part." Amongst and through the "mediums" of the present day spirits are repeating the "miracles" of Jesus, and for avowedly the same purpose that instigated him in his marvelous mission; and the Jews of the present day—the "orthodox" Christians—would crucify them to-day, *socially*, as the orthodox religiousists of old did, *Christ, literally*. Not that the same spirit characterizes the present civilization, by any means; but that the Christian's sense of duty, obligation to the Bible—as he understands it—and his Theology, impel him to denounce all innovations upon an "all-sufficient divine revelation," and to disown fellowship with, and utterly repudiate all those who are engaged, indirectly even, in the work of subverting his "Holy Religion."

The spiritualist may, with all manly dignity, announce his purpose, in cooperation with disembodied spirits, to inculcate the truth as it is in Nature—and as very imperfectly understood by mankind hitherto—for humanity's highest development in this life, the unfoldment of all man's powers and capabilities, fitted for the most exalted spiritual life in the sphere beyond; 'twill prove of itself service to further his neighbor's favor, and induce investigation, so completely satisfied is he that his revelation is God-given, and the only one needed or possible; and accepting it on trust, as he must, he allows himself not to reason or be reasoned with, outside the pale of his adopted element of belief. His reasoning will all be from his own standpoint, not from that of the spiritualist, and therefore hypothetical and "in a circle."

It is often confidently asserted by the Christian, that the unregenerate mind, or heart, (as understood in his scheme) is incapable of apprehending the nature of that "experience" to which he triumphantly adverts as the surest evidence, to his mind, of the soundness of his faith. But the cultivated mind, even though unregenerate, certainly can perceive, with nicest discrimination, the spiritual condition of those who claim to have been "born again," "made anew in Christ," &c., and clearly apprehend the essential features of their "regeneration," judging both from the universality of the capacities and wants of the mind and its affections, and from observation of the practical lives of such as have been subjects—as they claim—of "the special grace of God." Besides, the narrations of the common experience of those who have attained the "new birth," are so positive and explicit, a liberal knowledge of human nature is entirely adequate to comprehend the "change of heart" which is believed to have taken place—and doubtless has—while those who have not passed through the experimental trial can interpret this change on quite another and different ground of causation, and which will be philosophical, while the Christian's interpretation of it is exceedingly problematical.

Regeneration is alike, in essence, in all human experience; occurs from like operations of the human soul through its God-given agencies of activity and manifestation. While one nationality, in the exuberance of its peculiar Faith, recognizes the spiritual intervention of the "Prophet of God" following their faithful acceptance of his promises, another will attribute the divinely vouchsafed favor to the "atonement blood of the Saviour, Christ," as "shed on Calvary for the remission of the sins of the world." Accepting, without distrust, the apostolical interpretations of the mission of Jesus, reposing implicit confidence in their assurances that the reward of faith in the efficacy of his "precious blood" is Christ's, and therefore God's forgiveness and blessing, the Christian finds no difficulty in ascribing his own regeneration to belief in the promises as proclaimed in the Scripture gospels. But Mahomet is not less "precious" to the Mussulman than Christ to the Christian. Indeed both may be equally subject to a mental hallucination, in regard to the mediatorial capacity and efficacy of the respective great spiritual High Priests of their expected "salvation," and from the same cause: for each beholds the other as the depository and promulgator of vital and irrevocable error! The Christian may not feel at all flattered by this equality of comparison with the Mussulman—not unfrequently instituted; but let him show a more reverent, devout and religious life, so far as *spiritual purpose* is concerned, and the comparison will be admitted as unjust and unwarranted.

Professing and practical Christians become Spiritualists often, not so much through argument, as from that kind of direct spirit intervention to which Paul owed his conversion from a persecuting fanatic, and yet they do not find themselves in any manner losing the former "favor of God" in which they rejoiced within the charmed circle of the "Gospel dispensation." They do confess, moreover, to a more rational and spiritual apprehension of God's government, and the realization of

their intimate relationship with and dependence upon the spirit-world. They live more usefully, because more liberally, enjoy heartily the life on earth, from a new knowledge of its real purpose and significance; and pass away, through the final agency of death, with a sublime hope and an intensity of satisfaction, which positive knowledge, above faith, can alone ensure.

The truth is, to thinking minds of exalted eminence and purpose, but who are outside of the limited circle of any prescribed formularies of religious faith, there is not a vast difference in *spiritual character*, between those who honestly aim and strive to live righteous lives, under whatever different dispensations of religion; and this judgment is abundantly corroborated by the positive testimony of living witnesses—from personal observation and experience—who have already crossed over the "Jordan" of this life, and entered upon the unveiled realities of the spiritual condition of existence. And when the noble and most revered teachers of the high art of "living to God," when on the earth, return to us from beyond the confines of the mortal world, with voluntary but abject confessions of squandered earthly labors, in inculcating doctrines having no foundation in Nature, nor calculated to meet the real spiritual necessities of the human soul; who deplore their misguided and misleading teachings in terms of heart-felt regret and contrition; it behooves humanity to reconsider the foundations of their Faiths, and give earnest ear to the heavenly utterances that now so assiduously labor to undo, as far as may be possible, the false Theologies, and their baneful influences, which it was once the burden of the earthly life to propagate.

Those who have hitherto "walked by faith" alone, and not at all "by sight"—or knowledge—will be astonished and delighted with the glorious panorama of sublime realities, which disembodied spirits shall reveal to their now beclouded sense—if they will but allow the heavenly messengers a welcome—and they will joyfully yield up their present spiritual idols, and "the God whom they ignorantly worship," to be replaced by the living realities of SPIRITUAL NATURE, and the Infinite Principle of Intelligence, whose attributes are Wisdom and Love, Truth and Justice.

Ye Christian Teachers, who fear to part company with your ancient and time-honored Faith, will find in the sacrifice, when in the providence of God you are compelled to make it, a broader scope of exercise for this trusting element of the human soul, than the most lively imagination ever dreamed of on the earth. But it will be a faith warranted and guided by angelic intelligence, and built upon the undoubted and indisputable evidences of things seen and known. For, with all the new truths Spiritualism claims to have revealed, and with all the inexhaustible reservoir of spiritual wisdom from which spirits constantly assure us they can draw for our benefit, and will, according to the development of our receptivity, there will ever be an increasing demand for the amplest exercise of this spiritual element—that has ever, in whatever form of manifestation, kept alive in the human soul a consciousness of eternal alliance with the Soul of God. Up, up the spiral pathway of progression, to the highest arch-angels, runs this electric chord of union of the creature with the Creator, ever brightening in promise of eternally nearing the infinitude of spiritual activity and unalloyed happiness.

Though the Spiritualist might despair, of his own unaided powers, of overcoming the prejudices, and winning a final victory over his sectarian adversaries, yet is he not utterly despondent of the ultimate triumph of Truth against all opposition; for well does his Heaven-enlightened FAITH in the potency of spiritual energies, now so struggling in our midst, assure him, that no earthly power can withstand the mighty enginery of surely and rapidly developing forces, that will, ere long, burst upon the world with a brilliancy of demonstration that will be irresistible and overwhelming. And in this sublime Exodus from the Heavenly sphere will the Spiritualist hopefully trust, while he patiently waits.

"THE ORIGIN OF MAN."

In late numbers of the Banner of Light I see considerable discussion on the origin of man, on which subject, with your kind indulgence, I propose to advance some ideas suggested to the writer from practical observation.

While I do not agree with your correspondent, Mr. Tuttle, in all of his views on that subject, I admit that "the same principles which created the million species of animals, extend directly to that of man," and even throughout the vegetable kingdom.

Some years since, while a resident of California, before the implements of the agriculturist had marred the virgin purity of that beautiful vale, I observed that certain kinds of vegetation did not grow there that are so abundant in more cultivated sections of country, notwithstanding the soil was rich and fertile, and amply adapted to every kind of product that is raised in North America. However, in the lapse of years the soil became cultivated, the sub-strata being thrown to the surface, exposing the chemical properties of earth to the dissolving rays of the sun, uniting thereby the properties which compose air, water and electricity, thus bringing forth its spontaneous productions, such as the Jamestown, the cucumber tree, the plants, and other domestic weeds, which are to bear their counterpart in the vegetable world.

Some might say that the seeds may have been deposited there by birds or animals, or that they may have been blown along with other seed. If it be true in the former case, let me ask why the seeds were not deposited there before; for it is evident they will grow, whether the land is cultivated or not; and in the latter case, I would add,

that potatoes, turnips, cabbages, and the like were the staple products for some years.

The Divine Ruler of the universe has instituted certain fixed laws, that are as immutable as the revolution of the globe, and when certain effects are produced, corresponding results follow.

The world in its primeval state was "without form and void," but the exposure to air and sunshine of that huge mass of chaotic matter, decomposed and dissolved it into soil, and thus created a vacuum that was to be occupied, through the design of Nature, by vegetable and organic matter. When the chemo-electro-magnetic currents of that life-principle became so dense that a tangible formation would be the result, constituting the germ of life, (as in the case of insects at the present time), in its shell or covering, and by the distillation of atmospheric nourishment, time would bloom forth a human being in its majesty and glory, and thus continuing until a full representation was on the earth, asboring, as it were, the life principles that originally produced them, and thus diluting the same to such a degree that it would not produce more, leaving each to propagate its kind.

The egg of the locust, for instance, is found from seven to ten feet below the surface of the earth, and we have no evidence that it was ever deposited there by an insect, but in the course of time its procreative powers bring it to the surface of the earth a full grown insect.

There is an inherent principle in the laws of Nature, which the Divine Creator has so beautifully adapted to the "world we live in," and which furnishes an interesting study in the laboratory of science for the student of progression.

Terre Haute, Ind. NATURA.

CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION.

BY DR. HORACE DRESSER.

(General Harrison was the Presidential candidate of the Whigs, and Mr. Tallmadge would have been the choice of the nominating convention for Vice President, but he declined the nomination. Had his personal ambition been equal to his ability, he would doubtless have been numbered among the Presidents of the United States.—Prof. S. B. Brittan's Biographical Sketch of the late Hon. S. P. Tallmadge.)

The office of President cannot become the property or dignity of any other officer of the Government. The title of President of the United States, in no conceivable contingency, can ever belong to any person not reaching the office as such, through the Electoral Colleges as provided in the Constitution. With these premises, a single incident of the Presidency, will lead in the present inquiry, namely, the death of the President and its consequences in respect to the Vice President. The postulate is—to discharge the powers and duties of the office made vacant by the death of a President, is but a constitutional allotment of the Vice President, as such, without another oath or inauguration.

Twice since the commencement of the Federal Government, have the Executives thereof departed this life, leaving vacant the office of President of the United States. The framers of the Constitution, counting upon such contingencies, made provisions in the articles of the same, concerning the exercise and discharge of the duties and powers of that office for the remainder of the Presidential term. The whole proceeding and course of action, in such cases to be had, were distinctly marked by them, and declared in that instrument. It had been deemed by them inconvenient and inadvisable, to have a new election for the purpose of filling the vacant office. They determined that the office of President should continue vacant, and that the powers and duties thereof, should devolve on another State officer, till "a President shall be elected"—an officer whose very being, as his name and style of office indicates, was constituted solely for such purpose. Not so, however, the Chair of the Presidency. It was to be filled, not by a new election or choice by ballot, nor by any outward or preliminary act of the people, or appointment of the Government, in a collective, aggregate or corporate capacity, but by operation of law. No external acts were required as qualifications for the occupancy of the vacant chair of State. Its seat is the inheritance of the Vice President, as such; his title to it is derived in the same silent, invisible, incorporeal manner that the heir-at-law derives title to the estate of his ancestor—its descent is like the dew on Hermon, noiseless in its nascent manifestation.

There is no virtue in the administration of an oath to the Vice President, as a fitting pre-requisite to act as such, in place of the President. There is no necessity for a pompous public inauguration and other ceremonious induction of him to the vacant Chair. To suffer such things to be done, or to submit to such silly illusions, argues weakness or vanity, or both. Nor is there in the Constitution itself a syllable or sentence to warrant a view different from this. Its language is explicit: In case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice President.—Art. II, Sec. 6, Const.

The incumbent of the office of Vice President, who has already taken the proper oath, as such officer, by simple constitutional investiture, is to be the executive, being nothing of his official name, character, style, or title, of Vice President. The office of President does not devolve on him—only the powers and duties of the office devolve on him. The connecting and relative words, the same, used in the passage above quoted, most manifestly warrant this view. The grammatical construction of the whole sentence demands this version. The absurdity of the contrary becomes plain, when it is seen that the provision, as well applies to a vacancy made otherwise than by removal, death, or resignation, all of which, effectually place outside of and beyond both the office and chair of office, the presence and person of the President. The other sort of vacancy, made by inability, clearly does not reach nor affect the

office. There is no vacancy of the office, nor can there be, while the officer lives, unimpaired, unresigned—which may be the case in the category of inability. How then can the Vice-President step into the office itself of the President yet alive—unimpaired—and never having resigned it—and at once become the President?

Take an illustration: let the duly elected President become insane, idiotic, or be overtaken by disease, in some of its manifold forms, to the extent of operating as a disability, "or inability to discharge the powers and duties of his office," is he, in such case, any the less the lawful and constitutional President of the United States? Is he any the less the incumbent of the office, because disabled? Because of his inability, for the reason above supposed, to discharge the powers and duties of his office, and because they are performed by the Vice-President, is the disabled President less or other than the President, and the acting Vice-President more or other than the Vice-President? For what purpose, indeed, is the office of Vice-President? Its name is significant; and the use of the term Vice, instead of, would seem to leave no doubt of the object and intent of the office.

The oath, taken by Vice-President, on entering upon the duties of his office, extends in its obligations to every contingency growing out of its relations—one of which, well understood by him at the time he takes upon himself its solemnities, is to exercise and perform the duties of President, in place of, instead of, in room of the President, when he has been removed, has died, has resigned; or when, still remaining the incumbent of the office, through inability he cannot exercise and discharge them himself. It is safe to confidently assert that no popular debate, no teaching of the articles of the FEDERALIST, no history contemporaneous with the adoption of the Federal Constitution, will show that these possible events in respect to the Presidency, were intended or expected to work a metamorphosis of the person of the Vice-President into a President of the United States! Yet twice has it occurred in the lifetime of this Government, that individuals chosen to fill the office of Vice-President, and of course to perform the duties of President, if certain events happened, have had the vanity to think that what the people had neglected to do for them, had been done by kind Providence; that they were, not only by the grace, but by the act of God, transformed into veritable Presidents of the United States.

Practical believers these, in the philosophy and doctrines of the *Metempsychosis*, they pompously summon within the walls and under the dome of the National Capitol, the high officers of State, Ambassadors of foreign Courts, &c., to witness the transfiguration of a Vice-President into a President! The great High Priest of the Judiciary, clad in his robes of office, in the solemn ceremony, gravely utters to the Vice-President, whose right hand rests on the Holy Evangelists, these words—"I do, solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States"—and the Vice-President mouths after him, piecemeal, the precious jurament morsel!

"And this man
Has now become a god."

If the powers and duties only of the office of President devolve on the Vice-President, and the office of President, devolve not on him, how can this oath, at all, apply to the Vice-President? Is anything gained by its administration to him by the Chief Justice? Can it be that his original oath, as Vice-President, fails to qualify him to "act as" President, whenever the powers and duties of the office of President shall devolve on him? A vacancy in the office of President, from whatever cause happening, cannot be filled—no new election can be had for such purpose—only at the expiration of the term of office, can there be another President, and then not to fill a vacancy, but to execute the office derived by him from the people. The Constitution substitutes the Vice-President, as such, to act as President—hence when he is made to swear that he will execute the office of President, he has taken upon himself that which can be executed alone by a President as such. The powers and duties of the officer, not the office, belong to him, or the language of the Constitution is without significance: "The Vice-President, when he shall exercise the office of President." (Art. I, sec. 3, sub. 5.) Observe, exercise, not have or hold the office. It is the right of a President to have and to hold—it is a right granted by the People. Again—"What officer shall then act as President?" "Such officer shall act accordingly." (Art. II, sec. 6.) "Then the Vice-President shall act as President." (Art. XII, sec. 1, Amend.)

Another aspect to the case: it was contemplated that among possible events in connection with the Administration of the Government, both the office of President and Vice-President might become vacant at the same time. In such case it is provided that Congress may by law declare "what officer shall then act as President, and what officer shall not accordingly, until a President shall be elected." Now is the officer designated by the act of Congress, in any manner or sense the President? Answer: Just as much as the Vice-President is or can be; and the oath taken on induction to their respective chairs, by the Vice-President, or the officer that has by law of Congress been named to act as President for the unexpired term of the Presidency, reaches in its obligations to all acts to be done by them in the ordinary transactions of their proper office, as well as those possible extraordinary ones superinduced and specially imposed upon them by constitutional allotment. If the powers and duties of the office of President inhere in certain officers, contingently indeed, but no less inherent for that reason, then the oath of their proper ordinary office, already taken by them, is sufficient and binds them. What wisdom, then, is seen in the parading of inaugurations and useless extra-constitutional oaths?

Again: usage or the universal custom in all parliamentary and ecclesiastical affairs and transactions, seems to warrant the view here taken of this matter. In the diocese of New York, not long since, there was an ecclesiastical dignitary still in office, and receiving salary, the functions of whose bishopric he did not exercise, but another—an instance quite analogous to the political one under consideration—and that other recognizing his proper relations, used the style of Provisional Bishop. Though it is written, "his bishopric let another take," he would not take it, and only discharged its duties. Nor did he adopt a fashion of official signature, false in philosophy, false in principle, and false in fact, as it would have been if the term, *Bishop*, had been used by him without limitation, while he was a person *quasi* episcopus—a mere vicarage.

The two instances of Vice-Presidents claiming to be Presidents, whom constitutional intent placed in the Presidential Chair to act as President, not to be President, show, in some degree, the progress of assumption and usurpation. It behooves the people to watch those who, for the exercise of power, reach and overstep—who, like

well-trained and lithe athletes, in political gymnastics, show themselves masters in leaping and overleaping the limits and boundaries of the Constitution. These are instances in the executive department, and are only nominally dangerous to the rights and liberties of the people. The assumption may be said to be of no importance, except to the individuals whose vanity or something else, has made them so great dupes. Let such as can, enjoy fancied greatness—think themselves Presidents—write themselves such: it is inexpensive, and costs only to be laughed at in the sleeve, and set down as an illustrated edition of the old fable of the Jackdaw, in the plumage of the peacock.

The insidious workings and attacks of tyrants and usurpers are always covert, and, in appearance, trifling things—indifferent; but the serpent coiled and in his smallest compass, with the assumed color of the surroundings, and seeming to be what he is not, is not more to be feared by the unsuspecting traveler than these.

He would be crowned:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him? That;
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.

INTEMPERANCE, AND HOW IT CAN BE EXTERMINATED.

BY A. C. GRAY.

A great cry goes up from many agonized hearts throughout the land, "What shall we do to stay that increasing evil, intemperance? It is now admitted that all sumptuary laws and enactments have failed to accomplish it; and they ever must—those which are based merely upon external, coercive measures, unless by legislative acts the manufacture of all intoxicating liquors could be prohibited.

Every evil has its cause back—some far back—of its fruitage, so, doubtless, in a majority of cases of this bursting forth of what was thought awhile since to be an almost suppressed vice, is only the sprouting up from the old roots, planted and firmly fixed in the soil of this and preceding generations. A few deft handicraftsmen have swept widely here and there, lopping off a branch or cutting smoothly to the surface this Upas growth, but underneath the deadly poison still generated, requiring only favoring showers and wondrous lights for its re-production. Just that light has the lurid light of war afforded; just that almy moisture been distilled from avarice, selfishness and all unholy passions running riot. Early in the life of the generation not yet passed away—to say nothing of generations preceding—the social glass was offered to neighbor and friend as indicative of welcome as any other hospitable rite. This in its effect led to ruin sooner or later in many instances. Personally we know—each of us—many in whom the hereditary taint still lingers. I call to mind now, as a case in point, one family in particular where several sons, all intellectual, one preeminently so, became drunkards through a psychological impression from the mother, not necessary to be explained for the present purpose. And another, purely of this hereditary class: the family genial, large-souled in their natures, and among the honored in the land, but blighted and dropping off in mid-life through this fearful curse. A younger member of the family being imbued with a love for the beautiful and a higher moral perception of the responsibility of life, strove vigorously with this sin which did so easily beset him, but whose seasons were sometimes given to the tempter; and when, during one of these, he was reasoned with by a friend and reminded that in that Heaven to which he aspired he would not find the baleful draught, the thirst so ragged within him that he exclaimed, he should seek it then in Hell! For the encouragement of those similarly afflicted I will add that this and other cases of confirmed habits of drunkenness have been overcome by persevering endeavor to accomplish it.

We have now hope for the race: this one pernicious, daily, household custom is abolished, and as surely as the great mass of mind is stirred up to reform, so surely will this great evil in time become rooted out. But we must be untiring in our efforts to know that all reforms work hand in hand. The minds of the people must be led into higher channels of thought; man must be made to know that happiness does not consist in pandering to his animal nature, that a sordid, avaricious disposition, though it bring to him all the riches of the earth, while one creature suffers for lack of what he has appropriated unjustly or disproportionately, will only bring him woe. Woman must be allowed the same liberal culture of intellect with man, and room to work in any of God's great fields of labor, where capacity, inclination or need may call her. The appropriate reward of such labor alone will save many of both sexes from entering upon that course of sin in which drunkenness is an ingredient! The young must be more truly educated in regard to their social natures, mingling more freely in their homes where no undue restraint upon innocent pastimes exists, and the parlor with its healthful attractions supercede the street and saloon gatherings, where boys and men become unfit associates for their sisters and wives.

Then will the marriage relation oftener concentrate within its realm the best and purest influences, and the rising generation, being more associated together, benefit each other mutually; the one sex feeling they are no longer the idle plaything or the household drudge merely, will become less frivolous in mind and manners; the other, purified and elevated by a more wholesome, moral atmosphere, be drawn away from the intoxicating cup with all its deadly brood of vices.

That intemperance is on the increase now is no cause for astonishment. From all parts of our country are assembled in masses those who need but the restraints of isolation and home influences to be thrown off, to yield to the cupidity of men ever ready to pander to vice in any form through lust of gain; and mothers may well tremble and commend to God the young son thrown into contact with such, for somewhere lurking within him may be an unguarded entrance to temptation. When such return from their cesspools of vice, they bring a tainted atmosphere along and strew corruption in all their paths; and thus it spreads. The thought here naturally arises, whether wars could be carried on without accompaniments of gross immoralities and beastly excesses. We have that faith in man's integrity to believe they might, were wars necessary, or could they exist after these reforms take place.

But I hear the cry, "Utopian scheme! we cannot wait for all these wrongs to be righted; our land will become desolated, some immediate action must be brought to bear upon this one vice!" Wait not, I beseech you, oh man, or woman, either for some miraculous interposition of Law or Divinity. Work, not wait. Let us each look to our own household first; then we can encourage and assist our neighbor, and so on and on will spread, until the whole mass is leavened. "There are obstacles in the way?" yes, but we must patiently remove them. We must write, we must talk;

there are those who need to be enlightened and quickened in this manner; there is much ignorance to be removed, in high places, as the world terms it, as well as the low; social wrongs abound; the gliding will not endure much friction, but here and there, ever and anon, the hideousness it covers will peep forth. Let us glide no longer, but work earnestly to make all pure and solid underneath each in our own capacity.

Home must be the basis, the battle ground. But the warfare must be gentle and untiring. Fathers and mothers must strive first to purify their own lives, and by example as well as precept lead the way up through all the various steps of progress.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The Solar System is a type of the universe. Understanding its structure, we can look out on the vast unknown around us with more definite ideas than we should were we to gaze on the starry night unaided by previous observation on our own globe. That the stars are suns like our own, obscured by distance, it is scarce necessary to pause to prove. They are governed by the same laws, and hence must be composed of the same material. What we call the solar system contains the central sun, and the planets, moons, comets, and all other bodies which revolve around it.

If we would vainly avoid grappling the infinitude of the constellations of the sky, the relatively minute object to which we proposed to confine our attention assumes vast proportions, and extends itself beyond our comprehension. The distance of Neptune, the most external planet yet discovered, from the sun is thirty-four hundred millions of miles. From its perturbations there is undoubtedly at least one more planet external to it, which, allowing it to extend the distance as far beyond Neptune as the latter does beyond Uranus, would place the boundaries of the system four thousand millions of miles from the centre, or make the system eight thousand millions of miles in diameter. Many of the comets go out still further from the centre, and it is conjectured with great probability that many go off in straight lines to some other centres, revolving around two systems, having one in each of a very extended ellipse. Over this vast area the attraction of the sun is felt. Not a particle of matter anywhere in this space but obeys this all-powerful influence. Although decreasing as the square of the distance, the furthest planets manifest no more disposition to desert than the nearest, and the light substance of the comets, trembling like a feather in the illimitable regions of space, obey his power as unchangingly as the ponderous planet.

The imagination fails to grasp its dimensions, but can gain some assistance by comparison with things with which it is acquainted. Taking its dimensions at eight thousand millions, it would take a locomotive, running steadily twenty miles per hour, or four hundred and eighty miles per day, forty-five thousand six hundred and twenty years to traverse from one boundary to the other; and a rifle ball, flying one thousand feet per second, or nearly sixty miles per minute, would consume over fifteen hundred years in traversing the same space.

These calculations by no means define the limits of our system. They only indicate the extent of our present knowledge, and may any day be doubled or quadrupled. The same may be said of comets. The vast distances they go out from the sun, and the returning in closed, elliptical orbits, only prove that the system has bounds, which almost every investigation extends. The comet of 1680 went out forty-four times the distance of Uranus, or twenty-eight times the distance of Neptune from the sun. Vast as this distance appears, there is a wide margin of space bounding the solar system on every side. The distance of the nearest fixed star is two hundred and seventy times the spherical distance of this comet.

The position of our system in space has been conjectured with probability as in the barren region of the Milky Way, where it divides, and nearer the Southern Cross than the opposite side. Calculating from the southern border, it is plunged the distance of a star of the ninth magnitude from the fact that while in every other region of space the view is concealed by stars, in this direction, aided by powerful glasses, we can see stars projected on a black ground, and can look completely through our star cluster into the starless regions beyond. A more sublime view cannot be conceived. With awe we look from the surf-beaten shore on the boundless sea; but how much greater is our awe when, resting on this atom of a world, we gaze out into the black unknown ocean of space, by all starry continents, capes and shores, far away into absolute unilluminated void! Then the mind comprehends, if ever, its feebleness, and its God-like power, soaring through this trackless space with tremendous velocity, it views the passing promontories, and from them calculates its witherings. Planets, suns, stars are atoms dancing in the harmony of law, working out the divine problem of creation.

"WHO SHALL DECIDE WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE?"

BY J. TIMNEY.

The above exclamation of a venerable lady, while two physicians were wrangling over the case of a young man, is a strongly suggestive. From the infancy of the race to the present time, mankind seem to have been fast in the embrace of some enormous monster, or under the influence of a hideous dream, from which nothing yet discovered has been able to liberate or awaken them, and although from Paganism to Spiritualism the doctors have been wrestling from their sacred books, their Vedas, Shasters, Korans, Bibles, and divine revelations, specifics which, if taken as directed, were sure to relieve the patient, and although all the various prescriptions have been tried with strict regard to the doctors' directions, still the patient is no better. That which was intended to extinguish the fire but adds fuel to the flame. The effects of the disease are horrible beyond description. Excesses at which men would shudder when awake have become a pastime. Crimes, which should cause a blush on the cheek of pollution, are an every day occurrence. The young have become professors in intemperance and licentiousness, and teachers of grey-headed professors. Truth and honesty are at a discount, while knavery and treachery are at a premium. Humanity is murdered, while Gods are worshipped. Man sells his neighbor's—yes, his own children, with as little compunction as he takes his morning meal. Murders are committed; the murderer is arrested, subscribes to a creed, is furnished with a pass by his doctor, and is started by the hangman on a journey of unending happiness, while his victim, no matter how upright he may have been, not having sufficient faith in the past to obtain it, is consigned to endless torments. Nations are bathed in the blood of nations. Fraternal blood flows from every vein, while the folds of the monster are tightening, and the dying groans of the victims seem but to stimulate the appetite of this insatiable fiend. And still the doctors continue. They are told that what is unnatural is supernatural, that the natural is ennui against God, that reason is given as a snare to lure us to destruction, that we are dependent on and accountable to a being who is entirely independent of us, a

power that runs the machine that is independent of us, a whole that is superior to us, to which we are accountable, and that nothing but the most abject servility will save us from eternal perdition; or from the wrath of that being whose only attribute they say is love.

Now why is all this? There must be some hidden mystery, or undiscovered cause. Many things that we have the solution of, the mystery, the awakening from the dream which has so long cast its spell over and around us. The time has been when I was of that opinion, but opinions, like forms, are subject to change; the highest of all is only the base on which higher ones are built. Spiritualism is to me the summing up of the old preparatory to the advent of the new, the voice of one crying in the wilderness prepare the way of the Lord, i.e., prepare for the coming of higher conditions, as higher conditions are Lords over old or lower ones. All the isms of the past seem to be represented in Spiritualism, or, in other words, it is the whole of what each previous ism that part. Still we do not find that harmony in it which a perfect system should produce. Not only among us, but among our friends who have passed the veil, discord is the order of the day. There seems to be as much difference of opinion on the other side of Jordan as this, and spirits seem to be closely allied to man; what one asserts another contradicts, a strong proof, in the opinion of the identity with us. Are they not our second selves, of whose presence we are utterly unconscious in our normal state. We are power which runs our machine is within us, still we are unconscious of its operations. If the kingdom of heaven is within, as taught by him who was shipped as a God, but whose precepts are despised, on the principle that the motive power within us is not there the place to look for it? Would it not be better to cultivate an acquaintance with the powers there enthroned, instead of running after strange Gods at the bidding of those interested in keeping up such delusions?

In No. 8, volume 14, of the Banner, I gave a brief outline of a theory peculiar to myself, based on the principle that the motive power within us is not there the place to look for it? Would it not be better to cultivate an acquaintance with the powers there enthroned, instead of running after strange Gods at the bidding of those interested in keeping up such delusions?

Again: a person who should state that a large stream was not the embodiment or representative of the smaller streams that flow into it, that each was independent of the other, and the creation of some outside Deity, would be called a lunatic or fool. Is not man equally the representative of those forces which flow into him from below him? Stop that stream, and he ceases to exist in his present form. Even every sound made by forms below us are parts of speech, of which language is the whole, or representative. All are but parts of one great whole. What is lowest to-day is uppermost to-morrow, and vice versa. Growth and development are inseparable. Acorns are the products of oaks. Man (male and female) is the parent of the child, the child is the parent of the man. Spirit is the parent of matter, and matter is the parent of spirit. I repeat that man is the representative of all below him, and that every form above him is a higher one, and that every form in him, as that he could no more exist independent of them than could the higher numbers independent of the lower, or the large stream independent of the smaller ones. The rule is universal in its application, and any theory that is not founded on it is destructive of harmony, and cannot be sustained. That it is rough-hewn, and while under the influence of delirium tremens are not the creations of a diseased imagination, but living principles existing in his form and which his manhood controls when not paralyzed by excesses. Excesses have ever been the bane of mankind; they paralyze the higher faculties, and let loose the legion of devils beneath which grow the lower faculties in our normal state. Is not the present condition of our nation sufficient evidence that such is the case. Nations are but congregations of men. Men are congregations of lower forms; the same law controls both. Action and reaction must be equal to ensure health and happiness. Destroy that equilibrium, and you destroy the existence of the result. From man to man, and from man to the most refined being that exists, all contain the germ of a lower life. The highest was once as low as the lowest now is. Could the lowest be annihilated the highest could not exist. All is dependent, and based on unity. The same principle that brought us from lower stages of existence to this, takes us from this to a higher one. There is one more number added to the column, one more stream to the river, and when numbers are exhausted and can be no more multiplied, when small streams by combination fail to produce larger ones, development theories must give place to creative ones.

You have my theory. You have the evidence of those facts which are found what it is rough-hewn, and in a coarse garb, I am aware. The steam engine of Fulton, although embodying the principle, was a poor specimen of the improved one of today. New routes are not traveled with the same ease of old and familiar ones. Truths born in mangers have ever been unpalatable to ancient theorists, but those who are honest and require no special pleading to sustain it; it is ever its own vindicator. That I have discovered the principle on which existence is based, and that it vindicates itself, I shall continue to believe and assert, till shown wherein I am in error.

Westfield, N. Y.

EVENING IN EARLY SPRING.

The west is crimsoned, and the evening falls,
The lamp of night is lighting up aloft;
Unto his mate after the partridge call;
The blue wren's tinkles ceases in the croft.
Upon the waving poplar's topmost spray,
His melody notes the thrush is piping forth,
Singing his farewell to the dying day.
While pale stars peep out in the dusky north.

Over the land the sunny south wind blows,
The spring's first wreath with the winter's cold;
And Nature, flushed, with genial triumph glows,
On sparkling front and cloudlet tipped with gold.
The morn was balmy and the noontide bright,
And happy children strayed to gather flowers;
Seeking the slopes with celandines bright,
Whereon, in March winds, daisies make their bowers.

The father led his children forth to-day,
To scented violets, clustered white and blue,
To watch the young lambs bounding in their play,
Perchance to hear the merry, sweet cuckoo.
The twilight closes o'er the balmy eve,
The bat is flitting in the quiet air,
The wren his last song on the fence doth weave,
And the shy rabbit leaves his sandy lair.

Bille the lavers wander happy, arm in arm,
Moved by the magic of the winking time,
Thus tasting, ere life's tolls begin, a balm
To memory precious in their after prime.
The field and grove, and music of the bird,
The humming insect and the budding bough,
Wilding and tame, the sounds in still night heard,
And the shrill whistle in the wild winds sought.
All things God's praise. Thus trusting home we go,
Grateful for nature, blessed that we know,
While native anthems fall from these we find,
We too, may raise a grateful song to God,
—Chambers Journal.

Children's Department.

By MRS. LOVE L. WILLIS.
WEST 27TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

We think not that we daily see
Sweetest of hearts, angels that cry to be,
That of their hearts, will, and we prepare
That souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(LIZON HERR.)

THE FLY OF FEBRUARY;

OR,
UNCLE PHILIP'S FIFTH SERMON.

It was a bright Saturday afternoon in February, that day that children love so well, in that month that every one is glad to welcome, because it seemed to catch a little of the brightness of the coming spring-time, and gives beautiful sunlight to the plants, and sends it into the windows of the poor, and speaks words of promise to the cold, hungry, and the sad; it was one of those afternoons that the group of children had assembled in uncle Philip's bright room by special invitation from him.

"I can't think what he is going to tell us about," Susy had said many times during the week, "that he should wish us to come early. I like evening visits much the best, it is so splendid, peering down the hill by moonlight on the way home."
"But then you know, we miss some of that fine view of the valley in the evening," said Rod. "I like daylight best, for then the snow is so glistening, and makes me always wish that I could send something as beautiful over everybody's troubles, and make them like snow when the sun shines on it."

"But," said Mary, "don't you suppose that the angels try to put soft, white mantles over everything? I should think that to love people we like the pure snow; you can't see anything real bad in those you love, more than you can see the mud and dirt like the snow."
"That's just like you, Mary," said William, "but let us go early to uncle Philip's, for I think he has something to show us; for he has been down town every day this week, inquiring for a package, and yesterday it came—a snug little bundle; and when my father handed it to him, he said, 'Just in time; now I shan't disappoint the young folks.'"

Well, Saturday afternoon had hardly come, when William gave the promised signal from the Post-office steps, and the children, seeing the beloved Star-Spangled Banner, hurried their diners, and were soon on their way to uncle Philip's home.

"My text," said he, "lies there on that sheet of white paper."

All eyes were turned toward the little object. It was a dead fly. Kitty laughed merrily, and Tom, of course, followed her; but William looked very wise, though a little disappointed, for he had expected the text lay in that mysterious package that he had rather boastfully told about.

"One of those warm, sunny days," began uncle Philip, "as I was looking out of the window, and wondering if I could see Jack Frost scampering up toward the North Pole, and the soft zephyrs swiftly flying up the valley from the South, I heard a soft summer sound, and I went directly to dreaming about spring violets, and buttercups, and daisies, and green meadows, and fair, white lilies." But I was awakened from my dream by another familiar sound, and I looked back from the far-off, on to my window-pane, and there was a fly, who had been creeping from the window, and place in some snug crack, and had come out to see about spring. We should call him a foolish fellow for venturing out so soon, but he could blame him? The sun was so bright, no wonder he wanted to see if the honey-suckles were beginning to bud.

Well, I went directly, and got a little sugar and water, and put in his track. His appetite was rather poor, but he seemed glad to find something sweet. If there were no honey-suckles. Then I took him and put him on a leaf of my polyanthus, thinking he would believe, if the flowers were really open, that he might safely live a while among their fair blossoms. He did seem quite at home, and buzzed about at mid day when the sunshine was the warmest. But you will remember the sudden change and the cold snap that followed those sunny days. I fancied I saw Jack Frost coming back with ten thousand frost imps, determined to pay us for wishing him far away. Whether my poor fly eat too much sugar and water, and grew fat too fast, or whether Jack Frost, falling to frighten me under my warm blankets, thought he'd take my pet, I don't know, but sure it was, my fly lay dead on the window-sill one morning.

I was really grieved. I missed his gentle humming, and I missed feeding him. I thought he really began to know me, and to feel glad when I tried to imitate the buzzing of his wings. But he was really dead, and I comforted myself with thinking that if he had lived until summer, some greedy spider would have coaxed him up his winding stairs into his nice parlor, and would have so entangled him in his silken threads that he would have strangled to death.

But what was I to do to make my fly glorious even in death? To die so gloriously seemed a sad pity, so I laid him snugly away in a little box, and hesitated whether I would bury him under my blooming polyanthus, or run a pin through him and stick him up beside those other bugs in my simple case of insects.

I took up my newspaper, and busied myself reading, and my eye fell on a notice of a microscope called the "Craig Microscope," and in a moment I was decided what to do. Uncle Ith—not old Ith any longer—uncle Ith gave me a place of gold the other day, and said:
"Philip, buy those children something. I don't know what they want. Candy is nonsense; nuts are no better; buy something useful."
Now this microscope seemed just the thing, and I sent for it immediately, and it came yesterday.

William's face brightened, and his eyes seemed to say, "Didn't I tell you so? I knew, uncle Philip had something particular to show us."

"But I don't see what that—that your scope has to do with the fly!" said Kitty.
"All the children laughed at Kitty's blunder, but uncle Philip was unmoved.

"Let the one laugh who can tell me what a microscope is," said he.
"All were very silent and very sober; for not one could explain what they only partly understood. Uncle Philip went to a drawer, and brought out a neat instrument, and all eyes attentively watched him, and even Kitty forgot her blunder."
"This is the Craig Microscope," said uncle Philip, "and a very nice affair it is, for little and big folks; and now I will tell you, wondering Kitty, what it has to do with my poor dead fly. The microscope is an instrument that magnifies small objects. It makes many things quite distinct that otherwise we could not see. There are two kinds of microscopes, the telescope, and compound. The telescope has more than one glass, and is difficult to arrange. The compound microscope has many objections; but this is the most con-

venient and powerful little teacher that I have ever seen.

This little butterfly contains the lens of the glass that we are to look through. Why does it magnify, Rod?

"I don't know, sir," said Rod.

"If you please," said William, "I think I can tell: it is because it is convex or rounded out like the glass in uncle Philip's spectacles."

"That's right, William," said uncle Philip; "only the glass in the microscope is much smaller and more convex on one side than the eye glasses. Down here is a mirror; what is that for?"

"To send the light up," said Rod; "I learned that by my microscope which has a reflector to send the light down."

"Yes," said uncle Philip, "it is a reflector, to send the light up, as Rod said, and throw it out to the object we wish to examine, which we place on the object glass. And now, Kitty, for my dear pet, the fly. You have seen them by thousands, and I dare say thought them very homely and troublesome fellows. I intend first to take off the foot. You see how tiny it is—only just a little round speck. Come, Kitty, first and tell me what you see."

Kitty looked with her sharp eyes first at the company about the table, and then she fixed her eye at the glass of the microscope.

"Do tell quick what you see!" said Tom as Kitty bent her head down in silence.

"Why, I don't see a foot at all," said Kitty, "but the funniest bug ever saw, with horns like our cow, and bristles sticking up all over! Where is the fly's foot, uncle Philip?"

"Why, that is the foot, my Kitty, that you are looking at, and not a bug. Pass around, children, and all have a look and then I will explain," said uncle Philip, delighted to see the pleasure he was giving his company. When all had looked and ceased their "Oh dears!" and "Oh how funny!" and "Who would have believed!" &c., he began:

"As I watched my little fly he crawled all over my plants, on the under side of the leaves as well as the upper. Why did he not tumble down from the under side of my calla leaf, think you? It was because of those horns that Kitty said looked like cow's horns, and those spiny-looking pads between the horns. Mr. Fly could walk on smooth glass, mounting my window panes just as well as on the rougher leaves; and he could do it because of those soft pads that when pressed down adhered to smooth surfaces by the power of suction. And now what think you of a fly's foot. Just see those golden bristles. Supposing you should brush a fly very harshly and impatiently, don't you suppose you would injure some of those beautiful golden spires, and hurt the poor fellow sadly? But now I am going to show you what you call the eyes of my little pet. As Kitty's eyes are so sharp I'll let her wait; come, Mary, and tell us what you see."

"Oh! oh! oh!" said Mary, "I see not one eye but many, all standing up as if they could see all ways."

"That is just what they are. The one eye is all we saw as we looked at Mr. Fly. When alive and wondering how he could see back as well as front sides he never seemed to move his eye. I used to experiment on my little pet and see if I could not move my finger near him and not have him know of it; but he was always on the alert and would detect the least motion, and it was because of these many eyes all set together like the beautiful gems in a lady's ring."

"Yes," said his proboscis now," said uncle Philip.

"It looks like the picture of an elephant's proboscis," said Lucy, "and what a funny, up-like end it has!"

"Yes," said uncle Philip, "that is the way he used to suck up my sugar and water, poor little fellow! and he run his proboscis last summer into many a delicate little crocus I dare say, in search of sweets. And now here is a tiny wing under the larger wings. Look at it, Sue; and see if there was ever any lady's embroidered veil so beautiful. And here is a portion of the large wing. See the delicate veins, the little threads of life that circulate through it. Oh, how wonderful! and to think all this beauty and wonder is in one little fly, myriads of which fill the summer air! And now when you have all satisfied your sight I must talk a little to you."

"The instrument was left untouched and all waited for uncle Philip's pleasant voice."

"I am sure after what you have seen to-day you can never willingly injure even a fly. If they are really harmful and you must kill them, do it quickly but do not torture them. Think how perfectly fitted they are for their mode of life. I believe that any one who is cruel to insects or animals can never have a warm, loving heart. Where I went to school there was a boy by the name of Dick Shilverton. He was a quick, active fellow, and he could catch a fly in his hand at almost every trial. After he had caught them he used to pull out a wing and let them go, or nip off one leg, or run a pin through them and stick them up in the window for the spiders to dine on. He kept practicing this cruelty till he was so hard-hearted that he did not mind other acts of cruelty. Any bad propensity that we yield to increases."

"What is a propensity?" said Kitty.

"It is what we incline to do, as my Kitty's propensity for understanding is a very good propensity, and so she asks questions; but Dick's inclination to be cruel was a bad propensity, and because he indulged it it increased and grew stronger till flies and butterflies and bugs did not satisfy him. He began to experiment on animals. He would tie up a cat by the legs and let it hang until almost dead and then let it down to run away. He would fasten an old tin pan to a dog's tail and set it scampering through the town. He would prick holes with an awl through a dog's ear and tie in something to rattle every time he shook his head."

Thus he went on through his boyhood, and as he grew older he began to abuse horses, and cows, and pigs. I remember seeing him whip a poor third horse once, until great ridges lay up all over his back. After some years I lost all knowledge of him; but one day I took up a city paper, and saw that Dick Shilverton was committed to prison for knocking a man down and almost murdering him. I went to see him. Poor fellow! He was a pitiable object. He looked so harsh and rough that I should not have known him. I talked with him a long time and he said:

"Philip, I began this thing when I was a boy. I first tortured poor harmless flies, and then I went on till I was cruel enough to delight in tormenting horses and animals; and after a time, I really loved to torment children. Oh, dear, dear! when I think of their sorrowful, frightened faces, I grow almost mad! And then I did not mind anything that I did. I was quite proud of being a great fighter. I could knock a man down at a word. I don't think I am sorry that I am here, for now I shall stop such work. But Philip, tell all the boys you see not to begin to be cruel; and then they will not keep on till they are glad to be in the walls of a prison. Yes, tell them about Dick Shilverton, and to pull their fingers off before they pull off a fly's wing."

This is Dick's history, and you all think there is no danger of your being like him, and so I think. But a great many people who do not mean to be cruel, are yet not careful to avoid harming, needlessly, little insects.

I am sure this microscope has been a teacher to you; and has given you a lesson you will not soon forget, for you will think of the wonderful foot of even a fly, and its brilliant eyes, and its delicate wings, and you will say, 'The dear Father in heaven has beautiful laws of life that are perfect even in a tiny fly; and every part of an insect's body is just suited for its particular life. I will try to understand all the beauty and wonder that I can, and never harm what cannot harm me.'

Now, children, this gift of uncle Phil to you is to be a great teacher to us all. Next Saturday I will show you something quite as wonderful as the fly, and after a time you will be able to find beauty in everything; even a little sand speck will make you more thankful for so good and beautiful a world to live in. And if you should ever doubt the love and care of the dear Father in Heaven, you will think that he who cares for the sparrows, and for even a little fly, giving it so wonderful a foot, and so beautiful a wing, and such brilliant eyes, must care for a little child that has a spirit, and is made so like the dear Father-Spirit that he calls them all his children.

Let us all be thankful for these good and beautiful things. And now we will bury my little pet under the polyanthus leaves, for even in his death he had been able to bless us. Come, Kitty, don't look so sober; you may put him in one of my English pink blossoms, and his little body will change into buds and leaves before summer is over. I don't mean fly buds; blossoms, little Puss; but as it decays the little roots of my polyanthus will feed on it, and thus it will nourish the plant and make it grow. Good-by little fly, we will call you our February preacher.

Come, William, put up our Craig Microscope in the drawer carefully, and then let us have a good coast down Break-neck hill. I have been out to shovel away the only drift in the track, and have got my large sled all ready."

To Correspondents.

FRANK A. M., MILAN, OHIO.—Your letter was read with much interest. I think you must have a good memory, as you seem to have profited by the sayings of others. The letters to children signed Blush Rose, are not written by me, but by a friend to children; and the experience in regard to whispering was related by her. You ask if I did not know children like those I write about; but I do not give real names, or tell everything just as I saw it, but just as I believe it might have been. If I wish to describe a selfish boy or a proud girl, I think of those I have known, and I am sorry to say, I can always remember one to describe. I am glad, too, to remember loving, gentle ones, and noble, unselfish ones, and I love to write about them.

Try above all things to do just right, and not think too much of what others may think of your goodness; but be glad to feel it in your heart, a warm, beautiful life, never vain or self-righteous.

Your friend, LOVE M. WILLIS.

ADELAIDE V. R., GROTON, CONN.—Many thanks for your Acrostic. I trust I may sometime be all that you imagine of goodness and loveliness. You show in your verses that you think of good and beautiful things. Let those thoughts become loving deeds, and you will bless the world each day.

Your friend, LOVE M. WILLIS.

OF SPEAKERS AND WRITERS.

BY WARREN CHASE.

Why do not the millions of Spiritualists in this country support their best speakers and writers, as the Christian sects do? This is a question often asked and never satisfactorily answered. One fact is true of us: we have let our ablest advocates starve, or seek their bread elsewhere than for lecturing.

S. B. Britton, than whom we never had a clearer, more logical, eloquent, rational and consistent lecturer and defender of our philosophy, has long since stopped his eloquent tongue, and mainly laid by his pen, to seek in other pursuits the bread and garments for his family. He could not support them on the meagre pittance he received for lectures—say ten or twenty dollars, and fare out of that often, where other speakers, less able on less important subjects, could have one hundred or one hundred and fifty dollars for the same service.

T. G. Forster, than whom we never had a more eloquent and logical trance speaker, and who has few normal equals in the nation, has to support his family by a clerkship in the Government service, and occasionally add a lecture on Sundays, in or near the national capital.

R. P. Ambler was really starved for food into the Church, Joel Tiffany into the law, Prof. Otis into the army and over the river that way, A. E. Newton into the Government service, Wm. Denton into geology, Emma Harding to California, and T. L. Harris hung his harp on the willow, where it gave only a mournful sound. R. T. Halleck, a very logical speaker, must heal the sick to get his support.

A few single men and women barely live and hold on to the work. Scarcely a family or a single person is supported by the pay received by any one speaker. I could name a score more, if necessary for my purpose, but it is not. Our friends get up courses of lectures for the winter, in many places, and think they confer a great favor on the speakers they select, and pay them from ten to twenty dollars per lecture or per week. Other societies get up a course, and often supply the public with inferior speakers, and pay them from fifty to two hundred dollars per lecture, and make the matter support itself at that; and so could our friends, with a little system, energy and enterprise applied to their subject, for we have proved—at least, I have—that the people in our large cities, from Boston to Chicago, and from Washington to Buffalo, will turn out to hear good lecturers on Spiritualism, and would pay for them as freely as for other lectures.

To me it seems folly to lay up and leave out our best speakers for want of reasonable compensation, when our cause is so rapidly on the increase—to leave it in the hands, almost entirely, of new and developing speakers. With the exception of S. J. Finney and myself, there is scarcely a speaker in the field that began in the first five years of our itinerancy. Some have gone up, some down, but more have switched off on to side tracks for rest or support. If Spiritualists were poor, this would be an excuse; but they are not so much so as many religious societies. But I have said my say on this subject, and drop it.

Maryland, Feb. 12th, 1885.

A Vermont paper says the rumor that the high price of eggs is owing to the fact that the hens have to "stamp them," is without foundation.

It isn't pleasant to be in company with fellows who are only what a sandwich should be—half-bread.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Letter from S. S. Jones, of St. Charles, Illinois.

WHAT HE SAW AT SPRINGFIELD—CHURCH AND HENRY'S SEANCES.

DEAR BANNER—Being detained at Springfield, the capital of our beloved State, Illinois, during the present session of the Legislature, and having witnessed some of the most wonderful spiritual manifestations ever published, I, at the request of one of the controlling immortals of Mr. William T. Church and Mrs. Cordella A. Henry's seances, communicate the same to your columns for the benefit of your very many intelligent readers.

Mr. Church is yet a young man, comparatively speaking, and was before, and at the time of his development as a medium, a Universalist minister of very fine ability, and great promise, and so esteemed by that denomination. Much influence was exerted by his Universalist friends to induce him to abandon spiritual circles, and continue in the ministry. But internal admonitions and external spiritual surroundings, compelled him to pursue a different course. The result is, he is now one of the very best mediums for a multiplicity of phases of spiritual manifestations.

Mrs. Henry is also a good medium, and through their combined mediumship, the phases of manifestation hereinafter mentioned, were produced. Mr. Church is often controlled to write, (mechanically), even in the streets, or when engaged in business, for the purpose of receiving advice or instruction from his spirit-guides. Mr. Church and wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry are engaged in photographing in the city of Springfield, Illinois, and they receive much advice in reference to the art from their spirit friends, with present results, and promises of still greater, of which I am not at liberty to speak.

Mr. Church, also, at the suggestion of his spirit-guides, goes into a dark room, and there writes, (mechanically), in a clear, handsome handwriting, articles and treatises upon ethics—scientific and religious subjects, that are creditable to the advanced condition of some of the best minds who have made and left an unsullied fame in the earth-life, and from whose spirit-minds they purport to come.

The circle which I attended was composed of some twelve persons, all seated in a circle with hands joined. The mediums sat inside of the circle, near one side, and had their clothing sewed fast to the carpet, so they could not move from their position, and thus remained until the circle broke up. The lights were extinguished, and the manifestations soon began in good earnest. The first thing was the appearance of an Indian spirit, who came with a heavy jump on the floor, as heavy as the jump of a large sized man—he claims to be seven feet two inches tall.

He greeted the audience with the usual salutation of the evening, in a voice that could have been heard in the adjacent rooms, and as he was an acquaintance of many in the circle—he having often visited them before—he went round to them, called them by name, patted them on the head, arms and hands, and was by them introduced to the strangers present, with whom he conversed freely. I was one of that number—at least he was a stranger to me. He greeted me right cordially, and said he knew me well, patted me on the head, and complimented me very highly for the "ability I manifested in presiding over our National Spiritual Convention, at Chicago," etc., saying that he was present with many other spirits on that occasion.

Your correspondent thought there might be a difference in the opinion of distinguished gentlemen on that subject; however, the angel visitor's flattery was highly gratifying as an offset to those who may have been less pleased. He said his name was Ninewakee, of the Blackfoot tribe, and that he had been in the spirit-world about fifty years. He was full of good humor and fun, and kept up a lively conversation with all present.

There was a Swiss female spirit that played the flutina most charmingly, passing around the circle with great rapidity; then going up to different members of the circle, greeting them, and patting them gently on the forehead and cheeks, and, if requested, impressing a gentle kiss upon their lips. Your correspondent was a recipient of these favors, and professing to be a good judge in the premises, unhesitatingly pronounced them both life-like and ladylike!

Next came Oseola, the Seminole chief, with a bound upon the floor that made the house jar. He gave the audience a greeting in a loud Indian voice, danced around the floor, linked what appeared like the little bells worn by Indians for ornaments, and said many humorous things.

Then came many spirits and materialized themselves, greeted their friends, patted them on the head, face, hands and arms, talked audibly. Some of the spirits wept and kissed their relations.

Your correspondent was greeted with a kiss on his lips by a sister who departed this life in infancy. She affectionately placed her hand under my chin, raised up my head, and imprinted an affectionate kiss upon my lips, caressed me on the forehead and face, all as lifelike as could be done by an affectionate sister in mortal life. Then came my little angel daughter, who departed when only nine weeks old—now about fifteen years—called me father, caressed me with a gentle hand upon my face and forehead, and then imprinted two kisses upon my lips, saying, the second time, "This is for mother."

Then came another sister, who caressed me in the same manner, and also saluted me with an affectionate kiss upon my lips. And then came my dear mother, who caressed me, kissed me in the same manner, placed her cheek to mine, and let her long, flowing hair fall down over my face on to my breast, in every particular as natural as if yet in mortal life.

While referring to the naturalness of the flowing hair of my mother, which fell over my face and bosom, I will say that I was informed by several truthful persons who was present at one of Mr. Church and Mrs. Henry's seances, a few nights before, a lady spirit, calling her name Miss Fleetwood, at the request of a member of the circle, took off a lock of her hair, and said it was sufficiently materialized to remain so, and gave it to the person requesting it, which lock of hair was shown to me, and which, I own, was beautiful, fine brown hair. Yes, the most beautiful and finest hair I ever saw. Several truthful persons informed me that they were present when it was given, and heard the sound when it was being cut off with a knife furnished by a gentleman in the circle. This spirit claims to have been in the spirit-world many years. She was present and gave a very excellent greeting and address to the audience, in my hearing.

Then came a spirit who often frequents, as I am told, these seances, by the name of Miss Lockhart. (She approached and caressed all present with a friendly touch upon the forehead, with a pleasant word or two to each.)

After these affectionate, friendly and family greetings, which almost every one present had with some of their departed friends, came Hiram

H. Henry, a brother to George W. Henry, the husband of the medium. This spirit had been in the spirit-world about thirty years. He called for a pair of castanets, which are often used by him in these circles, but no one knew where they were. Soon the spirit of Ninewakee was heard rumaging over a bureau, pulling out the drawers, and overhauling the things, and talking until he found them; and then, with a bound on to the floor, inside of the circle, he told us we should have music; and, sure enough, we did. The Swiss spirit played the flutina, and the spirit Henry the castanets. It seemed as if the music revolved around the room with almost lightning speed, and the castanets struck with a velocity that was most wonderful. After they had ceased playing, the spirit Ninewakee brought the castanets to me, and said he would give them to me, calling me by name, at the same time placing them in my hand. These manifestations were continued in varied forms for considerable time.

I have given but a faint outline of the reality; but such as it is, you have—a plain and truthful synopsis of what I witnessed with my own senses. And at the special instance and request of the spirit Ninewakee, made with a loud and audible voice, distinctly heard by all in the room, I send it to you for publication.

In conclusion, I will say that Mr. Church's seances are sometimes brilliantly illuminated by spirit-lights. On this occasion there was a beautiful light, looking like a small ball of fire, which revolved in a circle for about one minute, and then disappeared, but not sufficiently luminous to illuminate the room.

The spirit Ninewakee, who appears to be the controlling spirit of these seances, said, at my request for that class of manifestations, that the electrical conditions would not admit of it.

As before stated, the mediums are now engaged in practical photographing. Their spirit-guides have directed them to engage in that business, and seldom allow them to sit in circles, promising them a phase of manifestations soon, that will astonish the world and confound all skeptics!

Pardon me, dear Banner, for this long communication. I have much more to tell you about Spiritualism "out West," but this article is already outrageously long; but as I seldom ask like favors, I trust you will pardon me this time, and give it publicity.

I remain fraternally yours,

S. S. JONES.

Springfield, Ill., Jan. 23d, 1885.

Written for the Banner of Light.

HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

BY JOSEPH D. STILES.

Rest, sweetest rest, illustrious dead!

Fresh from the field of fame,

Upon the scroll, by heroes led,

Will shine thy deathless name.

A nation mingles in its tears

With thine own native State;

The monument thy genius rears,

Inscribes thee good and great.

The fields of science thou hast trod,

And plucked the fairest flowers

Which blossomed in the fragrant walks

Of thy translucent bowers.

Among the myriads of jewels, clasped

Around the midnight throne,

Thine eager soul hath walked and grasped

Their treasures as thine own.

Through all the labyrinths of thought,

Through all its classic realms,

Thy rich, aspiring genius sought

To curl their brightest gems.

The mysteries of land and sea,

With those of heaven combined,

Allied were pervious to thee—

To thy far-reaching mind.

Thou wert thy country's faithful friend,

The foremost in the van,

To plead, with gifted tongue and pen,

The rights of suffering man;

Thou wert the noblest champion—

In all our household band—

Of our immortal Washington,

The Saviour of our land.

And when foul treason's footsteps soiled

The place of his repose,

Oh! how thy to'ring wisdom toiled

To guard it from its foes.

The nation listened to thy prayer—

Thee, its most favored son—

And girt, with wall of quenchless fire,

The tomb of Washington.

And when the country's heart was stirred

With wild alarms of war,

Thy matchless eloquence was heard,

Defending right and law.

From former friends thou turned away,

The Union cause to save,

To rescue it from treason's sway—

From dissolution's grave.

From first to last thy nature yearned

To plead thy country's good,

And through thine efforts thou hast earned

A nation's gratitude.

Upon its gilded page enrolled,

Appears thine honored name,

Inlaid in bands of fadeless gold,

The symbol of thy fame.

In vain we gaze around to find

One to adorn thy place,

Whose moral worth and massive mind

Thy mantle pure may grace.

The forms of many a noble son

Our searching eyes may meet,

Yet, oh! it needs thy mantle one,

To make the set complete.

Rest, weary soldier of the cross!

Rest from thy mortal life.

Thy new-launched bark no more will toss

Upon the waves of strife.

Thy worldly work was nobly done,

And Honor's just reward

Has named thee as a fitting one

To wear the Shining Crown.

Enfranchised Spirit! still enslave

Thy bleeding country's cause;

The nation's active heart arouse,

To vindicate its laws.

And soon, oh, soon! mayest thou behold

From thine immortal shore,

The Symbol of the Free enfold

Thy native land once more.

Farewell, then, champion of the right!

Thy warfare here is o'er;

A nation shrouds itself in night,

Because thou art no more.

Heaven shines thy robe, immortal soul!

Within its coronet;

Columbia mingles from her rôle

The name of EVERETT.

It has been said that any lawyer who writes so clearly as to be intelligible, is an enemy to his profession.

EMPTY-HANDED.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Sitting here with forehead bowed,
Feeling but my heart's dull aching,
I can hear the fierce and loud
Tumult of the jostling crowd,

Following—never overtaking—
Near the thousand hurrying feet,
With their restless tread and heat—
Life's strong surges, rolling, breaking
Over many a storm-wrecked fleet.

Many a hope that knows no waking,
All my voyaging is o'er,
All my fair ships wrecked or stranded,
And I wait upon the shore,
Empty-handed.

Far away a river lavas
Mossy rocks with tender sighing,
And a patient vine-tree waves
One too forgotten grave;

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD,
CAMDENWELL, LONDON, E.C.4.
KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND
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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and union; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine Inspiration in Man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

Every One a Spiritualist.

It is vain for men to deny what they do not understand. There are thousands who think it their special call to denounce Spiritualism for a cheat and a mockery, who, if closely inquired of, could say they actually knew nothing about it, and never yet had known. They reason merely from their current prejudices, not from their observation or their experience. They have resolved to defend the religious creed and association with which they chance to be connected, and they do it with all the vigor of their tongues and all the intensity of their feelings; giving all the sharpness and strength of their faculties, not to the discovery of truth at all, but to what they consider a necessary defence of professions which they have previously made. It may invariably be accepted as a fact, that the blindness of the ardent with which such persons go into the denunciation of new truths and enlightened experiences, only serves to demonstrate the narrowness of their views concerning their own creed and profession, and the bitterness of their prejudices toward everything which in any degree intrudes upon their boundaries.

In spite, however, of all this hide-bound bigotry, the belief in the doctrine, or rather the great fact of spirit communion is going everywhere, finding its way into every heart, and bringing comfort and joy to every individual. We care not what profession is assumed, whether persons are regularly in the churches or out of them, or if they make a show of sneering at the whole theory of the matter or not—there yet remains in every breast a secret yearning toward the faith which makes every branch of faith vital, and an uncommunicated belief in the single and all-important fact that we are on all sides surrounded and beset with angel influences and angel presence. There is not a living person who ever has a lonely moment, but in some way secretly lends himself to this idea. It is no matter that such belief is not avowed, nor that it does not find a form of words in which to publish even to its possessor what it truly recognizes as a fundamental part of his faith; the real fact still remains and performs its work in the nature none the less efficiently. Were Spiritualism like the creeds, it would naturally demand that there should be made, at the very start, a show of numbers on its behalf so as to demonstrate to the world how great was its external and visible strength; but inasmuch as its highest office is to do no more than plant the seed of a living faith in the human soul, and act directly and unceasingly upon that soul for its own good and happiness, it becomes of little or no consequence that time and attention should be wasted upon outside demonstrations which can never produce the least effect upon other souls, either to convince their reason or enlarge their faith. It may be the province of other religions to proselyte by making a show of numbers and wealth; it is the office of Spiritualism to reach the individual and abide in the heart within which it has found its way.

But while outsiders are standing and disputing about forms and ceremonies and established proprieties, Spiritualism loses no time and wastes none of its energies in that way, cares nothing for the barriers of organizations and external professions, and goes like blessed light to the hearts of all alike, be they Jews or Gentiles, bond or free, clergy or laity, good or evil. There is no human power which can shut out what a higher power, working through countless invisible agencies without ceasing, has predetermined to introduce. Short-sighted prejudices will have to accept the blessings which are sent, and melt away and disappear. A person may denounce the faith in spirit communion as the highest blasphemy, which a great many do, and yet when a dear friend—a child, a wife, a parent—dies and passes out of his sight, it is the most comforting belief in the world to them that they can still enjoy personal communion in all essential respects closer and sweeter than before.

All which shows neither more nor less than this: that beyond the reach of the senses, where neither eye nor ear nor nerve can satisfy the soul, there is a profound spiritual principle which works according to the great laws of the universe, and which is affected seriously and permanently by no forms, or statements, or professions, unless they may chance to contain that inner essence of truth for which the soul is always ready. In other words, the human soul cannot finally be cheated; even when it pronounces with the most emphasis that it has found a theory on which it can rest, there comes up in solitude and at unexpected times those grand doubts and ceaseless questionings which unsettle all that has been so fondly established, and release the soul from every form of thralldom to which the device of man, no matter how well meant, seeks to subject it.

When we least think so, the spirits out of the flesh are at our side and impress themselves upon our sentiments and our thoughts. We confess it by the action of those thoughts, whether we do it knowingly or not. There should be no more wonder at this great fact of spirit presence than there is at the mysterious presence of the spirit in the body itself; it is certainly no more beyond the compass of nature and law that disembodied beings should come and make themselves felt by us than that a disembodied spirit should have come in the first place and taken possession of these newly born forms of flesh and blood. All is a mystery, and yet all is natural. And even though these material eyes of ours may not be permitted to behold what is given to spiritual eyes to see, that does not disprove the fact that it is possible for spirits to exist, to travel about, and to make themselves felt and known, even when we cannot see their presence. How can we hope to see spiritually with any degree of clearness, while we are so preoccupied to establish our

lives upon none but a material and external plane?

But, as we have already observed, all our efforts will not avail to shut out or turn aside the rays of that steady light which we call Truth. Our eyes may be too weak as yet to behold it in all its fullness, and we may, therefore, screen it with uplifted hands; but we certainly shall see just as fast as we desire to see, and then our short-sighted prejudices will all disappear.

"Nothing Is It."

The London Telegraph, a journal quite notorious for its intolerance of everything American, in its issue of Jan. 10th, has more than a column of editorial matter in regard to the Davenport Brothers. We quote the following passages from its somewhat rambling and incoherent tirade:

"Two extremely remarkable young gentlemen are about to leave London for a provincial tour, and it would be a pity that they should be allowed to depart without a few words of appreciation and farewell. They have attracted considerable attention; they have been the favorite topic for fashionable conversation and literary controversy; and they have, there is every reason to suppose, realized a good deal of money. At any rate, they have been something more than a nine days' wonder; and their success illustrates certain social peculiarities which are worth examination.

It may be rather amusing than important that every slim young gentleman with small hands should now consider his social education incomplete unless he knows how to extricate himself from a rope, a handkerchief, or an old-fashioned bell-pull. No great harm is done; and there are many people without much taste for more intellectual amusements who are heartily delighted with the tying and untying tricks. But it is a graver consideration that the success of the Davenport Brothers is due to a feeling much like that which pervaded Paris society just before the great revolution—to a morbid desire for intercourse with the unseen world, to a childish rather than childlike credulity, to a diseased appetite for signs and portents. If spirit-hands fluttered through the hole in the 'structure,' if spirit-influence guided the gyrations of the tambourine, no new truth might be learnt; but there was, at any rate, a new excitement; and so the same people—many of them most estimable in other respects—who went to behold the spiritual writing on Mr. Foster's arm, or to witness the body of Mr. Home floating about near the ceiling—the same folks, impressionable, nervous, excitable, went to see these younger Americans. The game may be pretty nearly played out so far as London is concerned; but there is still a chance in the provinces."

Ever since the spring of 1848, when these phenomena, believed to be spiritual, began to claim attention in Western New York, we have been assured, every month or two, on the testimony of very reliable and dignified gentlemen of the press, that "the game" was "pretty nearly played out." So that the phrase of the London Telegraph now comes to us wearing the features of a very old and familiar acquaintance. Occasionally, too, we have been assured that some repentant medium had turned state's evidence, and was going to explain and explode the whole mystery. Yet, strange to say, the manifestations not only have gone on unchecked and unexplained, but are at this moment attracting more attention and awakening more serious reflection among thousands and tens of thousands of intelligent people than ever before.

There is one passage in the London paper's remarks, which is worthy of note. "If," it says, "spirit-hands fluttered through the hole in the structure, if spirit-influence guided the gyrations of the tambourine, no new truth might be learnt, but there was, at any rate, a new excitement." Let us pause here. It may be that no "new truth" is learnt from these phenomena; but their value lies in the fact that they afford an irresistible confirmation of a very old truth which the materialism and false "science" of the age repudiate as imposture.

The phenomena belong to a class which all human history, sacred and profane, abounds in; but because they do not happen to fit into the theories of our modern pretenders to philosophy, they are ignored and condemned as preposterous. As Prof. De Morgan well remarks, "We of this age have been so fed on theories, hypotheses, and other things to be desired to make us wise, that most of us cannot live with an unexplained fact in our heads."

"Supposing all these things are as Spiritualists suppose—supposing these hands are spirit-hands—well, what of it?" Such is the maudlin interrogatory of the Telegraph. But the Telegraph ought not to stop there. Let it carry out the spirit of its what-of-it intellectual apathy and barrenness, and ask, "Well, what if we are immortal beings, instead of clouds of the earth—what if the existence of God is not a dream—what if absolute goodness and the law of right are not chimeras of the brain—what if there is compensation in another and a better stage of being for the sufferers in this transitory world—what if the man who holds fast to his integrity here will rejoice greatly at it hereafter—what if progress shall be the law of our being instead of annihilation—well, what of it?"

To answer such inquiries by argument would be as idle as to try to convey to a man born blind an idea of a rainbow.

The Spiritual Papers.

We are pleased to learn that our cotemporary, "The Progressive Age," published at Kalamazoo, Mich., is progressing. The editor informs us that he intends shortly to enlarge his sheet and otherwise improve it; and adds: "Our object is to do good, and by having ten thousand subscribers we can accomplish ten times the amount of good that we can with only one thousand." This is directly to the point. The more extensively the spiritual papers are circulated the more good they will do. And we are pleased to know that our friends are fully alive to the importance of giving their organs a wide circulation.

"The Rising Tide," too, published at Independence, Iowa, under the management of Mrs. M. M. Daniel, and other Spiritualists, keeps on in the even tenor of its way. Although small in size, yet it is well filled with choice reading. We hope ere long to hear that "the liberal patronage of the public has induced the proprietor to enlarge her journal—that the growing needs of Spiritualism demand it."

And the neat little monthly printed at Hopedale, Mass., is also doing good service in the spiritual army. See that it is sustained; for, although small to-day, yet in the future it may become a powerful lever to aid in tumbling over the already crumbling walls of Bigotry.

The present volume of the Banner will soon expire, and we should be happy to announce, at the commencement of volume 17, that, through the aid of our friends, we have added at least a thousand new names to our subscription list. Shall it be done? We think it will. Rally around your standard-bearers, friends, now more than ever. Let harmony prevail in our ranks, and the victory of Truth over Error is sure.

New Story for the Children.

We shall commence in our next issue the publication of a fine story for the children. We cannot tell at present how many numbers of our paper it will occupy. It is entitled "The SEARCH FOR BURNING, or, Marianna, Willy, Susy and Joe." Parents, now is your time to subscribe.

A Spiritual Poem.

At the close of the evening lecture on Sunday, Feb. 19th, at Lyceum Hall, in this city, by Miss Lizzie Doten, she pronounced the following beautiful poem; composed by the spirits; entitled

MARGERY MILLER.

Old Margery Miller sat alone,
One Christmas eve, by her poor hearthstone,
Where dimly the fading firelight shone.

Her brow was furrowed with signs of care,
Her lips moved gently, as if in prayer—
For Ol' life's burden was hard to bear.

Poor old Margery Miller!
Sitting alone,
Unthought, unknown,
Had her friends, like the birds of summer, flown?

Full eighty summers had swiftly sped,
Full eighty winters their snows had shed,
With silver-sheen, on her aged head.

One by one had her loved ones died—
One by one had they left her side—
Fading like flowers in their summer pride.

Poor old Margery Miller!
Sitting alone,
Unthought, unknown,
Had God forgotten she was his own?

No castle was hers with a spacious lawn;
Her poor old hut was the proud man's scorn;
Yet Margery Miller was nobly born.

A brother she had, who once wore a crown,
Whose deeds of greatness and high renown
From age to age had been handed down.

Poor old Margery Miller!
Sitting alone,
Unthought, unknown,
Where was her kingdom, her crown or throne?

Margery Miller, a child of God,
Meekly and bravely life's path had trod,
Nor deemed affliction a "chastening rod."

Her brother, Jesus, who went before,
A crown of thorns in his meekness wore,
And what, poor soul! could she hope for more?

Poor old Margery Miller!
Sitting alone,
Unthought, unknown,
Strange that her heart had not turned to stone!

Ay! there she sat, on that Christmas eve,
Seeking some dream of the past to weave,
Patiently striving not to grieve.

O! for those long, long eighty years,
How had she struggled with doubts and fears,
Shedding in secret unnumbered tears?

Poor old Margery Miller!
Sitting alone,
Unthought, unknown,
How could she stifle her sad heart's moan?

Soft on her ear fell the Christmas chimes,
Bringing the thought of the dear old times,
Like birds that sing of far distant climes.

Then swelled the floods of her pent-up grief—
Swayed like a reed in the tempest brief,
Her bowed form shook like an aspen leaf.

Poor old Margery Miller!
Sitting alone,
Unthought, unknown,
How heavy the burden of life had grown!

"O God!" she cried, "I am lonely here,
Bereft of all that my heart holds dear;
Yet Thou dost never refuse to hear."

O if the dead were allowed to speak!
Could I only look on their faces meek,
How it would strengthen my heart so weak!"

Poor old Margery Miller!
Sitting alone,
Unthought, unknown,
What was that light which around her shone?

Dim on the hearth burned the embers red,
Yet soft and clear, on her silver head,
A light like the sunset glow was shed.

Bright blossoms fell on the cottage floor,
"Mother" was whispered, as oft before,
And long-lost faces gleamed forth once more.

Poor old Margery Miller!
No longer alone,
Unthought, unknown,
How light the burden of life had grown!

She lifted her withered hands on high,
And uttered the eager, earnest cry:
"God of all mercy! now let me die."

Beautiful Angels, fair and bright,
Holding the hem of your garments white,
Let me go forth to the world of light."

Poor old Margery Miller!
No earnest grown!
Was she left alone?
His humble child did the Lord disown?

O sweet was the sound of the Christmas bell
As its musical changes rose and fell,
With a low refrain or a solemn swell.

But sweeter by far was the blessed strain,
That soothed old Margery Miller's pain,
And gave her comfort and peace again.

Poor old Margery Miller!
In silence alone,
Her faith had grown;
And now the blossom had brightly blown.

Out of the glory that burned like flame,
Calmly a great white Angel came—
Softly he whispered her humble name.

"Child of the highest," he gently said,
"Thy tolls are ended, thy tears are shed,
And life immortal now crowns thy head."

Poor old Margery Miller!
No longer alone,
Unthought, unknown,
God had not forgotten she was his own.

A change o'er her pallid features passed;
She felt that her feet were nearing fast
The land of safety and peace, at last.

She faintly murmured, "God's name be blessed!"
And folding her hands on her dying breast,
She calmly sank to her dreamless rest.

Poor old Margery Miller!
Sitting alone,
Without one moan,
Her patient spirit at length had flown.

Next morning a stranger found her there,
Her pale hands folded, as if in prayer;
Sitting so still in her old arm-chair.

He spoke—but she answered not again,
For, far away from all earthly pain,
Her voice was singing a joyful strain.

Poor old Margery Miller!
Her spirit had flown
To the world unknown,
Where true hearts never can be alone.

Miss Doten will continue to lecture each Sunday afternoon and evening, in Lyceum Hall, during March.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch will lecture in Medford, Pa., during the month of March.

Test Seance.

By invitation of the editor of this paper, the following named parties attended a private seance in presence of the Allen Boy Medium, at No. 8 Aron Place, on Saturday, February 18th, to witness the physical manifestations given at this locality in the light, in order to detect fraud if any there be—or, on the contrary, to give a verdict in favor of the legitimacy of the manifestations, if, in their judgment, they should prove to be what they purport, viz: of spiritual origin. Mr. Randall having procured a new wire-front cabinet, desired to have it thoroughly tested by competent persons, hence the seance in question. Those present by invitation were Rev. William Mountford, Epes Sargeant, Esq., Dr. H. F. Gardner, William F. Nichols, Esq., Mr. H. A. Burbank, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Wilson and Miss Ophelia Cloutman.

As some of the party had not previously witnessed the manifestations through Master Allen, it was proposed at the outset to proceed, with the extemporized cabinet which has been used heretofore, before trying the new one. Accordingly the musical instruments—dulcimer, guitar, bells, &c.—were placed within it, and after an examination of the apparatus by all who chose to do so, Mr. Burbank was requested to seat himself by the medium in order to detect any movements on his part toward "helping on" the manifestations. The medium placed both hands on Mr. B.'s arm, over which a coat was then thrown. They had not been in this position more than five minutes before several in the audience exclaimed simultaneously, "There's a hand!" and a hand was distinctly seen making vibratory movements at the opening in the cabinet, and several appeared to be satisfied that it was a left hand—the medium sat with his right side toward the cabinet. A bell was rung in the cabinet, and then passed out over Mr. B.'s head; other musical instruments were played upon, and a hand was seen projecting out at the end of the cabinet furthest from the medium and beyond his power to reach without moving his body eight or ten inches in that direction; but it was noticed by all that he sat perfectly quiet, and the gentleman sitting with him asserted that he knew the medium's hands were both his arm. This was very satisfactory.

The evidence thus far was conclusive that no deception had been practiced by any one. But still more convincing proofs immediately followed. The guitar was seen moving about in the cabinet, the cords vibrating from the touch of unseen fingers; it then passed out of the cabinet and remained suspended about four inches above the head of the gentleman sitting with the medium, and at the same time the cords were played upon by some invisible power; only about three inches of the small end of the instrument remained inside of the cabinet, while the front of the instrument and the entire length of the strings could be seen, thus completely removing any preconceived idea that the medium produced the sounds. This phenomenon appeared to give as much satisfaction to the company as any that had previously been witnessed.

But the next demonstration was still more satisfactory. The instruments were played upon and the bell rung while making vibratory motions in the window of the cabinet, with no visible hand holding it, and finally it bounded out among the audience; and at the request of one of the party that the hand be shown and remain several seconds, instantly a hand resembling a grown person's, with fingers one inch or more longer than the medium's, appeared at the open space, and remained a sufficient length of time for every one in the room to have a clear and satisfactory view of it. While the hand was thus visible, Mr. B. suddenly threw off the coat, showing to the audience that the medium's hands were clasping his arm. A general expression of satisfaction was heard from all present.

After this little episode, it required some ten minutes for the invisible operators to re-adjust their magnetic batteries which the sudden interruption had somewhat disturbed. The hand was again shown at the opening over the heads of the two, and then, also, at the side of the cabinet. Dr. Gardner and several others remarked that it was a left hand. Questions were asked and answers rapped out in an intelligent manner, sometimes by the dulcimer stick rising up and striking on the back of the chair, in full view of all present. Again the answers would be given by sounding the cords of the instruments, or striking on them the requisite number of times to indicate an affirmative or negative answer. A pine stick was frequently projected out of the cabinet far enough for any one to see its whole length sufficiently plain to indicate that no human hand had hold of it. An unusually large hand was then shown; and it is proper here again to state that the medium's hands are small, with short fingers, entirely unlike the spirit hand in size.

A gentleman remarked, while the stick was being shown, that it would be more satisfactory if two sticks could be displayed at the same time, when two appeared in plain sight, striking against each other.

After these manifestations had continued for some length of time, the dulcimer was thrown out of the chair on to the floor, and the other instruments were violently tossed about. The cabinet was then lifted up and moved several feet from the medium and thrown down. This would have required considerable exertion on the part of any one to have performed, but all could see that the medium sat quietly in his chair; Mr. B. assuring the audience at the same time that he knew the medium's hands were on his arm.

It was then proposed to try the experiment of tying the medium's hands, which, no objections being made, was done. His right hand was very securely tied at the wrist, and then a slip-knot was made around the wrist of the left hand, and the end of the cord held by a gentleman in the audience, thus preventing the use of either hand without instant detection.

In a few minutes there was a commotion in the cabinet; the musical instruments were played upon, and were finally thrown about in promiscuous confusion upon the floor. This closed the performance in the old cabinet, which we have been rather minute in detailing on account of the many theories suggested by skeptical minds as to the way the medium might do these things; and some even go so far as to assert that he does do them—in order that they may see that their theories, in this instance, were entirely inoperative, and yet the manifestations took place as narrated above, and their genuineness therefore fully and satisfactorily demonstrated.

A fair trial was not given with the new wire-front cabinet, so much time had been taken up with the above manifestations, which had subjected the medium to over an hour and a half of severe strain upon his vitality. However, as the spirits answered that they would try and manifest, a brief trial was made, during which time several of the instruments were feebly but audibly touched, and answers to questions rapped out on the dulcimer, the wires of which also vibrated as though fingers were drawn across them. What little was done, was quite sufficient to give assurance of the presence of unseen intelligences, as the

arrangement of this cabinet is such as to entirely preclude the possibility of collusion or deception on the part of any one.

The invisible fact that they will be able to use it altogether, after they have more fully developed their medium and sufficiently magnetized the apparatus, as then, all cavil in regard to the reliability of the manifestations must cease, and their genuineness be universally admitted.

Charleston Is Fallen!

Few announcements could probably be made which would so stir the blood of a whole nation, loyal to the principles of its own Government. Only four years ago—short enough in themselves, but ages to us who have suffered during that term of time—the first gun was fired in Charleston harbor which was the signal for the fearful rebellion which has almost revolutionized the nation. In Charleston the rebellion was hatched, and came to a horrible head. In Charleston it was started, the wild theory of secession, which at one time promised to rend this land asunder. What woes have been endured by the nation since that time, history alone can adequately disclose. What distress, what sacrifices, what personal sufferings have been submitted to by this people, faithful to the soul of their heaven-born liberties, few of the coming generations will ever be able to realize. In a few years, we shall ourselves be able to understand that we have been living in a truly historical period. We can, in fact, understand it to a certain degree now, when we run over the fearful interval that stretches between the sound of the first rebellious gun in Charleston Harbor and the abandonment of that city to the military power of the Union.

As our paper goes to press we have intelligence that Wilmington has been captured by a combined attack of the army and navy.

Love One Another.

Jesus teaches us to love our neighbor as ourself, yet how few there are that give heed to this beautiful precept. Did we more fully understand the great laws of nature that govern us, we would cast less censure upon those who come into this world under conditions less harmonious than our own. No wonder Christ said—knowing the law as he did—"Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." There is a mighty meaning in this simple sentence, that the world as yet cannot fathom in the remotest degree. But it will be fully understood by those who come after us; when Wisdom shall take the place of Ignorance—not before. Then let condemnation cease. You, who are the most favored, should take the erring gently by the hand, and lead them up through the valley of darkness, that they, too, may learn that it is much better for them to live true, harmonious lives, than the reverse. Bear in mind, then, and all, that Love is a far more potent element than Hate.

Washington's Birthday.

This anniversary was this year observed with more than ordinary enthusiasm. It fortunately happened that the news of the fall of Charleston—the seat of the rebellion—was given to the country on the day before, a fact which the people everywhere were not backward to convert into a most happy augury. These happy coincidences are certainly deserving of attention. The first blood in this rebellion was shed on the morning of April 4th, and the seat of secession was in our hands on the anniversary of Washington's birthday. We shall be glad if the next Fourth of July brings us the news of the complete annihilation of the rebellion.

The Mexican People.

The people of Mexico are represented to be still devoted to a constitutional government, and to resist the usurpations of foreign powers. Their resistance thus far in the field has by no means been decisive, but it is very significant of the issue which will surely be reached at the last. In three of the Mexican States, at last accounts, there were no foreign troops quartered—a fact which is thought to promise well for the end of this entire business of invasion. In those three States, named Chihuahua, Sonora and Durango, there are some fifteen thousand republican troops, which does not look very promising for Maximilian's authority, unless he can scatter them.

The Coming Spring.

There are brief hours—say at noon—about this time in the year, which suggest very vividly the full blown promises of the new Spring. Pretty soon we shall catch the sound of the bluebird in the leafless branches, or sitting across the bare pasture-lands. Spring is not so far off. What an impulsive delight is started in the heart at the thought of it! We all inconspicuously grow young again. The influence of the sun upon the soil, as it works its mysterious changes on the surface of the earth, is truly wonderful. In a few weeks we shall all feel like children again.

Meetings in North Cambridge.

Some of our friends in North Cambridge, feeling the necessity of having regular Sunday meetings for the promulgation of the principles of Spiritualism, have engaged Bruce's Hall for that purpose. We hope all friendly to such a praiseworthy effort, will help sustain these meetings. Last Sunday Mrs. N. J. Willis spoke for them; and next Sunday, March 8th, Mr. H. B. Storer, one of the best speakers in our ranks, will address them. The following Sunday, Dr. A. P. Pierce, of this city, an able and earnest speaker, will occupy the desk.

To our New York Patrons.

The BANNER OF LIGHT can always be had at the office of "THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS," 274 Canal street. Those having charge of the Sunday Spiritual Meetings in New York, are requested to procure copies from the above establishment, to supply all those who attend their meetings. We hope they will see to it that the paper is circulated as extensively as possible. We need the aid of all the friends at this time more than ever.

Spiritualism in Chicago.

A correspondent informs us that on Sunday evening, Feb. 12th, two of the largest halls in the city—Bryan and Metropolitan—were found entirely inadequate to hold the people who gathered in them to listen to Mrs. Emma J. Bullene and Miss Ada Hyde. The Chicago papers also allude to the fact that the audiences were very large and appreciative. The writer speaks in the highest terms of the qualifications of Mrs. Bullene as a lecturer.

Poems for Reformers.

The above is the title of a book of Poems by William Dutton. As Mr. Dutton is a poet, we shall only say that his book is a volume for your own private use. For the contents, and other particulars, see the advertisement elsewhere in this issue.

Astonishing Cures by Dr. J. B. Newton.

We have repeatedly taken occasion to lay before the readers of the Banner of Light many remarkable cases of healing, by the world-renowned benefactor, J. B. Newton, which are so nearly akin to what the Bible represents as miracles, as to be almost incredible, were they not well endorsed by reliable human testimony.

Wm. White, Esq., publisher of the Banner of Light, visited Rochester and Auburn, N. Y., several weeks ago, for the purpose of witnessing the effect on invalids of the healing power possessed by Dr. Newton, and was highly gratified and astonished at what he saw. Persons afflicted with almost every grade of suffering were restored to active life and usefulness. We believe we cannot fill a column with matter which would be of more interest to our readers, than an account of some of the most recent cases where the suffering have found speedy relief from the hands of this apostle of Spiritualism. These facts should be sufficient for at least one satisfactory answer to the skeptic's daily repeated question, "Of what use is Spiritualism?" If they cannot yet see any good in our beautiful and divine philosophy, let them ponder on this one fact until their hearts and eyes are opened sufficiently to let into their souls the light and truth.

Were these things done within the pale of the theologic-scientific world, the religious and secular press would hardly find words sufficiently expressive of their astonishment and admiration, and would eagerly place the facts before their readers, thousands of whom would unquestioningly accept their statements as truth. But now these cures, except in rare instances, refuse even to publish well authenticated facts which occur in the spiritual ranks, preferring to denounce them all as "humbug" rather than let their readers see and judge for themselves. Well, we can abide our time: "truth is mighty and will prevail," so we have no apprehensions for the future on that score.

Since Dr. Newton's trip to Europe, his healing powers have largely increased, thus enabling him to impart more vitality to his patients, as will be seen by perusing the account given below. First we will give a paragraph from the Auburn, N. Y., Advertiser, of Dec. 3d, 1891:

"Miracles—The age of miracles would seem to have been re-erected, in the person of Dr. J. B. Newton, whose recent visit to this city was attended by so many and such almost incredible cases of bed-ridden and crippled patients. It is well known to hundreds in this community that in less than a minute he has totally restored the infirmities of months and years. How it is accomplished—whether by psychology or other means, is not understood—certainly it is, however, known of his causing the limping cripple to lay down his crutches, without which locomotion was impossible, and giving him full power of easy movement. The dumb have been enabled to talk, and the helpless invalid restored at once to health and happiness.

Dr. Newton was at Markham Hall to-morrow (Sunday) morning, from ten o'clock in the morning until one o'clock in the afternoon, where the afflicted are invited to come and be cured without money and without price. We understand this is his last visit here. All who wish relief should see him. Read his announcement in another column."

In accordance with the above announcement Dr. Newton visited Auburn. Before the hour arrived for the meeting, the hall was crowded with the ailing and the curious. Shortly after the Doctor entered the hall, he commanded "Silence" in a clear and distinct voice, and in a moment all were quiet, listening eagerly to catch every word which might fall from the great healer's lips.

The Doctor then began a short address. He told the multitude that the healing power manifested through him was the same as that possessed by Jesus and his apostles, who said that "these signs shall follow them that believe." He had discovered this healing principle in the law of love as taught by Jesus. That we are all brothers and sisters of one common Father; that the spirit of God dwells in each one, as it did in him—but not so fully developed—whereby we could heal, the sick, raise the fallen, restore the outcast, and bid them come up higher, as the angels are ever beckoning to us. These angels are the spirits of our departed friends, many of them our nearest and dearest loved ones who once mingled with us in earth-life. He assured the audience that these spirit-friends were with them at that time to witness the opening of the great Seal, and aid in curing suffering mortals, by the touch of the hand; they proclaim "peace on earth and good will to man."

At the close of this brief address the Doctor proceeded to cure the ailing ones present by the "laying on of hands" (except cases of epilepsy, which the ancient apostles could not cure, these he took into a room by themselves.)

The Doctor had invited those who had sick friends that could not be brought to the hall, to bring any portion of wearing apparel, handkerchiefs, shoes, caps, etc.; worn by them; and he would cure them by touching those articles, and many availed themselves of the opportunity by doing so. As he handled the various articles, he pronounced his healing blessing upon the several cases with, so far as known, great success. "We will cite a few:

One lady brought a stocking, worn by a very sick child who was not expected to recover. The Doctor took the stocking in his hand, and kindly said to the lady, "Go home and you will find the child well and sitting up." She went away with a heart full of hope and faith, and returned again in the evening, happy, saying that when she arrived home she found the child well, and sitting up in a chair, as the Doctor told her she would.

A little girl named Emma, eight years old, daughter of Mr. Clark, of Auburn, who had never walked, was made to rise, walk, jump and run with ease.

Dr. Newton informed Mr. White, that he thought the cures were quite if not more certain by the mere touch of his hand, than by manipulation, as has heretofore been his practice. If this is so, it is truly an astonishing increase to his healing powers, and readily accounts for his being able to treat over three thousand persons in the course of nine hours, while the excitement amid the throng was growing more intense every moment. Truly the spiritual world must throw an immense power upon him in order to sustain him, and bring him through the ordeal so triumphantly—for, at the close of this great day's labor, the Doctor stated that he did not feel any more tired than when he commenced in the morning, which astonished his friends very much, and no doubt would himself, did he not know that he was but the humble instrument in the hands of the higher powers to relieve the infirmities of humanity.

We will give another instance of healing by the Doctor's touching an article worn by the invalid: The brother of Miss Georgia Curtis, who resides in Auburn, N. Y., took a ring from off his sister's finger—she being very deaf—and carried it to Rochester, N. Y., where Dr. Newton was then practicing. The Doctor touched the ring, saying to the brother, "Go home to your sister; she is cured, and will at this instant hear an explosion like a pop-gun in her ear." The brother started for home, and on his arrival he found his sister perfectly cured of her deafness, and that at the very time the Doctor made, she heard a report in her ear like an explosion. The facts in this case are certified by J. L. Newton and E. O. Burdette. While in Auburn, Mr. White took special pains to see and converse with Miss Curtis. He also learned that she had been deaf for many years, and that the facts stated above are true.

Mr. White, while in the hall at Auburn, Dec.

18th, saw a man who had been sick twenty years, and unable to walk for the last six, according to his own statement. He was brought into the hall by four men. In five minutes after Dr. Newton laid his hand on him he was able to raise himself up and walk out of the hall without assistance, the men who brought him in taking up the chair and following him.

Another man, who had used crutches for four years, on account of lameness, caused by the kick of a horse on his knee, was cured by Dr. Newton in three minutes, and walked away from the hall without the aid of any one. His physicians had previously said that he could never be helped—one of whom shouldered his crutch and followed him from the hall.

A still more remarkable case, where the patient was virtually "raised from the dead," is related by Mr. White. A lady, the wife of Henry Forcrock, residing in Clyde, N. Y., some thirty miles distant, who had been very sick for six years, was brought to the Exchange Hotel in Auburn, where Dr. Newton was stopping. When she left home her friends bade her farewell, never expecting to see her return again alive. On arriving at the hotel she was brought in on a bed, and placed in a room adjoining the Doctor's operating room—he being temporarily absent, dining with friends—in such a low condition that she was thought to be dying. Presently the Doctor came in, and went into the room where she lay, apparently, as the Doctor afterwards said to Mr. White, breathing her last, and placing his hand upon her forehead, in a firm and kind tone said, "Disease, depart. Arise and stand upon your feet." And she at once obeyed the command. The Doctor then directed her to go into the dining-room and eat a good beef steak. She complied with this request also, and relished her dinner exceedingly well. After returning to the Doctor's room, he took hold of her hands, and they danced around the room quite lively, she stepping off as briskly a girl of seventeen, notwithstanding she had become, from her long confinement, very thin and emaciated. When ready to start for home, she walked out of the hotel and got into the sleigh unaided by any one. For three years she had not been able to take any nourishment except liquids, gruels, and the like. Mr. White says if he had not been an eye witness to this case he could hardly have credited the story of so wonderful a cure.

We will cite another case which Dr. Newton cured in presence of Mr. White, while he was in Rochester. Miss Sarah Hart, of Dundee, Yates County, N. Y., who had been speechless for twenty-seven years, was cured in ten minutes, and freely conversed with Mr. W. in a strong voice. She could hardly find words to express her thanks to God for the restoration of so great a blessing through the instrumentality of Dr. N. Quite a number of other cases were cured, and others greatly relieved, whose diseases were not made public.

We will relate an incident to show how intuitive Dr. Newton is. While healing the multitude in Auburn, the hall being so crowded as to greatly impede the progress of any one through it, and for twenty feet around the Doctor was densely packed, he looked down the hall and saw a man with anxiety depicted in his face, and immediately coming in rapport with him, and not knowing his name, cried out, "Thomas, come here." The crowd opened a passage for him, and as he approached the Doctor questioned him thus: "Thomas, what?" meaning it as an interrogation as to what was wanted. The young man replied, "Yes, Thomas, what?" thus showing that the Doctor had intuitively pronounced his name without intending to or knowing it. He then bid the young man go his way healed of his infirmities. And it was even so.

We might enumerate many more cases which have come under Dr. Newton's successful treatment, but we think enough at this time have been mentioned to awaken an interest in the wonderful healing power which is being unfolded.

New Publications.

HARPER'S MONTHLY FOR MARCH is finely illustrated, and has the following table of contents: A Tour through Arizona—Sixth Paper; Driving Home the Cows, with an Illustration; Heroic Deeds of Heroic Men—IV, Siege and Capture of Port Hudson, with Illustrations; My Star Sugar-Making in Cuba, with Illustrations; Mr. Rasputin's Resurrection; Poor Isabel; Our Lessons in Statesmanship; Maud Molyneux's Music-Box; Reverie, with an Illustration; Armada, by Wm. Collins; Old Letters, with an Illustration; Our Mutual Friend, by Charles Dickens; The Marine Views; Monthly Record of Current Events; Editor's Easy Chair; Editor's Drawer.

For sale by A. Williams & Co.

THE LADY'S FRIEND FOR MARCH contains, besides its elegant fashion-plates and illustrations, an excellent variety of stories, poetry, etc., well calculated to attract the attention of its lady readers. Williams & Co. have it.

Homeopathic Medical College.

The Commencement of the New York Homeopathic College takes place in the Church of the Messiah on Broadway, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 28th. Thirty-five students, among whom is our esteemed friend F. L. H. Willis, receive their diplomas from the hands of the President, William Cullen Bryant. Bro. Willis has been chosen class orator for the occasion.

Charlestown and Chelsea Meetings.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend will speak in Charlestown City Hall, next Sunday and the following Sundays during March.

Mrs. Laura Cuddy will speak in Library Hall, Chelsea, next Sunday afternoon and evening, and also the following Sunday.

The Boston Spiritualists' Conference.

Hold weekly meeting at Temperance Hall, corner of Bromfield and Province streets, every Thursday evening at half past seven o'clock. Admittance free. Question for this week: "Which is the safest guide for mortal man—Nature, or Religion?"

THE MASON & HAMLEN CABINET ORGAN.

With your eyes shut, you cannot distinguish its sound from that of the pipe organ itself, and the advantages that commend it are: its price—for it can be had for one, two, three, or four hundred dollars, according to the size you wish; it takes up very little room, and may stand in any part of the church; it is not affected by heat or cold, or any change of temperature; it remains for a long period in good tune; and lastly, it can be sent by express or otherwise to any distance with safety. It is admirably adapted to the performance of sacred music, psalm tunes, anthems, chants, etc., and any one who can play on the piano can readily master the Cabinet Organ. It is a grand accompaniment when the congregation sing, and is just the instrument that ought to be used in all churches where the people all wish to have the privilege of bearing a part in the praise.—New York Observer.

"I would rather have newspapers, without a governing government," said the great Jefferson, "than a government without newspapers."

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We shall publish next week an essay by William Howitt, entitled, "NICOTIEMANS AND THOMASIAN." It is a production of great merit, and should be circulated throughout the length and breadth of our land. The truths it contains applies to the Nicodemians of America as well as those of Great Britain.

Isn't this number of the BANNER a choice one? We publish a great variety of interesting matter, in order to please as many readers as possible:—Essays for mature intellects; spiritual matters for everybody old and young; and the beautiful stories, by Mrs. Willis, for the dear children she loves so well. No wonder many people call the BANNER the best family paper in the world.

Wanted at this office ten copies of the Banner of Light, of February 2d, 1892, for which a reasonable price will be paid.

Messrs. E. Hovey and W. H. McAdams, of Springfield, Mo., will please receive our thanks for their public notice recommending the Banner of Light.

Dr. Wm. B. White wishes it to be understood that he is located at No. 4 Jefferson Place, Boston, and cannot leave to go out of town, or examine locks of hair, and if any wish to avail themselves of his services they must call on him at his residence.

A DANGEROUS PRACTICE.—Many persons who use kerosene lamps are in the habit, when going to bed or when leaving a room for a short time, of turning the wick down low in order to save a trifle of the consumption of oil. The consequence is that the air of the room soon becomes vitiated by the unconsumed oil vapors, by the gas produced by combustion, and also by the minute particles of smoke and soot which are thrown off. Air thus poisoned is deadly in its effects, and the wonder is that more persons are not immediately and fatally injured by breathing it. Irritation and inflammation of the throat and lungs, headache, dizziness and nausea are among its effects.

Elihu Burritt, the "learned blacksmith," has been appointed U. S. Consul at Birmingham, Eng.

The Louisville Union is entirely confident that the constitutional amendment will be adopted by the requisite number of States, and says that those who are fighting the battles of slavery can raise no grievous cry of wonder that slavery should be lost in the very blood shed to maintain it.

The "light of other days" is now supposed to have been a tallow candle.

A lady whose girls were all mishapen, consulted the celebrated anatomist and lecturer, Dr. Hubbard, on a prevention. "Loose dresses and plenty of air, just like the boys," was the excellent reply of this gentleman.

Those who walk most are generally the healthiest; the road of perfect health is too narrow for wheels.

PRaise AND BLAME.—It is not enough that you are praised by the good; you have failed somewhere in your duty if you are not cursed by the bad.

Sambo had been whipped for stealing his master's onions. One day he brought in a skunk in his arms. Says he: "Massa, here's de clap dast deat de onions. Whew! golly! smell him brest!"

New York people drink 600 barrels of whiskey a day. No wonder "Old Nick" holds high carnival there.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher preached a sermon on Sunday evening to his own people in reference to the freedmen. He urged that we are bound to educate them, and to let them vote when they know enough. He declared against miscegenation, as all sensible men should.

"There has been a slight mistake committed here," said a surgeon, "of no great moment, though. It was the sound leg of Mr. Higgins which was cut off. We can easily cure the other; it amounts to the same thing."

The Philadelphia Press says, in reference to the oil fever, "We are now in the sifting time. In a hundred days we shall probably see one half the petroleum companies disappear. Probably it will be smash, and somebody will get hurt." It will smash so.

A teacher, a young lady, put this question to her scholars one morning: "Who made you?" The oldest boy in school could not tell, neither could any of the scholars, till she questioned the smallest and youngest urchin in school. He answered promptly. The teacher, turning to the largest boy, said, "Are you not ashamed not to know what this little fellow knows?" "He?" replied the big 'un, "Thunder! I should think he might know; 'taint a fortnight since he was made!"

LOOK OUT FOR THE SPOONS!

If your wife is a merciless dragon of virtue, Who doubts the Lucretias that move in her sphere— Who meets to the victims of trust and affection The measure of scorn and the merciless sneer— Who preys of her ring and the vows that it symbol— While casting a stone where the fallen one lies, With a smile for the weakness displayed by our Saviour,

Who said to the stricken repentant "arise!" Believe, though she's changed your original lunars Of honey, to somewhat adulterous moons, That virtue like hers is a full compensation— But keep a sharp eye on the marital spoons. [Boston Evening Gazette.]

France has sent to Mexico a scientific commission, which is busily at work. One of the members has discovered at Merida, in Yucatan, in a private library, an ancient manuscript vocabulary of the Maya language. It is said that there are in several of the convent libraries of Mexico, works of rare value, which cannot be found even in Europe. The numismatic collections in Mexico are also said to be very fine.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN OF LITTLE PHILOSOPHER is not a Spiritualist paper as many have erroneously supposed; nor have we any opposition to make against such papers, nor in short against any others. All are undoubtedly of use in their respective places.—Thomas Cook.

While a young gentleman was fondling his betrothed's hand, he remarked, "I hope it is not counterfeit." "The way to test it is to ring it," was her shrewd reply.

It is asserted that a photographer, who has been employed by the Dutch Government to take views of the most beautiful points on the island of Java, discovered the ruins of an entire city buried beneath the lava of a volcano that has been extinct for several centuries.

There appears to be two ways to happiness—one through the avenue of virtue, and the other through the hard experience of vice.—W. H. C.

Why is a baby's mouth like a portion of the heavens? Because it is the milky way.

Healing Mediums.

That there are many mediums in our midst today possessing great healing powers we have no doubt; but that they cure every species of disease we do doubt. We are continually receiving testimonials from parties, however, who have been cured of various diseases by these mediums, and occasionally make them public, although we have not room to publish more than one in twenty of those we receive; but we give the following with pleasure, as we know the clairvoyant physician alluded to has effected some wonderful cures:

TESTIMONIALS. This is to certify that I was very sick with typhoid fever and congestion of the lungs and inflammation of the bowels; was very low; given over to die by three eminent physicians who attended me six weeks, and grew worse instead of better. My friends having faith in the Banner of Light, called on Mr. J. B. Newton, Clairvoyant Physician and Healing Medium, No. 6 Pine Street, Boston, who, though they would not for her, not expecting she could cure me, but beyond all expectations she raised me up as so to be able to go on a journey in two weeks. I therefore recommend her to the public. MRS. MARY A. GREEK. No. 16 Pine Street, Charleston, Mass., Feb. 9, 1892.

In the fall of 1891 I was taken with typhoid fever, which left me, as all thought who knew me, in consumption. I doctored for two years with the best physicians I could find, but to no purpose. In the spring of 1892 I was taken with pains in my back and limbs and a great deal of sleep, so that I could not stand upright or sit but a little while at a time. I was very low, and my friends were very anxious. There was a good news in store for me. I heard that Mrs. J. B. Newton, Clairvoyant Physician and Healing Medium, at No. 6 Pine Street, Boston, was coming to New York. I immediately called on her. She was very kind, and I will acknowledge that I did not have faith in her mode of treatment, being a skeptic. I however went to see her, and she cured me. I am now as well as I ever was. I commenced to take her remedies, and to my surprise the surplus of all my friends, I began to gain in strength and health, and am now able to do as much work as ever I could, and have gained twenty-four pounds. I therefore highly recommend Mrs. J. B. Newton to the public as an excellent clairvoyant physician. CHARLES A. HOLZ. South Merriman, N. H., Feb. 11, 1892.

Particular Notice.

Mrs. Conant, the medium through whose instrumentality the spirit messages published in this paper are given, takes this method to inform her friends and the public that she cannot possibly make engagements for private sittings; therefore no one need apply.

Bread for the Suffering Poor.

Fresh bread, to a limited extent, from a bakery in this city, will be delivered to the suffering poor on tickets issued at the Banner of Light office.

TO CURE DYSPEPSIA.—Add two spoons full of Dr. T. B. Tabbutt's Medicated Pineapple Cider to a wine-glass full of water, and take before or while eating. For sale everywhere.

Dr. T. B. TABBUTT, SOLE AGENT, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72 and 74 Washington St., New York.

Hilton's Insoluble Cement. For wood, leather, crockery, and other substances, is the best liquid cement. The glue-hopper can have it in a liquid form, and insoluble in water or oil. It will adhere to substances completely. Two-ounce bottle, with brush (sufficient for 25 cents). For larger quantities, apply to HILTON BROS. & CO., Proprietors, Providence R. I. On receipt of 50 cents, a family package will be sent by mail. Feb. 11—3m

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are twenty cents per line for the first, and fifteen cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance.

POEMS FOR REFORMERS.

BY WILLIAM DENTON. SECOND EDITION.

TO THE FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS, who are laboring to remove the evils that afflict humanity, and speed the time when men shall form one loving family the world over, these verses are dedicated by their friend and fellow-laborer.

CONTENTS: I may not be a Poet; The Freeman's Resolution; Truth and Error; To the True Reformer; The Freeman's Reply; No Labor; The Spring; Who are the Thieves? The Time has Come; The Devil is Dead; Blind Workers; The World is Young; The Freeman's Hymn; What is Religion? What makes a Man? We are all Brothers and Sisters; The Early Reformers; The Super-natural of the Apocalypse; The Super-natural in the Bible; The Super-natural of the Gospels; The Super-natural in the New Testament; The Super-natural in the Ancient Nations; The Super-natural in Assyria, Chaldea and Persia; The Super-natural in Ancient Egypt; The Super-natural in Ancient India; China; The Super-natural in Ancient Scandinavia; The Super-natural in Ancient Greece; The Super-natural in Ancient Rome; The same Faith continues in all these Nations to the Present Time; The Super-natural amongst the American Indians; The Super-natural amongst the Early Fathers of the Church; The Super-natural of the Neo-Platonists; The Super-natural of the Roman Catholic Church.

FOOTBALLS.

ON THE BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD.

WITH Narrative Illustrations, by ROBERT DALE OWEN, formerly Member of Congress, and American Minister to Naples.

Let it be the peculiar method of the Academy to interpret no personal judgment, but to admit those opinions which appear most probable, to compare arguments, and to set forth all that was reasonably stated in favor of each proposition, without obtruding any authority of its own, to leave the judgment of the readers free and unprejudiced, we will retain this course which has been handed down from Socrates to Plato and method, dear brother Quintus, if you please, we will adopt, as often as possible, in all our dialogues together.—Cicero.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

OR, A TRUE HISTORY OF THE MAN CALLED JESUS CHRIST.

EMBRACING his Parentage, his Youth, his Original Doctrines and Works, his Career as a Public Teacher and Physical Curator of the People, his Death, his Resurrection, and his Ascension into Heaven. The True Light of the Christian Faith, given with all the incidents of his Tragic Death, against all Spiritual Authority from Spirits who were contemporary Mortals with Jesus Christ. The True Light of the Christian Faith, given with all the incidents of his Tragic Death, against all Spiritual Authority from Spirits who were contemporary Mortals with Jesus Christ.

THROUGH ALEXANDER SMYTH. Price \$2.00, postage free. For sale at this office. Mar. 4.

INFORMATION is wanted as to the whereabouts of GEORGE E. WALKUTT. Any information given through the Banner of Light, will be thankfully received by A. PHENIX. March 4.

I. G. & P. B. ATWOOD, Magnetic and Clairvoyant, and Physicians, 181 Marks St., opp. Cooper Inst., N. Y. March 4.

MADAME GALE, 18 Lowell street, Clairvoyant and Spiritualist, enclosing lock of hair, \$1.00 and return stamp, answered. March 4.

SPIRIT SONG.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY S. B. K.; arranged by O. M. ROGERS. "And gladden him the song that the earthly maiden sings, In the song of the spirit that in music lives and thrives. And the shadows that were ever o'er my life have never here, Floated o'er my senses of ether, in this happy spirit-sphere." Price 25 cents, including postage. For sale at this office. Feb. 25.

SOME FOLKS CAN'T SLEEP NIGHTS!

Sleep is the great renovator of mental and bodily health.

DODD'S NERVEINE IS A POSITIVE BLESSING to Nervous Sufferers. It is a life-giving and, like sleep, promotes all the proper secretions—thus equalizing the Nervous Fluid throughout the system. It promotes the healthy action of the brain, calms an agitated mind; quiets the throbbing muscles and twitching nerves, and repairs the waste of the vital force. IT COUNTERACTS ALL KINDS OF NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, such as Headache, Neuralgia, Migraine, St. Vitus's Dance, Spasms, or any other Nervous Affection. It is ALWAYS SAFE, and ALWAYS BENEFICIAL. Sold by DR. J. B. MANN, 11 Bromfield street, Boston, and by all reliable druggists. Price 25 cents. For sale at this office. Feb. 25.

A FRESH LOT, JUST RECEIVED FROM THE BINDER.

THE WILDFIRE CLUB.

BY EMMA HARDINGE.

CONTENTS: The Princess; A Vision of Royalty in the Sphere; The Monomaniac; or, the Spirit Bride; The Haunted Grange; or, The Land Tenant; being an Account of the Life and Times of Mrs. Hannah Morrison, sometimes styled the Witch of Hookwood; Life: A Fragment; Margaret Ingle, or a Narrative concerning a Haunted Man; The Improvements, or Torn Leaves from Life History; The Phantom Mother; or, the Story of a Recluse; Haunted Houses. No. 1.—The Picture Specimen; Haunted Houses. No. 2.—The Picture Specimen; Haunted Houses. No. 3.—The Picture Specimen; Haunted Houses. No. 4.—The Picture Specimen; Haunted Houses. No. 5.—The Picture Specimen; Haunted Houses. No. 6.—The Picture Specimen; Haunted Houses. No. 7.—The Picture Specimen; Haunted Houses. No. 8.—The Picture Specimen; Haunted Houses. No. 9.—The Picture Specimen; Haunted Houses. No. 10.—The Picture Specimen; Haunted Houses. No. 11.—The Picture Specimen; Haunted Houses. No. 12.—The Picture Specimen; Haunted Houses. 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Examinations of the human system, caused by the wholly
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tinued every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, evenings
also, Wednesday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. Tickets admitting
admission, 10 cents; ladies, 5 cents. Single tickets for ladies, 50 cents
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MR. R. A. PIERCE, Clairvoyant, Magnetic healer, and
DR. FRANCES, Physician and Business Medium,
 also, Developing and Business Medium, will examine, pre-
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 street, or at their homes, in or out of the city. Charges
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DR. WILLIAM B. WHITE, Sympathetic, Chloroform, Magnetic and Electric Physician, cures all kinds of diseases that are curable. Nervous and disagreeable feelings removed. No pain. No danger. No cost. No return. No place. (Leading from South Bennett street), Boston. Jan. 7.

MRS. J. S. FORREST, PRACTICAL MAGNETIC and CHLOROFORM PHYSICIAN, 11 Harrison Avenue, Boston, from Bennett street, Boston. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Jan. 7.

MR. & MRS. S. PLUMB, Magnetic and Chloroform Physician, Room No. 10 Tremont Temple, Boston, from 9 to 1 and 2 to 4. Feb. 23.

SAMUEL GOSWOLD, HEALING MEDIUM, N. 13 Dix Place, (opposite Harvard street.) Jan. 7.

MRS. LATHAM continues to exercise her gift of healing at 232 Washington street. Jan. 7.

MRS. S. J. YOUNG, Medium, 80 WALL
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SOUL READING,
Or Psychometrical Delicatation of Characters
MRS. S. J. YOUNG respectfully announces to the public that those who visit, and will give them the most accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in their future life; physical, mental, and moral; and will tell them what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those who are endeavoring to improve themselves; and will tell them where they can restore or perpetuate their former love. They will give instructions for self-improvement, by telling them what should be avoided, and what should be done. Seven years' experience warrants them in saying that they can do what they advertise without fail, as hundreds are now testifying to. Skepticism is not a virtue. It is a curse. Everything of a private character kept strictly as usual.

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Chronic Diseases Cured with a few Operations
NO MEDICINE GIVEN!
No Surgical Operations Performed!
TERMS FOR TREATMENT always reasonable,
according to the means of the patient. Those persons who
must not pay, are cordially invited "without money
and price."
JAMES V. MANSFIELD.
TEST MEDIUM.
ANSWERS SEALED LETTERS, at 102 West 15th st
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TERMS—\$5.00 and 4 three cent stamps. Jan.
DR. J. A. NEAL, No. 34 West 15th St.
New York, still continues his treatment of Disease
and of mutilating diseases to himself and which is
uniformly successful. Confidence of complete success.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS!
HEAR YE, ALL PEOPLE! Chronic Diarrhœa and
enteric can be cured. See the testimony of Mr. H.
Washington correspondent of the Banner of Light:
"Dr. Dresser, while here, introduced a medicine for the
of Chronic Diarrhœa, with marked success. It was my

diers' hospitals in this city, where the patients had been
 up to die by the surgeons, and in every instance it has pro-
 perly performed its cure. This disease is the cause of the most
 the Doctor will be enabled to introduce the medicine
 the pulpit."
 This medicine is prepared by and had only of the substance
 Price per package, \$2.00. Sent by mail on receipt of price.
 H. MORACE DRESSER, M. D.
 Feb. 18. 360 West 21st St., N. Y. C.

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SCENES IN THE SUMMER LAND
NO. 1.—THE PORTO OF THE SAGE.
BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The Artist has endeavored to impress on canvas the scenes, emblematic of the life of a group of Sages. With those who desire to have the same view as himself that of the life beyond the life, the artist has endeavored to give the popular **CARTA DE VISITE** form. Single copies 25 cents per copy. Large size photograph, 11" x 14" large size color 50 cents. Discount to the Trade. For sale at this office.

June 23.

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