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For the Banner of Light.

HEIDELBERG TALES. NUMBER ONE.

BY H. BRACE NORVILLE.

A RIDE ON A WHIRLWIND.

A German University is a little world of itself, embodying elements utterly distinct from the practical world of commerce and politics. So far as many of its ideas and practices are concerned it belongs to the medieval ages, while in other repects it involves the outre grotesqueries of gnomeland. To the business man of Wall or Threadneedle street, the life of many a German student or professor would be as incomprehensible as that of one living on the planet Jupiter.

It must not be supposed that the society of these schools is wholly or mainly of one nationality. Heidelberg, to which my observations were mainly confined, has an extensive patronage from England, America, and almost every country in Europe, with an occasional Tartar, African, or Hindoo. There are many queer hangers-on, also, not directly or officially connected with the University; so that he who fairly reaches the heart, and lives the life of Heidelberg, cannot fail, to encounter strange people, and hear strange stories. Indeed, I do not know of another place on the continent, where the lover of the bizarre and marvelous can accumulate such treasures.

Some store of these I have gathered, and sought to weave into presentable form. If I use the first person singular in cases where I was not the real actor, or change a date here, or name there, I do it merely for my own convenience as narrator; the essential facts remain the same.

Worn out, feeble in body and morbid in mind, I was resting for a day or two at the quaint, old historic town of Toulouse, after more than a year of aimless wandering over the continent. England was to me but a grave, where all I loved was buried. My stately old home was lonely, gloomy, haunted. Public or business life seemed alike distasteful to me. All my ambitions and vital forces seemed buried in one woman's coffin. Young and wealthy, but quite alone, and haunted by a visionary, sickly regret and remorse, I was journeying as circumstances led me, heeding only the instinct that kept me away from the home which memory made so terrible.

Sitting listlessly in my hotel, at Toulouse, mechanically reading a local newspaper, I was suddenly startled and electrified by an announcement that met my eye. M. Marney, an eronaut, frost. I was gasping for a scanty breath. Blood enthusiasm and daring, was to make a balloon flight from the market-place of the city at sunrise the following morning. As I said, this announcement startled me, for erial navigation was at that time comparatively a new and untried art, and my restless fancy at once seized upon it with intense avidity, seeking to conjure up the wonderful possibilities yet in store for me. To soar above the clouds, to scale the inaccessible mountains, to sweep across continents on the breath of the tempest-what grander acme was left for human achievement? I would go!

I at once sought the eronant. He was sitting at a desk in his laboratory, busily engaged in writing. A nervous, black-haired, curt little man, who yet had a glow of strange and solemn enthusiasm in his face. He treated me with scanty courtesy, and I went at my business at once.

'You are going to make an ascent to-morrow?' I said.

- 'Yes."
- "Have you room for a companion in your car?" "Yes."
- "I should like to go with you." " Many people say so."
- "But I am determined to go, if possible." "Are you ready to leave the world to-morrow?
- Have you made your will, and set all things in "I can be ready," I answered.
- "But I shall charge you a thousand francs," he
- I laid the money on the table,
- You will want a complete suit of furs. Be on.
- the ground at daybreak;" and he resumed his

I retired, to pass a night of hurried preparation and eager, feverish, sleepless anticipation.

The chemicals did their work. The vast silken globe trembled and expanded, as if unfolding its wings for flight. It slightly rose from the earth; driving westward, over plain and river, Cevennes soon several strong men were required to restrain the pinions of our struggling sky-bird. At length we took our seats, the cords were loosened, and the great, glittering car leaped heavenward.

It would be very hard for me to describe my emotions at this period of my flight. We were not rising; we were floating, motionless, in a motionless sea of air. But the earth was sinking; the great, broad garden-land, the glittering river; the restless, tossing, shouting sea of upturned human faces-all were sinking, lapsing away into the nether abysses!

I looked upward, and the illusion faded. We were rising, and a gentle southeast wind was bearing us directly under the black archway of one of the great clouds, which seemed gathering from every quarter of the sky. It was a day of intense summer heat below, and the cool, calm air of these upper regions was grateful to body and spirit. Soon we plunged into the dense, tremulous mist above. Anon came rifted openings, great Gothic portals, through which we caught glimpses of the was inexpressibly grand and wonderful, and my Half an hour later, I had landed in safety. A line of Janue, of Janue,

Ziterary Department. spirit could only express itself in a shouting song

My taciturn companion sat quietly, like one accustomed to these wonders.

Suddenly the air grew colder. We were entering a different atmosphere. I was startled by a loud roaring and rushing sound overhead. A black, funnel-shaped aperture opened in the clouds nearly above us, into which all things seemed to be pouring with frightful rapidity. The peronaut snatched the rope connecting with the escape-valve, exclaiming:

"We must go down; we shall else be drawn into the vortex."

But the rope resisted his efforts. Swollen by the mist, it could not be drawn through the pulley. He pulled it again and again, with frantic energy, but in vain. Both of us applied our utmost strength. It broke short off in the pulley, high up, beyond our reach, leaving us the helpless prey of the tempest.

So the moment of possible escape passed, and we went plunging upward into that maelstrom of pitchy blackness, intense_cold, blinding sleet, and whirling cloud. The ascent seemed interminable; but at last, blinded, stunned, bewildered. breathless, we were thrown out into the clear sunshine above the cloud, only to plunge a thousand feet downward, and be again drawn up into that fearful heart of the tempest.

This was again and again repeated, before we could recover sense or breath enough to take any active measure for escape. But as we emerged for the fourth time upon the surface, the æronaut shricked in agony—"God help us if we travel that road again! "There will be lightning soon!"

He sprang into the cordage, climbing desperately to reach the top of the balloon, and so open the escape-valve. But he was benumbed with cold, and made slow progress. Before he had ascended half way, the balloon, which was swooping downward like some gigantic bird of prey, suddenly ceased its motion, and again rushed madly upward into the vortex.

No words of mine can do justice to what followed. As I lay back in my seat, struggling with an awful, crushing terror, I noticed that my fur garments were sparkling with electric flashes. My hair stood straight on end, and the cordage of the car, played upon by the wind, uttered low musical vibrations. Another instant, and the rising electric surge burst upon us in one broad, dazzling, blinding sheet of flame, with so awful a reverberation that I was utterly paralyzed and powerless. But my eyes were open; and by that infernal glare, I saw my companion's fingers relax their hold; he toppled heavily over, and sunk to destruction in that chaos of flame and storm!

Hours had passed, when I once more awoke to life and motion. Silence, as of death, surrounded me, and every nerve was stinging with intense was trickling from my lips and gealing upon my face in ghastly icicles. The sun was glaring with a sharp white light, from a universe of blackness, and the constellations were saining as if it were midnight. Below me nothing was visible but an ocean of motionless, snowy cloud, stretching away into infinite space. Into what strange realm of wonders had I been translated?

Slowy thought and reason resumed their sway, and I at length began to comprehend my true situation. Freed from the weight of my companion, the balloon had risen above the cloud, and was now floating almost upon the surface of the great air ocean. I had passed in safety through the secret chambers of the tempest and whirlwind, where few may look and live. Was it only to perish in these unexplored upper abysses? My human spirit ached and trembled at the sublimity of heaven; and longed with a sick, inexpressible yearning, for the green earth and the homes of men, which, I knew, lay somewhere in the depths of the vaporous sea below.

But how was I to return? Help and rescue seemed unattainable. Could I await the slow escape of the gas, and the consequent settling of the balloon into lower spaces? My physical agony told me too well that I could not live another hour in that thin, lifeless, worse than Arctic atmosphere. The escape-valve was beyond my reach. My benumbed limbs and stiffened fingers were unable to aid me in any attempt to climb the cordage. I felt as if doomed to perish.

I suddenly remembered the vial of alcoholic cordial in the car, and finding it, drank copious draughts. It went through me like electricity, and my blood circulated with fresh vigor. I was once more able to act. The car seemed to be motionless as a mountain. I did not know that I had risen into the great Upper Current, the inner circle of the vortex which whirls our earth through immensity in its clasp—that I was that moment and Appenines, at the rate of two hundred miles an hour!

I climbed half way up, and knife in hand, made large cut in the silk, and swung immediately downward into the car. The lower part of the balloon instantaneously collapsed. The car plunged a sheer mile downward, with the rushing sweep of a plummet, and then, reaching the denser atmosphere below, sank more slowly. In a moment I was in the clouds again, stratum below stratum-dense, white, and limitless. But as I merged from the last into the clear atmosphere below, instead of verdant plains and far-off mountains, the tossing waves of the Mediterranean

were outspread beneath! I was falling with intense, alarming rapidity. My ballast was quickly thrown overboard. All heavy garments and fixtures followed, and finally, as a last resort, I made a seat in the nettings, and cut loose the car from beneath me.

This saved me. The balloon again rose slightly. and then, before a rushing Southwester, which green earth, the distant mountains, the blue sky, seemed like a furnace-blast to my benumbed and other cloud-islands in that infinite sea. All frame, swept onward toward the Italian coast.

I had seen enough of the wonderful, the sublime, the super-human, and supra-mundane. With a strong rebound, my soul sprung backward into the healthier channels of life and duty. Upon the paternal homestead, which blossoms and smiles beneath his hand, surrounded by the cheerful human help and love of wife, and children, and friends, the once morbid dreamer writes this record, and would add a word of admonition. whose meaning reaches further than his whirl-

Beautiful indeed is Cloud-land, lifting its grand Cordilleras and Himalayers of snow into the upper blue, or floating in enchanted crimson islands through an infinite golden ocean; but he who spurns his human lot of loves, and joys, and tears, and labors, and seeks to climb the heights of forbidden wisdom and supra-mortal glory, must beware of Phothen's fate and fall.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS. 192 WEST 27TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

'We think not that we daily see
About our hearths, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
[LEIGH HUNT.

[Original.]

LINDIE'S LAMB.

In a little brown house, just on the edge of a pine grove, lived Leonard Steele. A very humble home it was, but a very beautiful one to him; for he had lived there many happy days that had numbered themselves into fourteen years, and all the best things he knew of came from that quiet home: his mother's love, and his brother James's tender care. The beautiful thoughts that sprang from every good thing had gathered themselves about everything he saw, and he fancied no clock ever ticked so grandly as the tall one in the corner; that no fire ever burned so cheerfully as the one in the wide fireplace; that no floor ever looked so white, or wall so cheerful, as in that little house he called home.

The fragrance of the pine trees, when the sun

shone on them, seemed healthful and sweet; and the far-reaching field, where the sweetest of blackberries grew, was to him like the green pastures where the good shepherd led his beloved sheep. The still waters of a quiet stream flowed also through this field, and there he watched the sunlight gleams, and looked for the early spring flowers. A quiet, happy life this was, although there were no elegant things within that little brown cottage, and no velvet carpets, or satin hangings; but only the clean boards of the floor, and the little white curtain at the window. Love made ll things beautiful, and there were no repining or regrets.

James was Leonard's kind protector, and took loving care of him from his babylood, and taught him to read, and to work in the garden, and how to hoe the corn in the field. Leonard loved animals, and the cow knew his call, and came willingly to be driven to and from the pasture. The pigs seemed to recognize his friendly spirit, and clambered up the sides of their pen to catch the tempting bits of corn, or the fresh weeds that he pulled for them. A score of hens and dozens of chickens ran toward him when he came in sight; for they knew whose hands threw out the grain and the crumbs. A fine old cat took its place in the chimney corner as soon as the cold weather came, or found its snug seat on Leonard's knee. But much as he loved all these animals, he did not call them his own, but divided the care with

James. "You are a good boy, Lindie," said James one day, "and love all my pets as if they were your own; and now I am going to get you one that shall be altogether yours. I know farmer Allen has some wee bits of lambs, and I shall take my eggs to market, and buy you a lamb, and it shall be brought home as soon as it can live away from its mother."

"Oh, Jamie! I'll do my hardest sums without grumble to pay for that; and I'll take the best of care of old dame Turtle Top and all her chickens, and see that she don't scratch their eyes out, and cover them up with dust and dirt."

So after a time the lamb was brought home, and great pet it became. Lindle's lamb always had the nicest bit of everything, and it was led to the cool, shady places in summer, and given a snug, warm spot in the yard in winter. It would grow to be a sheep; but it was always called Lindie's lamb, and followed him about the pasture, and thrust its nose into his hand whenever he came near. It learned many funny tricks, and would run around in circles, and stop and stamp its forefeet, and shake its head in quite a frightful way. But there was always such a kindly, friendly look in its eye, that it seemed to say, "Now see what fun we will have."

The fearful war came, and James said he must go. His mother could not say no, and Lindie

"If I was only a year older, I believe they'd take me; but I'll stay at home and tend the cow and the pige, and hoe the corn, and take care of mother; and you'll fight the rebels, and write me home all about it."

There were many sad, lonely bours all through the long autumn and winter, and Lindle could not see all the glory of war. He missed Jamie's kind care everywhere, but he tried to be faithful, and to do everything as Jamle would have liked. The greatest comfort he had was with his pet, the lamb. He taught it to right-about-face, to charge, to stand fire, and to march in line after him. The lamb seemed to understand Lindie's loneliness. and to try and comfort him. It would look up lovingly in his face, and thrust its head under his arm, and show many signs of wishing to be loved diant, and a letter came from Jamie, saying he

The long winter passed, and spring came. Lindie tried to work the garden and plant the corn. He did the very best he knew, but he put in the best seeds too deep, and weeded the carrots too young, and the peas did not thrive well, and with all his labor the garden proved a failure. Many a good cry did Lindie have as he saw the work of his hands failing, and he thought of Jamie, now in a rebel prison. His mother, too, had grown ill from excitement and anxiety, and when winter came on they had but a small store to keep them through the long season.

Lindie made the best calculation that he could. but he had only twenty bushels of corn, and his hens would not lay until February, and old Brindle would give no milk until March. He could sell one pig; but how long would that keep them in the little comforts that his mother needed in her ill health? But the cold, freezing weather came on apace. Little by little the corn was sold to some farmer, or carried to the mill to be ground to serve for their bread. When the last bushel was put in the sack, Lindie realized what was coming. Real want would soon step its foot into that little brown cottage, unless he did something; yet what could he do? He asked himself over and over again: "If I hire myself out to some farmer, then

mother will be all alone, and have no one to tend her fire, or put on the kettle for ten. If I try to chop wood in the forest, I shall gain only a little money; for the farmers wish only to pay us in woods which I cannot take to market. Oh! if the war was only over, and Janile would come home." Then Lindie thought whether he could sell any of Jamie's pets. There was Brindle, the cow-it would bring thirty dollars, enough to keep them confortable all winter; but then what would Jamie do when he came home? He had raised the faithful creature from a calf, and it seemed to know him and care for him; and often, since he had been away, had reached its head over the bars of the yard, as if watching for his coming. And Jamie was now in a rebel prison. No, he could not do anything that would make him sad when he came home. Then there were the hens; no one would buy hens at that season, except for the market, and the thought of sending any of Jamie's pets to be killed and eaten was more than Lindie could bear. And now he had thought over all possible means of increasing their stores. and everything seemed impossible. No. there was one more—his own pet, the creature he loved so much, that understood so well his loneliness and trouble, that had comforted him so many times. He had been offered twelve dollars for his lainb by a gentleman who was pleased with its tricks. Twelve dollars would take them comfortably to the time when the hens might be expected to lay their eggs, and then spring would soon come. But the thought of parting with his pet was too great a trial, and Lindie resolved to wait a few days longer.

A severe storm came, and he had to chop wood for the fire and keep it burning briskly, that his mother might not suffer. Before the skies were clear again the last quart of meal was gone, the sugar and tea had all been used, and Lindie's mother had become so feeble that she could not

Lindie went into the barn, and sat down on the hay to think. The lamb had followed him, and stood patiently waiting, expecting its bit of bread, or handful of salt. Its pretty eyes looked up into Lindie's face with a gentle pleading in them. It went to his heart; but he took out a bit saved from his own scanty breakfast, and laughed to see the lamb shake its head, and stamp its paws for more. Then came into his mind a great tempter of selfishness. He would sell the cow, and keep his lamb. Jamie would tell him to, he was sure. Then he thought of Jamie suffering patiently for his sake, and for the sake of his beloved country, and he grow ashamed of himself. Yet if Jamie never came back, he would never want Brindle, and what a comfort the lamb would be to him, he thought. And yet how could he ever think of Jamie's love, if he forgot his last wish-to be kind to his pets. And there stood the lamb all the time, looking at him with its wishful.

tender eyes. Lindle wavered and hesitated, and then went into the house to see to the fire, and came back again, gave Brindle a wisp of hay, made the lamb right-about-face, and than sat down to think again. Lindie had great trust in the loving power of heaven, and he was not ashamed to pray; so he lifted up his hands askingly, and said, "Will somebody please help me to do right?" He sat very still after that, and the lamb came and put its head gently on his shoulder.

"I'll not do a thing to make myself ashamed when Jamie comes home," said he; and he got up and closed the barn door after him, and went in and put on a huge back log, and asked his mother if she would spare him a little while. Then he went to the barn, called his lamb, picked out the bits of hay from its wool, smoothed down the knots, and called it by its pet names. Then he made it perform all its pranks in the best manner, gave it a bit of salt, and opened the door for it to run out.

A good half hour's walk brought him to the home of the gentleman who had offered to buy his lamb. The bargain was struck, and Lindle was on his way Home before he had time to think, and the lamb was safely housed in its new quarters. Lindie heard its bleat, and the tears rolled down his cheeks, but he tried to think of Jamie and his mother.

To tell how he missed the many loving glances of his favorite, and mourned for its pleasant greetings, is quite unnecessary. He was strong in the thought that he had not been selfish, or done what would make him even ashamed.

Spring came, and the hens cackled, and Brindle's calf bleated, and the skies looked bright and rawould soon be home on a furlough after his re-

lease. That was a happy day when the soldier boy took his place at the table, and told the story of his captivity. The account of his sufferings made Lindle's heart tremble, and how glad he was that no reproach could come on him, but that he, too, had been able to sacrifice for the right.

They went together to the barn. Jamie put his arm about Brindle's neck, and said:

"When I was in Richmond prison, I thought if I could ever have a drink of your milk again 1 would forgive the Rebs. Run, Lindie, and get my canteen, and while I drink I'll say success to the Union; but may God forgive every traitor-even Nat. Turner."

As Lindie ran, he thought, "What if I had had to tell him that his cow was sold!" It was reward enough for his sacrifice to see Jamie drink his milk.

"And now where's Lindle's lamb?" said he. "I expected better treatment from your pet. I imagined aff the tricks you'd teach it to please me. Come, call it out."

Lindie simply said:

"I sold it." "Sold it!" said Jamie. "Ah, but I know why, by the look of your eye. You would n't sell my pets, but had to your own. God bless you for a brave boy. It was almost as hard as starving in a prison, I warrant. But I'll never forget you; and when I get to be Captain, as I'm hound to be when I go back, I'll send you the gayest horse to be bought; and you shall have your lamb back again, as sure as there's money enough to buy it, and a heart within the coat of the one who bought

it. Lindie, you are a born hero, and fought a good battle and won the field, and I will never forget how good that milk tasted, or that dish of scrambled eggs we had for dinner. Lindie, I'm as proud of you as if you'd been a Major; for you would n't do a mean thing, I know."

And it all came as Jamie said. Money came on pay day, and the lamb was bought, and a plenty of stores, and at last the "cruel war was over," and Jamie returned, and brought Lindie's

. [Original.]

MY NEIGHBORS IN THE CITY.

NUMBER FOUR.

I have one neighbor that is so friendly, and gentle, and kind, that I always have a smile to give in return for every favor I receive. When this neighbor looks into my window I never consider it an intrusion, or draw down my curtains or close my blinds, but I feel very thankful for every look of benevolence. I listen to the sweet, soft good-morning, and think it is a prayer for a happy day for me; and that makes me wish many beautiful wishes of love, and I begin to forget what a very gloomy place the city is, in the glad month of roses; for I am very sure that the same love is over all the dusty str green fields of the country.

My neighbor has a very peaceable disposition, and I am sure tries very hard to make the world better. Many are the sweet words and tender sighs that the children receive; and many the efforts to lift the thoughts of the weary and sad to the beautiful heavens. My neighbor never seems sad or tired, but looks strong and cheerful gloomy days as well as sunshiny ones. Do you wonder if it is an old man with his benevolent smile, or a kind old lady, that I have grown to love?

It is an Allanthus tree, and a very pleasant neighbor it proves itself to be; and one thing it seems to be always saying to me, and that is, " Do your very best wherever you are. Suppose that I, an Allanthus, that loves the fresh pure air of the country, and the gentle dews, and the broad sunshine, should forget how much good I can do by being cheerful, and should grow quite fretful, and curl my green leaves, and refuse to put forth my buds, how much pleasure the children would lose that love to sit under my shade, and how much more disagreeable the street would be. Why, the other day, a poor woman and her little girl, that were so hot and tired they could hardly walk, came by. I felt very sure that they were hungry, and I wished I was a bread tree, and could drop a great ripe fruit into the mother's lap, and I could see them eat and grow happy; but I was only an Allanthus, and I quite despaired for a moment, till I remembered my resolution to do the very best I could, and so I kept very still and let my leaves fold themselves one into the other, until a cool and refreshing shade fell on these tired ones, and they sat down and rested, and if they had had a supper they could not have looked any happier. and I felt quite thankful for the beautiful power given me. But very often when rough, rude neople go by, I feel very much discouraged, and wish I had a voice and could speak; but then I think again, I'll do the very best I can, and so I lift my branches to heaven and let them fall with a gentle rustle, to see if they will not turn their thoughts: toward me and thus to the clear sky, and then to the loving heavens, and to some dear angel who may perhaps keep them from harm. After all, I am very thankful that I am an

Ailanthus tree, and that I live in the city, where I have a chance every hour in the day to do my very best."

Something like this, I fancy, my kindly neighbor says, as its branches sway to and fre in the June breezes; and very strong it makes me to try, also, and do my very best. I am afraid that many children who live in the country do not listen to the sweet voices that are ever about them in the waving trees, the softly falling rain, the songs of the birds. If they do listen, I am sure they can never be selfish, or angry, or fretfal, for their neighbors must surely always remind them of good and beautiful things. I am afraid, too, that the children in the city do not listen to the sweet teaching of my neighbor or theirs, for I hear quarrelsome voices and harsh words very often come under the shadow of the beautiful Ailanthus, so. I am quite sure they do not hear it repeating, soft and low, do your very best wherever you are.

Written for the Banner of Light. NIGHT AND SORBOW.

BY WILFRID WYLLEYS.

Alone as I sit in the blackness, So weary and sad and forlorn, I weep when I think of the midnight That shall never give place to the morn.

Oh, beautiful dreams of the by-gone! Oh, hopes that are dead ere ye bloomed! Oh, forms of the loved and the cherished! That lie by my pathway entombed!

Ye can never, oh, dreams, more enchant me! Ye have faded like forms in the mist; Ye went with the eyes that I gazed on; Ye died with the lips that I kissed.

Oh, hopes, ye can never yield fruitage All ripe for the garner-my breast! Oh, forms of my dearly beloved, How still is the place of your rest!

Wail, desolate winds of the midnight, O'er the desolate waves of the main! Walk, phantoms of torture and blackness, By my long, dreary pathway of pain!

Though my life be engulfed in the blackness, And my hope blotted out in eclipse, Still I'll die with a spirit unbroken, And the conquerer's smile on my lips.

The Lecture Room.

A DISCOURSE

Delivered by Lois Walsbrooker at Seth Hinshaw's Hall, Greensboro', Ind., June 1, 1865. Reported for the Banner of Light.

To-day a nation mourns and bewails its sins, humbling itself in the dust in token of repentance; for four long years we have coughed away our national life in the roaring cannon, expectorating blood from lungs and arteries, and sweating it from ten thousand pores—yea, in the cold night-sweat of the winter's camp and tented field, or on the field of carner where our wounded and wenthe field of carnage, where our wounded and man-gled ones have had their dying groans frozen into silence, till at last the death-struggle commences in the person of our representative head.

All night long we suffered the agonies of disso-It inght only we shared the agones of disso-lution, and the morning sun looked upon a dying —dead—because a headless nation. "The wages of sin is death," and we have received our due; but after death cometh the resurrection. We lay but three short hours in death's embrace ere our own recuperative energies gave us another head and to-day, while others put on the mockery of mourning, not knowing what they do, we, as those who behold the glories of the resurrection, will

This day of fasting and prayer, this tribute to a false theology, was changed, as you know, from May 25th to June 1st, because the so-called Christian world could not consistently mourn on the day that marked the ascension of their representative head in the person of the Nazarene. Shall we then as references as those as making and the consistent to we, then, as reformers, as those commissioned to bridge the chasm between the actual present and the coming glory of the future—shall we weep and lament, knowing that our national head, hav-ing laid down his life for us, has passed on to the higher glory, in the light of which he can see all the more clearly to still guide and direct the Ship of State?

of State?

Nay, we do not mourn; we rejoice in the wisdom of God, and the glory of his power. Yes, we rejoice, for we hear the angels say, "Lift up your heads, ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the king of glory shall enter in."

Who is the king of glory? who? He that listeneth to the prayer of the oppressed, and turneth not away from the cry of the needy—he is the king of clory, and he will share that glory with the millions that shall come after.

But while we thus glory, it will he well to trace

But while we thus glory, it will be well to trace some of the causes that have led to this glory, some of the causes that make the name of Lin-coln sacred to the heart and tongue of America,

and to the lovers of liberty throughout the world.

Design is the order of the universe, the spring of all its action. Design is the manifestation of mind, the signet ring with which all things are stamped, for chance has no place in the realm of the Infinite. For whom, suppose you, has all the wealth and glory of this world been prepared? For a being that could use it, of course; and who but man can do this? Who but man, of all that lives upon the earth, can gather to himself from the north and the south, the east and the west, making each and all to serve him? The fishes swim in the waters; the wild beasts of the forest drink thereof to quench their thirst; the birds sing in the branches of the tall trees and the major. in the branches of the tall trees, and the majes-tic lion roams through forest glades; but man finds use for both wood and water that these know nothing of. The iron and the gold, the silver, the lead and the copper, of what use are they, did not man smelt and separate them from the dross of the native ore? Who makes the lightning to serve him, and the light to reflect his image as often as he pleases? When the tall ferns of the ancient he pleases? When the tall ferns of the ancient world cast their shadows over huge monsters, whose trend was like the tread of an earthquake, an angel flying through the midst of heaven might have asked, For whom is all this coarse-grained nave asked, For whom is all this coarse-grained inxuriance? And when, ten thousand centuries afterward, he saw these mighty forests sinking beneath the hand of decay, he might cry out against the filth of the stagnant waste; but even then the coal-beds of this, our matchless land, existed, in all their perfectness, in the grand reser-yoir of the designing mind, even as did the beings for whom they were created. And so of the oil and the chalk; and so when the limestone ledges were piled up, as the inner complement of the sandstone that was to form man's future palaces and temples; and so of the blue-veined marble, and of that, also, whose polish gives the shining aplendor of whiteness—all, all existed, in their perfectness, in the mind from which all things emanate, and all for the coming race, man. As the careful and judicious mother prepares for her promised habe making all outward things subpromised babe, making all outward things sub-serve the end to which she gives her inner life, even so has God prepared his treasures for the child of his love, the image of his soul-life.

But the mother cares for her child in its ante-

natal existence, and cherishes it after it comes to her arms for a purpose, and that purpose is, that it may become independent of her in individualized selfhood, and the child who gives evidence that it must always depend upon parental care brings the keenest sorrow to the hearts of those who gives so freely of both love and gas. who give so freely of both love and care. Yes, the bright ultimate of every parent's hope is the independence, the strong manhood and woman-hood of their children. It is this that makes every indication of progress so precious. With what joy is each step in the path of their advancement noted and commented upon. Baby sits slone; baby has its first tooth; she creeps; she can climb up by a chair; she walks; and then the first broken words—words that none but a mother's heart could interpret—and all the pretty little sayings of childhood, how eagerly they are caught up and repeated, thus showing continually that the mother's heart is fixed upon the time when her child shall be her friend and companion, but no longer her dependent. And still the life of that child is the mother's life, was drawn from that life, is a part of it, is that life. The mother lives in herself, and lives in her child; and when she rejoices in the independent, individualized life of her child, she is rejoicing to behold her own life developed to set independent. life developed to act independently of its original manifestation in her own person. It is the mother's life, but not all, for the father's life is represented there, also.

And here, so far as human relations can explain it, do we find an explanation of the relation we it, do we find an explanation of the relation we sustain to the source of all life. We derive our earth-life, through the agency of parentage, from Father God and Mother Nature; we derive this life: primarily from parentage, but afterward, through inherited, self-acting forces, it is continued in its manifestation by drawing directly from the freat fountain of all life, God acting in Nature; and we can truly say that our life is God's dife, and God's life is our life, or, in the words of Jama, "I and my Father are one."

Our personality is God's life; but it seems to be the design of Infinite Wisdom that this personali-

ty should be individualized separately, and to this end he spent millions of ages in preparing for our advent upon the earth as a race, and now di-

our advent upon the earth as a race, and now directs all the manifestations of his providence to the development of our independence.

But here the reverent soul starts back in dismay. Independent of God! Why, the very thought is biasphemy! Nay, nay, friend. We do not biaspheme; we only assert the power of God to individualize the independent action of his own life through its different organizations, the independence being a relative one of course, so far as pendence being a relative one, of course, so far as our relations to the Infinite are concerned; but this independent action, so far from detracting from the reverence we feel for the Divine, only adds thereto. Ask that son, or that daughter, who walk in the proud consciousness of independence beside the parents in whose arms they so recently lay helpless—ask them if the respect they have for those parents is less than formerly, and they will tell you that each succeeding year only adds to the reverence they feel for the authors of their alk in the proud consciousness of independence earthly existence.

Having satisfied the reverential soul, we will go

back to our position, to wit, that all the manifesta-tions of God's providence are directed to the derelopment of our independence. The race is yet in its infancy. To be sure, it begins to hold up its head in this, our Western world, and may have cut its first tooth; but so far as the ultimate of real freedom is concerned, it cannot even creep as yet, let alone walking. But the life of God within is developing, expanding—is struggling with the weakness of imperfection—is overcoming the negative tendency of rest with the positive one of action. Hitherto this action has manifested itself more in crying, in groans and tears than other wise, and some pretty stout screaming there has been, too; but it has had its use. It has brought the lungs into action, making us so much stronger that we can hold up our head and scream, instead of letting it fall from side to side in our weakness. And we can bite a little, too, in demonstration of our individuality. Mother Nature rejoices in these evidences of growth, and Father God looks on and smiles. God looks on and smiles.

But looking upon the race as one grand whole, all children of God, made in his image, and the development of that image into individualized independence the ultimate design of the Infinite in reference to each and all of the race, it follows that the countless millions who have passed into the units world have an interest in these threes are spirit-world have an interest in these things, are progressing, developing, as well as those who remain in the form. Indeed, we claim that our development depends upon theirs; that we cannot go ahead of, though we may try to keep pace with them; that there is action and reaction between the two spheres—the physical and the spiritual; that, as Dr. Holland said, not long since, in a publie lecture in one of our Orthodox churches. laws of the physical world are a transcript of the laws of the spiritual world; that the physical is born of and born into the spiritual." I do not suppose that "Timothy Titcomb" was aware that he thus asserted the fundamental principle—the broad foundation on which our Philosophy restsbut no matter for that. Great men often hit the

But in reference to the influence that the spiritworld exerts upon ours in its development. Spirits from any particular nation, on leaving the form, gravitate to those of their own class, and spirits of any age, who have risen above national prejudices, will, on leaving the form, gravitate to those of the age in which they have lived of like feelings with themselves; consequently, the ruling spirit of any nation is the highest development of their own nation who have passed into spirit-life, that has become actualized in the external. The same may be said of the ruling spirit of any age. But while this, their advanced step, is being brought forth into the external, they are taking another step, are learning something more, are meeting more gems of thought from the secrets of the universe-woods of future earth, progress that the universe—seeds of future earth-progress, that are cast by them into the most receptive minds of Thoughts are germs of progress. Denton, in speaking of them, says:

Thoughts come like blazing comets 'thwart the gloomy ev'ning sky." Thoughts come like shocks electric from the battery of

Thoughts voke themselves like nery steeds, and drag the world along." Dash on, brave thoughts, in storm and shine, in day, or darkest night!

est night:
The goal we're destined yet to reach, is Love and Truth, and
Right."

And Love and Truth and Right are the goal of freedom, of the independence that God is directing his providence to the accomplishment of for his children. Thoughts are the seeds of progress; but they are not like "blazing comets" in their inception, but rather become like them as they mature—and mature they must ere, "like flery mature—and mature they must ere, "like flery steeds, they drag the world along." They must become a "battery" within themselves, ere they wake to that action that casts the wornout past into the gulf of oblivion. The thought of a new world had power to drag Columbus from one European Court to another in pursuit of the reliable. ropean Court to another in pursuit of that which would enable him to actualize its truthfulness. But not till it was thus actualized could the mul titude behold the glory, or be moved by the gran-deur thereof. Thought demands its martyrs must be baptized in tears, if not in blood—must bear the cross, and wear the crown of thorns ere the great the crown of glory. This is true of all the great thoughts that have energized the race to climb the steeps of progress, and of none more so than of the thought of liberty. This may seem hard, hard that whatever tends to benefit the race should have to fight for recognition in the hearts of the people; but it is necessabily so otherwise. of the people; but it is necessarily so, otherwise it would be choked by the thistles and thorns of an undeveloped condition, and dome to naught.

"Break up your fallow ground; sow not among

thorns." is an admonition that the careful farmer not neglect. It is an admonition that those will not neglect. It is an admonition that those who, from the spirit-world, drop the germs of thought into receptive minds, do not neglect. All the struggle and suffering through which we have to pass is the breaking-up process, in order to the reception of the seed and the cultivating process, in order that it may take root and grow. But as design has been manifest in all that was done upon the earth previous to man's coming upon the earth, and the end of that design his advent thereon, so is design still manifest in all that has since taken place, and the end of that design, as before said, man's independence, and every sten in the history man's independence, and every step in the history of the past, however much it may seem to the contrary, has had direct reference to the point at issue. The most cruel tyrannies have awakened

was hidden in the bosom of the waters till the time appointed. It was for this that some soul who had once called Europe home, was permitted to behold its hiding-place, and, returning to the Old World, to impress the fact of its existence upon the developed, intuitional soul of Columbus holding him to his purpose with an electric cord that, finally, magnetized into acquiescence the means of its accomplishment. It was for this that the fires of persecution were permitted to fall upon the heads of the Puritans till annihilation or flight was the only alternative left them; renounce their faith they could not, for the strength of their convictions held them like the hand of Chapterage 1 trans Omnipotence, It was

For this the lonely May Flower spread her white wings to the breeze, and bore the Pilgrim Fathers across the stormy seas.

It was for this that the necessities of British It was for this that the necessities of British power laid the hand of oppression so heavily on the colonies that they rebelled, declaring: "We will be free!" Oh, the wonderful thought of Liberty! How long it took for its development to the point where it could give itself expression in that immortal declaration, "All men are created free and equal, with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." For ages it has fed upon the heart's blood of its mother, Progress.; The floods of the great red dragon had followed her to the Western wilderness in order to destroy her child as soon as wilderness in order to destroy her child as soon as it was born; but it was caught up to the throne of God by being set on high among the nations—by being made the sign of that coming, before which all the kingdoms of the earth shall be broken in pieces.

verse; yea, it is cosqual, commensurate with God himself. It is the life of God within the soul of man—the God that worketh both to will and to do, of his own good pleasure. But this thought of liberty fills the atoms full; it overflows them; it is too large for them; and this is why the forms thereof are subject to change. They must die, that the life within may pass into higher forms. This is why the works of men—so many of them—come to paught; the thought they strive to embody is too big for the habitation they give it. This is why the Monitor went down in deep waters; this is why the Atlantic Cable proved a temporary failure; and this is why our Ship of State porary failure; and this is why our Ship of State came so near being wrecked upon the shores of Time. The Constitution, the house that was built for the Declaration, was too small for it. The Declaration embraces all humanity; the Constitution makes the "all men" to consist of but onehalf of the white race, the male man; the female man, and men of other colors, were left entirely out of the question. But God, in his wisdom, provided for this, also, by giving the people the power to expand it; and this power was the saving power—the escape-pipe that kept the boiler from bursting. bursting.

'Oh, your fathers' slumbering ashes cried, 'Amen!' from out each grave, When your grand old Constitution gave freedom to the slave."

And here again do we behold the manifestation of that Providence that decrees the independence of not only a portion, but of the entire race of man. Africa, with her interminable deserts, and her swampy wilderness of jungles, seems a neg-lected portion of the earth; Ethiopia a forgotten child; but she stretches forth her hands for recog child; but she stretches forth her hands for recognition, and receives in reply: "Yes, I have a place
for thee. I will purify thee in the furnace of affliction till thy fine gold shall appear; I will place
thy sons and thy daughters in the arms of my
'ragged nurse,' Adversity, and she shall bear
them across the distant seas to the land of servitude—that land to be enriched by thy blood and
tears till it becomes the land of thy redemption,
by right of purchase; and thy blood, mingling
with the blood of thy captors, shall be recognized
in the coming centuries, as an element of matchless worth." And to-day, my friends, is this
promise being fulfilled.
"The slave, made, like his master, 'in the image of his God,'

"The slave, made, like his master, 'in the image of his God,' Shall bare his back no longer to the oppressor's rod."

"Oh, thon recording angel, turn to that page, whereon is traced in undimnied brightness, the name of Washington, And, with thy pen immorial, in characters of flame, To stand henceforth and ever, write also Lincoin's name."

And why—why should Lincoln's name be traced by the pen of Time, in letters of burnished gold, upon the fadeless scroll of eternity? We promised to trace some of the causes that have made his memory so glorious, but, in the course of the argument, we may seem to have forgotten him. Principles are like axioms, unerring; we have been developing principles, and high on their top-most pinnacle stands the martyr of America. The ruling spirit of any age is the most advanced thought of progress among those who have left our earth, that has been impressed upon the living our earth, that has been impressed upon the living masses of men and women in the earth-life, and actualized by them. The ruling spirit of any age is the spirit of God in that age. Humanity has always been true to its God; consequently it worships the ruling spirit of the age; but it can do this only as it is embodied in the form. Spirit must take to itself form in order to be recognized in the external; therefore those who embody the most of this ruling spirit are the most beloved, yea. idolized by the people.

The consciousness of power is the first step to-ward the development of that independence that God is working out for his children through the unfolding of their own faculties; a sense of power thus, necessarily, became the first manifestation of God in man, and, as such, has been worshiped in the heroes of bloodshed who conquered for the sake of power alone. Power has been the God of the ages, while justice, love, liberty and equality were but incubating thoughts beneath the brooding wings of centuries, waiting for the bands that held then to be broken ere they could come forth as God's representatives—as God actualized in as God's representatives—as God actinized in man, thus claiming man's actual worship. But, to-day, Justice guides the right hand of Power, while Love pleads in the halls of their administration, and the triple current of their electric life bore a Lincoln to the crest of the topmost wave of progress. Yes, Lincoln was the embodiment of the most advanced thoughts of the age, that were the enough for actualization—of thoughts that ripe enough for actualization—of thoughts that were not ripe enough for actualization till ripened by the warmth of his tidal life; his blood has been the lens that has caught the filting shadows, brought them to a focus, and protographed them upon the hearts of the millions.

I do not mean by this that there are not other noble souls in the nation, or that other noble souls have not been martyrs to principle; but while they have given of their labors and their lives to the filling up of the gulf between the actual and the ideal, he has led the people across the fearful bridge of souls, and finding the last arch incomplete, has given his own person as the final stepping-stone between the old and the new. No wonder, then, that his name thrills the hearts of the multitude! No wonder they cry,

"Oh build a monument to him And let it reach to heaven!"

rejoicing, the while, that there is no death, that though the purest, steadiest lights in our earthly sky go down,

"They rise upon a fairer shore, And bright in heaven's Jeweled crown They shine forevermore!"

But in all this heart worship, it is not the man as such, but the principle, the actualized princi-ple, to which the incense of adoration is rising. I say actualized principle, from the fact that man-kind cannot really, actually, worship aught else. True, we may give ideal sentimental worship to the ideal and sentimental; and we too often, nay, almost always mistake this latter for the actual living embodiment thereof. This is the condition of the masses of Christendom to-day. They wor-ship an imaginary Jests with a sickly sort of sentimentalism, that, like sweetened water, readsentimentalism, that, like sweetened water, readily turns to the vinegar of persecution, ignoring the while the real Christ principle, the true wine of the kingdom. I do not mean by this that the Jesus of history was an imaginary being, but that the Jesus worshiped by the churches is a being of their own imagination, and not the humble Nazarene; which is proven by the fact that they fail to actualize his teachings. We worship what we actualize, and actualize what we worship. It is a principle that cannot be escaped from.

But some one may say, We do not see so much to admire in Lincoln, more than in others. To be sure, he was a good man; but we have thousands

contrary, has had direct reference to the point at issue. The most cruel tyrannies have awakened within man's heart the desires for liberty, making it in turn the positive force cooperating with the design that quickened it into action; the most hitter persecutions have been the breath of Alphilator persecutions have been the breath of Alphilator power, fanning the desire into a flame that many waters could not quench.

It was for this that this land of untold treasures was hidden in the bosom of the waters till the time appointed. It was for this that some soul who had once called Europe home, was permitted to behold its hiding-place, and, returning arate pieces of the most splendid palace. It is not of the separate parts, but of the complete whole, that we are to judge.

"Like birds, whose heauties languish half concealed— Till, mounted on the wing expanded shine With azure, green, and gold."

So are the lives of individuals, oftentimes, till, a completed whole, they are extended before us in the light of eternity. I have sat, at the close of day, and watched the broken fragments of clouds that gathered around the couch of the setting sun) and wondered at the radiance of their beauty; but whence came these clouds, and whence came their beauty? Whence came they! Why, they are the focalized aspirations that have come up from river and siring, from swamp and stagnant pool, to pay their tribute to the god of day, and they derive their glory from that to which their aspirations tended. But who would have imtheir aspirations tended. But who would have imagined that the pearly wreath rising from the crystal spring, would have blended at last with the heavy-mist coming up from the stagnant swamp, and so blended that they would be inseparable. And so of our departed President. Born in the vale of obscurity, struggling with the damps of poverty, his youthful feet clogged with mire from the stagnant swamp of a slave oligarchy, the pollution of which must needs be cleansed therefrom in the pure waters of a freedom: yet wilderness in order to destroy her child as soon as it was born; but it was caught up to the throne of God by being set on high among the nations—by being made the sign of that coming, before which all the kingdoms of the earth shall be broken in pieces.

A little child was once asked how large her God was; and she replied: "Small enough to dwell in my heart, and large enough to fill the universe!"
And this is emphatically true of this great thought of Liberty: it is small enough to dwell in the smallest atom, and large enough to fill the universe!"
And did nation ever receive such legacy at the smallest atom, and large enough to fill the universe!

called the ruler of those he so faithfully repr called the ruler of those he so faithfully represented! Labor ennouled him, and he in turn, encouled labor. How many a future son of America, suppose you, will take courage amid poverty and toil, in the thought of his successful carect. How many, while sending home the blows that rift the heart of the oak, will find the strong purpose to do, and to be, becoming like oak in the light of his example! And well may the millions how up and take courage for never was there a:

light of his example! And well may the millions look up and take courage, for never was there at time when democracy, the true democracy that elevates the masses, so well represented as now; and here again do we behold the manifestations of design—of effect following cause, and becoming, in turn, the cause of still greater effects.

Long before the anti-slavery element began to agitate the country as the voice of God calling for justice to the bondmen, had God prepared, through the agency of ante-natal conditions, the agents who were to execute his will in this matter. Before this agitation commenced, a Kentucky cottage had sheltered the head of him who, afterward, became the head of the nation. The tailor of Tenbecame the head of the nation. The tailor of Ten-nessee had started toward his manhood, and the barefooted boy of Ohio, clad in his homespun tow, drove his ox team through the streets of the city where he afterward sat as Governor of a great State. Then slavery was resting securely in the arms of the people, if not a petted, at least a well protected child. That child—hydra-headed in its growth, and viperish in its nature—turns against the best of the state of the growth, and viperish in its nature—turns against the hand that fostered it, striving to wrest the reins of government therefrom and in punishment thereof, is doomed to die. The Buckeye boy, sitting in the highest judicial seat of the nation, pronounces the sentence; the rail-splitter has driven the nails into the coffin that is to hold the corpse; the tailor is making the shroud, and the kitchen girl—she who has toiled in the homes of the rich for her daily bread, and waited until the second table before she could get it—she bids you reond table before she could get it—she bids you re-joice in the downfall of the illegitimate pretender, in the downfall of the aristocracy of which he was

the chief supporter.

Yes/she bids you rejoice that this aristocracy has fallen; while all others are reeling and tottering upon the thrones that a rapidly developing people will soon remove forever from the shoulders that have so long held them up. The spirit of democracy calls for the elevation of the masses. of democracy calls for the elevation of the masses. The spirit of democracy is the God-power, individualizing itself in the masses; but where is this individualization to end? To what is it leading us? To liberty, to independence, is the reply. But will it stop with a central-unitized government, or will it lead to State rights, ending with individual sovereignty? It were well to look this destiny of independence squarely in the face, and not to blind offrselves with any false issue. This in to blind ourselves with any false issue. This in-dependence may consist in union, or disunion; i may consist in State rights, or in a central Government. It will consist in the largest liberty that the people are prepared for at any given time. He who imagines that our Union could have been maintained, for the Union's sake alone, leaving out of the question the interests of humanity, makes a great mistake, and one that he would do well to

Had our Southern brethren made freedom, instead of slavery, the corner-stone of their State rights edifice, they would have been invincible. Had they said: We object to this centralization of power; we declare our independence, but this in-dependence shall be for the whole people, and not a part of them; our bondmen shall be free, and we will fit them for the highest exercise of that freedom, as fast as possible; and the poo whites, they, too, shall be educated and cared for whites, they, too, shall be educated and cared for, thus proclaiming the rights of the whole people, instead of a class. Had they done this when they seeded, they would have had the sympathies of the whole civilized world; and the masses of Europe, who have kept their rulers from declaring for the Confederacy, in the struggle through which we have passed, would have urged them on to it, lead the content Consenuent striven to subjurgate had the general Government striven to subjugate them. The success of our armies and the glory of our Union victories has depended upon the spirit of liberty that had declared for the black man, and not upon the cause of the Union, as such. The not upon the cause of the Union, as such. The glory of our departed President consists in the fact that he identified himself with that spirit, becoming its agent in the emancipation of a race, and not because he was able to preserve the Union and not because he was able to preserve the Union for the sake of an undivided country. The Union and the Constitution as it was, would have been no glory, but rather the indelible stamp of shame, proclaiming fossilization instead of growth.

Institutions are for the people, and not the people for institutions. The people! the people! cries the politician when he seeks for place and nower:

the politician, when he seeks for place and power; but afterward, he is very apt to forget them. The spirit of liberty, however, the developing spirit of God in man, does not forget. The nighty thought of freedom continues to expand, and institutions tree, that continually expands to meet conditions, and maintains its place by virtue of such expansion. And those only who are true to this law of expansion, are fitted to become the leaders of a expansion, are fitted to become the leaders of a great people. Those who go ahead of it, must go as ploneers; as leaders, they must fail for want of support; and those who fall behind it, will be dragged to destruction by the very people they have presumed to represent, for it is useless to try to stop the wheels of progress. Those, however, who are thus true, are as stars lighting up the darkness of the night; yea, as stars, till; passing beyond the darkness of the present, they become like suns of glorious brightness, whose rising is hailed by the millions beyond the river, with songs of soulful welcome.

songs of soulful welcome. "He comes! America's chieftain comes!"

Written for the Banner of Light.

MORNING. BY D. M. HERSEY.

How good to walk at early morn, When tremble sweetly all the bowers With song of birds, and dewy flowers From the fresh sod so newly born.

Soft are the breathing zephyrs, when They first awake at early light, And from the dewy couch of night Steal over whitening hill and glen.

Sweet music, gushing from the rills That down the verdant hillsides run, Sends forth a greeting to the sun That all the gorgeous orient fills.

These are thy infant moments, Day; And sweet are they, and very fair, And there's a magic in the air, That speeds our sadness far away.

Thus, in the early morn of life, All things seem bright, and fair, and new; Sweet visions break upon the view Not known to noontime with its strife. "

Then music gushing from the heart, All lately made and freshly strung, Seems sweeter when 't is newly sung, And of our lives becomes a part. Then fancy lends her soaring wings,

Dim shapes, to beauty seem to form: And all our thoughts are fresh and warm, And wide its doors the spirit flings...

But when th' ascending sun of life Has brought the noontide moments on, We find the dreams of childhood gone, And gird our armor for the strife.

But as we toil through hopes and fears, The present glides into the past, And brings the twilight time at last-For this, we will not shed our tears;

For lo! 't is but the fleeting night: That ushers in the gorgeous morn, When from the clay the spirit, born, Soars up the sky to endless light. Stoughton, Mass., 1865.

soul from the storms of life. The second as Mail medicine was well "assist" the sap of the oak tree

Original Essays

REVERENCE FOR GREAT MEN.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

There is no nobler feeling dwelling in the breast of man than that of respect and admiration for one higher than himself. To acknowledge great ingenuity, native talent, humility of soul in another, is a sign of a deep thinker, a kind and generous nature. "There is but one temple in the universe," says Novalis, " and that is the body of man." The great man acts with a force bestowed directly upon him by God himself. His words bear the impress of truth, and sink deeply into the hearts of his hearers, so that all believe, even his enemies. He has wisdom to discern what the times demand, energy to carry out plans that seem gigantic in perception and execution. He opposes error and injustice. He unmasks hypocrites in high places; stands composed amid the confused wreck of revolutionary crashings and tumblings that blanch so many faces and fill with dismay so many hearts. He is not unmindful of the surrounding perils, but he will not add to the general distress by melancholy forebodings and a sad countenance, but dispels these anxieties by cheerful predictions; relieves the perplexities of doubting characters, thus becoming an indispensable saviour of his epoch. When great minds are needed for a work requiring responsibility, energy and talent, Providence always provides such men. The materials are there, but often circumstances direct their movements, causing them to fail in their efforts, however praiseworthy and well meant. Thus when a great man succeeds in his undertakings, realizes our ideal of a hero, we delight to do him honor, love, venerate and bow before him. This worship will last as long as man endures. No time or influence can destroy this noble inborn loyalty, the hero worship that is in every man. In this country it is voluntary and spontaneous, freely bestowed to those only who deserve it. Birth and station cannot call it forth-it requires virtue, lofty deeds, acts of justice and mercy, honesty and bravery.

Americans are justly proud of their immortal Washington, the great and the good, whose name can never perish. Ever has he stood alone in the annals of history, our beacon-light, our father, our country's saviour! For the last few years, amid the flowing of precious blood, the horrors of desolation, the war-cry, the groans of the slave, the tears of widows and orphans, the bitter sufferings of our brave soldiers, we have slowly and reluctantly admitted that there was one worthy to fill the Presidential chair; one whose open, social soul had other thoughts than ambition, who could not screen himself in formulas, for he dealt in facts and the realities of things; a cordial, companionable man, but ever working out his life's task with fidelity and adroitness. He gave ear to no vain cavils, but drew deeply from his own intuitions, a course that he knew with his whole soul to be good, and alone good. The genuine essence of truth never slept within him; he listened to her voice, and obtained the power of reading the hearts of those who surrounded him, who little knew that while he conversed with them in a jocose strain, his keen insight beheld the kernel of the matter. Like all great thinkers, he had a cultivated understanding. There was no ostenta-tious pride in him, for had he not acquired for himself the highest of all possessions, that of selfhelp-that ladder by which a man may mount into very heaven? He left the world, his greatest ideal of existence yet unfinished. Whatever he undertook was performed, as suited the place, occasion and time. No mind could escape the criticism of his penetrating intellect, no details too small for his comprehension. Whatever subject was presented to his mind, it was arranged in so of freedom continues to expand, and institutions growing out of human needs must expand also, or go down. Let us see to it, then, that our institutions are, not like acorns, that must burst asunder to permit growth, but like the bark of a growing that was pure and good. His circles of friends that was pure and good. His circles of friends and the might of his lofty conceptions. happy and diversified a manner that men forgot constantly increasing, forget not his amiable and kindly manner, his consideration of their faults, his pleasing criticisms of those faults. That he was above reproach, physically, morally and socially, galls most his enemies. If they could point their finger to a deed of wrong or injustice to a widow or orphan, or to any whom he had oppressed, it would excuse their bitter hatred. They can only say, He was an abolitionist, and a friend

> to the North. When truth shall have become more palatable to the human mind, and love of liberty, justice and mercy stronger, men will look back upon the life of Lincoln and say," What a good man he was-so just, so pure, firm, but gentle." Not many years will pass before his thoughts and grand conceptions will be enrolled among the greatest of all who lived noble lives in any age, his tearing down of old edifices and laying the foundations of newer and stronger ones, his probing the corrupt wounds of slavery to bring a healthy reaction that will bless and preserve all future generations. The tomb of our loved one rises in the distance like a receding milestone, informing us how many weary years we wander without his cheering and watchful guidance; but it tells us, also, that there lies all that was perishable. His fame and bright example live forever, deathless, in the hearts of his people, where are deeply engraved the united names of Washington and Lincoln.

THE BEGINNING.

BY DR. NORMAL.

The first question of the true reformer is, "Having so much strength as capital to work with, how can I best apply it, to accomplish most?" So, too, improving the best faculties by exercise. Is there most need of preaching, or of practice-which? Is it because the Truth is not proclaimed, that people do not see it? or that their organs of sight are not clear? for by Nature all love to learn. We shall find that all see "all that is in them to see"—all they can see; for alast all the eyes the soul has to look through are those of the too often foul, diseased body; the soul sees all that it can see, through its darkened medium. What can you see through muddy, filthy, discolored glasses? As such, to your eyes, are the bodies to the souls within of most. First let the worker cast out the beam from his own eye-purify his and her own body Do not "sacrifice" yourself; what really helps you, benefits others, by Nature's eternal law. "First, pure." Purify yourself—the body first.
Do you see what that really implies? Your body should be all of fine working, "live" tissue; do not carry around dead matter in that wondrous fabric; it will tire you, it will do you no good, but hurt to What hinders is, there are too many dead people unburied in the world. Fat is dead matter -by Mosaic law not exten. Your nose, in a natural state, will tell you to avoid grease. Bathe the body in lukewarm water, mornings. Keep the pores of the skin open; let the impurities so pass out; do not stand in their way. That is all Nature asks-A simple flower may be shelter for a troubled she will do the work. Do'nt "assist" her with

with medicine. Give that to the dogs-it is safethey won't touch it.

As the effete matter passes off, do you build anew with the very best. God's image is worthy the best. Breathe only the best air. Drink the best water only. When you avoid stimulants, i. e., wasters, you won't get up a continuous fever-thirst in the body. Don't eat fever-inducing articles. N. B. Herein lies the root of the "temperance" matter. Eat real food. Did you ever see a truly healthy man-one whose perspiration is sweet? Let Mons. Nose test yours, if it is not impaired by offensive secretions. If your skin exhalations are offensive, you are eating, as food, an imitationnot the genuine; something that cannot be used by the system as bulk, or nutrition, brain, flesh and bone constituent, but a clog to the blood-filthy. It may be sugar. Surely it is not. Faugh! Dard -of the unclean beast, haunting the cesspoolswine-which Jesus and Paul, Daniel and David unite in condemning, taken with the free action of real food into the blood, thence cast out, ignominiously, with uncomfortable sensations, through the

pores of the skin, &c. What is human food? Looking over the world and history, we find man enlightened and happy, just in proportion as his food is more of the fruits, grains and vegetables, and less, or no flesh meats. I speak only of what experience, theory and nat- suffering from fever, of a very severe form, and ural law, true science, agree in. Look for yourself highly contagious-extending from man to man, testing by natural law. Still read—the Book of house to house, and street to street, until it has Nature, particularly. (Though few others may, or now become almost universal. This fever prowish to see it, tremble not if you do discover that | duces an unnatural condition of mind, causes all God's laws are one, harmonious, that intercourse with, toil for, and butchery of unnaturally pennedup beasts, is not an essential of the True Life here the Life which breatheth Love to all God's creatures, grown so strong by virtue of its inherent vitality, in despite of that which, though it be one of the steps which Man's Progress has ascended, will yet, most assuredly, like Orthodoxy, be outgrown. Yet until a taste for and knowledge how to make good bread, of pure, freshly-ground, unbolted wheat flour be more common, wild game, living a natural life, is much better than the sugared and spiced substitutes therefor. It is folly to take away meats without supplying the best bread and fruits.

Reader, view the cattle-pen awhile, then turn to the fragrant peach, delicious to the eye as to the palate, with a bloom like the blush on the cheek of the pure maiden, caught from the silently imbibed sunbeams of an hundred balmy summer days, or to the luscious fruits of the "purple vine," and think which will best nourish the "temple of the spirit." Choose. That is the beginning.

TRUE WORSHIP. BY CORA WILBURN.

Amid the many errors inculcated by the yet existing sectarianism is the false estimate of prayer, that hely uplifting of the soul toward the divine source of life and light. It is deemed necessary for the right performance of the act of worship that certain postures be maintained, a certain gravity and seriousness of mien, a set formula be attended to, in a specified place, at stated times. This setting apart the office of prayer, at intervals, is one of the great mistakes of creed-bound teachers. All life's moments should be consecrated to prayer, so that the anthem of thanksgiving may uprise at those laborers in our magnificent cause, who are all times from every human heart. We should worship the Divine Good when first we arouse from healthful slumber in our ablutions, singing heart-hymns of gratitude for the bestowal of the pure, clear water. The purification and adornment of our person is a thank-offering unto God, a propitiatory offering to humanity. The cheerful countenance and merry spirit with which we sit them, and, sometimes, would do the work more down to table, is a prayer of grace and acceptance. Music and social reunion is prayer; study and scientific research is prayer; thought and labor is worship the most beneficent and elevating; for- continue to make the necessary sacrifice; and let giveness and charity are sweetest prayers, availing much. Self-abnegation is the unspoken orison of devout souls; humility is the life-gift of the everlasting anthem of the consecrated ones who seek to bless the world by living aright. Sin-offerings of hoarded customs and worldlinesses, of favorite faults and treasured selfloves are laid upon the altar of renunciation. and treasured plans of self-aggrandizement are cast aside for the public weal. The silent and perpetual prayer is substituted for the public display of religion; the effort of will and sacrifice ascends unceasingly unto the Great Inspirer, returning to the invoking soul in streams of inspirational fervor and delight. Guided by the eye of Reason and the hand of Love, all life's aims are sanctified by prayerful endeavor, and joy and fruition, as well as tribulation and an-

Religion, thus accepted, as the indwelling, motive power of life, having no set rules for its manifestations, no given ceremonies for its expression it becomes a controlling, ever-present ministry of beauty as of usefulness. Beneath its gentle sway, sweet thoughts will find devotion's response in the music accords of sympathy and love; worship will be a spontaneous utterance of speech, and act, and harmony of life. Gentle words and manners, loving deeds and household peace will indicate the presence of the white-winged angel, on whose azure banner folds are inscribed the watchwords of heaven and of happiness. No matter what the denomination, religion dwells with those who cultivate the charities, the graces, the amenities of life. It erects its altar wherever pure love dwells; where cleanliness is esteemed a part of Godliness; where faith in humanity abides, and the hearthstone is untrodden by the evil phantoms of the world.

guish are sanctified by a use divine.

Public opinion has branded with infidelity al who no longer subscribe to the chalk-marked limits of a creed. The intended stigma is, to such, a cross of honor; for it is by breaking boldly from the man-forged trammels of sect and belief that the religious being finds its true, expansive and progressive life. Divine commandments are written on the inner tablet of such souls: to them the Deity is visible in all forms, and their hearts throb with loftiest, holiest worship at all seasons and all times. Within, above, around, beneath. God everywhere! they seek and find Him-the all-pervading spirit-in all things that live. Such souls are the temples of revelation and the apostles of a higher life, though the whole world revile them and the trembling, fearful sectarians shout: "Crucify them!" With the simple, unostentatious religion of life will be found the inseparable purity of moral conduct which is its attendant angel; not, truly, the outside morality of the world, but the steadfast, inner adherence to principles. That is the test of honor and of incorruptible virtue. True worship abides with all who labor for the emancination of the race from all and I had no time to stand still and question the forms of wrong; its sweetest, holiest name is Love.

The school books lately, published by the Auscar of material gives the paper a have gained from conflict with adversity, and the yellowish color, which medical men hold to be less fatiguing to the eye than our snowy pages.

This material gives the paper a have gained from conflict with adversity, and the medium, has a large practice in this place, where soil grows very close, and increases in steading to the eye than our snowy pages.

This material gives the paper a have gained from conflict with adversity, and the medium, has a large practice in this place, where soil grows very close, and increases in steading to the eye than our snowy pages.

The paper a have gained from conflict with adversity, and the medium, has a large practice in this place, where soil grows very close, and increases in steading to the beautiful medium, has a large practice in this place, where soil grows very close, and increases in steading to the beautiful medium, has a large practice in this place, where soil grows very close, and increases in steading to the proportion as generation after generation passes would not now erase one item from the page of

Correspondence.

Suggestions from Dr. Amos.

The good unseen friends always teach me that it is right to follow impressions. As nearly as possible. I obey the requisition, and this morning I write a few lines for the Banner.

The question uppermost in my mind is an important one, and worthy the consideration of all reflective minds, namely: "What progress is Spiritualism making over the old slavish institutions of theological mysteries and errors?" Silently the great cause is progressing, as it ever will, until the whole family of mankind is redeemed from its present crude condition. Publicly, in the section of country through which I have traveled during the past two years, I find little progress has been made of late. The only place that appears to continue an interest in our beautiful philosophy, is Johnson's Creek, where the friends hold regular weekly meeting, and sometimes oftener, which are generally well attended.

As a rambling itinerant healer of the sick. I have advantageous opportunities of seeing the interior, as well as the exterior of mankind. My experience has taught me that for some time past all this portion of the Western world has been those who are affected by it to forget principles, and grasp after that which is only a burden to them while here, and will hang like a millstone around their necks when they go hence to the better condition. The burden alluded to is the unnecessary accumulation of property. I am of opinion that this disease is assuming the chronic form amongst Spiritualists, as well as the other denominations and sects. I regret that it should so develop itself, but the only apology that I can find for this truly miserable condition, is, that all are surrounded by the influence of selfishness, and there is at present no help for them. The laws and conditions which surround mankind, determine their character.

The fever previously alluded to, also assumes a bilious character; the universal liver is out of health. This also leads to unpleasant results, one of which is, the discontinuance of lectures. In several places which I have visited, there were formerly regular lectures given to very large, attentive and intelligent audiences; now, alas! they have no meetings. This is the assigned, and rather common-place reason, usually given for such a course: "We do not want lecturers here, unless we can have those possessing superior abilities; we cannot endure ordinary lecturers; if we could raise money enough to engage star speakers, we would then have regular meetings." Second-rate speakers are generally poor men and women: that is, they have not a surplus of means. and cannot make a great display in dress; and instead of lending such a helping hand, they are, now-a-days, cast aside as a burden upon progressive minds. How is it possible for a cause to prosper while this condition of things continues to have an existence. Adopt the idea of practical and universal brotherhood and sisterhood, by helping those who may require help, and soon some of now second-rate in speech and dress, would become the most enthusiastic lecturers in the field. Better to have second-rate meetings than abandon them entirely—for it is a positive fact that there are many thousands of good, kindly, congenial souls, who are not yet converted to our views! Second-rate talent would be able to reach thoroughly than the star-lecturer.

Our principles demand an individual sacrifice for the universal benefit. Let us, one and all, us occasionally review ourselves, and see where we are-what we are doing toward extending a knowledge of those principles we believe to be truth-seeker unto God and man; purity is the true. Cease, as soon as possible, this feverish excitement for self-aggrandizement, and strike for principles. This will prove a blessing to all, here and hereafter; for the system of selfish accumulation is only a source of anxiety on earth, and will prove a damage in the immeasurable future.

Excuse my plainness; I am not intending to be personal toward any one; my object and purpose is to cultivate a more extensive and liberal devel-J. T. Amos. opment of principle. Rochester, N. Y.

Sunshine and Cloud.

Several months have elapsed since I last contributed to your columns. Since then, how full of significance the events crowding upon our Political History-the culmination of the stirring past,

evolving the prophecy of a progressive future! Individually, I, too, have been passing through the transition of "sunshine and cloud," whose grand lesson of wisdom cannot fail to ultimate in greater strength, truer sympathies and higher aims. Such is the practical discipline taught in the rough school of adversity; such the wellearned results achieved in the thorny path of progress, while struggling against the tide of folly and ignorance.

I trace the sunshine of vivid memories that cluster around the scenes of ten years ago, when I wedded, at the shrine of affection, one who fully reciprocated the gift, and responded from the depths of his sympathetic nature. We investigated the "philosophy of spirit-communion" together, perceiving and appreciating its truths. Five years thus pleasantly glided on. Yet, in the distance, unperceived, the dark clouds of misfortune were gathering to dim the sky of our earthly prosperity. My companion's failing health frustrated matured plans, which blighted our hopes; and I was driven to bring out my own resources and sympathies in his behalf; to struggle against the tide of adversity, through labor and hope, as necessity demanded; with dark clouds overshadowing the slowly-moving years whose mournful records were tracing on us their impress of weariness and care, and dimming our eyes with many a bitter tear.

"And deep, foreboding shadows gathered fast, To hide the brightness of the sunny past."

Medical skill, with its various experiments, proved unavailing to change the chronic nature of a disease whose symptoms were fast emerging into a hopeless insanity. And yetmenid the darkest hour, I have been sustained by the strengthening power of the "angel ministry," with their gentle whispers: " Fear not; our Father doeth all things well." They were thus preparing me for the work that otherwise seemed impossible for me to perform. And, when fairly unfolded for the task. but one avenue seemed opened for me to move in: criticism of reproach that might linger upon the threshold of public gaze and curiosity, for justice to others and to myself demanded immediate action. For the sake of what I have realized

life's history; for I enjoy the sweet consciousness | tleman who was dangerously sick, and whoof having aided the helpless, whether appreciated

My companion, whose noble form, in the past, gave promise of many years of happiness, now rests in the silent graveyard, and his spirit, emancipated from the fetters of disease, mingles with the bright realities of health and immortality. Yes, he has passed on to realize the fact of spiritintercourse with the loved ones of earth.

While the work of humanity remains unfinished. I shall move on in that field of labor; not alone, for I shall be accompanied and sustained consciousness of having the cause of truth and understood by those who have suffered and triumpliantly overcome all opposing obstacles which attend the footsteps of an itinerancy.

Once again I have left the pleasant friends and surroundings of Philadelphia for the broad prairies of the growing West, to drop, I trust, the germ of practical, spiritual and physiological truths, among those aspiring natures less favored by workers in their midst. Why should I fear the future, or longer question the past, with the line of duty leading in the pathway of morality, unfolding its blessed remuneration—the real worth of which can only be estimated by the well-tried and triumphant soul, who, in seeking to live truthfully, and practice, as well as preach, morality, will never, never be alone? Address, in care of Jas. Hudson, Terre Haute.

Yours for truth, June 2, 1865. ALCINDA WILHELM, M. D.

Practical Sectarianism.

The following specimen of what is called Christianity, recently came within my scope of observation! Two invalid females were supporting themselves and one child by working every day, long and wearily, for the mere pittance which is paid for the light work on straw trimmings, because they, like many others who do such work, could not perform harder labor. The pious employer, no doubt, found they read the Banner, (which a friend furnished them to keep them assured there was a better world awaiting them.) and that they did not attend church, &c .- whereupon they received the following letter, dated at Boston, in April, 1865:

Boston, in April, 1885:

"The object of my writing to you is in reference to a matter which was brought to my attention during my last visit to—. I was informed that you were in the hablt of performing your usual secular labor upon the Sabbath, as on other days, doing my work, as well as your own. Now, in regard to your own work, I, of course make no claim to interfere, that is, between you and your God. But in regard to the work I employ you to do, I do think I have a right to direct how and when it shall be done. I am in the habit of asking God's blessing in prayer upon my business. This I cannot do honestly, with my views of the Sabbath and the manner it should be kept, if any part of that business is transacted or performed upon time which I re-gard as set apart by God himself for the perform-ance of religious worship and sacred duties, and not for secular or worldly employments. With these views and feelings, I cannot consistently give you employment, unless you give me assurance that no part of such work shall be performed upon time set apart by the laws of God and man, upon time set apart by the laws of God and man, as devoted to sacred usos. I am pleased with the manner you have performed your work, and should be pleased to continue to give you employment, so long as I can do so consistently with my views of right and duty, and will do so upon your giving the assurence that no part of it shall be done, as I have stated, in hely time. With your own work, or as to how you shall keep the day, I do not wish to interfere, as I have stated, except to state that, as far as my experience goes, the more perfectly the Sabbath is observed, in accordance with God's command, the better shall we he prospered eyen in our temporal affairs. we be prospered even in our temporal affairs. Should you give the required assurance, it will be my pleasure to continue as we have done; but if not, I shall be constrained to decline giving you any further work. I should much prefer it should continue as it does at present, and with you I leave it. Yours in friendship, ———."

The laborers had also consciences, and when one-seventh of the time was taken from the work could not support themselves on the pay, and sought other labor of a similar light character. The following is a copy of their reply, on which the work, of course, was withdrawn:

"Yours of — is received. Yes, you have been rightly informed—we do on Sunday that which seems best we should do, the same as on other seems nest we should do, the same as on other days, feeling and believing all time belongs to God, and is consequently holy, and all duties should be performed as sacred. In regard to your claim to interference as to the how and when your work shall be done, if we were doing your work work shall be done, if we were doing your work by the day or week, or doing it on your premises, you would have a right to say when, as well as how; but, doing it, as we are, on our own premises, if it is done and delivered according to contract, we claim that you have no right to direction, as to hours or days that shall or shall not be occupied in doing it; for that we are accountable to God alone, who is just. Thus believing and living to do the will of God, whose ways we know are ways of pleasantness and whose paths are peace, we cannot give the required assurance. Yours respectfully.

To me, or one who gets his knowledge of time from astronomy or geology instead of Genesis. this seems about as consistent as the Christian duty which I knew a very pious woman to perform some years ago, in refusing to sell milk to a poor woman for her child which she could not nurse, because the mother was not legally married; remarking that she did not sell milk for any such children; when she knew it could not be procured at any other place within a mile of the mother, and she could not go for it-but she pretended to love JESUS, whose mother, if married at all, was only nominally married two or three months before he was born. Wonder if she would sell him milk? WARREN CHASE. May, 1865.

Notes from Salem, Mass.

Thinking you might like to hear from the old town where spiritual manifestations commenced at an early date, I venture to write a few lines. I have reference to the spiritual phenomena known as the "Salem Witchcraft," which took place, I believe, nearly two hundred years ago. The house is still standing at the corner of Essex and North streets, where the witches, or mediums. were tried. Strangers, visiting Salem, are often seen standing near the old building, viewing it; while some of our own citizens pass by it without being acquainted with its history. The hill where the witches were hung, is, also, a place of interest to many.

Salem is the birthplace of the noted medium, Charles H. Foster, who is probably the best test country," and I presume Mr., Foster is better known, as a medium, in New York or London than in his native city. He came naturally by his mediumship, his father and mother having medium powers. , Their son is very kind to them in their old age, and, among other deeds, has lately bought a snug house to make them comfortable their few remaining years.

after being attended by a number of the old and new school of physicians, and receiving no benefit-was induced to try Mr. Ballard. The medium's controlling spirit examined the patient and prescribed for him; in three months' time he was cured, having gained forty pounds of flesh.

We have no hall permanently opened for spiritual lectures, although there are Spiritualists enough to sustain meetings, if they would only unite for the purpose. Many pay thirty dollars yearly for a pew in a fashionable church, who would think it exorbitant to pay five dollars for by dwellers in the higher life, with a feeling of the same time toward supporting spiritual meetings. There are many who-although not Spiritprogress uppermost in my efforts, and of being unlists-are interested in the subject of Spiritualism, yet would not pay ten cents to hear an inspirational medium; but would think nothing of going to Boston to attend the theatre, or of patronizing a negro concert two or three nights in the week. These persons are of the class that take from three to five secular papers, but borrow the Banner to save subscribing for it. Miss Hardinge, before she left for California, gave three free lectures in Lyceum Hall, to crowded houses-many going away unable to obtain admittance. She afterwards gave one lecture with the admittance fee ten cents; and, as I noticed the free audiences were mostly made up of persons in good circumstances, I supposed she would, at least, have a good house; but great was my surprise to see the hall barely one-third full. Comment is unneces-

> Although, to outward appearances, Spiritualism seems to create but little interest here, many are looking into the subject quietly; a few circles are held, and the Banner has a good circulation. A number of our clergymen have been looking into the manifestations; one is said to be a believer, while I notice that many of the clergy who accept the fact of spirit-intercourse, "hide their light under a bushel," or let it shine dimly through a sectarian discourse. But, thanks to our kind spirit-friends and to many noble spiritual pioneers, Spiritualism is strong enough to stand alone, without the assistance of Church or State; and in comparatively a few years it must be the prevailing belief in Christendom. Salem, Mass., 1865.

THE HEART'S "DIAMOND ISLE!"

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL

'Tis an island that splits the blue river apart, Enthroned in its breast, and enthroned in my heart. In the sunshine of soul I will see it still smile.

And my Eden of youth will be Diamond Isle!"

W. W. Fosdick.

There's an isle that is brighter, afar in the West, Than the beautiful one that thy footsteps have pressed; Its sands gleam like carpet of silver unrolled, And the waves that flash round it are ribbons of

gold;
Its emerald foliage no winter can fade, Its spring is eternal—and e'en in the shade Of its hoary old cedars, there steals from above A light, rosy-hued as the dreamings of love! It is moored in "the river," just off from the shore Of that far distant land angels call "Evermore!"

Like a cloud that at twilight floats on mid the ether, Like a gull riding softly the billows beneath her, Like a motionless bark upon Erie's blue deep, When the zephyrs have sung e'en the billows to

sleep, And the streamers of morn, as the sun rises higher, Flush its bulwarks with crimson, and fret them with fire,
And banner and pennon, sails, masts and lithe

And banner and poulon, sans, mass and line
spars,
Are frosted with silver and powdered with stars!
Oh! brighter by far in its wave-setting clear,
Than thy love-painted isle in La Belle Riviere!

Its rocks are all crystal, with amethysts gleam,

Flashing out from each crevice, to purple the atream.

That reflects every hue, till the waves, as they pass, Seem a rainbow all shivered to atoms—a glass Formed of myriad diamonds, that, swung in the

Gives back countless dies, though receiving but one!

And deep from its heart flashes forth into light, spring whose pure waters e'en dazzle the sight As they leap in the sunlight, from chambers of

spar, And bind in their tresses of foam every star! 'T is the Fountain of Hope, so long sighed for in

vain! Tis the Spring for which Leon, the brave, crossed the main!

T is the Water, not fabled, but gifted in truth With power to give to the heart lasting youth; And clearer than dewdrows it dances along. Vith footsteps that ever keep time to its s Giving life to the herbage, and, as if loth to part Leaving ever a drop in the rose's red heart. No winter can chill it, bid its sweet song be dumb, For it rolls through the clime where "to-morrows' ne'er come!

That island of beauty gleamed brightly as now Ere Light wreathed with jewels Creation's dark

brow; The sapphire waters its shores softly pressed, Ere the thunder broke loudly o'er Sinat's crest; It glittered a gem ere the sweet, starry chime—
It is younger and older—will e'en outlast Time!
When the Sun first his glittering banner unrolled,
"T was the first to give back his bright flashes of

gold! And when his last rays shall fall feebly to earth, 'T will gleam just as bright as it did at its birth! Oh, thou heart "Diamond Isle!" Oh, thou radiant

sod, Lighted ever with sunshine—the smile of a God! Oh, thou Garden of Beauty! thou soul's fondest dream, Moored just off of Heaven—anchored fast in its

Shall ours be the lot—will death give us wings. To fly to thy bowers and bathe in thy springs? we drink of their waters-sing anthemacof

Have the plumage of angels—gain eternal youth? Oh, tell me, ye loved ones, who, freed from all guile, Roam forever the shores of the heart's "Diamond

American Graves.

If anything were needed to make Americans ove their country more than they have, it would be found in the fact that so many of the honored and beloved dead have gone to be a part and par cel of our consecrated soil. We are a new people, cel of our consecrated soil. We are a new people, born in the new times; but we are growing older day by day, and we have grown rapidly, fearfully older within the past four years. Even the last week seems to have added a century to our existence, and given us an experience which makes us seem as if we had lived ages in days.

There is always a new tie to a country in which the dead whom we have honored and loved are buried. The settlers of a hitherto unknown or uninhabited land become attached to it so soon as the aspect and the comforts and joys of a home begin to surround them. While they live in tents

begin to surround them. While they live in tents or in bark sheds they feel like wanderers, and are medium in the world, being developed to give manifestations in ten or twelve different ways. ty seems to drive them. When the permanent fireside is established, and the roof-tree firmly set, they begin to love the land around them, and this love increases from year to year, as memories begin to be part of the crop raised on the new location. But when one of the family dies, and is buried in the ground, then the marriage of the living to the very soil of the earth is complete, and the union of affection becomes strong. The heart clings to the country in which the grave was made—to the earth of which the lost one has become a next. And as family after family eatiles in the part. And as family after family settles in the new land, and graves are heaped up on the bill-

Spiritual Phenomena.

Physical Manifestations through William, Horatio and Mary Eddy.

Nothing is so much sought after, and exciting so much interest in Spiritualism, as physical manifestations; and just at this time they seem to be quite an absorbing subject of discussion. Feeling deeply interested in all phenomenal characteristics pertaining to newer developments, I make it a point to improve every opportunity to witness the external manifestations, and examine the claims of the newly developed mediums. It has already become very evident that what we are yet to see, as common phenomena, will eclipse all we have seen: that is, supposing physical manifestations to increase in variety and power, for the next five years, as they have for five years past. And even now, the manifestations, in some instances, are assuming a character equal to all expectation, predicated upon the prophetic indication of what has been.

I thought I had seen wonderful manifestations, but I must have had a feeble conception of the wonderful, for I have lately witnessed that which would astound the most skeptical.

On Wednesday, May 31st, I visited the home of the Eddy family, in Chittenden, Vt. I arrived just in time to partake of a substantial farmer's dinner with the three mediums. During the afternoon I visited with them, while they were engaged at their labor-they are farmers, and do not seem to be afraid of work. In the evening, two gentlemen, skeptics, and residents of the town, came in to witness, with myself, the manifestations, under circumstances and conditions as follows:

There were eight persons, only, in the house. The large farm-house kitchen was darkened, and the instruments placed upon a table on one side of the room. We were, after examining everything about the house carefully, seated in a circle around the table, the mediums scattered through the circle separately, two of them joining hands with me, the other one joined hands with the other gentlemen, all constituting a circle just large enough to surround the table. Instead of singing, we all to surround the table. Instead of singing, we sat kept up a lively conversation. There was no possible chance for any one to deceive, even if there had been the disposition. The light being put out, almost instantaneously the musical instruments, several in number, were played upon and carried all about the room; the clock, which stood twelve all about the room; the clock, which know twelve feet from the circle, was struck, and continued striking until the weight run down. A pail of water was brought from the closet, a distance of fifteen feet, and placed in the skeptic's lap opposite me. A large dog that was in the room enjoying sleep, was taken up and brushed around in the circle and against our faces. On the light being produced, we found the dog standing on the table in front of us. Again resuming our positions, and the light put out, it seemed as if the house was being torn to pieces. Among other things, a home-made lounge, weighing forty or fifty pounds, was brought, without the least noise, from a corner of the room, a distance of twelve feet from the circle, and one end of it placed on my head, and the other on the head of a gentleman opposite me; and then it was removed and left standing on end behind me. Finally, anidst a general confusion of bell ringing, drumming, violin playing, tin pan rattling, dishes clattering, doors slamming, pounding, knocking and house jarring, a light was struck, and we found ourselves surrounded with little of everything in the shape of housekeeping utensils.

It was no very laughable matter, for eight individuals, sitting with joined hands—after knowing, by previous examination, that there were no others in the house—to realize that articles from garret to cellar were flying promisenously around their heads in such a manner as bade fair to interfere with their physical safety. During this time we were all in circle with joined hands, constantly conversing. If the gentlemen of the circle, as well as myself, can place any confidence in our senses, then we know that there was no possible chance for decep-

It was then proposed to sit on the cabinet-plan.
An empty bedroom was selected and examined for that purpose. Horatio and Mary Eddy were placed in the room and securely tied to chairs. A door with a diamond-shaped aperture was then set up in the door frame, and immediately hands and arms were seen the entire length to the shoulders, one of which was very large and black, with what appeared to be a very ragged red flannel shirt sleeve on it—to all appearance a veritable African's arm. A copper-colored arm, and a very large copper-colored foot were shown. On opening the door instantly, we found the mediums just as we had left them, securely tied to the chairs. As soon as we closed the door, an Indian face, with his head decorated with feathers, appeared at the aperture, looking mildly upon us. Immediately afterwards there appeared a nicely formed, delicate arm, over which was a lace sleeve and a bracelet, and on the fingers several rings. This arm was held in sight long enough for us to realarm was held in sight long enough for us to realize its tangibility. The mediums were again examined, and found tied as before. Upon looking at the medium's garments it was noticed that Mary wore a delaine dress, with close-fitting sleeves, and no jewelry upon either hand; and neither had any red fiannel about them.

Once more we closed the doors, when hands and remaining and also very small in red about

and arms, large and also very small, made their appearance, and we exchanged grasp with the hands. Then the face of an old lady appeared, with an old-fashioned ruflled-border cap on the head, and we had the privilege of feeling the the nead, and we had the privilege of feeling the face, hair and cap; but all were so astonished with the deathly appearance of the face that none felt a disposition to touch it. Immediately the mediums were examined, and still found tied. We had barely shut the door and turned from it, before we were requested to open it again, and, doing so, found the mediums untied. The third doing so, round the mediums untied. The third medium, William, all this time sat near the door, on the outside of the room in which Horatic and on the outside of the room in which Horato and Mary were tied to their chairs. There was no chance for collusion. I have never witnessed manifestations equal to these. I have examined the rooms to my entire satisfaction, and have studied the mediums, and carefully reflected upon what I saw and heard; and have also considered cautiously all the circumstances, conditions and what we will the same and the different individuals. relative positions of the different individuals present; and I must say that I believe the Eddys io be equal, if not superior, to any mediums for manifestations in the cabinet or in the dark circle. But little has been said in the Banner about But little has been said in the Banner about these mediums. They express a perfect willingness to be tested by tying, holding something in their hands, laying the knots sealed, or any of the ordinary modes of testing, as in the case of the Brothers Davenport. Judging from what now takes place in the presence of these powerful media, what may we not anticipate in the future? And, as they are, most unquestionably, laborers chosen for the work, the manifestations taking place through their instrumentality should be lace through their instrumentality should be place through their instrumentality should be fairly kept before the people. A gentleman who is a near neighbor to the family, and a bitter opponent to anything that relates to Spritualism, stated to me "that the Eddys were a good, honest, reliable family."

The spirits, through these mediums, state that

The spirits, through these mediums, state that they will soon show faces as readily as they now do the hands. The "smart" ones may get up initations, and claim to show "how it is done"; but I am disposed to think that the spirits on the other side, at the necessary time, will give such manifestations as will so enfeeble all attempts at imitation as to make them abortive. Let us have the truth, no matter whether the claims of physical mediums stand the test, or not; but when examining and testing them, let us all treat them candidly and fairly. I hope such will be the case when these mediums come before the public again. Give them a thorough examination, for they will bear it.

I believe the right will prevail and Spiritualism will continue to triumph, notwithstanding all antagonistic influences. And I hope our scientific professors will try to demonstrate to us who are professors will try to demonstrate to us who are speking for knowledge and truth, the cause of these stirring, startling and astounding modern wonders, if they are not produced by disembodied spirits.

spirits. Haracick, Vt., June 13, 1866.

Notes at the Chicago Fair.

"Bryan Hall" contains the works of Art, and Arms and Trophies contributed to the Fair.

The catalogue comprises two hundred and sixtyfour Paintings, four Drawings, and nine pieces of Statuary, exhibited under one admission; besides which, is Carpenter's " Reading of the Proclamation of Emancipation," and Miss Hosmer's " Zenobla," each on special exhibition.

In the catalogue of Paintings are to be found many works of established reputation, among which are, No. 1, "The Rocky Mountains," by A. Bierstadt, by all olds the most popular painting in the exhibition. In the gallery at the Philadelphia Fair, one year ago, this work had competition; here it towers far above all around it. No. 2, "Departure of Columbus," by E. Leutze. I am much pleased with No. 97, "Harvest Field in New England," by James M. Hart-a most charming work. Also, No. 121, "Autumn," by I. Morviller, both contributed by Sowle's Gallery, Bos-

There are some beautiful "Fruit," and many smaller pieces, which are always to be found in all good collections of paintings, occupying some retired, unpretending nook or corner; but anything like a detailed notice of the really good things would make these notes much too long.

The following summary of contributions may be of some interest: Boston sends forty-six paintings, of which thirty-one are from the artists, twelve from Messrs. Williams & Everett, and three from Sowle's Gallery. New York sends seventy-eight paintings, of which the artists send forty-five-the others by various persons. Philadelphia, according to the catalogue, sends only six paintings; Cincinnati, seven; Chicago, twentythree.

The "Artists' Album," donated to the Fair, comprises fifty-two sketches in a magnificent case, the whole volume at \$500, to be disposed of by raffle of one hundred shares at five dollars each.

Leutze's painting of Secretary William H. Seward, attracts some attention, but did not "draw" on special exhibition, and has been again placed in the large gallery.

Of "Arms and Trophies" the collection is large, and promises much interest.

Our four years of dreadful war have given us abundant material with which to "make up an assortment" of these ghostly trophies, and we can supply the whole world with the most inter-

esting relics in this line for many years to come. In two glass cases, side by side, are to be seen the suits of clothes worn by Lincoln and Douglas during their celebrated contest in 1858.

I noticed those who took the deepest interest in these "relies"-and there were many-were the plain, farmer-looking people, who had evidently seen those rusty, soiled garments worn by these two famous men during that memorable contest.

Here is also to be seen the "Hearse" which bore the remains of our "martyred President" from Washington to their resting-place.

On special exhibition, are the clothes in which Jeff. Davis was captured, which consist of a calico gown, or wrapper, over hoop skirts. The bonnet he wore was destroyed by "the boys." These garments are upon a plaster figure of Jeff. On the head is an old palmleaf hat he used to wear on his plantation.

The great national work, by Carpenter, of "Lincoln and his Cabinet," attracts many, and well repays a long study. Aside from its historic interest, the portraits are so superb, and the grouping so admirable, every one finds abundant reason for a liberal display of enthusiasm.

In the main building of the Fair, is a tent with a sign in unique style, " Mrs. Artemas Ward, Fortune Tellest," and Mrs. Ward is a decided success. Some are seen to issue from the tent holding their sides, and showing unmistakable signs of having had about as much of a laugh for the last fifteen minutes as they could stand.

Others came out looking a little sober, and now comes bathed in a flood of tears. Oh! there were more than two inside of that tent just now! Lizzie Carley can do something more than tell fortunes in the ordinary way. She can make you laugh if she will, but maybe she can see something you did not intend she should see. But she has other eyes helping her than her own.

The Fair closes to-morrow, except for evening exhibitions, which will be continued for the pres-

The result has been equal to the expectation of the managers. The total receipts, so far, have been two hundred and forty thousand dollars, and it is expected they will reach fully three hundred thousand dollars.

The cause of Spiritualism, in Chicago, is suffering sadly, by reason of the unfortunate dissensions and divisions among its accredited believers and advocates. There is a fearful responsibility to be borne by somebody, and, after all, it is not a difficult matter to unravel the whole affair, and tell where the trouble had its birth, and what keens it alive.

When Spiritualists will practice and carry out in their everyday life, and in their intercourse with each other, the blessed truths of this new philosophy, they will begin to accomplish something, both for themselves and the glorious cause they are now doing so much to hinder and embarrass. They do not practice forbearance, kindness, charity, in short, Love, in its highest, truest sense, toward each other. They are a standing reproach, and a stumbling block to thousands who would openly espouse the cause of Spiritualism, but for their living example, which is an argument more powerful than mere words can utter, or be given by "test" manifestations.

Spiritualists, as a class, are full of kinks, crochets, and angularities. But beside this-and I confess it with pain and sorrow—they are given to slander, fault-finding, jealousy, revenge, which they practice toward each other to a lamentable. degree. If one differs from his brother or sister, either in point of belief or plan of action, which, among Spiritualists, is more common than with :any other class of people, war, sometimes unreleating and bitter, is the result; dealing with one another in the spirit of kindness and love, is the exception, and not the rule.

When all this is changed, when we practice in our daily intercourse with each other the blessed truths we profess to believe, then, and not till then, can we hope or deserve to prosper.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch meets with her usual succass here. The Sunday morning discourse was on the same subject as that of last Sunday, and is to be next Sunday. "The Crime of Discase, and, Discase of Crime." The treatment of the subject mosts with very general favor. I may give a general review of these discourses at some future

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LUTHER COLBY.

· · · · EDITOR.

Spiritual so based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and indux; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, espacities, 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 . 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.

The Stir in the Churches.

We alluded last week, in our article on the rev olution at present going on in the Churches, to what was taking place in the English Church and the Episcopal Church of this country; and made the assertion that no power of priest or bishop could avail to check the tidal flow of that reforming and renewing spirit which was rapidly obtaining possession of the Churches. This week, we are able to add the observation, that the same spirit is active in the other Churches as well, as the proceedings of the National Congregational Council, just drawn to a close in this city, abundantly show.

This Council, or Convention, was called together last year by some of the leading men of the Congregational order. That body, which is composed in this country of fully three thousand Churches, had not held a regular Convention for about two hundred years, but had gone on pursuing the even tenor of its way without employing the customary machinery of general conventions and committees; and so great was at length become its dimensions and so powerful its influence, that the wonder only arose, on second thought, that such a general gathering of the denomination had not been made before.

Among the other topics brought forward for discussion in committee, to be duly reported on and finally settled by the body of the Convention, was that of a formal declaration of faith. Such a declaration was at length arrived at by the Committee, which, after making due allusions to the old Saybrook Platform of 1708, and to the Savoy Declaration and Confession, winds up with a statement of the doctrines of the Congregational denomination in the United States; and in particular speaks of its desire "to promote a closer fellowship of all Christian denominations in the faith and work of the gospel, especially against popular and destructive forms of unbelief, which assail the foundations of all religion, both natural and revealed; which know no God but nature; no depravity but physical malformation, immaturity of nowers or some incident of outward condition: no Providence but the working of material causes and of statistical laws; no revelation but that of consciousness: no redemption but the elimination of evil by a natural sequence of suffering; no regeneration but the natural evolution of a higher type of existence; no retribution but the necessary consequences of physical and psychological

Now such a Convention never would have gone out of its way to attack the progressive and liberalizing spirit of the age. If that spirit was not directly across its path, it would not have a word to say about it, one way or the other. These "papular and destructive forms of unbelief" would not be so "popular" if they were not the very evidence of the world's progress. It is no answer to a new presentation of truth to call it names, such as that of "unbelief." To doubt a minister's theory of life and death, or even the theory held by a whole synod of ministers, is no proof of "unbelief" in whatever is vital and sufficient, in whatever really saves the soul without dwarfing and diseasing it in the process.

It is at least modest, and has on its face none of the presumption which these same men charge upon Popery, to say to other people who refuse to accept or to be satisfied with their creeds that by their unbelief they "assail the foundations of all religion, both natural and revealed." As soon as we presume to question their infallibility, of course all is gone by the board so far as we are concerned. To see God in "nature," is with them the unpardonable sin; he must be seen only in the pulpit, in a white cravat, a sanctimonious look and canting voice, and a prosing sermon. To hold that "depravity" proceeds from man's natural imperfection, both physical and spiritual, and that the truer way to get rid of it in the world is to go back and begin right, obeying the laws of nature both in relation to the body and the soul, to have a perfect body and a perfect soul together—this is, in their eyes, iniquity's self, for which there is no possible pardon, and which they appear to be especially desirous never shall be pardoned but shall be most certainly punished.

They sneer at the philanthropic philosophy which picks out facts, and accumulates them, and so arranges them that they become eloquent and powerful expositors of the truth both in relation to society and the individual. They would have us continue on in the shadow of the old ignorance, and believe that their dogmas are far better than what science teaches with such positiveness. This was just the way with the ecclesiastics who would put Galileo to death because he asserted that the world moved instead of the sun. In exactly the same spirit, too. did the Pope issue his alleged "bull against the comet." The world would get on famously indeed, if those individuals could but govern it. They would at least have one thing strong, if nothing

else; and that would be their own Church. Now we would like to ask those good people upon what rational ground they claim to have found out more of the mysteries of God and the human soul, when they so flercely and persistently oppose everything like free search for truth beyond the limitations of their own creeds. They lay down certain lines, and tell us we must not step over them. But who showed them just where to lay the lines? They will tell you—Revelation. Ah, but what is such a lucid revelation to them is

holding up a book, like an image, for idolatry; not the spirit of true and brave Protestantism, afraid of nothing unless it is the going back to what has been long since discarded in the past.

As we said before, if this spirit of progress did not affect the temporal interests and authority of this and kindred ecclesiastical organizations, the members of them would waste no time in proclaiming against it, and denouncing it as the terrible Antichrist which was foretold. They realize too well what is going on, not only outside their Churches but within them. They may labor to tie the hands and tongues of men like the Beechers, but it will be in vain. The spirit of progress will of itself take hold of such men as these whom we have named, and it is but a proof of the actual advance of opinion in the Churches when these preachers are received with a grateful eagerness that is not to be described.

The Tragedy in Roxbury.

This community has not in a very long time been so shocked and alarmed as on the discovery that a young and innocent brother and sister, named John and Isabella Jovce, and aged respectively twelve and fourteen years, had been murdered in some woods in Roxbury for just one week, the barbarian who was guilty of the crime having had the entire interval to make his escape in. The girl had been outraged and then stabbed to death with a dirk knife. Her little brother was found lying on his face, not many rods off, also stabbed to death. Rewards for the apprehension of the murderer were at once offered by the city of Roxbury, the citizens of West Roxbury, the citizens of the Eleventh Ward in Boston, in which the children resided, and by the Mayor of Boston, These children belonged to Lynn, but were on a visit to their grandmother, their mother going out to do work as a seamstress. The little fellow had been to school during the forenoon of the fatal day, and came home at eleven o'clock, expecting to return again at two. In the meantime his sister proposed to take the cars and ride out in the direction of Roxbury, to see if the woods were as beautiful as those in Lynn. They entered the edge of what is called Bussey's Woods. and were both engaged in plaiting wreaths of oak leaves and pine needles, on the spot where the lustful eye of the murderer first fell on his innocent victims. The details are too shocking for recital. The girl received twenty-seven stabs and the boy eight. The funeral ceremony over their decomposed bodies took place in the Church of the Unity in this city, Rev. W. E. Copeland, of the Mission Chapel on Concord street, officiating. The family friends of the children were accustomed to attend his church. His remarks to the assembly and the afflicted friends were of a truly spiritual character and greatly consoling to their deep distress. He assured them the little ones were nearer their friends now than ever. This tragedy is the theme of universal talk in Boston.

The End of the World Theory

Exploded. This is what the London Spectator says of the end of the world: "Almost all European writers. whatever their subject, politics or society, now tacitly assume that the human race is to progress forever, or, to state their latent idea more strictly, is to advance steadily for an indefinite period toward a nobler life and a higher civilization, The idea of a fixed term to history which so greatly influenced the Middle Ages has utterly disappeared; the semi-religious belief in a cataclysm to occur at a distant but visible date, though still entertained, has ceased to be professed by anybody but Dr. Cumming, and does not influence him. The reverie of the politician is no longer of the coming overturn of all things-an idea never absent from the great minds of the first four conturies—but of a coming millennium, when all mankind shall be allied, and the motive force of the European, and the subtle brow of the Arab. and the deft hand of the Mongol shall all be employed together in making earth more lovely and more convenient for its people." What will our Second-Advent friend, Miles Grant, say to this? It only proves that his "calculations" have been mere moonshine, as we have always supposed: and we believe the writer in the Spectator takes a common sense view of what is to be in the future ages. This is what Spiritualists teach, and what the angels endorse. The time will surely come when all bitter feelings between man and man must cease-Nature demands this-the hosts of living intelligences pray for it—then, indeed, shall earth become a paradise.

True Charity.

It is surprising to such as never trusted it nor believed in it, what wonderful results are wrought by a spirit of kindness and charity. Wherever it is shown in the South the effect is magical. The lesson is one which, but for this war, the nation would never have had such an opportunity to learn. Southern men go away from the President, overcome with his expressions of kindness. They never seemed to know the power of forgiveness before. A new rule is springing up all over the South, and the exact opposite of that which has been tried there for four years past—the rule to be kind one to another. It so happens that all need its application, and so it becomes easy to all. The spirit of hate and of war has been laid, and a spirit of forbearance and kindness is fast taking its place. It is found that the exercise of charity and benevolence is a great deal more effectual than violence; and in this way the lesson of brotherly love is being learned as fast as it can

Napoleon's Troubles.

If the Emperor of the French has any special bother at this time, it is from his cousin the Prince, who was so very indiscreet as to assail his policy in his speech at the inauguration of the Bonaparte statue in Corsica. The Emperor at once wrote the Prince a letter of reprimand, as soon as he heard of the speech, and the Prince lost no time in resigning his seat of President of the Council. The good feeling between them is therefore all gone. Nobody versed in French politics expects that a revolution is likely to grow out of this; but it makes a decided stir for the time in France, and especially in the Emperor's family. It may be that the Emperor was at heart just as liberally inclined as the Prince; but it would not do-so he reasoned-to let the younger rod swallow up the older one. The Prince has traveled but recently in the United States, and is of course friendly to us. He has no sympathy with the Emperor's policy in Mexico.

Strawberries.

The market is filled with this delicious fruit. The present season has produced a great yield. In a fight of the popular heart mere, completely than any speaker. I have ever there is a clear, easy, but positive character in her style; a plain simplicity in her method of reasoning; that wins and attracts the popular heart mere, completely than any speaker. I have ever the sand. In a heard, in a heard, in a heard of the sake of the good cause, she could find a field in which to labor as a guilte as eager in the present season has produced a great yield. One of the most successful gardeners we wot of is J.S. Adams, Esq., of West Roxbury, whose of asking their separating friends to call dut and the fruit is of the choicest kind—rich in flavot, and of large size, a desideratum not often obtainable, we speak from knowledge; and take this occame, she could find a field in which to labor as a dinute and trustful search for truth. This is humble and trustful search for truth. This is

Lyceum Hall Meetings,

"The Relative Position of Abraham Lincoln and J. Wilkes Booth in Spirit-Life," was the subject of the lecture by Miss Lizzie Doten, on Sunday evening, June 18th, at Lyceum Hall, in this city. The discourse was marked by its fairness and large practical charity for the misguided and erring; and the glorious position it assigned to the martyred patriot.

At the close of the address, under the influence of another spirit, Miss Doten delivered the following poem, which is on the same subject and in harmony with the discourse, foreshadowing the future that is to be of the spirits of Lincoln and

"IMPLORO PACE."

I pray for Peace! Oh thou Eternal Power! Before whose face my sins stand all confessed, Grant'me a respite for one little hour-From this wild torture, give, oh give me rest! Oh this undying worm! this quenchless fire! I writhe in anguish, but cannot expire.

pray for Peace! Be merciful, oh God! To one who stumbled in his earthly way; In doubt and darkness all life's path I trod, And deemed it virtue when I went astray. Oh, that flerce flame which scathed my erring

heart. Still through my being sends its flery smart.

pray for Peace! Oh thou who didst create, And mold my being through thy sovereign will! Was I not moved through wrath, and murderous

hate. Thine own mysterious purpose to fulfill? Then wherefore do I thus in anguish lie? Let "mercy, seasoning Justice," hear my cry.

pray for Peace! Before my troubled soul Pass long processions, mournfully and slow, While funeral bells, with deep and solemn toll, Smite on my "wounded spirit," blow on blow And on my hand, behold a crimson stain Of blood!-the witness of the martyr slain.

Oh ye whose nerves will shrink at touch of steel Who fall before the cannon's flery breath-Rejoice, if 't is not yours to also feel The keener anguish of the "second death."

The soul, with pride and passion still at strife, Must die to these ere it can enter life. I pray for Peace! Oh let the cooling rain Of pitying teardrops, greet me from above; Send down some messenger to soothe my pain!

Oh let the white-winged, olive-bearing dove Descend, and let this raging tempest cease. pray for Peace! Oh God! I pray for Peace. My prayer is answered, for, a voice I hear, And kindling brightly, like a star in space.

The radiant outlines of an Angel face. Oh God!-a well known face!-my sight grows dim-Send me a helper, Lord-but oh not him! He speaks: "Oh thou! whose parricidal hand

There beams at length, upon my vision, clear,

Opened for me the shining door of heaven. dy soul cannot to fullest life expand, Till I forgive, as I would be forgiven. Take then this willing hand, which I extend,

And trust me as a helper and a friend.

Cast thou aside the jealousies and hate. Which so mislead the blinded sons of earth, And seize those fair occasions which create New elements of strength and moral worth. ly, 'come up higher,' and in heaven's pure light, Thy soul shall see God orders all things right."

Biest spirit! I obey. 'A mighty law Compels me to accept new life from thee; My pride is humbled, and with reverent awe I bow submissive to the high decree. Oh world of mysteries! Oh wondrous land! The slain walks with the slayer, hand in hand.

The air grows pure and cool-a peaceful calm Falls like a benediction on my head; And deep contrition, like a Sabbath psa Its holy influence through my soul hath shed. Oh sons of earth, I charge you, do not cease To pray for Peace-for Heaven's eternal Peace.

Salisbury Beach.

The warm season being fairly inaugurated, all who can are leaving the crowded marts of trade. some for the mountainous regions of our country, and others for the seashore. Among the numerous watering-places on the line of the Eastern Railroad, we count Salisbury Beach as decidedly the best. We visited this locality a few days since, and were surprised at the improvements there in the building line that met our view, five new edifices, for the accommodation of private families, having been erected the present season. The Atlantic House, of which Mr. N. Kimball is proprietor, is overrun with guests-and no wonder, for his tables are spread with the best the market affords. The only drawback to making this the place of resort by all those who would snuff the cool sea breezes this hot weather, is the causeway between the main land and the beach? but this inconvenience will soon be obviated, we understand, as a company has been formed for the purpose of planking it. When this is done, it will be one of the most delightful "drives" we wot of, from Newburyport, Amesbury, Salisbury, Kingston, and other localities.

Visitors by rail to this beach should purchase tickets for East Salisbury, Mass., which is a few minutes ride east of Newburyport, thence they will be conveyed to the Atlantic House by coaches that run regularly to meet the trains.

The President.

President Johnson goes forward with his work of reorganizing the State Governments of the South with commendable speed. He simply aims to take hold of things by the handle, First, he would have a government of loyal citizens, order, and a return of industry everywhere: this once effected, he has good ground to go upon, and has faith in the people's disposition, after their trials and sufferings and disappointments, to do justly by one another, and establish society on a stricter basis of right than ever before. With the cordial support of the whole people of the country, the President will find it no such fearful task to bring back that harmony and real union whose interruption has been the parent of so many woes. Let us all stay up the hands of the magistrate whom we have called to the work of the country.

The National Debt.

U. S. Senator Sherman said in a recent speech that our national debt, upon the basis of the present tax laws, will be paid off in twenty-five years, and without oppressing any branch of industry. This is reckoning only upon our present population; but when we come to reflect that our wealth doubles in ten years, and our population in thirty years, that hundreds of thousands of emigrants come annually to help us pay the debt, that we have undeveloped resources almost without a malists of Lynn in Amory Hall, on Sunday evenparallel, this vest debt ceases to give us any con- ing next, July 2d, commencing at half-past seven

Editorial Perplexitles.

An editor's is one of the most harrassing occupations extant. He is continually beset by grumblers. Here are a few of the many complaints made against editors of newspapers by the class alluded to above:

If the type is too large, it don't contain enough reading matter. If the type is too small, they can't read it."

If we publish jokes, folks say we are nothing but a rattlehead. If we omit jokes, folks say we are an old fossil.

If we publish original matter, they condemn us for not glying selections. If we publish selections, folks say we are an old fossil.

folks say we are lazy for not writing more, and giving them what they have not read in some other paper,

other paper.

If we give a man complimentary notices, we are censured for being partial. If we do not, all hands say we are selfish.

If we insert an article which pleases the ladies,

men become jealous. If we do not cater to their wishes, the paper is not fit to have in the house.

If we attend Sunday lectures, they say it is only for effect. If we do not, they say we lack faith.

If we remain in the office and attend to business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows. If we go out they say we never the

our fellows. If we go out, they say we never attend to business. If we wear poor clothes, they say business is slack. If we wear good ones, they say we are a spendthrift.

If we don't print a man's matter, when he has only his own axe to grind, he belies us. If we do print it, others censure us for so doing, and threaten to "stop" their paper.

If we won't print stingy people's advertise-

ments gratuitously, they say we don't amount to much, and try to injure us every way possible. If we do print them, other folks cry "bogus," and censure us for allowing them to appear. And so we might go on enumerating what an

editor of a paper has to undergo, ad infinitum, if our space would allow. But the above will suffice for the present.

Diffusion of Spiritualism in London.

About two years since, Mr. J. Burns opened a Library in London (1 Wellington Road, Camberwell), for the purpose of giving circulation to Spiritualistic Literature, and, as we learn from the London Spiritual Magazine, has met with encouraging and satisfactory results. Hundreds of choice volumes have been thus circulated and perused, that otherwise might have lain on the shelf, and their enlightening and elevating influences been lost to many minds who have been blessed in their perusal, having availed themselves of the privileges offered through the meansof this library. By this method Mr. Burns is doing a larger missionary work, in spreading the truth and furnishing light on the Spiritual Philosophy, than many people are aware of, for which good deed he will surely receive his reward.

The BANNER OF LIGHT can always be procured at his Book Store; also, copies of all works on Spiritual and Reform subjects.

Crop Prospects.

So far as those great staples-grass and grainare concerned, the season promises to bring forward a generous crop of both, and hand them over to the hands of the harvester. The early rains, alternating with the timely warm weather, made a fine stand for grass, and there will be a heavy crop of it everywhere. Upon that mainly depends the support of beef cattle, and of course the public supply of meats. The grain-fields of the West are bending with their abundant and welcome pledges of food for the nation. It is believed, if no unforeseen disaster comes in, that the product of this summer's crop of Western wheat will be unusually large, thus reassuring us all of a speedy revival of the national strength. Even in the desolated South, reports say that agricultural matters look more than usually encourage ing and hopeful.

Mrs. Chamberlain's Tour.

Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, whose superior mediumship for physical manifestations is creating so much attention in the public mind, has gone to Concord, N. H., where she will hold séances. It is her intention to visit various portions of New Hampshire and Vermont during July and August for the same purpose. We congratulate our friends in those parts for the opportunity this will afford them of witnessing this phase of the spiritual phenomena, in presence of one of the most reliable mediums of the day, and whose integrity is unquestionable.

Children's Lyceum.

We are glad to see that the work of establishing a Sunday Lyceum for children in this city has been taken hold of in good earnest, and we doubt not will be carried through successfully. The only obstacle is the want of a suitable place to meet in. This could easily be remedied if our friends-who are abundantly able-would go a little further in a noble cause, and build a substantial edifice to be used exclusively for our

Another New Paper.

By a note from Elder Moses Hull, late of the Kalamazoo (Mich.) Progressive Age, we learn that he contemplates issuing a weekly paper at Decatur, Mich., the present week, to be called the "Decatur Clarion." We wish our brother success in his new undertaking.

Mr. Hull desires us to inform his friends that his post-office address will hereafter be Decatur, Van Buren County, Mich.

Spiritual Grove Meeting. The Spiritualists of De Witt, Clinton county,

Mich., and vicinity, will hold a three days' Grove Meeting on the 2d, 3d and 4th of July, commencing Sunday morning at half-past ten o'clock. Some of the ablest speakers in the West are expected to be present. Vocal and instrumental music will enliven the meeting with spiritual songs and chants. A most agreeable and profitable time may be anticipated. "Be Thyself."

The very able discourse by Prof. Wm. Denton, bearing the above title—and which we printed in the Banner some time ago—has been published in pamphlet form. We have received a great number of calls for it in this shape, and those friends, as well as many others, will rejoice that they can now procure it. It will meet with a rapid sale, for it is a document of marked ability.

Lithographic Pletures.

Onr neighbors, L. Prang & Co., 159 Washington street, who have won an enviable reputation for the admirable manner in which they execute album size lithographic pictures, have just issued other series of finely colored cards, entitled "Street Scenes in New York," "The Ten Commandments," and "Friendship Cards." These little gems are fast winning public favor.

and one of the fellow Lynn, south leader of I

Mrs. Mary M. Patterson will address the Spirit-Construction as well and the construction of t New Publications.

VAGARIES OF VANDYKE BROWN. An Autobiography in Verse. By William P. Brannan. Cinclinati: R. N. Carroll & Co. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co.

We cannot touch upon this little volume of poems without first speaking of the mechanical taste displayed in its production. When we say that it is from the Riverside Press of Houghton, we say all that is necessary. The contents are comprised in a versified autobiography, occupying nearly one half the book; the remainder being devoted to Sonnets and Miscellaneous Poems. Among the latter are some gems of rare beauty, some commoner pieces, and some that deserve still more labor than their author thought it worth while to give to them. The readers of the Banner will be pleased; no doubt, to renew their acquaintance with some of these poems in their new dress, so handsomely paged. There is humor and pathos, didacticism and high poetry, mixed in the most healthy and natural proportions.

But the best half of the volume by far is the author's Autobiography. It is in the measure which Byron made modernly popular, bating the odd last line. In fact, one would say, from a perusal of his scintillations and sallies, that he was a familiar friend of "Don Juan" and "Childe Harold," and had caught the knack of making happy rhymes out of verbal knots which common rhymesters think fit only to throw away. In giving the world an insight into his mental and spiritual growth, he does not hesitate to impress every object on earth, and in the waters under the earth, into his service by way of illustrative description. Stupid people would say he is a trifler; and go on reading stupidities which not even they can understand. Anybody can see which is the more profitable style of trifling of the two. The reader who would be amused as well as instructed, whose spirits need exhibaration while he holds his book before him, who likes to have his fun and his seriousness pretty thoroughly mixed, just as it is in the life of every day, who takes his philosophy as he goes along, instead of one day in seven, and while asleep in the pew at that, who prefers freshness and friskiness to the routine style of treating a subject by which nothing is suggested and nothing gained, will certainly take to this book of the poet-artist, Brannan, which we welcome as but the promise and hint of a performance that is to develop his powers to the advantage of very many more than at present know

LIFE, SPEECHES AND SERVICES OF ANDREW JOHNSON, Seventeenth President of the United States. With Portrait. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers: For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co.

A timely and very useful book. It supplies what is wanted—a complete history of the President as a Tailor Boy, an Alderman, a Mayor, a Legislator, a State Senator, the Governor of Tennessee, and a Member of Congress. His speeches are given upon the rebellion, from just previous to the outbreak; and these are now of the first interest and value. Few such records as this are made up of any man. There is a degree of positive romance about it which one does not look for at all in the life of a public man. All his addresses and proclamations since becoming President are given-a feature that will suit everybody. There is a cheaper and a dearer edition of this work, at seventy-five cents and a dollar. Any one can obtain a copy of the Boston dealers, or by sending the money to the publishers in Philadelphia. There is one single Speech in this Life which is well worth the price of the volume.

LOOKING AROUND. By A. S. Roe. New York: Carleton, Publisher. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Ainsworth.

Mr. Roe's books have long been known to the American public as among the purest examples of fictitious literature. He makes his characters tell their own story, without any meddling of his own. The moral tone of his books is unexceptionable. He is truthful to the letter in his delineations of scenery and character, faithful to nature in every respect, and full of good strong His stories always illustrat everyday life, and go to show the advantage of living a true life over a false one. None of his previous productions surpass either in interest or ability this one-"Looking Around." It combines all the excellencies of his other stories, in full measure, and will prove even more popular than they. No one can read it without being the better for the perusal.

THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT: or the Adventures of an Army Officer. A Story of the Great Rebellion. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shep-

This book takes the youthful volunteer and promotes him from the ranks to be an officer. The young hero has deserved his promotion, and bears himself in it most becomingly. The author knows how to get hold of the hearts and imaginations of the boys in these stories of the war, and they will not let him put up his pen until he has told them all there is to be told by any one. This volume, like the previous ones, is handsomely put forth, and does credit to the enterprise and taste of the publishers.

ORPHEUS C. KERR PAPERS. Third Series. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Crosby

There is great store of keen sarcasm, rollicksome humor, and downright drollery in O. C. Kerr's literary efforts, of which this is the third specimen. He generally aims his effective thrusts at inefficient generals, and does not pass by the politicians, too; they all catch it in their turn. Nobody can read a book like this and have a fit of the blues after it. He has managed to rake and scrape together a large fund of material for making people laugh, and he will succeed in doing what he set out to do. Mr. Kerr, in fact, is a

WYLDER'S HAND. By J. Sheridan Le Fand. New York: Carleton, Publisher. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Ainsworth.

practical philosopher.

This is an English novel, by the author of "Uncle Silas." It is called a "good old fashioned novel." There is a wealth of incident to it, a complicated and exciting plot, and real stock and ability. Charles Lever praises it very highly, declaring that he enjoys his humor and admires his genius. We have not yet done more than run this novel through, but we can endorse it as extremely exciting, and written by a masterly hand.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for July carries good store between its brown covers. There are articles from the author of "Life in the Iron Mills," Mrs. Stowe, "Ik Marvel," and such like writers, each and all interesting, if not positively instructive. It is needless, any month, to say more of the Atlantic than that it has made its appearance promptly; the character of its contents is always well understood. The July number is quite up to the standard of excellence from which the maga-

zine never permits itself to depart.

केर साम्य बहुत्ती है। वर्त में देखारी

tertaining biographical sketch of this most enterprising of pioneers and resolute of traders and money-getters, which will be of timely service to the thousands of young men who have decided to give their lives to the accumulation of riches. The sketch is in paper covers, and is typographically well done.

A. Williams & Co. have for sale an elegant edition of YANKEE DOODLE, the real, original " Dandy." It is published in quarto form by Trent, Filmer & Co., 37 Park Row, New York. The old familiar stanzas look gloriously "free and independent" on such a field of hot-pressed, smoothsurfaced, vellum-looking paper, and the illustrations, from the pencil of the inimitable Darley, give the verses a value they never had before. He has lifted them by his genius from the level of humor to the higher level of patriotism. The whole affair is choicely done, and will be extensively called for.

We have from the author-" M. S. H,"-a neatly printed poem entitled "The Soldier's Sacrifice." It recounts some of the most patriotic, personal trials endured by a soldier of the Union during the war, done in flowing verse. It is a meritorious effort, proceeding from the very heart of its author, because from his actual experience, and deserves to be widely purchased and read, if only out of respect for the patriot who has freely risked his life on the common behalf.

PETERSON'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE for July contains the usual supply of light reading for summer weather, consisting of poems and stories, together with attractive engravings, useful fashion plates and valuable new receipts. It is a good

THE LADY'S FRIEND, published by Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia, is out with its July number, and makes an attractive appearance. The articles are various and inviting, and the illustrations good. This magazine stands high in popular favor.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for July, is as brilliant as ever. Its illustrations of Prison-Life, detail some of the hardships our patriotic soldiers endured while prisoners in the South. The other illustrations are very fine. Buy the work of Williams &

HOURS AT HOME. This new popular monthly, devoted to religious and useful literature, edited by J. M. Sherwood, continues to improve on each number. A. Williams & Co. are the agents for it in this city.

A neat mourning card, entitled "In Memoriam," has been issued to the memory of President Lincoln, upon which are printed several appropriate stanzas by A. J. H. Duganne.

Personal.

Mrs. Lois Waisbrooker, a favorite lecturer in the Middle and Western States for several years past, and whose poetic and prose contributions to our columns from time to time, have been admired by our readers, intends to spend the fall and winter months at the South, where we doubt not our friends will gladly welcome her, and that her efforts to spread the light and truth of our spiritual gospel will be crowned with success. She can be addressed till September, at Cadiz, Henry county, Indiana. Friends at the South wishing her services, will please make a note of this.

Benjamin Todd, of Illinois, a popular and eloquent lecturer, is now on a short visit to the New England States, and will answer calls to speak during the months of July and August, after which time he returns again to the West. During his stay East he can be addressed care of this office.

Dr. James E. Morrison, of McHenry, Ill., we learn, is in the lecturing field, and doing good service. The Doctor, we are assured, is a most estimable man, and a good speaker.

A. B. Whiting, who has been lecturing on Spiritualism acceptably to the Charlestown public, has eturned to his home in Albion, Mich.

OUTRAGEOUS .- The St. Paul Press of the 3d, says Col. Evans, of Blue Farth County, is now on his way to Nashville to purchase a pack of bloodhounds to hunt down Indians. These fierce animals cost from fifteen to forty dollars apiece, and a liberal sum has been made up for their purchase. We hope the Government will put a veto on such inhuman warfare against the natives of the forest, who are constantly driven from place to place. They have the first claim to the soil, yet the white man seems bent on their extermination. No wonder that the Indians retaliate, and murder the whites when opportunity offers, when their "pale-faced brethren" set such examples. They have been making flends of the Indians for years, by intoxicating them with bad rum, and now they are to be hunted by bloodhounds!

An interesting account of very remarkable physical manifestations, in presence of the Eddys, a family of mediums residing in Vermont, will be found on our third page.

New York Matters.

[Correspondence of the Banner of Light.]

. ! % New York, June 22, 1865. It is some two months since I dropped a word

of news from New York City. Last month Miss Lizzie Doten spoke for the Spiritualists at Ebbitt Hall. She gave universal

satisfaction to large and appreciative audiences. Her last lecture was quite amusing and instructive-two spirits took possession of her organism, and discussed the subject of "Modern Spiritualism"; one spirit holding control of her for fifteen minutes, then the other. The discussion continued for two hours, both spirits showing great ability, one against, the other for it; finally the one against yielded. It showed, without a doubt, a power outside of the medium, and, to the skeptic, it was more convincing than anything in the lecturing line could have been.

This month Mr. Finney is speaking at the same hall. He is a bold, fearless advocate of the new Philosophy, and speaks decidedly against Spiritualists taking on forms and creeds. He speaks fluently, and is much shead of the age in some of

his teachings. Miss Hardinge is speaking at Hope Chapel with good success, and is creating a great sensation. She allows the audience to question her on the subject, after the lecture. Her subjects are handled with great satisfaction. Many strangers are getting interested in her discourses. She speaks well on all topics, but her spiritual discourses seem to be of a high order of inspiration.

The Spiritualists and Children's Lyceum had a pionic last week, which was attended by a large number. Speaking by Mr. Finney, and others, dancing, and other amusements were the order of exercises: also, several circles for spirit-manifest THE LIFE OF JOHN ALCOR ASTOR, by James ations were got up. The day was pleasant, and Parton, is a new and small publication from the everything went off in a harmonious manner. ations were got up. The day was pleasant, and press of New York. It contains a brief but en- They have another next Tuesday. SHAWMUT, and silver in the let.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The members composing the National Convention of Congregationalists paid a visit to Plymouth Rock" one day last week, for the purpose, probably, of infusing the spirit of the Puritans into the dry bones of old Theology.

will take place at Abington, on Wednesday, July

The new law establishing a State Police in Massachusetts has gone into operation. The Governor has appointed Col. Wm. S. King, of Roxbury, to fill the office of State Constable,

A little son of George Gridly, of Harwington Conn., was slightly bitten by a dog, recently, which nobody supposed to be mad; but three weeks later the boy showed all the symptoms of hydrophobia and after three days of intense suffering died of that disease.

The new Territory of Montana, which includes the Rocky Mountains above N. lat. 45 and the valleys of the Yellow Stone, upper Missouri and Bow river on this side, is estimated now to contain at least fifty thousand white inhabitants, though it only began to be settled three years ago. What of the future of America?

The West Point correspondent of the N. Y. Times speaks of the young ladies of the present day as "gewgaws, that first steal hearts, and then coat buttons"! "Was there anything ever more un-gal-lant!" exclaimed Digby, on reading the above quotation.

The Young Men's Christian Association of New York, for themselves and kindred associations throughout the country, have purchased Ford's Theatre, in Washington, where the President was assassinated, for the suni of \$100,000, to be used for public purposes by that association.

President Lincoln said that at one time he stood solitary and alone in favor of Gen. Grant. That was before the capture of Vicsburg. This is a good illustration of his power to read the character and discern the worth of men.

The important work of filling up the town of Cairo, Ill., to high water grade has commenced, and will require two years' time to complète it.

Education is making rapid progress at the South since our armies have opened the way. Nine public and five night schools have already been put in operation in Charleston, S. C.

The father of the famous Grace Darling died in London recently, at the age of 80 years.

From a Bengal paper we learn that it cost the young Maharajah, of Putialiah, half a million pounds sterling to get married.

Twenty thousand Poles, it is said, are coming to this country to locate future homes.

The advocates of woman's rights will be rejoiced to learn that that great principle has achieved a decided triumph in an unexpected quarter. The Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, has submitted to his popular assembly a law giving the women of his empire a right to vote.

The explosions of kerosene lamps, which are so common and disastrous, arise from blowing the lamp out from the top, by which means the flame is forced through the tube and ignites the gas generated in the inside of the lamp.

Nearly one hundred and fifty thousand menhave been mustered out of service since the first of May last, leaving still nine hundred thousand men on the pay rolls. Since Gen. Grant crossed the Rapidan in May, 1864, up to the final surrender of Lee's army, we have sustained a loss in killed and wounded of about ninety thousand men. The War Department has made up the list from which the figures are taken. This shows that we had an immense army in the field at the time the rebellion "caved in."

The more we practice virtue the dearer it becomes, as two friends love each other the more. the more they know each other.

Ernest Renan, who has been spending some time in the East, is expected soon to return to Paris, and to publish a new life of the Apostle

The eight o'clock train from Hartford to New Haven, Wednesday, struck a man near Meriden, killing him instantly. The New Britain Citizen says Mr. Merrow, conductor on the train, was so impressed with a presentment that such an acccident would happen that he remarked a few moments before it: "We are going to strike a man this morning." Whence came the premoni-

William S. Wait, of Greetville, Ill., sends us five dollars, with the following note. Such material interest as this gentleman, and many other friends manifest, from time to time, in us and our cause, influences us to still toll on undismayed in the arduous work before us. Thanks to all who aid us thus substantially.

"I inclose five dollars to aid in sustaining your free circles, which are in my quinion of invaluable service to the cause of Spirtualism and of true Religion."

LABOR IS WOISHIP. Labor is worship; toil is dwotton;
Order is heaven's perpenal law;
Work is our lot, on the laid or the ocean;
Man independent, the world never saw.

Such is the genius of social relation,
Sloth is rebellion, and illeness crime;
God is demanding, through all his creation,
Diligence, industry, right use of time. -[Arcana.

A white marble Methodist clapel has just been built in Philadelphia, at a cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. We with the Spiritualists in this city were liberal enough to build even a wooden temple. Go to work, gentlemen, and show to the world that you ardin earnest.

.The wife of Wm. H. Seward Secretary of State. died in Washington, on the 21s inst. She was in her sixtleth year.

From El Monte, in the far-of gold regions of California, we have an encoraging word from Thos. A. Garey, a subscriber to this paper, which, he says, is shedding its blessed light in that distant region.

At the recent dedication of | temple at Cincinnati the rabbi defined a true israelite to be one who trusts in God and belives in the divine truth of the Bible, needs no king to govern, no Messiah to redeem, and no siracles to demonstrate the truth of religion."

A man invested two hunded dollars in one of the benevolent institutions wich distribute gold articles and such things at ole dollar each. He got watches and jewelry which purported to be worth five hundred and ningy-nine dollars, but on sending his prizes to the Thited' States' assay office to be melted, he found hat there was just nine dollars and sixty-two ents' worth of gold

L. L. Farnsworth, Medium for Answering Scaled Letters.

Persons enclosing five three-cent stamps, \$2,00 and sealed letter, will receive a prompt reply. Address, Battle Creek, Mich.

James V. Mansfield,

ans into the dry bones of old Theology.

Test Medium,

Answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street,
New York. Terms, 85 and four three-cent stamps.

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.

Those who wish to consult an excellent clairvoyant, are recommended to visit Mrs. H. B. Gillette, 830 Washington street.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

L. W.-We are happy to reciprocate, and tender you our thanks for past favors.

R. S., SALEM, N. J .- Doc. received, and under consideration

L. K. C., SPARLAND, ILL.-\$5,00 received.

C. L., St. Louis, Mo.-\$3,00 received. Bincking, Blueing, &c. Use the Liquid or Army and

Navy Paste Blacking, and also the "Laundry Blue," made by B. F. BROWN & Co., Boston. Ask your grocer for them; you will be sure to like them. BUT METAL-TIPPED SHOES for children's overy-day wear, ne pair will out wear three pairs without them. Sold everywhere. 3m-April 22.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

Letter Postage required on books sent by mail to the following Territories: Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Necada, Utah.

HOUSEHOLD POEMS.

THE FIRST VOLUME OF THE SERIES OF COMPANION POETS FOR THE PEOPLE IS NOW BEADY.

HOUSEHOLD POEMS. BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

IT is a small quarto volume, handsomely printed on thred paper, bound in neat paper covers, with vignette title, and contains PIFTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS, by JOHN GILBERT, BIRKET FOSTER, and JOHN ABSOLON. Desiring to place these Poems, with the accompanying Illustrations, within the reach of all, the publishers have fixed the price at

FIFTY CENTS PER COPY. following well known and admired Poems are included

The following well known and admired Poems are included in this collection:

1 bedication; Hymn to the Night; A Psaim of Life; The Reaper and the Flowers; The Light of Stars; Footsteps of Angels; Flowers; The Belagued City; Midnight Mass for the Dying Year; The Rainy Day; It is not always May; The Village Blacksmith; God's-Acre; To the Bilver Charles; The Goblet of Life; Maddenhood; Excelsior; A Gleam of Sun shine; Rain in Sunmer; To a Child; The Bridge; Sea-Weed; Afternoon in February; The Day is Done; The Arrow and the Song; The Old Clock on the Stairs; The Evening Star; Autumn; The Secret; The Open Window; Suspirla; The Ladder of St. Augustine; Haunted Houses; in the Churchyard at Cambridge; The Twe Angels; Daylight and Moonlight; My Lost Youth; The Golden Milestone; Daybreak; The Ropewalk; Sandalphon; The Children's Hour; Snow-Flakes; A Day of Sunshine; Something left Undone; Wearlness; Children; The Bridge of Cloud; Palingensis; The Brook; Song of the Silent Land; The Two Locks of Hair; The Singers; Christmas Bells.

A copy of the above will be sent, postpaid, to any address, on receipt of the price. For sale at this office. July 1. THE CELEBRATED CRAIG MICROSCOPE

THE CELEBRATED CRAIG MICROSCOPE.

THE best, simplest, cheapest and most powerful Microscope in the world. A beautiful present to old or young. Gotten up on an entirely new plan. Magnifes nearly 10,000 times—a power equal to compileated twenty dollar Microscopes. The only instrument which requires no focal adjustment, therefore it can be readily used by every one—even by children. Adapted to the family circle as well as scientific use. Shows the adulteration in food, animals in water, globules in blood and other fluids; tubular structure of hair, claws on a fly's foot, and, no fact, tile 'objects' which can be examined in it are without number, and it lasts a life-time. Agents wanted everywhere. Liberal terms at wholessle. Send stamp for Circulars. Price only \$2,00. Leautiful Mounted Objects only 1,500 per dozen.

Also, the new and beautiful folding sliding focus BELLE-VUE STEREOSCOPE, which magnifies pictures large and life-like. Price \$3,00. Choice Stereoscopre Views \$3,00 per dozen.

Any of the above Instruments will be sent, nost-naid, on re-

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while in an abnormal condition called the trance The Messages with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all

reported rerbatim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who have the phone in an undeveloped state. leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put

forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive-no more.

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Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHING-TON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs,) on MON-DAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

Invocation.

Oh Life, beautiful and perfect Life, we would be baptized in thy boundless fountain of goodness. We would bind our brows with a wreath of laurel, whose every leaf shall be some holy deed, some holy thought. Oh Life, we reverence all thy manifestations, and ever bow down before thy beauty and thy power. We worship thee, whether thou hast a name, whether thou hast a form, whether thou art Lord or Jehovah; 't is all the same to us. We love thee, we adore thee, we look to thee for strength. We know that from thy boundless Eternity we have come. We know we are sustained by thee. We know thou wilt never disown us. We are thy children, and thou art both Father and Mother. It matters little whether men give thee a name or not, or whether thou art the Great Principle sustaining all things. That we know; because we are and because thou art, we expect we shall ever be, for we know thou artimmortal. Oh Spirit that has guided with power and wisdom and love in this, the home of our physical life, we know thou hast no need of praises from us. We know thou hast no need that we offer our petitions unto thee. We know there is no need that we ask thee to still guide us in love, mercy and power. No, no; for the nation belongs to thee, is dear in thy sight; thou wilt hold it all in thy grasp, and carry it safely through all storms. Some fainting hearts predict that it will come to naught; that even now its grave stands ready to receive it. But we know, oh Spirit of the Hour, that, instead of a grave, there is awaiting it a temple, grander and more glorious than any it has yet dwelt in. Oh Father, Spirit, may thy children in mortal learn to know thee in all thy works. May they know thy hand is leading them in darkness as well as in light; that thou art never forsaking them. Oh, teach them, Great Spirit of the Hour, that all things belong to thee-every atom, either of spirit or that which belongs to the material world. Oh, then, all things are good and holy and perfect. Father, Spirit, receive the prayers of these thy children while they go outward and upward toward the Great Being they worship. Oh may they return with blessings. May they return sweet messengers of love. Unto thee we commend them all, praying, oh Father, Spirit, that, of all blessings, thou wilt confer the knowledge of thy most holy law upon them. May 16.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.-We will now answer the inquiries of correspondents.

QUES.-Has the Antichrist, spoken of in the New Testament, already appeared? or are we to expect him in the future?

Ans.—We conceive that the Antichrist spirit spoken of in the New Testament is already your guest. Q .- Is the Christ spoken of in the New Testa-

ment also now on earth?

A .- In our opinion that same spirit is now on

earth. Q.-What are its characteristics? How may it

be known? A .- Gentleness, love, mercy, justice, are some of

its leading characteristics. Q.-What are the characteristics of the Anti-

christ? How may it be known?

A .- Reason teaches you that they are directly opposite to the characteristics of the Christ principle. All that which runs counter to goodness, in all its various forms, may very properly be termed An-

Q.-Are those who seek for the blood of their fellow-men, under the name of justice, in the spirit of Christ, or Antichrist?

A.-We should say, certainly, they have the spirit of Antichrist. It will be long before the spirit of Christ, or the Kingdom of the Great Reformer, will be sot up on the earth. You have not yet outgrown the swaddling clothes of barbarism. We speak what we know to be true, and what you yourselves will admit to be true, if you will only nause and consider.

Q.-Is not an exception made in the case of clergymen who preach revenge in the name of justice? or do they come under the same class?

A .- We should consider that they exhibit the spirit of Antichrist in the largest and broadest sense. Inasmuch as they profess to be teachers of the people, if they send forth such poisonous virus and call it the Christ principle, so much greater is their condemnation, provided they do this with an internal knowledge of doing wrong. We know many clergymen who, in their inner lives, know, for an absolute certainty, that they are preaching falsehood. Their consciences, even in the external, know this. They tell you they preach this way because the people demand such kind of spiritual food, and they must give it them. And so, for the filthy lucre of human life, they sell their birthright to heaven.

Q.-What argument would you give to show that there is not a controlling power of evil?

A.-We spirits recognize only one ruling power, and that is God; only one principle by which we are and through which we exist. This being true, there is no room for the opposite principle of evil, or what men call the Devil. Educate humanity to respect themselves, and evil will be very sure to disappear, or the God will be unfolded most beautifully, perfectly.

Q.—Did I understand you to state, the other day, that there was no need of the Bible in order to educate men to an idea of God?

A.-We did so state. There is no need of a written record in order to educate men in the idea of God.

Q.—Is God s God of love?

A.-Yes. Love being one of his attributes, as instice is one of his attributes, we may just as properly call him a God of love, as of justice. When we speak of him as a God of love, we do not intend you to understand that he is possessed of all love, by no means. You, in human, are possessed of love. It is an element of human na-

ture. Now, that same human nature is a child Q .- How do you explain the fact that Christian-

ity was the first power that introduced the idea of a God-principle? A.-We deny that Christianity was, by any

means, the first power that introduced men to the idea of God.

Q.-When was it introduced?

A .- Many, many centuries before Christian religion had a name or existence upon the earth. Q.—By whom was it recognized?

A .- By all ancients in every part of the globe throughout the various planets inhabited by intelligent life. The rude savage recognizes that this God has an element of love in it: "for." he says. "I will try to do good, for then the Great Spirit will love me, be pleased with me. If I do evil, the Great Spirit will frown upon me, will visit me with storms and tempests; the sun will withdraw its face." So you see that these uncivilized childreu of the forest knew something about God's

Q.—Is it not possible for a man to have pleasurable emotions and yet not possess the element of

A.-These same pleasurable emotions, in our opinion, are founded in love.

Q.-Then, coming from God, we must be a part of God?

A.-Yes, certainly. We so intend you to understand us. Q.-Might you not, as well say that because a man makes a watch, the watch is a part of the

A .- Yes; and a part of God, also. Now understand us to declare that the watch is a part of the maker of it, and of God, also. God takes care of the watch. God made the particles composing the watch, else they never were made at all. We have before stated that we do not believe but in one Supreme Power, governing and preserving all things; therefore this same power governs and preserves the watch that governs and preserves

watch existed in thought before it ever had its ex-Q.—Then there is no individuality about God? A .- God is everything, is everywhere. God is the human being, is the watch, the tree, the flower,

you. The watch is but thought in form. The

the planet, is the table. He is everything. Q.—Is the present state of our government such

as to insure a speedy peace to the nation? A .- The present state or condition of your government may not be such to-day as to insure peace, permanent peace, but it is by no means sure that that government may not be remodeled; so much so as to eject from its body that poisonous plant that has been the cause of discord among you. To-day your government is not entirely convalescent. It is being purged, is in the hands of the Great Physician, and he will never leave it until it is either dead or cured.

Q .- I would like to ask if the spirits do not think that some of our Generals, such as Sheridan and Sherman, have shown a great want of wisdom in the manner of settling difficulties, such as ac-

cepting the parole of honor? A .- It is not to be expected that Generals Sherman and Sheridan are possessed of all wisdom. They do not claim to be readers of human hearts: do not claim to judge men from their thoughts. They judge from their acts, their speech; and, in

doing this, they very often make mistakes. But by these same mistakes they are to learn wisdom. QR.-I have been impressed by the spirits that neither Sherman nor Sheridan should be elected to high places in our Federal Government, because

they are not qualified for such important positions. A .- It is not probable that either of these Generals will be trusted with any part of Governmental affairs, outside their own military department. They have served you very well; have made many mistakes, but who would not?

Q.-Do you think that tried and convicted traitors should be hung?

A.—There are various opinions concerning this subject. Many are opposed to this mode of treatment; many are in favor of it. It is the opinion of your speaker, that to confine such persons in some place where they would be prevented from doing any further harm, would be the best way of dealing with such offenders.

Q -Do you think the American nation will be free from traitors until some traitor is punished

A .- It is our opinion that the American people will never be satisfied until these arch-traitors are hung. The entire spirit pervading the American nation seems to demand it. It is our opinion that that spirit will rule in this matter.

Q .- Do you think it will be well for the morality of the nation to hang traitors?

A .- In one sense it will, in another it will not for, on one hand, it will nourish and foster the spirit of ancient barbarism, and, on the other, it will say to every individual, "Beware of treason!" r.Q.—By sending traitors to the spirit-world, will they not have more power to do treason?

A .- We are not positively sure that they may be permitted to return, executing their vengeance upon the American nation. There are laws in the spirit-world for restraining wrong; but, however, it depends very much upon your position whether they are attracted to you or not. If you conduct yourselves, as a people, uprightly, if you seek earnestly to be led in the better way, if you ignore war and love peace, if you are willing to live in this world-mark us-with a competency, enough to serve your own happiness, if you are satisfied with yourselves, then be sure no traitors, whether in the spirit-world or world mortal, can ever harm

Q.-Are spirits dependent upon mediums for power to act upon material things? A.—They are, most certainly.

Q.-I notice that there are many mediums throughout the land, who seem to be kept in idleness. Is there any object to be attained by spirits in their doing so?

A .- There are a great many things attributed to the action of disembodied spirits with which they have nothing to do. Many mediums commit evil acts-as it is said-through spirit-guidance, when, in truth, any spirit, aside from their own, has no guidance of them. And yet there are many cases where mediums are led this way and that, whether they will or not.

Q.—Do you perceive a necessity to keep the mediums in idleness?

A.—No, we certainly do not. The law of their physical nature demands that they should be employed. That law should be obeyed, else it will turn and rend them, sooner or later.

Q .- It is said that Jesus and his disciples were of that class of mediums?

A .- Yes, we know the record says so, but we know, also, that these same people were not the idlers they were represented to be. Q.-How are we to know that?

A.—You cannot; all knowledge comes by experience. Unless you have had some experience with these persons, you cannot know that they did or did not labor.

Q.-Do we know that Christ ever lived at all? A.-No, you do not know it positively. You I learned somethin about coming back. There

are told so. The testimony of various individuals is brought to bear upon it. You believe it, you do not know it. Did not we tell you many times that the record has been very imperfectly rendered?

Q.—Then I might say that I never had a father, because my father happened to die a few months before my birth.

A .- That is an absurdity. Q.—Is n't the other?

A .- No; reasoning from common sense, you know you must have had a father.

Q.-Well, then, what positive evidence have

you that such a person as Christ did exist? A .- The evidence of testimony. We cannot believe so many were deceived. Well, after all, your belief is only negative belief, for positive knowledge comes only through experience. You do not know-you only believe it. Your evidence comes from the testimony of others. Now, our good friend, we honor you for the position you have taken. It is an honorable position. You have received the testimony of great and true men upon this subject, and although, as we have before said, your sacred record has been imperfectly rendered, nevertheless there is enough of truth there to bring this conviction to your mind, that such a person as Christ did exist in human form at the time stated; that he did have many enemies, because of his great spiritual powers; that he did perform the so-called miracles that were ascribed to him; that he was in every sense good and true. Seek on, friend; you are in the right way; we honor you for the testimony you have accepted as truth, and we know that, sooner or later, it will crown you with something better than you have not.

Q.—How is it that there are no persons upon earth at the present day who can perform mira-

A.-There are plenty of them, if you will seek them out. Q.—Do they perform miracles in the midst of

their enemies? A.—They certainly do. It is no uncommon occurrence; on the contrary, it is quite common. Yes, these self-same so-called miracles have for years been performed in the Society of Friends called Shakers, and surely they are bonest people, very good neonle.

Q.-Of what benefit are their miracles to those by whom they are surrounded?

A .- Of what benefit were the so-called miracles of Christ, to any save that little special circle wherein he moved when on the earth?

Q.-Will you mention any one who at the present day performs miracles?

A.-J. R. Newton does the same thing; many hundreds of persons will bear testimony to the truth of our statement.

Q.-Do you ask us to believe that this Dr. Newton has power, like Christ, to raise the dead? A.-No, we certainly do not, neither do we believe Christ ever did this. He never claimed to do this when on the earth. Even at the grave of Lazarus, Jesus himself says, "Lazarus is not dead, he only sleepeth." Now we want no better evidence of Christ's sincerity than his own words. We cannot believe that Lazarus was dead-so far as the body was concerned. Common sense teaches that such a thing would be a violation of law, and this good Nazarene never broke law.

Q.—Was it true that Lazarus laid in the grave three days?

A .- It might have been true; as to that, we cannot say. One of two things is certain: he was not dead, or if he was, he never was restored to animate physical life.

Q.—But the record says Lazarus had lain in the grave three days when Christ restored him? A.-Well, then, we do not believe that Lazarus had lain in the grave three days.

Q.-Then you do not believe in the resurrection? A.-No, we do not.

Q.-Do you think it possible for Christ to have been resurrected after his body was lain in the

A .- If you ask if we believe that he was resurrected bodily and physically from the grave, we shall say no, emphatically No. We ignore that. The theory is false-without foundation. If you will but wed your science to your religion, you will find this could not have occurred. Science proclaims to the contrary. Again, science also proclaims that this same Jesus so clothed himself n physical life after death, as to appear in the midst of his friends. But that harmony could be restored between the spirit and physical life after the body of Christ had passed through death, we do not believe. We know this could not be. We deny that these physical bodies, after they have come under the law of death, will ever again be resurrected. They may come up in the form of grass or daisies, but not in life human, for such a thing would be contrary to law.

Q.-Who gave the law? A .- The Law-Giver, and no one has power to

break that law. Q.-Who is this Law-Giver? A .- The Great Principle of Life.

Hugh Fitzwilliam. I am forced to return, forced to enter the condi-

tion of those I have left, and by the power that seems to attract me to them.

Early in the rebelion I was almost absolutely compelled to enter the army, and at one time I expressed myself in favor of the North. I said something like this:" I believe that slavery is the cause of all this mbunderstanding; and, for my part, I hope that it will be wiped out before we ay down our arms.

Well, I was waited upon by some of my neighbors, who denounced me as a dangerous man, and declared their intention to deal harshly with me unless I raisel the rebel flag, and, what is

more, shoulder themusket. I said, "Do you worst; I shan't do either." Well, they came tomy house late one afternoon between sundown ind dark, prepared to act like anything but Christian people toward me. My wife and children were there, and through their prayers I was induced to obey their wishes. For," said they, "what will we do without you? What will become of us? Oh, for our sakes, if not your own, raise tie flag and go into the army. Do n't let them kill you, for we could not live without you."

Well, my patrioism said, don't raise the flag, don't shoulder the musket; but my love for my family triumphed.

I raised the flag, shouldered the musket, and I cursed them at the same time. I contemplated deserting quite a number of times, but then I knew in case I did that my family would be likely to suffer therby. I saw no way of getting them free. If I deerted myself, they could n't, and I knew they would be left to suffer in consequence of such a stp.

Sometimes I'd thak, I can't stand it any longer, I'll get free someway; but when I'd think of

them, I'd plod on. Since your Unio armies have entered Richmond I veentered he spirit-world-died. I was in the hospital at the time, and while I was there

were a good many of the soldiers there who were for wladom, whether within the confines of mor from New England, and they were posted about tality, or freed from it; ever seeks for wisdom, in other side.

Now I have the faintest kind of a hope that I may reach my family by coming here to-day. I'm unhappy because they're in want, and the old saying is, "one that is drowning will grab at a straw." So I have come here, hoping I may be able to reach my family. Now that peace is expected, it is possible your Government may seek them out and deal kindly with them. But there's so many of them, I fear that some may be overlooked.

The name of my poor body that I laid off here was Hugh Fitzwilliam. I was forty-one years of mosphere offers no resistance to its bodily motion, age. For about thirteen years I was in the tur- It passes from one point to another with the rapidpentine business. I had enough, and never knew what it was to want for anything that makes people happy here, since the days of my boyhood. I saw some pretty hard times when I was a boy, but got along very well in after years. But I suppose it's a well known fact that the greedy war of the Southern rebellion has taken in the property of many beside myself. I was without the means to help my family, and dependent upon strangers, at the time of my death.

But I call on those that are left, that induced me-there are two, I think three, left, who induced me-to enter the rebel army against my wish, in spiritual ground for an indefinite length of time. the name of the God they know very little about, to seek out my family and give them assistance. So sure as they do n't, so sure, some day, vengeance will be visited upon them. If I do n't do it, somebody else will. [Where did you reside?] Well, the place I called my home was about four miles from Danville, Georgia. They'll any of them tell you where Hugh Fitzwilliam's plantation is. My place has been used, well, I believe at one time as a hospital barracks, and God only knows for what else, I don't. [Is your family there?] At last accounts they were in one of the cabins. negro quarters. They removed from the big house. The Confederate Government ordered it. demanded the house, and they had to give it up. Well, perhaps it's right, but it's the kind of right I don't recognize. I beg pardon for exhibiting my feelings. I am honest. Good-day.

May 16.

Willie Short, I'm Willie Short, sir, from Buffalo.

I'm here to answer a call that's made upon my father, because he can't come to answer it. When my father was at Johnson's Island, on Government business, he met a gentleman there who far superior to the powers that are exhibited was also in Government service, by the name of through human life. It cannot project the full Thompson, that questioned something about this force of its own God-given power through the coming back of disembodied spirits, and my father senses of the body. But when it is removed from told him at that time, that if he died first he those senses, or brought into the atmosphere of would just as sure come back and manifest to him, and, he would speak, also, of their conversa-

tion, as sure as he was talking with him then. Well, my father says he had so many things to think of that he forgot the circumstance, until the gentleman here just a few days ago had recalled it to his mind by thinking something like this: "Well, I think that friend Short's spiritual theory was a humbug, for he's never fulfilled his promise to me."

The conversation was upon the subject of war, my father contending, as he says, that the war was a necessity, and as much a Christian necessity-as any other manifestation of life. Well, the gentleman believed so, but he did n't see how-my father could argue in favor of war because he professed to believe in Spiritualism; especially as he'd often said that he'd rather suffer wrong than do wrong. But still my father persisted in declaring the present war to be a necessity, that it would continue until slavery was crushed out, and then there would be perpetual peace. So that was the subject of the conversation; and my father wishes him to know that he has come back already, himself. He do n't want him to think hard of him, or that he meant to deal unfairly with him in not returning to him, but there were so many other matters to call him to earth, that he entirely forgot the circumstance. He could n't think of everything; that's what he means.

My father says, if Mr. Thompson will meet him where there's one of these Bibles to be found-be used to call the mediums his Bibles-and, by the way, he says they 're the only Bibles worth reading-so now he says where there's one of these Bibles-a good one, he means-he'll be there himself, and manifest in such a way as to let him know it's Levi Short, and nobody else.

Tell my mother, sir, that Charlotte-that's my sister, and never spoke here; she lived here most twenty-three years, but she was deaf and dumb: but since my father has been in the spirit-world, he's been laboring earnest'y to learn her to use the vocal organs of a m dium-Bible, my father savs-and he thinks he shall succeed; and soon as he does, if he does, harlotte will speak to her mother. Good-by, sir. May 16.

Invocation.

Spirit of the springtime and the barvest, and the summer wind, and heat, and shade, oh, let us hear thy voice sounding over the billows of life, calling us to enter the temple of wisdom and learn of thee, through thy law. Oh Soul of Eternity, thou to whom we can give no name; Presence sublime, whose life we cannot analyze, whose being is to us all life, hear thou our prayer; lead us through thy law until we shall know thee better. Then we shall love and serve thee more perfectly. Talk to us through the flowers and winds, through the tempest and calm, through sunshine and shadow. Talk to us, and we will listen to thy voice. Speak from out the mysterious past, and we will hear thee. ever thee. Bless us in the glorious present, and we will praise thee in that present. Prophesy unto us of the future, and we will sing thee a song that is born of hope. May we be teachers of thy law in Spirit and in Truth. May it be with faith signifying to thy mortal children thou art a Spirit and they must worship thee in Spirit and Truth: that thou art in all things, therefore everywhere Thy love is deep, and wide, and high. It filleth all life, taketh in its embrace all things. We lay upon thy sacred altar all the aspirations of thy children. Thou wilt bless them, we know; thou wilt answer confidently, and so we return thee praises for that we pray for. Amen. May 18.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT. We will consider the nquirles of correspondents.

CHAIRMAN.-J. I. writes as follows:

QUES. I have heard singing in my head for left side, and two men sing on the right side. They their familiar spirits accompany them, in the form will sing any tune, that I am, familiar with, and | and body of a cat; and pictures have been made seem to be governed by my thoughts from one to another. Can you explain why this is so? Ans.—Inasmuch as we have no special knowl-

edge concerning the case in question, we cannot give any opinion concerning it

these things, and wan't slow to tell of em, either, to one way or another. Some seek for it through those who were about crossing the river to the thorny paths, and some through paths strewn with flowers. Q.—Is there perfect freedom of act and will?

A.—The soul is governed by law. It never tres. passes upon law. It is free, so far as it acts in accordance with law. But should it desire to pass beyond the limits of law, it would find itself restrained.

Q.—It is affirmed that spirits move from place to place with great rapidity. How and by what means is this transportation effected?

A.—The spirit is more subtle than the medium. or spirit atmosphere in which it dwells. That atity of thought. You know how fast you can think, so you know how fast you can travel in the spirit. world. Q.—Is the moral status of man the same, imme-

diately and for some considerable time after entering the spirit-land, as before? That is, is "He that is unjust, unjust still? he that is righteous, righteous still?" A .- Yes, the disembodied spirit is precisely the same immediately after the chemical change called

death, as it was prior to that change. In many instances, they continue to stand upon the same

Q.-Were those persons in the time of Christ who are called demoniac, verily possessed of evil spirits, or simply lunatics, or mad?

A .- They might have been possessed by disorderly spirits. And again, their peculiar condition might have been induced by some physical inharmony. It is affirmed by the record that they were possessed of devils, which means disorderly spirits; intelligences that were disposed to do evil. We are of the opinion that the record gives you truth, and not falsehood. We believe these persons to have been possessed by evil spirits, obsessed. taken possession of, controlled.

Q.—It is claimed by clairvoyants, that while in the meameric state, they possess greatly enhanced powers of understanding; and their discourses and revelations seem to confirm this. If this be true, is it justly inferable thence, that their extended mental vision is due wholly to the proximity of the soul, while in the mesmeric state, to its condition after dissolution? and that all men. when disenthralled from the body, have a similar

experience? A.—Yes, the soul, or spirit, or thinking part of human life, is ever clairvoyant. Its powers are the soul-world, then its senses are used through the spiritual body. The faculties of soul then do not really become stronger, but the manifestation

is stronger. Q.-Where was the ancient Ophir, whence Soiomon's ship, in a voyage of three years, brought gold, precious stones, spices, &c.?

A .- In the far distant East. Q.—Is that land above or below the waters of

the earth now? A .- It is said by certain scientific intelligences, that the locality known as the ancient Ophir is at present entirely submerged. Of ourselves, we do not know.

Q.—Is the account of the creation of the world, the fall and condemnation of man, as given by Moses, to be understood allegorically, or according to the letter?

A.—There are many symbols given in the present day representing conditions, representing ideas, representing localities. This written symbol is, in our opinion, but an allegorical picture.

CHARIMAN.-A. E. G. asks the following ques-

1st Q.—Last evening, May 17th, at about halfast eight o'clock, 1 eat upon the plazza of my house and observed the phenomenon of a thunderstorm. The evening was not so dark but that I could see whoever and whatever passed up the street, but not so clearly as to identify persons, except when flashes of lightning revealed them clearly to my vision. The street on which my house is situated lies on the side of a hill. Suddenly there appeared, as it were, in the street, and about four feet above the surface, a dark shade and outline of an animal about the size and form of a cat, and with almost inconceivable swiftness dashed by me up the hill. I was surprised, and queried as to the cause of the appearance; did not know whether it were an optical illusion, a clairvoyant perception, a psychological impression, or a subjective emotion. In about three minutes afterwards, a dark spectre, of the form of a greyhound, yet larger than a horse, shot by me down the street, a few feet above the surface, like an instantaneous flash of darkness, and vanished. Please explain this phenomenon.

A.—The atmosphere holds in its embrace an infinite degree of what we shall call animal life. Nature never loses anything, and all these outside forms of life have been brought into existence from the atmosphere, either that which exists in the present, or has existed in the past. As we said before, Nature never loses anything. A thing that once has been, is forever. The atmosphere is full, spiritually speaking, of every conceivable kind of animal life. Under certain conditions, the advanced animal, the human, the intelligent part of Jehovah, is able to perceive the presence of various conditions of life that exist in .. the atmosphere. Persons in all ages have been gifted thus, from time to time. It has been declared by a certain class, that these visions are mere optical illusions. But we deny it. It is particularly false, their theory is, unless you are known to be diseased intelligences. If you are sound—in other words, if there is an equilibrium between spirit and body, then there can be no such thing as is termed optical illusion. It is for you to determine whether you are sound or not. If you are not, why, then, this may have been merely an optical illusion. If you are sound, it was a reality; you did indeed see that which does really exist in the atmosphere.

2d Q.—During the occurrences of the so-called Salem witchcraft, certain persons who were supposed to be witches, said that they saw, as it were, from time to time, a black cat. Sometimes it appeared to dart up a chimney; sometimes it would flash by them in the road, and manifest itself in other ways. Yet other persons, looking at exactly the same place, and with apparently equal visual power, could see nothing of the kind. It is also well known that witches, in former times, seven or eight years. One woman sings in the in Germany and England, were supposed to have so representing them?

A. The explanation we have given to the first question will also answer for this."

3d Q.—The author of the Epistle to the Ephesians said, "We wrestle not against flesh and Q. [From the audience]—Do spirits in the blood, but against principalities, against powers, spirit-land follow after wisdom, and find the ready against the rulers of the darkness of this world, means to obtain it?

A.—Yes, they do. The spirit is ever seeking What do you think those things were which the apostle claimed that he and others were wrestling against?

A.—We should say they were exercising their spiritual powers against the lesser good-striving to overcome that lesser good with the greater.

4th Q.—As I reflected on the visual appearance I saw last evening, the words quoted in the Gospel of Luke, as uttered by Jesus, came to my mind: "I beheld Satan, as lightning, fall from heaven." Was this, in your judgment, an objective or a subjective phenomenon to him?

A .- We should say it was an objective phenom-

5th Q.—Many worthy divines at the present day believe that the so-called Spiritual Phenomena of the present time are the works of the Devil, and ought to be carefully eschewed by every true Christian. Are they right in this opinion? and if they are in error, what means will be most effectual to enlighten them?

A.—It is said, in the so-called sacred record, that a tree shall be known by the fruit it bears. These persons who so charge the Spiritual Philosophy and Spiritualists, have themselves no knowledge concerning this Spiritualism. They declare that this Spiritualism is the work of the Devil, but they do not know it to be so, having never proved it. They have given it no trial whatever, yet declare it to be the work of the Devil. But they are not fit to judge. He who should be entrusted with judgment, should know all the particulars of the case. These theologians fuse to become acquainted with it, fear to shake they fear? Simply because they are cognizant of their own supreme weakness. If they were not, they would not fear to go forth to meet the Devil; they would know God, who is possessed of all power, would protect them from all evil. But inasmuch as there is an inner consciousness within themselves of weakness, they fear to meet evil. If they knew they had that Christ-like spirit-which spirit is able to overcome all evil—they would not fear to meet it. Now, then, the very best way to deal with these theological bigots, is to leave them in the hands of God. He is able to take care of them.

Q.—In your paper of March 16th, the question is asked, "How long a time will intervene from now until some medium will be developed to exercise the full power intended by Christ, when he said, 'He that believeth in me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these, because I go to my Father '?" This power is also referred to in several places in the Scripture. The answer given was this: "That time has alreadycome; and they who question concerning its coming are blind, for they do not see, and deaf, that they do not hear." Is that intended to refer to believers in spiritual power; and if so, what can we do in this direction that is not being done at present?

A.—We are not sure that we fairly understand your question. Let us have it again.

Q.—What shall we do to further develop this

power? A .- This same power that was exercised through Jesus, we claim, is in action at the present day; and those who are not able to see that this power is in action to-day, are such as are blind to our Spiritual Philosophy. Those who cannot hear the voice of the spirit to-day, are such as are deaf to the teachings of Jesus, We claim this, and we know that our position is a just one.

Q.—Is this subject receiving that attention it should?

A .- It is receiving all the attention that the mind of the present age can confer upon it. Perhaps, then, we should be justified in saying it is receiving all due attention.

Q.-Does the controlling spirit of this circle know of any spirits in spirit-life who are positively malicious, or who lie to, or deceive mortals, with intention to injure them thereby?

A .- Out of the many hundred intelligences that are called lying spirits, who return for 1864. still on the earth, probably not more than one out nine years of age. My mother supports herself of every ten who return, giving what is called evil communications to mortal spirits, do so knowingly. They themselves are ignorant of the true way: suppose, as they did here, they were doing right. Their uneven perceptions justify them in their acts; but when they shall become more enlightened, spiritually speaking, then they will practice these things no more upon humanity.

Q.-Are we to understand that one in every ten intend to injure mortals?

A.-Yes. We think we know of some intelligences past human, who return to earth giving manifestations, knowing if they are carried out they will result in sorrow. But these, thank heaven, are the exceptions, and not the rule. Q.—Is not the same true in this world?

A.—It certainly is so.

Q.-I find some persons on this earth who think it a sin for one to play a game of cards, or to indulge in dancing, but who at the same time do things that are far more wicked in the sight of God, in my opinion. Now do not such individuals exist in the spirit-world, as well as here?

A.—They certainly do. In the estimation of some spirits, these simple amusements are sins. In many instances, conscience tells them it is wrong. Now, then, if they should trespass upon this law of their conscience, it would be sin to them. They would violate their law of right. Each individual has a moral law of their own. No two can be judged by the same law, inasmuch as every individual is different from every other individual. You are like no one else; no one else is like yourself. You see through one glass the way to heaven, and somebody else sees through another. There is a straight way and a narrow way. We fear if there were but one way to heaven, many souls would come short of heaven. But thanks to the great Power that guides us all, there are as many ways as there are souls to go to May 18.

Harrison Elkins.

I was shot, sir, at the battle of Antietam, on the 16th of September, and I was taken prisoner by your forces; lost my arm; was obliged to have it amplitated. [The right arm?] Yes, sir; which was done by the surgeon of the 9th Illinois regiment, I believe. I did n't learn his name. He visited me twice afterward, and I judge from his talk he was kind of spiritually inclined; for he said to me one day something like this, when I asked should I live. He says, "You'll live, anyway; but you may not live here on the earth very long, but you need n't fear to go on the other side, because there is much better chance for improvement there, and you're not separated from your friends that you love, either. You know that the spirits of our friends talk with us after death."

That's as nigh as I can remember what he said to me.

I thought, and thought, and thought about it; did n't get just the attention I ought to have had; well, I was rather weak, anyway. I had contracted disease of the bowels, and together with the suffering from my wounds, I was weak. So I died in about seven or eight days after I was taken prisoner. ment, I believe. I did n't learn his name. He

My name, Harrison Elkins, of Elkinsville, Alabama, son of Thomas Eikins — Colonel Thomas Elkins. He was well known there. He was shot early in the war.

I have two sisters. The husband of one was at one time a member of the rebel senate; you call it rebel, we call it Confederate. I lacked a few weeks of being nineteen years of age at the time of my death.

Now, sir, if there's any way by which I can communicate with friends, I shall be glad to.

I hear you have Richmond, and all that. The South held out longer than I thought it would. I've nothing to say about it myself. I'm on neither side now, sir. I'm here, sir, to talk to my friends, if I can. My father would like, also, to communicate. He's very strongly attracted at home, and would like to manifest, if he can. May 18.

George Phillips.

Be kind enough to say, sir, that George Phillips. of Lewiston, Me., manifested here. Don't know much about these things; can't say much. I was a soldier; lost my life in the service of my country. Used to have some talk about this coming back business. I used to laugh at it, but some of the boys believed in it. There was quite a number of us agreed that whoever went first should come back and report to the rest, if the thing was true. I do n't know whether the rest have reported or not. Anyhow, I'll bring in my report. know nothing concerning Spiritualism. They re- There's no use in our denying it now. We can't back down on that, no way, captain; it's true, it's hands with this child of the Devil. And why do true. I can't give a lecture on it. Well, in my homely way I can tell my story. I can't do any better, sir.

I'll be known, sir, I suppose. I'm not used to this thing. I'd like to say a good deal. If I had the confidence of some folks, I'd like to say a good deal; but haven't, so I can't.

Well, there's four or five of 'em in the spiritworld. [Do you know whether they have returned?] I don't know, sir. They all promised to come, anyhow. [You had better give their names.] That are in the spirit-world, dead?yes, dead, that's the word. Well, the one that used to talk loudest was called Benjamin Califf, He was from Maine, sir. Audrew J. Parks-I think he was from Augusta; and Jim Kelleyhe's like me didn't believe much in it. And there was Phil. Andrew, who used to claim relationship with Governor Andrew. He used to say he was second cousin to the Governor of Massachusetts. We all knew he lied, because he would lie like fury. He told the boys one time that it was through the influence of Governor Andrew that he got his commission. We all knew it was a lie. I once told him so, and come pretty near getting into a little muss with him. He knew pretty well I was right and he was wrong, so he got hushed up pretty quick.

Well, I'm back, anyway. If the rest have n't come, they'd better be about it. Good-day, Ma-May 18.

Herbert Shelton.

Herbert Shelton, of Indianapolis, Ind. Won't you say that I came here to ask that I get a chance to talk to my people, my folks, will you? I was sixteen years of age, and I am sorry, I am very sorry I left my mother as I did. I ask her pardon, sir. I've felt bad enough about it since

then. Ask her to forgive me, to let me talk with her, and I'll tell her all about it. [Yes, we will. Cheer up.1 Tell her I was sick some time in Georgia. I was wounded twice, but I should n't have been sorry

to have died, if she'd been there. I wanted to see her very much, but I'm better now. Tell her May 18. I'm better now.

Virginia Thompson.

Virginia Thompson, of New York City. I was thirteen years old; died of brain fever, in August.

I have left a mother there, and a little sister I have left a mother there, and a little sister nine years of age. My mother supports herself and my little sister by sewing on soldiers' clothes Published by WILLIAM WILLIAM WILLIAM WILLIAM WILLIAM WILLIAM April 2. most of the time. I used to help her most of the time when I the here. I learned to run the machine. The machine was loaned us, and I learned to run it, and helped my mother. But I was took sick with the brain fever, and left her.

I've met my father in the spirit-land. He was a soldier, was killed in battle. He has been trying ever since he was killed to return, but has never found suitable means. He says my mother should receive a pension, as my father was First Lieutenant. He was promoted from second to first shortly before he went into action. His papers were in his pocket at the time, and he wants to tell my mother how she may apply to the right source to receive her just pension. He's very sorry for all the mistakes be made while here. and thinks, were he here now, he should do entirely different.

He says if my mother will visit Mr. Conklin, of New York, he will speak, will manifest through him, and thinks he can tell her what to do in order to get her rights.

My father and I are obliged, sir. [Do you think this will reach you mother?] I don't know, sir My father says it will. May 18.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, May 22.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Eleanor Reed, of Detroit, Mich., to her father, Capt. James Reed; James Luddersfield, of Macon, Ga., to his sons; Isaac Edmonds, to his friends, in Springfield, Ill.; John Hinkley, of the 3d New Hamphitro; Father Streeter of Hoston, Mass., Tuetday, May 23.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Leopold Herman, of this city, to his wife; Wm. Matthews, to his wife Mary; Noah Sturievant, of East Boston, to A. H. Allen, of this city; Charlie French, son of Ellhu French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents.

Thursday, May 25.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Lizie M. Dodge, to her sister, an authores; Josiah M'Grath, to his brother, John M'Grath, in Booneville, Mo.; Dahomey, an Indian Midd. Ozlas Gillett, late of this city, to his friends.

Monday, May 29.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Henry Swazcy, to his friend, Ellisha Bachford, of Pittston, Pa.; Mrs. Jefferson Davis, the first, to her husband; Annie M. Reagan, daughter of General Reagan, to her mother; Daniel O'Brien, of the 21st Mass., to his friends.

Tuesday, May 30.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Edwin Trenbolm, 2d Lieut. 22d Va., Co. I, to his father; Charlle M'Gowan, 9th Reserve Corps. Penn., to Billy Humphreys and John Arlington; Annie Wilkins, of this city, to her mother; Harriet Sheldon, to Israol Sheldon, of Gaston, Ala.; Peter, a slave, to Israel Sheldon, to Israol Sheldon, of Gaston, Ala.; Peter, a slave, to Israel Sheldon, to his parents, at No. 11 King street, New York City; Mrs. Margaret Downs, of Boston, to her son Mat thew Downs, at Arlet, near Hichmond, Va.; Wm. H. Carter, to his brother David, of Widdon, Ct.; Alice Barrows, to Steplen, or Winchester, or Theodore Barrows, at the South.

Tuesday, Jane 5.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Elibu Brown, of Jonesville, Wis., to his brother Richard; Tores Fauhnway, to her father, in New Ordean, La.; Pater of the Steplen, or Winchester, or Theodore Barrows, at the South.

The CO'Connell, formerly porter at Stewart's dry

Obituaries.

Passed home with the angels, from Neponset, June 7th, the spirit of little Anna M. Hallet, aged 9 years 4 months and 23 days.

This is the third call from this home of a loved child, and the parents feel that the hand of Affletion has been placed heavily upon them; but they, sustained by the truths of Hpiritualism, can smile through their tears, knowing that God does all

This little gem, too pure for earth, Was only lent, not given, To speak the lesson: parents, dear, Prepare to meet in heaven.

SAMUEL GROVER. Bomerville, Mass. In Northampton, on the 10th of June, Mr. Joel S. Darrow passed from the mortal body to his home in the Summer-Land

He was a firm Spiritualist, and was calmly sustained through all his sufferings by its rich truths. M. H. Townsenb.

New Books.

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; Lines Written near the Scene
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Life is in the World.
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"Every lay a Burfal-Day."
O Bright Genesee!
"Honce, Sweet Home."
Lines to Lida.
Advice to the Young.
Not Alone, O German Mother
My Mother.
Skeleton Leaves.
The Artist and the Angel.

Lecturers, traveling agents, and all dealers in Spiritual and Reform books, might find it to their advantage to interest themselves in the sale of "Volces of the Morning," as the books can be obtained at a liberal discount.

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April 22.

THIRD EDITION

A SPLENDID VOLUME,

POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE!

BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

THE quick exhaustion of the first edition of these beautiful Poems, and the rapid sale of the second, shows how well they are appreciated by the public. The peculiarity and intrinsic merit of the Poems are admired by all intelligent and liberal minds. There had long been an earnest call for the republication in book form of the Poems given by the spirit of Poe and others, which could not be longer unhocited, hence their appearance in this splendid volume. Every Spiritualist in the land should have a copy.

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BY HORACE WELBY,
Author of Predictions Realized," "Signs Before Death," etc. Author of Predictions Realized," "Signs Before Death," etc. THE aim of the writer is to render his book acceptable to make it attractive by the notes and comments of expositors of our own time, as well as from those sacred treasures of learning, and those studies of Scripture, which strongly reveal to us the relation of God to man. The most reverential regard for things sacred has been feetered throughout the work; and although the stores of classic thought and fancy have been occasionally resorted to for embellishment and Illustration, those have been employed as subsidiary to the Spirit and the Truth.

CONTENTS:

Life and Time; Nature of the Boul; Spiritual Life; Mental Phenomena; Bellef and Skepticism; What is Superstition? Premature interment; Phenomena of Death; Sin and Punishment; The Crucifixion of our Lord; The End of the World Foretold; Man after Death; The Intermediate State; The Christian Resurrection; The Future States; The Recognition of each other by the Blessed; Adversaria; The Pilgrim's Progress; Appendix. Appendix.
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STORY OF RAVALETTE;

ALSO,

TOM OLARK AND HIS WIFE,

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BEFFLE THEM THEREIR; OR, THE ROSIGNUCIAN'S STORY.

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He has no apologies to make for offering it—no excuses, even as a novelist, for departing from the beaten track of War, Love, Murder and Revenge; "Politics, Passion, and Prussic Acid, which constitute the staple of the modern novel."

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May 28.

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BY A. B (IHILD, M. D.

THIS BOOK breaks through the darkness and amictions of
earthly alliances, and teils each and every one who his
and her own other halfs. It transcends the tangle and wrangle
of Free-Loveism, that falls with falling matter, and teils what
Spiritual Love is, that shall grow brighler and purer forever.
This book is warm with the author's life and earnest feeling.
It contains terne, bold, original, startling thoughts. It will be
a solace to the afflicted and downtrodden of earth.
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Miscellaneous.

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GREAT FAMILY MEDICINE OF THE AGE! THE POSITIVE POWDERS CURE: THE NEGATIVE POWDERS CURE: 1. All Positive Ferers: as the Inflammatory, Billious, Rheu-Typhold, Typhus, Congrestive, matic. Intermittont, Scarlet, the chill which precedes fevers and other diseases.

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as all Monstrual Derangements,
Leuchorrhea, Threatened AbLauguor, Stupor, Depression,
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Newcos, Oramps, and Painfuil
Urination of Pregnancy.

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P. C. Mitchell, Milwaukee, three years totally deaf in one car, and eye sight so impaired that he was unable to read or write without glasses, heades paralysis of the whole system. Eye sight and hearing perfectly restored in leas than 16 min utes, and otherwise greatly strengthened.

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Mrs. Elizabeth Maitland, Leon, Wanshara Co., Wis. 60 years

scarcely walk with crutches; in 20 minutes was made to walk without them, and in a few weeks became fleshy and in good health.

Mrs. Elizabeth Maitland, Leon, Waushara Co., Wis., 69 years old, very fieshy. Hip All and Falling of the Womb for twentyone years. Cured in 5 minutes.

Leander Blair, Rosendate, Wis., by failing from a building fifteen feet on a stump, injured in Splue, Chest and Stomach in August, 1862, cansing Epileptic Fits ever since, as many as twenty-five in a day, and was unable to perform any labor. Cured in 15 minutes.

Mrs. Elizabeth Sinith, Ripon, Wis., Diptheria; a very bad case. Cured in 5 minutes.

Mrs. Elizabeth McCauley, Ripon, Wis., Ovarian Tumor and Falling of Womb. Cured in two treatments.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ackew, Milwaukee, Partial Paralysis; lost use of right arm; Rheumatism of Heart, and unable to walk; no hopes of her recovery. In one treatment was made comfortable, and in a few more her health was perfectly restored.

Mrs. Arad Johnson, Rosendate, Wis., White Swelling and Rheumatism; was unable to use her limbs since last May; was made to walk in 20 minutes.

Newton Linkfield, Ripon, Wis., by a fall from a load of hay and atriking on his head; injured upper portion of spine, drawting lish head upon his shoulder, and was unable to put out his arm; suffered for six years. Spent \$700, and received no benefit. Cured in 3 minutes.

The above cases we have certificates of, which may be referred to. Special references—Col. Geo. II. Walker, Geo. W. Allen, Esc., Lecter Excton, Esq., Kellogg Sexton, Esq., Lewis J. Highy, Esq., all of this city.

Those who are absolutely poor are cordially invited to call on each Saturday afternoon, and we will treat them free of charge. Personal cleanliness absolutely required in all cases.

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CAPT. J. C. GERR, TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 5.30 o'clock, p. m., landing in New York at Pier No. 18 North River, (foot of Cortiandt street) connecting with all Raliroad and Steamboat lines for the North, South and West.

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NO. 1.—THE PURTION OF THE SAGE.

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THE Artist has endeavored to impress on canvas the view he has often had clairvoyantly of a landscape in the Spheres, embracing the Home of a group of Sages. Wishing those who desire to have the same view as himself of that mysterious land beyond the gulf of darkness, he has published it in the popular Carre Dr. Visite form. Single copies 25 cents, sent free of postage. Large size photograph, 4; large size colored, 3. Usual discount to the Trade. For sale at this office, June 25.



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MRS. II. B. GILLETTE, Medium for Healing by laying on of hands, has taken floom No. 32 in the "Einwood House." 830 Washington street, where she will receive patients, or will visit their residences.

Rhe has also associated with her an excellent Clairvoyant, who will examine patients, describe their diseases, and practice for their cure, by seeing the person, or by a lock of their halr, by mall, for the moderate fee of \$1,00. She will also sit for spirit-communications. ELMWOOD HOUSE, \$30 Washington atreet, floom No. 22.

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OLAIR VOYANT PHYSICIAN and HEALING MEDIUM,
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CONTINUES to heal the steek, as Spirit Physicans contro
her for the benefit of suffering humanity.
Examinations \$1,00. All medicines prepared by her wholly
composed of Roots, Barks and Herbs gathered from the garden
of Nature.

July 1.

A CARD-REMOVAL THIS is to inform my numerous patients and friends, in city and country, that I have purchased and fitted up for my future residence and office, the nice Busck Horse No. 2 Hottle Places, leading out of Hollis street, near Washington and Tremont streets, Boston, where I shall be happy to wait on them, and prescribe for all kinds of diseases, and give advice, as usual.

June 3. 8w

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE AT NO. 7 DAVIS STREET, BOSTON.

THOSE requesting examinations by letter will please on close \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age.

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Hours from 9 A. M. to 9 F. M. DON'T RING.

June 24.

DR. WILLIAM B. WHITE, Sympathetic, Clair-Voyant, Magnetic and Electric Physician, cures all dis eases that are curable. Nervous and disagreeable feelings removed, Advice free; operations, \$1.00. No. 4 JUFFERSON, PLACE (leading from South Bennet street), Boston. July 1. CLAIRVOYANCE. - MRS. COLGROVE may be consulted personally, or by letter, respecting Business, Health, &c., at 34 Winter street, Boston. Directions by letter \$1,00; lost or stolen property, \$2,00. In an April 21.

MADAM GALE, Clairyoyant and Prophetic Medium, is Lowell street. Examination of Blocases by Letter, \$1,00; three questions answered on other business for 50 cents, and two 3-cent stamps.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM, Medical Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, 292 Washington street, Boston. Treatment of Body, Mind and Spirit.

MISS NELLIE STARKWEATHER, Writing Test Medium, No. 7 Indiana street, near Harrison Av. Hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.

MOORE, Healing and Trance Medium, No. 6 Lagrange Place, from Washington atreet, Hoston, Mass. 12w*-June 17. MISS E. F. HATHORNE, HEALING AND DEVELOPING, TRANCE AND IMPRESSIONAL MEDIUM, No. 8 Avon Place, Boston. 6w*-June 3. SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 13 DIX PLACE, (opposite Harvard street.) July 1.

DR. D. A. PEASE & SON, PRACTICAL PHYSICIANS, FOR

HAVE taken Rooms recently occupied by Dr. J. P. Bryant, and are permanently located at 127 JEFFERSON AVLEE, DETROIT, MICH., and will open for the reception and licaling of the Sick of both Body and Mind, on the let day of June, at 9 o'clock A. M. The happy day has come when the sick and suffering can be leated without the use of polonous drugs. The unseen, yet all-potent elements of Nature used by persons favorably organized and conditioned, perform the most wonderful cures without the use of medicine, and so certain is the effect that many case require buf one operation of only a few minutes to perform a cure. Most all forms of diseases that are curable, have been found to yield under this mode of treatment; and what is still more wonderful, a large number of cases that have been given up as incarable by the most renowned physicians of the different schools of medicine, have been perfectly cured by this all-potent life-giving power in an almost incredible short space of time. No surgical operations performed. No medicines given.

C. Charles reasonable. Persons unable to pay, are cordinally invited without money and without price. Cleanliness absolutely required in all cases. CURING CHRONIC DISEASES,

CARD FROM DR. J. P. BRYANT.

IN accordance with previous advertisements, I now give notice that I shall close my rooms in Detroit, on Wednerday, May 31, 1863, at 6 o clock, r. x. Dr. D. A. Pease and Sos will amoeced me in healing the side, occupying the same rooms, 127 Jefferson Avenue. Dr. Pease has been long and favorably known as successful practitioner. His adable manners, and genuine sympathy for the affilted, has won for him an enviable name. Of his untiring energy and success thousands can testify. Being personally acquainted with the m. I cheerially recommend them to the suftering with perfect confidence in their ability to care all forms of disease of either body or mind. July 1.

16 J. P. Bify ANT.

SOUL READING,

Or Psychometrical Delinention of Character.

A. R. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit them in person, or send their autograph or lock of hair, they will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and future life; physical disease, with prescription therefor; what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those intending marriage; and thins to the inharmoniously married, whereby they can restore or perpetuate their former love. tending marriage; and hints to the inharmentously married, whereby they can restore or perjectuate their forine love. They will give instructions for self-improvement, by telling what faculties should be restrained, and what cultivated. Seven years' experience warrants them in saying that they can do what they advertise without fall, as hundreds are willing to testify. Skeptles are particularly invited to investigate. Everything of a private character, 81.06 and rest stamp. Hereafter all calls or letters will be promptly attended to by either one or the other.

Address, 31R. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE, July 1. f Whitewater, Walworth Co., Wisconsin.

DR. URANN, WHO has made so many wonderful and
INSTANTANEOUS CURES
in Boston, New York, Hartford, Springfield, and more recently
in New Hampshire and Vermont, has taken rooms No. 163
Court street, Boston, where he may be found from the 1st to
the 20th of each month. The remainder of the month he will
visit patients at a distance who may desire his services.

June 17.

MRS. JENNIE DUTTON, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, Office No. 95 Washington Street,

Office No. 95 Washington Street,
OHICAGO, ILL.
MRS. DUTTON will answer professional calls, and give
Clairvoyant Sittings for Consultations and Examinations.
Especial attention given to the treatment of diseases neculiar
to her own sex. When persons desiring an examination cannot be present, a full delineation of the case can as well be
given from a pintograph of the person, and will be forwarded
by mail upon the receipt of \$2,00. Superior medicines especially prepared and sent by express, when required.

The Address, P. O. Box 539, Chicago, Ill. June 16-

DR. H. S. PHILLIPS, MAGNETIO HEALING PHYSICIAN, HAS located at VINELAND, N. J. Office two doors west of Radiroad Station, on Landis Avenue. His treatment is the Apostolic mode—healing by the laying on of hands. My 20.-3m G. & P. B. ATWOOD, Magnetic and Clairvoy-ant Physicians, 1 St. Marks Pl., opp. Cooper Inst., N. Y. June 10.—3m

MRS. COTTON, Successful Healing Medium, by the laying on of hands. (No medicines given.) No. 111 East 29th street, near 3d Avenue, N. Y. 5m—June 17. MISS JENNIE LORD, Musical Medium, will care of Enastre Stenbers, Chicopec, Mass. 2w-July 1. MRS. C. S. HULL, Magnetic and Electric Physician, 89 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill. 7w*-Je 10.

DRUNKARD, STOP I

THE Spirit-World has looked in mercy on scenes of suffering from the use of strong drink, and given a Membry that takes away all desire for it. More than three thousand have been redeemed by its use within the last three years. Send for a Circuidar. If you cannot, call and read what it has done for thousands of others. Enclose stamp.

BY N. B.—It can be given without the knowledge of the patient. Address, C. CLINTON BEERS, M. D., 31 Essex street, Boston.

MISSE T. ELACOMORDIA.

MISS L. HASTINGS,
TEACHER OF PIANO AND MELODEON, Vocat Music,
(Italian Method,) and Firnon and Latin Languages, will
visit pupils at their residences, or receive them at her own, 23
Lowell street, Boston. Terms reasonable. If—June 18.

BOOKS:

DELA MARSH, at No. 14 BROWFIELD STREET, keeps con stantly for sale a full supply of all the Spiritual and Reefmatory Works, at publishers prices.

ALL ORDERS PROMPILY ATTREDED TO.

July I.

SIX DOLLARS FROM 50 CRNTS.

CALL and examine something urgently needed by everybody, or sample will be sent free by mail for 50 cents, that
retails for \$6,00. R. L. WOLCONT, 176 Chatham Square, N. Y
Nov. 28—ly

SUBOPULA, CATARBH, CONSUMPTION, &c. WM. R. PRINCE, Flushing, N. Y., offen his "TRATIER OF NATURE'S SOVEREIGN REMEDIALS," from Plants, comprising eighty-dws Specific Remedies for Diseases. Price, 10 cents and stamp, mailed.

Correspondence in Brief.

A Note from Mrs. Townsend.

DEAR FRIENDS-The reason I have made no engagements to speak for you, in the many places where I have been invited, is because I feel that where I have been invited, is because I feel that I must rest from the lecturing field for a time, in order to be able to remain in this sphere of existence, and be in any way serviceable in coming time. Both physical and mental, need rest and opportunity to recuperate, and I am going among my native hills, where I can breathe the pure air; drink the fresh clear waters, be clear as crystal?; see the cattle grazing in the fields; hear the birds chanting their melodious anthems to the Giver of all good; lay my weary "clear as crystal"; see the cattle grazing in the fields; hear the birds chanting their melodious anthems to the Giver of all good; lay my weary head upon my blessed 'mother's bosom, and hear neain the voice that sung the lullaby song to my listening babyhood, ever rich and sweet with love's undying melody; look upon my dear father, whose hair is silvering with years; listen to the songs my brother and sisters sing, and luxuriate in the autumn ripeness of my dear old grandfather and grandmother, whose peaceful souls are young in the glory of our sacred philosophy, and in that pure love which has cemented their lives as one, during almost sixty-five years of married life. More than wealth and all worldly honors do they prize their Spiritual religion! And I want to "go up into the mountains," all alone with God and nature, shake off the dust of the world from my feet, and the conflicting and poisonous magnetisms I have accumulated from human ous magnetisms I have accumulated from human conditions, from my mind and soul, and learn

I shall often think of you, dear friends, and pray that I may make myself worthy to bear to your homes (when again I come among you) rich offerings from Nature's pure altar, to refresh and strengthen you, also, in life's weary pilgrimage. Think of me as one who loves all our Father's children, one who has no condemnation for His works because in my ignorance I cannot comprehend all; and if you feel disposed to write me your thoughts or feelings, address me at Bridge-water, Vermont, after this month until further Yours ever for Eternal Truth, M. S. TOWNSEND.

Chicopee, June 14th, 1865.

Appreciative and Encouraging. DEAR BANNER—I return to you my grateful acknowledgment for your timely arrival at my rural home in the Green Mountain State. Many thanks are due your numerous able contributors for their untiring efforts to elevate the minds of the people, and point out to erring humanity a path that will lead them to a higher destiny and influence their minds to a true sense of right and duty, and inspire them to cultivate an appreciation for the truly beautiful. Would that all could esteem your worth—but alas! too few can perceive your real merit. To me you are indeed thrice welcome, for from your sacred pages I have learned many truths. Success to you always, and a bountiful reward to all laborers in your noble cause. For all earnest investigators and searchers for truth, there is, indeed, to be found on your broad pages an unlimited amount of spiritual food, that is al-ways nourishing, and what health must crave. As time rolls on, and all have necessarily advanced one step up the ladder of progression, may more sorrowing hearts be cheered by your sooth-ing influence, and many more be guided by your friendly hand of virtue; yet there are already yast numbers that find consolation in gleaning from your fields of knowledge a spiritual harvest; but how much more could earth's erring children be benefited could you claim a more extended cir-culation. However much there is to be regretted, we will cherish the hope that the future will crown you with undying honor.

As I am deprived of the privilege of associating with many of the readers of the Banner, I would be pleased to open correspondence with a limited number of progressive minds for improvement. MISS CARRIE BROWN.

Querchy, Vt., 1865.

A Spirit Portrait.

Permit me, through the columns of your excellent paper, to mention a remarkable test of spirit manifestation, through the mediumship of Mr. N B. Starr, of Cincinnati. It is a life-sized portrait of my spirit son, whose fair hand had plucked the of my spirit son, whose fair hand had plucked the blossoms of ten bright summers. It is now five years since his advent to the spirit-world. The features have not changed, as I had expected from his surroundings, but on the contrary, are quite natural; and I could readily have recognized them in any place, a fact giving ample evidence that spirits do retain their identity after the form

What sweet consolation does this cherished faith impart to earth's sorrowing ones. Instead of passing weeks, months, ay, even years, in bitter sorrow, we ought to rejoice in the blessed assurance that our dear ones are disenthralled from pain and disease, disinherited of all the trials in-cident to this life, and are rejoicing in the reno-vating powers of holy affection in that higher sphere of action and of love, to which we are all

hastening.
Mr. Starr is a personal stranger to me, having only heard of his blessed mission through the Banner of Light; I was induced to address him upon the subject, when a most beautiful vision was presented him of my child; and afterwards, a perfect view of his residence, then in the State of New York. Mr. S. assures me that he was in-fluenced to take his brush and commence the pertrait, which I have now received, and which is pronounced a splendid painting; so natural and life-like, that I ofttimes feel as if I must, hear the voice. In all, it is the source of great comfort; and my unfeigned gratitude to the blessed influence who controlled Mr. S., and also to him as a medium is bound expression. and my union ance who controlled Mr. S., and medium, is beyond expression.

Most respectfully,

Mrs. C. M. Titus.

J. H. W. Toohey in Cincinnati. Since the advent of our friend E. V. Wilson, of whose success in this vicinity I lately gave you an account, we have been favored with a visit from Mr. Toohey, and assuredly have our Spiritualist friends in this quarter been benefited thereby. The noticeable features of Mr. Toohey's lectures, and what should bring them within the sphere of the "secular" press, is the subject matter of his discourses, and the method he uses to illustrate them. Professing to speak from a purely scientific standpoint, he reaffirms, without being a disciple of Prof. Powell of Covington. Kv. ly scientific standpoint, he realisms, without being a disciple of Prof. Powell of Covington, Ky., the doctrine of the incompatibility of temperaments, and presses into his service charts, diagrams and pictures, and brings the human head, face and body into scientific significance.

The health, beauty and derangements of the temperaments occupied one series of lectures on

temperaments occupied one series of lectures on consecutive Sunday evenings. At the close of each lecture, examinations of character were made psygraphologically (i. e., from writing), phrenologically and physiologically. And what makes this course of lectures significant as a sign of the times, is the willingness of large audiences to come tois the willingness of large audiences to come to-gether and listen for over two hours to a practical exposition of the physical side of anthropology, notwithstanding the intense heat of the weather. Mr. T. entered minutely into the affairs of everyday life, and riveted the attention of old and young. It is hoped he will revisit us early in the fall.

WILLIAM M'DIARMID. all. WILLIAM M'DIARMID.
Cincinnati, O., June 14, 1885.

Griswold's Pictures.

Within a few days, dear Banner, I have called twice upon our sick brother, Dr. Griswold, at Batavia, and find him mortally wounded with at Batavia, and find him mortally wounded with pulmonary disease, and gradually falling, and expecting at no distant day to put off the mortal and enter upon the realities of the higher life. Not withstanding his very feeble state, he is laboring diligently to sketch and perfect another of his beautiful and impressive original paintings of the "Descent of the Angels." He hopes to be able to complete this painting before leaving for the bright Summer-Land, that he may leave the perfected set as a priceless legacy to his family. He has constantly on hand photographs of the

/ He has constantly on hand photographs of the paintings already completed, notices of which paintings already completed, notices of which have appeared in the Banner, one or more of which, I seel, will be a good investment for an appreciative, purchaser; besides, by sending in orders soon, the means will be of much service to him in defraying the expenses attending completing and mounting the set. Let us, by bestowing a discriminating patronage upon our brother, cheer him in his confinement, and cause his last days on earth to be his happiest. He has devoted his best and his highest efforts for many years to the promulgation of the glorious Gospel of the New

Picuic-Wisconsin Soldiers' Home. (The following note came too late for last week's paper. We give it an insertion now; though late for the picnic, it is ot too late for those who are disposed to aid in the noble object alluded to.]

The Spiritualists of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and The Spiritualists of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and the country and villages adjacent, will hold a picnic on Tuesday, the 27th instant, at the Forest House, three miles east of Waukesha, on the, Milwaukee and Prairie du Chien Railroad. The main object of the picnic, aside from the social reunion and recreation of the occasion, will be to gather a liberal contribution in aid of the Wisconsin Soldiers' Home, which is to be established through the aid of a great fair which will onen ed through the aid of a great fair which will open

The picnic will be enlivened by good music. Several popular speakers will be present. All societies and orders of men are responding nobly to the call for means to erect and ably sustain a permanent Soldiers Home for the battle-bruised and war-worn veterans of Wisconsin, who have so faithfully and bravely upheld the pillars of our shattered national edifice, and restored its foundations solid and sure; and Spiritualists ought not to be behind-hand in their contributions in aid of the cause.

Contributions sent to Dr. R. W. Hathaway, Milwaukee, or handed to E. V. Wilson, who is lecturing in the State at present, will be thankfully received and promptly appropriated to the general fund.

George Godfrey.

Meetings in Worcester.

Spiritualism is still alive here, and on the increase—the cause being stronger to-day than ever before. Meetings are held every Sabbath afternoon and evening in Horticultural Hall, which is well filled with attentive and appreciative audiences. During the present month we are enjoying the labors of C. A. Hayden, whose lectures have been replete with thrilling interest. He is certainly a very powerful exponent of our beautiful faith. During July Miss Emma Houston is to speak to us. This is her third engagement in this city. Being a very graceful and eloquent speaker, and one of rare inspirational powers, she holds her audiences attentive listeners to the close of the discourse. She has made many converts of the discourse. She has made many converts to Spiritualism in this city, for she combines an irreproachable character with a true spirit of charity, which cannot fail to inspire the most fas tidious minds with love and respect. From this place she goes to Buffalo for a month's engagement; thence to Cincinnati and other Western cities. We congratulate the Western people in being able to secure so able an advocate of the cause, and we only fear they may retain her too long among them. May the good angels go with her, protect and direct her in her labors in the glorious cause. Worcester, Mass., June 16, 1865.

From California. I hope this will reach you before my subscription is out. I have been from home, and could not write before. It is impossible for me to live without the Banner. It has been a light in my household for the last six years, and although I have become poorer, as regards money and property, still the beautiful thoughts and ideas that erty, still the beautiful thoughts and ideas that flow from our heaven-born philosophy, published in the Banner, cheer me on the rugged, weary path of life. The Message Department is of great interest to me. It is the first thing I read, and oh! how anxiously do I look for the names of dear friends who have crossed the beautiful river. Some day they will visit your circle, and send a message to me in this far-off land of sunset and gold. I have had some beautiful tests of spirit identity through Mr. Mansfield, and have listened with delight to the soul-stirring words spoken by Miss Hardinge.

neid, and have listened with delight to the sourstirring words spoken by Miss Hardinge.

Oh yes, light is breaking here in California, and
I believe that we will become more spiritual. My
prayer is, that the Banner may float and wave
throughout our State, and its light shine in every
household.

Yours for Truth,

E. SMITH.

San Francisco, Cal.

To Speakers Going West.

I have been requested to say that at Havana, Mason Co., Ill., speakers and mediums, who can labor to edification, will be welcome at the pleasant home of Mr. James Boggs, and for services rendered will be properly rewarded. Havana is a thriving town on the east bank of the Illinois river, and on the Peoria, Pekin and Jacksonville Bellevel between feeting and for which below Bellevel. Railroad, between forty and fifty miles below Peoria. I have just given the friends there four reg. ular lectures, and a general discourse on the demise of Dr. R. G. Nye, a homeopathist of fine reputation. The course called out the Methodist minister, Rev. Mr. McElroy, who thought our religion was "refined Infidelity." We think to visit them L. K. COONLEY. Havana, Mason Co., Ill., 1865.

The Spiritualists' Platform. The recent Convention of Spiritualists, held in

Boston, adopted the following resolutions:

The recent Convention of Spiritualists, field in Boston, adopted the following resolutions:

Whereas. The present systems of civil polity, ecclesiasticism, trade, commerce, education, social life, science and philosophy are radically defective in ignoring the elements and principles now being unfolded in the light of the congregated intelligence of the eternal world; therefore,

Resolved, That the time has come, amid the revolutions now agitating our country, when Spiritualists, and all who can co-operate with them, should come into council to discuss the best methods of action or organization, whereby these elements and principles may be effectually applied and carried to the reconstruction of Church, State, and Society in every department, and to the adoption of new systems, to take the place of "old earth and old heavens." destined to pass away.

Resolved, That Spiritualism adopts and re-publishes all that is true to the religion of the indian, the Egyptian, the Hebrew, the Mohammedan and the Christian, and demonstrates again and anew the brotherhood of the race, the immortality of the soul, and the actuality of spirit-intercourse.

Resolved, That Selence, not "Theology," interprets the nature and constitution of the mind, the health and beauty of the body, and fittingly translates the wealth and nature, the poverty of the agos, and the best methods for making reform sure, charity practical, and evilization humane.

Resolved, That we recognize in works like those of Cole.so. Renan, and other theological agitators, both in Europe and America, and in the improving tone of literature lu every department, signs of encouragement in the great cause of ecclesiastical freedom.

Resolved, That individual conscience, under the quickening and illuminating influences of angel intelligence, is the only

stastical freedom.

Resolved, That individual conscience, under the quickening and illuminating influences of angel intelligence, is the only reliable guide of faith and life; and Spiritualists, therefore ignore the authority of sects and institutions, in seeking to erect arbitrary standards of creed and discipline.

However else Spiritualists may be divided, on one point they are unit: the Bible must be put down. The attacks of some are open and arowed, those of others covert and insidious, and made under the guise of friendship. But the assaults of both classes will fail, and by the book which they have labored so industriously to destroy they will be judged in the last day.—Ex.

I clip the above Resolutions, Mr. Editor, from The World's Crisis. I am rather at a loss how to deal with Bro. Grant in this matter, for lie apnends " Ex." to the article, intimating that it is conied from some other paper. But I am prepared to say that the assertion contained in the introductory paragraph is false, in whole and in part. No such Resolutions were passed at the "recent Convention of Spiritualists held in Boston, nor were they before the Convention for discussion. If they were read there, (which I can neither affirm nor deny) it must have been done by some individual, on their own motion, for had they been accepted, they would have come into the possession of the Secretaries. I do not wish to convey the idea that I think the Resolutions would have been inappropriate for such a Convention to adopt, for I substantially endorse them; but let truth be spoken. We will be approved or condemned for what we say and do, not for what is falsely attributed to us. Will Bro. Grant correct his mis-

But I have one word more upon the asserted unity of Spiritualists, in putting down the Bible. This is as false as the declaration that the Convention passed those Resolutions. There is no topic in reference to which they are more divided, as the speeches at this same Convention made manifest. Spiritualists have no desire to "put down the Bible." This and similar, misetatements are continually thrust upon Spiritualists by clerical bigots, who do not tell the people the facts respect-ing the Bible, nor allow it to be done by others. bigots, who do not tell the people the facts respecting the Bible, nor allow it to be done by others.

We, as Spiritualists, have no war with the Bible.

We understand it, for we, and we alone, have the for the day, Mrs. E. M. Wolcott.

Dispensation, and feels that the present is the crowning work of his/life. Forward your orders promptly. Yours for progress, J. W. SEAVER.

Byron, N. Y., June 1, 1865.

key of its interpretation. The so-called Christian world is groping in the deathly darkness of the letter, biting and devouring each other, in the "confusion worse confounded" of convening texts and fusion worse confounded" of opposing texts and contrary interpretations.

In one thing we are united, if in nothing else: we have solemnly resolved that we will no longer be led by theological teachers, nor submit to plous cant as the word of God; nor allow their claim of being the especial ambassadors of the Most High. This is our offence. We defy their impotent threats of God's vengeance, for we are his children. We repudiate their unsupported assumptions concerning the Testaments, and take the testimony of the Books and history instead.

It is not because we are irreligious, or infidel, that we are persecuted and belied, but, we have dared to repudiate the priesthood. They will forgive anything except what trenches upon their authority or perquisites. Where these are concerned, they are as relentless as their own fabled Devil, as unforgiving as their angry Deity. All forms of ordinary sin cloak themselves with the broad ægis of Church approval, provided the clergy are honored and well fed. But no amount of moral rectitude and benevolent living can save any man from priestly malediction, if he refuses to pay them homage. Spiritualists have incurred this crime, and the article quoted above is only one of a multitude of proofs of the fact. Because, we do "labor industriously to destroy" the perverting and demoralizing influence of the clergy upon mankind, they very adroitly endeavor to beslime us with an opprobrious crime, by asserting that we are to a man seeking to "put down the Bible." Gentleman, this dodge can't save you. We are too well acquainted with you, and your craftiness. We war not with the Bible, but with you; and with you, not as men, but as priests."

In conclusion, I invite any regular clergyman to discuss the following questions, at such time and place as may be agreed on hereafter: 1. Is the Bible, as a whole, historically and

chronologically true? 2. Is there any sufficient evidence that it was

written by the persons whose names are appended to the several books of the same?

3. Is there any evidence that the writers were inspired of God, or that God ever commanded one single book thereof to be written, or sanctioned it, when written?

4. Is there proof that the original writings, if such there were, have been preserved unfalsified and uncorrupted, and then correctly translated.

5. Is there any evidence to show that the mode in which the seers and prophets of Bible story received their asserted inspirations, was any different in principle from that in which spirit mediums of to-day receive theirs?

I will see that the negative of the above questions is cared for, when the champion of the affirmative appears. J. S. LOVELAND. Secretary of the Convention.

Apparition of Queen Sophia.

The Queen Sophia appeared several times to her husband, George I. of England, announcing each time his approaching death. Not succeeding in breaking up his liaison with the beautiful Lady Horatia, and as the king always doubted the reality of her appearance, she tied one day a knot in a lace cravat, and said if any mortal hand could untieit, the king and his mistress might laugh at her words. Lady Horatia tried to untie the knot but could not, and angrily threw the cravat into the fire. The king hastily snatched it, all blazing, from the grate, and by accident set fire to the light robes of his mistress, who, enveloped in flames, ran shricking through the palace, and died in horrible sufferings. The king died two months after,

Jemmy, Gordon, meeting the prosecutor of a felon, named Pilgrim, who was convicted and sentenced to be transported at the Cambridge Assizes, exclaimed, "You have done, sir, what the Pope of Rome could never do; you have put a stop to Pilgrim's Progress."

To the Spiritualists and Reformers of the United States and Canadas the National Executive Committee send The SECOND NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIR-TUALISTS will be held in the city of Philadelphia,

Penn., commencing on Tuesday, the 17th of October, 1865, and continuing in session from day to day, till Saturday following.

Each local organization is requested to send one delegate, and one additional delegate for every fraction of fifty members.

This call extends to all classes of reformers,

without reference to name or form of organiza-

All Spiritualists and other Reformers through out the world, are respectfully invited to send delegates to attend and participate in the discus-sions of the questions which may come before the S. S. JONES, Chairman, F. L. WADSWORTH, Sec.,

F. L. WADSWORTH, Sec., HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., H. F. GARDNER, M. D., M. F. SHUEY, SOPHRONIA E. WARNER, MILO O. MOTT, WARREN CHASE, BELDEN J. FINNEY, H. B. STORER, MARY F. DAVIS, A. M. SPENCE, M. M. DANIEL.

April 15, 1865.

Annual Festival-Basket Picnic.

The sixth annual festival of the Religio-Philo-ophical Society will be holden at the Grove in St. Charles, Ill., commencing on Saturday, and con-tinue till Sunday evening, July 1st and 2d. Trance and normal speakers are, as usual, espe-

Let free-thinkers from far and near come, laden with cheerful souls and 'noell-filled baskets, and we will, as usual, have a "feast of reason and flow of soul." By order of the Executive Com. S. S. JONES, Pres.

A. V. SILL, Sec. St. Charles, June 1, 1865. Grove Meeting.

There will be a Grove Meeting on the 4th of July next, near the village of Laphamville, Bent Co., Mich. Rev. J. M. Peebles will address the audience at nine A. M., and Mrs. M. J. Kutz at eleven A. M.; Rev. J. M. Peebles again at two P. M. A large attendance is expected; a good time anticipated. A general invitation is extended. Come all. Our mansion is large and commodious. George French, Cor. Sec. Laphamville, Mich., June 13, 1865.

The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress

Of South-eastern Indiana will hold their next Quarterly Meeting at Bro. Bond's Hall, Cadiz, Ind., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 25th, 26th and 27th of August.

Dr. J. L. Braffitt, SILAS SMALL, Committee. DR. COOPER, AGNES COOK

Meeting of Spiritualists. The Spiritualists of Verona, Me., and vicinity,

will hold a Grove Meeting at their place, one-half mile from Bucksport village, on Tuesday, July 4th, at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. Isaac P. Greenleaf is engaged to attend, and several other speakers will be present. A general and cordial invitation is extended to all, as the platform will be free. Come one and all, and let us have a good union meeting. Per order Committee, Verona, May 15, 1866. NEHEMIAH BASSETT.

Spiritual Festival.

esh attachorioes or meetings, chran att THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS Hold meetings every Sunday in Templar Hall, corner of Bromfield and Province streets, at 10M a. M. and Jr. M. Mrs. M. A. Ricker, regular speaker. The public are invited. Seats free. D. J. Ricker, Sup't.

BELIGIOUS SERVICE, with vocal and instrumental sacred music, is held at Dr. U. Clark's Health Institute, 18 Chauncy street, Sundays, at 10% A. M. Free.

CIRLERA,—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Library Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. B. H. Crandon, Chelsea, Mass. Speakers engaged:—Charles A. Hayden during September; Mrs. Famile B. Felton, Dec. 3 and 10.

II. Felton, Dec. 3 and 10.

QUINOY.—Meetings every Sunday in Rodgers' Chapel. Services in the forencon at 10 %, and in the afternoon at 2% o'clock. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. Laura Cuppy, July 2 and 9.

FOXBORO', MASS.—Meetings in Town Hall. Speaker engaged:—Charles A. Hayden, July 2. Meetings during the summer months at 1% and 5% P. M.

TAUNTON, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Concert Hall regularly at 2% and 7% P. M. Admission 5 cents. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. Laura Cuppy, July 16, 23 and 30.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Leyden

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Leyden Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time.

Lowell.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Leyden Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time.

Lowell.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church, forenoon and afternoon. "The Children's Progressive Lyceum" meets at noon. Speakers engaged:—N. Frank White, July 2,9 and 16; Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, July 23 and 30; Mrs. Nellie Temple Brigham during Spotember; Charles A. Hayden during October; J. M. Peebles during November.

HAVERHILL, MASS.—The Spiritualists and liberal minds of Haverhill have organized, and hold regular meetings at Music Hall. Speakers engaged:—Charles A. Haydon, July 9 and 18; N. Frank White, July 23 and 30; Mrs. Laura Cuppy during August; Issae P. Greenleaf during September.

WORCESTEE, MASS.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Miss Emma Houston during July; N. Frank White during September; Mrs. Anna M. Middiebrook during November; J. M. l'eebles, Dec. 3 and 10.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Wey-

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Wey-bosset street, Sundays, afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7% o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenon, at 10% o'clock. Speaker engaged:—Miss Emma Hardinge during July.

during July.

PORTLAND, Mr.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Congress Hall, Clapp's Block, corner of Congress and Elm streets. Free Conference in the forencon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3 and 70 clock. Speakers engaged:—Mattle L. Beckwith during September; Mrs. Laura Cuppy during October.

OLD TOWN, Mr.—The Spiritualists of Old Town, Bradley, Miliord and Upper Stillwater hold regular meetings every Sunday, afternoon and evening, in the Universalist Church.

PROFULIN Mr.—Meetings are held at Rankin Hall every

ROCKLAND, Mr.—Meetings are held at Rankin Hall every unday, afternoon and evening. Regular speaker:—J. N. Hodges.

DOVER AND FOXOROFT, ME.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in the Universalist church. A successful Sabbath School is in operation. Speakers engaged:—Miss Busic M. Johnson during July; W. K. Ripley during August and September.

K. Ripicy during August and September.

NEW YORK.—Spiritual meetings are held at Hope Chapel
every Sunday. Seats free.

Meetings are also held at Ebbitt Hall every Sunday, at 10%
and 7M o'clock. Seats free, and the public generally invited.
The Children's Progressive Lyceum also helds its regular
sessions at 2 F. M.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum also holds its regular sessions at 2 r. M.

Vineland, N. J.—The Spiritualists of this place hold regular Sunday meetings at Union Hall.

CINGINATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists," and have secured Metropolitan Hall. corner of Ninth and Walnut streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10% and 7% o'clock.

LEGTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

[To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore be-hooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur Should perchance any name appear in this list of a party known not to be a fecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.]

this column is intended for Declarers only.]

Miss Lizzie Doten will speak in Philadelphia during October. Will make no other engagements to lecture until further notice. Her many correspondents will note the above announcement. Address as above, or Pavillon, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

street, Boston, Mass.

MRS. LAURA CUPPY Will lecture in Quincy, July 2 and 9; in Taunton, July 16, 23 and 30; in Haverhill during August; in Portland, Me., during October. She will answer calls to speak wock evenings. Address as above, or care Banner of Light.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Lowell, July 2, 9 and 16; in Haverhill, July 23 and 30; in Seymour, Conn., during August: in Worcester, Mass., during Septomber; in Troy, N. Y., during October. Will answer calls to lecture in the West Sundays and week evenings through the rest of the fall and winter. Apply immediately. Address as above.

ter. Apply immediately. Address as above.

Dr. L. K. Coomer will lecture and heal in Havana, Sparland, Lacon, LaPrairie Centre, Henry and Peoria. Address until July 15th, Sparland, Marshall Co., Ill. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

M. H. Houghton will speak in Locke's Mills, Me., July 2; in Stafford, Conn., July 23 and 30. Will answer calls to lecture in any of the Eastern or Middle States the coming fail and winter. Address as above, or West Paris, Me.

Moses Hull will speak in Jonesville, Mich., July 2. He will attend grove meetings, if applied to in season. Address accordingly, or Decajur, Mich.

Mrs. Augusta, A. Curriers will lecture in Bangor, Me., during July and August; in Milford, N. H., Sept. Sand 10. Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass.

Miss Marha L. Beckwith, trance speaker, will lecture

Miss Mantha L. Beckwith, trance speaker, will lecture in Portland, Me. during September. Address at New Haven, care of Geo. Beckwith.

CHARLES A. HATDEN will speak in Foxboro', July 2; in Haverhill, July 9 and 16; in Bucksport, Me., July 23 and 30; in Chelsea, Mass., during September; in Lowell during October; in Philadelphia during November. Will make engagements to speak in the West through the winter and spring of 1866, if the friends desire. Address as above.

ments to speak in the West through the winter and specific to speak in the West through the winter and specific to speak in the West through the winter and specific to speak in the West through the first Sunday, in Bridgewater on the second Sunday, and in East Bethel on the fourth Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt., Waren Chase's address will be South Hardwick, Vt., during July. He will answer calls to lecture and attend Conventions in that section of the State. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Mess Sarah A. Nutt will speak in Woodstock, Vt., July

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DEPARTMENT.—Original Novel-ettes of reformatory tendencies, and occasionally translations from the French and German.

Messages from the departed to their friends in earth-life, given through the instrumentality of Mas. J. H. Convant, from the educated and uncducated, the developed and undeveloped, tending to prove direct spirit-intercourse between the mundane and super-mundane worlds.

MRS. H. T. STEARNS WIll Iccture in Doyer, Mc., July 2; in Kenduskeag, July 9; in Glenburn, July 18; In Bradford, July 23. Address, South Excter, Mc.

MRS. E. M. WOLCOTT will speak in Eden Mills, Vt., and vicinity during July. Address as above.

MISS EMMA HARDINGS will lecture in Providence, R. I., during July. Address, 8 Fourth avenue, New York. Her time is all taken up prior to leaving for Europe.

Mrs. FANNIR B. FELTON will speak in Taunton, Mass., July 2 and 9; in Chelsea, Dec. 3 and 10. Will make engagements for the autumn and winter. Address, South Malden, Mass.

J. M. PREBLES, of Battle Crock, Mich., will lecture in Providence, B. I., during September and October. Teage P. Greening spreak in Stockton, Me., July 2, and Aug. 8; in Glenburn, July 23, and Aug. 27; in Levent, July 18, and Aug. 20; in Newnort, July 9, and Aug. 13; in Haverhill, Mass., during September. Address, Exeter Mills, Me. Miss B. C. Petron will speak at Sheddsville, in West Wind-sor, Vt., July 9 and 16, Aug. 6 and 13, and Sept. 3 and 10. Those desiring her services as a spiritual medium and trance speaker are requested to consult her by letter, directing their communications, until further notice, to Woodstock, Vt.

ALGINDA WILHELM, M. D., inspirational speaker, will lecture in Northern and Southern Missouri, July, Aug. and Sept.; in Kansas, Oct., Nov. and Dec. Address, in care of Jas. Hudson, Terre Haute, Iud., until Aug. 1st. Mas. A. P. Brown will speak in Danville, Yt., every other Sunday until further notice. She will attend funerals if de-sired. Address, St. Johnsbury Centre, Yt. Miss Susie M. Johnson will speak in Providence, B. I., during June; in Dover, Me., during July; in Bangor during September.

MES. LYDIA ANN PEARSALL will lecture one-half the time at Utica and Washington, Mich., until further notice. MRS. S. A. HORTON will speak in Rutland, Vt., the first Sunday of each month until November; in Ludlow, July 9: in Lowell, Mass., July 23 and 30; in Quincy, Aug. 13 and 20. Mrs. M. A. C. Brown, of West Brattleboro', Vt., will speak in Putney, July 2. Mrs. Susir A. Hutchinson will speak in Cincinnati during August. Address as above, or Syracuse, N. Y.

J. G. Fish will speak in Cincinnati during July. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light. Address, Hammonton, N. J. W. K. RIPLEY will speak in Dover, Me., during August and September. Address, Foxboro', Mass. Lois Waisbrooker will be at the Yearly Meeting, Flora, Boone Co., Ill., June 25. Address accordingly.

J. L. POTTER, trance speaker, will make engagements through the West to speak where the friends may desire. Address, Cedar Falls, Iowa, until further notice. MISS MARTHA S. STURTEVANT, trance speaker, 72 Warren itreet, Boston.

MRS. LAURA DE FORCE GORDON has come North for the summer, and will remain in New England a few weeks. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK. Engagements made for the re-mainder of the year. Address, box 778, Bridgeport, Conn.
BENJAMIN TODD, normal speaker. Address, Richmond, Ind., care of Samuel Maxwell, after the first of August; till then, at this office. Miss Sophia Kendrick, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture Sundays, week evenings, or attend funerals. Address, Lebanon, N. H.

GEORGE A. PRIECE will speak in Maine the coming seasor upon subjects pertaining to Christian Spiritudism. If desired so to do, at accessible places, and at reasonable distances from his home. Will also attend funerals. In all cases a reasonable compensation will be expected. Address, Auburn, Me., box 87.

DE. JAMES COOPEE, of Bellefontaine, O., will deliver a funo-ral discourse at Bowling Green, Wood Co., O., July 30th, on the departure of Samuel Vall to spirit-life. Will receive sub-scriptions for the Banner of Light. E. V. Wilson, Menckaune, Oconto Co., Wis. Parties wishing his services week evenings will address him as above. He will give magnetic readings of character and tests during the week-days.

MISS L. T. WHITTIER, Dansville, N. Y. MRS. E. A. BLISS, Springfield, Mass.

MRS. NELLIE TEMPLE BRIGHAM, trance speaker, Coleraine

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MES. ELIZABETH MARQUAND, inspirational speaker, 97 Walnut street, Newark, N. J.

D. H. Hamilton will answer calls to lecture on Reconstruction and the True Mode of Communitary Life. Address, Hammonton, N. J.

MISS LIZZIE CARLEY would like to make engagements for the late full and winter months with the triends in New York and Fennsylvania. Address, Ypsilanii, Mich.

MES. F. O. HYERE. Address, Dox 188, Buffalo, N. Y.

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MES. ANNA M. L. POTES, M. D., of Philadelphia, will lecture upon anatomy, physiology, hygeine and dress reform through the Western Blates. Address, 462 State street, Chicago, Ill.

J. S. LOVELAND. Address, Banner of Light office, Bostoff.

GEORGE F. KITTEIDGE will answer calls to attend publicircles, and lecture on Sundays, in Northern Michigan. Actives, Grand Rapids, box 692. MISS EMMA HOUSTOR, Manchester, N. H.

H. B. STORER, Brooklyn, N. Y.
L. Judd Pander, Somerset, Somerset Co., Pa.
J. M. and C. F. Allen may be addressed, for the present, at MES. FANNER DAVIS SMITH, Millord, Mass.

LEO MILLER, Davenport, Iowa.
A. B. WHITING, Albion, Mich.

MRS. N. J. WILLIS, trance speaker, Boston; Mass. F. L. WADSWORTH'S address will be Battle Creek, Mich.

MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, 87 Spring street, East Cambridge. MRS. E. K. LADD, No. 146 Court street, will answer calls to

REV. ADIN BALLOU, lecturer, Hopedale, Mass. MES. FEANE REID, inspirational speaker, Kalamazoo, Mich. MES. H. F. M. BROWE may be addressed at Chicago, III. MES. M. S. TOWESERD. Address, during July and August, Bildgowater, Vt.

MRS. SOPHIA L. CHAPPELL. Address, Forestport, Onelds Co., N. Y., care of Horaco Farley, Esq. MES. C. M. STOWE will answer calls to lecture in the Pacific States and Territories. Address, San Joso, Cal. G. W. Ricz, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture. Address, Brodhead, Green County, Wis. ELIJAH WOODWORTH, inspirational speaker. Address, Les lie, Ingham Co., Mich.

IRA H. CURTIS speaks upon questions of government. Address, Hartford, Conn. MES. LOVINA HEATH, trance speaker, Lockport, N. Y. F. L. H. and Love M. Willis, 192 West 27th street, New York City. MRS. MARY J. WILCOXSON, Hammonton, Atlantic Co., N. J.

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WILLIAM H. SALISBURY, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture. Address, No. 7 Bank Row, Taunton, Ms. Miss H. Maria Worthing, trance speaker, Oawego, Ill., will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals. THOMAS COOK, Huntsville, Ind., will answer calls to lecture on organization.

J. W. Skavka, inspirational speaker, Byron, N. Y., will an-awer calls to lecture or attend funerals at accessible places.

Miss Belle Scougall, inspirational speaker, Bockford, III Mrs. Ida L. Ballou, Fond du Lac, Wis. W. F. Jamieson, inspirational speaker, Decatur, Mich.

MRS. SARAH M. THOMPSON, trance speaker, post office bor 1019, Cleveland, O.; residence, 56 Bank street. A. P. Bowman, inspirational speaker, Richmond, Iowa.

PROSPECTUS

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