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THE WAY OF THE ANCIENT WORD.

NUMBER ONE.

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"Ancient Glimpses of the Spirit-Land," and "Ancient and Modern Spiritualism," are heads not sufficiently full in their scope, but the Word embraces all things—the heavens above, the earth below, and the waters under the earth, besides being a two-edged sword for the dividing asunder of joints, and marrow, and soul, and spirit, as per Paul. Standing on Pisgah's top, and enlarging our survey, we behold very much land remaining to be possessed, and requiring both edges of the sword "to hew, cut and carve" among the subtleties of the ancient mountains and valleys, whose landmarks are veiled in crosses of warp and woof, with needle-work on both sides.

Spiritualism is the life, without which all else were death; but within the ancient ranges it has scope beyond any "pent-up Utopia." According to growth, we must bring out those treasures, to be found, in one, five or ten talents, by every scribe instructed into the kingdom of heaven. The way being now free to "strike life" in great abundance, we trust that the foolish virgins will fill their lamps, and hurry up, so as to be among the first to enter into the light with lamps in full trim, and no lack of oil.

Spiritualism, unfolding to become the democratic religion of America, is also destined to crack the fossilized sconces of outside Christendom, that life-giving fountains may spring up from clefts in the rock. No truth, however, will be swept away in the coming deluge, for wisdom is justified of all her children, and from every source. Let her truths, then, be forthcoming as of lively stones, built in, they find their fitting place in the uprising of the Democratic Church, where the utmost truth, in goodness and in freedom, shall have the eternal years. We have only to rend the veils, that the light from all the heavens may shine into the darkness, and the truth made free, to be no longer cramped in creeds and formulas. Thus, our Church, "too broad to be conceived by any narrow mind," will thoroughly purge the floor, while gathering the wheat into the garner, but will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.

Within the scope of this glorious ventilation, or winnowing, by the four angels, standing at the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds thereof, we must be careful to maintain the physiological in equilibrium with the spiritual forces—a healthy body for a healthy mind, or fit temple for the Holy Ghost, whose temple and worker, or *Deus ex machina*, more synchronous to the music of all the spheres. A knowledge of and obedience to the laws of health secure this; but if the spirit comes upon us while dyspeptic, hypochondriac or bilious, we may see obliquely a "Thus saith the Lord."

Swedenborg, inspiring much snuff, and drinking strong coffee, sometimes saw through a smoked glass rather darkly, himself declaring that "a medium must derive from the internal and external, in order to be a medium;" and Madame Guyon's "Spiritual Torrents," being physiologically unbalanced, swoop like a mighty, rushing wind, with, HAIL! JESUS, MARY, JOSEPH—enough to make one feel the windings of the delicious gale, so fraught with sweets above all odors from the shore of Araby, as up to St. Paul's heaven you go, "whether in the body or out of the body, God knoweth." But there is danger of spiritual shipwreck in this mode of sailing in without the stone of foundation for ballast—for equable "peace and joy in the Holy Ghost" are only to be found in that broad culture of truth and goodness, in uses, through all the laws of health of our jolly religion.

The April number of the Westminster Review, beginning to have open vision of mystic numbers and symbols in the way of the ancient Word, puts St. John to the worse in a free and open encounter, and thus leaves the woman, with her place in the wilderness prepared of God, out in the cold; so now we will return to our fleeces—*revelation a nos mouens*.

Says Layard, "On all the slates forming entrances, in the oldest palace of Nimrod, were marks of a black fluid resembling blood, which appears to have been daubed on the stone. I have not been able to ascertain the nature of this fluid; but its appearance cannot fail to call to mind the Jewish ceremony of placing the blood of the sacrifice on the lintel of the doorway." The holy cup whereby Joseph divined in Egypt was also of use in the Assyrian palace, while through apertures opening in the Holy of Holies was seen the bright blue of an Eastern sky, and the winged circle in the midst of graceful forms of ideal animals identical with those of our present heavens, as well as in that of the horoscopes of John, who beheld in these ideal animals, the four-and-twenty elders all in a row, who sing day and night to old Shaddai, the Mighty God, as per copy from the wise men from the East. So, too, in the Assyrian temple, symbolical of the one not made with hands, eternal and on high, "The Sacred Bull, with expanded wings, and the wild goat, are introduced, kneeling before the mystic flower;" for the ancient Flora, with all her heavenly host, flanked the Dove and Sheep-cot of the Lord, while the pomegranates worked into the garments of Aaron, also grew in the regions round about.

The Sacred Bull is the Cherub upon whom the Lord did ride, and fly upon the wings of the wind, while the scape-goat was dumped into the bottomless pit. The chariots of the Assyrians, like "the twenty thousand of God," as per psalmist, were embellished with sacred emblems—"such as the sun, moon, seven stars and the horned cap." It was probably one of these chariots and horsemen thereof, that toted Elijah, or the "strong Lord," into heaven, while Moses presented the

horned cap when he came down from the mount. The Golden Eagle of the Assyrians might have lent his wings to the woman of St. John, "that she might fly into the wilderness, into her place where she is nourished for a time, and times, and a half time, from the face of the serpent."

Their religion, originally, was a pure Sabianism, in which the heavenly bodies were worshipped as mere types of the power and attributes of the Supreme Deity. Of the great antiquity of this primitive worship, there is abundant evidence; and that it originated among the inhabitants of the Assyrian plains, we have the united testimony of sacred and profane history. It obtained the epithet perfect, and was believed to be the most ancient religious system, having preceded even that of the Egyptians.

Says Mr. Birch, quoted in note, "There can be no doubt of the Sabianism of the Chaldees, and apparently of the early Assyrians, whose Pantheon, from its fusion of human and animal forms, resembles the Egyptian and Hindoo. The relation of religion with astronomy is, however, more striking in Assyria than in Egypt—the system of the latter country being Solar, while the Assyrian worship was rather Astral. On the Babylonian cylinders and monuments, the sun and moon constantly occur; and often seven stars, arrayed more in the manner of the Pleiades than of the Great Bear. Zodiacal Signs are frequently placed in the area along with the sun, moon and seven stars, and show unequivocally that the Greeks derived their notions and arrangements of the Zodiac from the Chaldees. The monumental cylinders disclose the constellation *Pieces*, while the extraordinary combination, *Capricorn*, bears the name of *Nebuchadnezzar*."

So hot then, hereafter we may find Nebuchadnezzar in the sign from heaven, as per *Capricornus*, who went to grass in December, and found rather short commons, or difficult browsing, where he ate grass according to God's Word, and where he was sent as the scape-goat with horned cap into the wilderness by Moses. *Virgo, Gemini, Taurus* and *Sagittarius* were also found after laying twenty-five centuries as quiet as Job in his constellated coffin, during all the time that the Assyrian heavens have been rolled together as a scroll, while the Golden Eagle keeps ward "even unto this day," and "the identity of Nimrod is found in the constellated Orion." Other "signs and wonders" are made known, as the Babylonian saints, come out of their graves and go up to the holy city. Among the rest, we discern old *Scorpio*, having the same sting in his tail as when he nettled the Revelator John. Thus God's Word develops from all the circuit of the heavens, and from the uttermost parts of the earth, with the New Jerusalem, inclusive.

This astronomical religion was of the earliest nature-worship among the wise men of the East, and by Egypt, Phœnicia and Jewry transcribed into the physiological domain, where the human system is personified according to the various functions and relations of parts. The Bible, as being more physiological in the Freemasonry of its Word than astronomical, often declares severely against the heavenly host, including the star called Wormwood, and old Remphan, or Saturn, the star of your God. Though Philo covers the Word with fig-leaves thickly, as those which "strewn the brook in Vallambrosa," or "Siloa's brook, which flowed fast by the oracle of God," yet does he so speak that initiates may understand the mode of wise master-building in the ancient congregation of the Lord. The temple of the Holy Ghost, or house not made with hands, is shown to be physiologically "a sort of anatomical dissection," but yet fetches a compass to the clouded canopy of the heavens by its pattern on the Mount, being, "as it were, the paved work of a sapphire stone, and, as it were, the body of heaven in its brightness."

Philo was very learned in the wisdom of his nation, and interprets the Bible from the Masonic standpoint. The advanced student in this mystical lore will readily see the whereabouts of the Word, however much the Landmarks may be draped and colored through the thick clouds of verbiage, and in parallels of his moral and spiritual superstructures. It was the way of the ancient Word, whereby the prophet, poet, sage, wrought into parable and symbol the words of the wise and their dark sayings—nor is the truth less beautiful on this wise, if you have time and patience to explore the Holy of Holies—its ever varying aspect of fresh fields and pastures new—its kaleidoscope of visions, embracing the heavens and the earth. But the priesthoods and churches, having hidden or lost the keys of the mysteries, and failed to proclaim from the house-tops what was whispered in the ear in closets, and hidden from the foundations of the world, have made the Word about unto a lie, which is rather revolting as a way of promoting the glory of God. What though the idolized names within the landmarks are but personifications of wisdom, and in circumbendibus compass the Royal Arch, Sacred Chest, or Ark of the Covenant—if Noah be the pilot of the Ark, she swings not from her moorings as cable-towed by the umbilicus. What though the Illud of Homer be "a magnificent solar epic," it may also have a squatter sovereignty within the landmarks of *Neum*, with any amount of holy land in compass of the *Sacro-Illuc-symphysis*, or planes of Troy, with bridge over the Scamander. What though to Strauss and Hitchcock, Jesus be only a mythical ideal—it were beautiful that the heart of humanity had conceived him as an embodiment to be aspired, to be nourished, and to be lived, as in large part the most beautiful and truthful of the ways of life—the regeneration of the soul above the plane of Mammon, with his gross material surroundings and garbure of the world. The treasures in heaven, or in the fully developed soul, are the true treasures, hence, as the true Christ was before Abraham, so is he now, and ever will be, to such as can receive him in spirit and in truth,

whether as a person or an impersonated principle of the Most High.

Of course it is sweet to embody the loved ideals of the soul. What struggles we make to do so through the faith whose martyrs have been the broken heart, till Spiritualism revealed to sight the unseen seraph, no longer the degrading phantasm of the poet, hopeless beyond the rites of death. "While shepherds watched their flocks by night, all seated on the ground, the angel of the Lord came down, and glory shone around." Certainly; but was the angel a spirit, or a star? The "watcher and an holy one came down from heaven," as per Daniel? Either you choose. We like it both ways, without either being exclusive of the other. Let the twain, then, be one in their harmonies, so shall we have the fuller music of the spheres. What more apt to shepherd and philosopher than that the stars should be the chief of the ways of God—the theogony of his generations of the heavens and the earth? and why may not the unfledged soul put shoulder to Ezekiel wheels, in order to roll the heavens together as a scroll, while old Shaddai directs his twenty thousand chariots, in excellency, on the sky? Says Layard, "The origin of Chaldean theology has ever been a favorite theme of the poet and the philosopher. The Assyrian plains, uninterrupted by a single eminence, and rarely shadowed by a single cloud, were looked upon as a fit place for the birth of a system which recognized the heavenly bodies as types of the Supreme Power, and invested them with supernatural influences. The wonderful regularity of their periodical movements, their splendors, and even their effects upon the physical world, must have been apparent to the Chaldean shepherd long before they became the study of the philosopher and the priest. Whilst he watched his sheep by night, he marked the stars as they rose above the horizon, and learned to distinguish one from another, and to invest the most remarkable groups with distinct forms. If the attributes of the Deity were to be typified—if the limited intellect of man required palpable symbols to convey ideas which he could not understand in the abstract, more appropriate objects could not have been chosen than those bright luminaries, whose motions and influences were enveloped in mystery, although they themselves were constantly present. The transition from the adoration to a national system of astronomy is natural; and it is not surprising that the Chaldean, being the first to invest the heavenly host with sacred properties, should have been also the first to cultivate the sublimest sciences."

Thus we may see on what wise it was that the God of Israel leaped in live thunder against the hosts of heaven, as *Deus ex Machina*—whence it was that John got his supernatural machinery for his new Jerusalem, and with open vision discovered the very spot in the heavens where Michael, the Arkangel, disputed with the Devil about the body of Moses. Since the stone of twenty-five centuries is rolled away from the Sepulchre of Nineveh and Babylon, we may find the "goodly Babylonish garment," not only in canopy over all the land of Egypt, but from the Nile to the Euphrates—and the "wedge of gold" which Adam hid under the "stuff," or plaited folds, in such boundless contiguity of shade as made it necessary to cast lots for the Lord to find the delinquent—and when found, he was stoned, or troubled by the Lord so as to be no more able to enter into his congregation.

In the ancient mysteries, the "wedge of gold" was symbolized in the *simulacrum ligurum mumbi virilis* with the triangular pot of manna, or nectarine of the Gods. Achan coveted all these things, and in the language of Frodo, probably stowed them away under the plaited folds of the *Alchemilla*, or Lady's Mantle.

Throughout all the ancient Nature-worship, or old theologies, there is a significant physical meaning to words which the moderns have confined to a moral and spiritual sense, as abstractly intellectual or emotional; but, though all language, and all things else, are outbirths from the spiritual, yet the spiritual wears itself in words of physical significance; and thus from spirit to matter, and from matter to spirit, in evolution, we have the parabola of every Word made flesh. If we begin with the outward sense, or flesh, then we have "that first, which is natural, and afterwards the spiritual," as per Paul. If we begin with the spirit, or world of causes, matters embraced, assimilated, and sloughed—nor is it any matter where we begin in this treadmill of the Gods, so that we take the circuit of the heavens and the earth. The ancients symbolized the manifestations of the spirit, so that the moral and spiritual were parallel to the physical significance of the Word. On this wise come to us the Biblical theologies, or mythologies, wrapped in a coat of as many colors as could tint the multifariousness of a parable. Says Layard, "The numerous symbols of figures which occur on Assyrian and Babylonian cylinders (or rolls), evidently refer to a mythological system." Here appears the Dove symbol in "the image of Baal, with the wings and tail of a dove." Here also is "Gryphon of the Greek mythology, avowedly an Eastern symbol, and connected with Apollo, or with the Sun. It will be observed that the four forms chosen by Ezekiel, to illustrate his description—the man, the lion, the bull, and the eagle—are precisely those which are constantly found on Assyrian monuments as religious types. These coincidences are to be marked not to deserve notice; and do certainly lead to the inference that the symbols chosen by the prophet were derived from the Assyrian sculptures."

Is it proper, then, to hire our pulpits to call the lists of "varmints" from an exclusive sheet lot down from heaven, which had already furnished the funeral baked meats to the Assyrians twenty-five centuries ago?—a very progressive civilization, truly, that these cold pieces should be served up to-day by priest and Sunday School, as only

divinely to be had from the very much cattle of Ezekiel and St. John.

Even the Tree of Life, which was transplanted to the Biblical Garden, has been found in the remains of Babylonia, and doubtless further excavations will bring to light the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil, whose unripe fruit gave Eve the coil, and "brought death into the world and all our woe," as a very timely Godsend for the church. In the cherubimic God of Calmet, the womanish-looking face has the cloven foot of the Bull—the Bull being the regenerator at the vernal equinox, and leader-up out of Egypt of the heavenly host; and so as per Layard, "The Bull has always held a prominent place in the religious systems of Asia. The Sacred Bull of the Assyrians, the Apis of the Egyptians, and the Bull Nandi of the Hindoos, are evidently identical types." To which we may add the Biblical cherub, in whose sign of the golden calf Aaron proclaimed a feast to Jehovah. The same was manifest in Solomon's brazen bulls, in the heifer of Baal, and in the backsliding heifer of the equinoctial precessions—the sign of the Lord, or Sun, as per Tobit, who says that "the house of my father Naphtali sacrificed unto the heifer of Baal." It was to supplant the Bull that the Ram came up to take away the sins of the world from the December epiphany, and to bear the cross over at the equinox in manifestation of Christ by the Star which guided the wise men to Bethlehem, or "house of bread." Both signs of the Bull and Lamb were also paramount in the Argonautic Expedition—the Bull to plow the "four acres," and the Lamb to furnish the Golden Fleece—and while the Philistines were plowing with Samson's heifer, the Lord was feeding his people "as a Lamb in a large place"—from the basket of Bethlehem, "as it were, an half acre of land which a yoke of oxen might plow."

When the Bull fell from heaven, or lost his first estate, by precession of the equinoxes, then it was that the Lord "smote his enemies in the hinder parts, and put them to a perpetual reproach," as may be seen on the celestial map where Joseph, or *Taurus*, appears minus the hinder parts, or, in mystical language, the "wall digged down," or otherwise translated, an "ox hamstring," as done by "Simon and Levi, instruments of cruelty." "Then the Lord awakened as one out of a sleep, like a mighty man that shouteth by reason of wine. And he smote his enemies in the hinder parts; he put them to a perpetual reproach. Moreover, he refused the tabernacle of Joseph, and chose not the tribe of Ephraim, but chose the tribe of Judah, the mount Zion which he loved, and built his sanctuary among the high ones, leaving 'Ephraim like a silly dove' and 'a cake not turned,' out in the cold. But in the mystical Jacob of Deuteronomy, the Lord delighted to dwell in and bless the tabernacle of Joseph, the sign of the Bull, as precious of the sun and moon.

In this wisdom of God in a mystery, or Pass, puss in the corner, when the cat was away the mice would play. The dances, merry makings and conjunctions of the stars sometimes greatly disturbed old Shaddai and awakened him out of his sleep, so that "the snorting of his horses was heard from Dan," like a mighty man that shouteth by reason of wine. "God heard, he was wrath, and greatly abhorred Israel, so that he forsook the tabernacle of Shiloh." Binding his foal unto the vine, and washing his clothes in the blood of grapes, it is to be supposed that the starry daughters sometimes inherited the blood of the Father, as when he "trode the wine-press in his fury," and strong drink was raging in the outpouring of the spirit—"his eyes red with wine, and his teeth white with milk," as it flowed from the full breasts of the Virgin of Israel, the Virgin *Ma-re*, who not only flooded the Milky Way of the heavens, but with white linen folded the isles of the sea. As the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair and made them wives, what wonder that the sons of men should fall in love with the starry daughters of God, causing Isaac to laugh, and all the sons of God to shout for joy to behold a star come out of Jacob! While God and his sons are in the constellated *Cygn*, the eyes red with wine, and horses snorting from Dan, and God with a troop coming, there arises old *Scorpio*, with a sting in his tail—the fiery flying serpent, who did the *delirium tremens* in the ancient wisdom of God—thus rightly smiting the wine-bibber who did not walk *a-plumb* to the September Scales. Here, enthroned, is Nemesis, Goddess of the equal balance, weighing to all the reaping as they have sowed. In vain the atonement by dealing a good piece of flesh and a flagon of wine. If you get drunk, or do any other unrighteous act, you take into the temple of the Holy Ghost, old *Scorpio*, who strings you most damnable, and woe to you how ever much you may cry Lord! Lord! Up, then; make us Gods to go before us, that we may go up, harnessed out of Egypt in a brave, open, sunshiny face, in doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly above the attractions of the grosser metal in Mammon, fashion and trailing substrata. Forward—sans rum, sans tobacco, and sans boring by the church theologies.

In Jewry, to "blow up the trumpet in the new moon was a statute in Israel, a law of the God of Jacob. This he ordained in Joseph (*Taurus*), a testimony when he went out through the land of Egypt, and I heard a language I understood not. . . . I answered thee in the secret place of thunder—I proved thee at the waters of Meribah. . . . Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." Indeed, we think the mouth has been pretty well filled through shut eyes with "double mouthfuls of the spirit" to behold the Word of the skies hidden from the foundation of the world "in a language I understood not when I came out of Egypt." But now "God standeth in the congregation of the mighty—he judgeth among the Gods. . . . for the Lord God is a sun and shield. . . . for who in heaven among the sons of the mighty can be compared unto the Lord? . . . They shall walk, oh Lord, in the light of thy countenance. . . . I have found David, my servant;

with my holy oil I have anointed him; . . . his seed shall endure forever, and his throne as the Sun before me, and established forever as the Moon, a faithful witness in heaven. *Selah*."

Through all this law and testimony, with the Moon as a faithful witness in heaven, the Lord finds David, his servant, and crowns him. But David has more than one aspect through "double mouthfuls of the spirit." He was mystically in the sign of the Phallus in correspondence to the angel standing in the sun. When he danced before the Lord and Michal with all his might in the 112-*size* of the Sun and Moon, being girded with a linen Ephod, that same "curious gillie of the Ephod" had a manifestation of the spirit in the mystical *Kurios*, whose landmark may be seen even unto this day as strapped in the belt of Nimbus Orion, and presenting, as on the map, the sword of the Lord and of Gideon. When Absalom, a rod out of the stem of David and Jesse, sat Joab's barley-field on fire, it was through that parallel grooving of the Word, by which the field, with oven prepared, baked the cake of barley bread that tumbled the host of Miliam—that came into the tent and smote it down, and overturned it as it lay along.

It was on this wise that many of the mighty works of Israel were done among the mighties of those giants who saw the daughters of men that they were fair, when Nimrod was a mighty hunter before the Lord, and "David waxed greater and greater, for the Lord of Hosts was with him to make him king, according to the Word of the Lord concerning Israel." As the sweet psalmist of Israel, he knew how to slung on the other side of the mouth in a language which the dogs and sorcerers in Egypt understood not. He knew how to blow up the trumpet in the new moon, and to sound the loud timbrel over Egypt's dark sea, by opening his mouth in a parable, and dark saying upon the harp, so as to become "the darling of the songs of Israel," and was mighty vain of the high honors bestowed upon him by the maid servants, when the oxen shook the ark of God, and the profane Uzzah put forth to steady it. It was only when he waned into Saturn, or "the plant with woody stem," or, as the feeble old man in the sun skirting the winter solstice, that he had to seek throughout all the coasts of Israel for one of those same hand-maidens who had so much honored him in the sign of the Lion of Judah, when the rod out of the stem of Jesse, like Aaron's, budded, blossomed, and bore almonds. Then the "Lion's whelp" in the sign of *Leo*, or Gabriel, "the strength of God" in the fierce love of the summer heavens, "hath trodden the virgin, the daughter of Judah, in a wine-press."

Thus the mighty God, or Elshaddai, in solar, astral and psychological emblems garished the heavens, as by the winding serpent of Job. To be the Lord's anointed, or Christ, was to shine like the sun, and the emblematical unguentum was sometimes melted by that lunary, or fire from heaven—

And thus by pomatum.
If he could get at 'em,
A sweet smelling savor was unto the Lord;
Though in Africa, per hanc,
Many hells were broke down.

With seventy-two stinks of Cologne in the Word—the famous Septuagint of villainous smells that greeted the nose of Coleridge from the unclean city of *Zau de Cologne*, because it is only by cleanliness that the sweet gales of heaven can be secured. Even Swedenborg was driven out of his own hells by "a pretty considerable of a damned stink" from the abominations he discovered there, thus showing how proper even a baptism of water may be in the way of flooding the hells.

The Sun, as the great God, or quickener of life, the Most High, or his emblem, was "the Lord a great God and a great King above all Gods to judge among the Gods." Sometimes "he made darkness his secret place—his pavilion round about him, dark waters, and thick clouds of the sky." Sometimes a fire goth before him, and burned up his enemies. His lightnings enlightened the earth—the hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord. The heavens declare his righteousness, and all the people see his glory. Confounded be all them that serve graven images, that boast themselves of idols; worship him all Gods." This was a slap at the Lord who made his abode in the Cherubim and Teraphim, made with hands in the sculptured symbols—for the Lord was only "great in Zion, and high above all people. Exalt the Lord our God, and worship at his holy hill"—whence he may be seen coming up with the blushing Aurora, or Virgin of Israel, and "like a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race"—for "the Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens," who covereth with light as a garment—who stretcheth out the heavens like a curtain—who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters—who maketh the clouds his chariots—who walketh upon the wings of the wind—who maketh his angels spirits—his ministers a flaming fire, and reneweth the face of the earth." Or, as the emblemizing blue sky, atmosphere, or Holy Ghost, "give thanks to him who made the sun to rule by day, and the moon and stars to rule by night. If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there."

This handwriting on the heavens, written with the finger of God, was varied to be wrought into all the mystical significances where each might view his own as the very God of Gods. In Biblical mythology, the feminine in Nature is often covered in the name of masculine divinity—hence no Goddess, or Motherhood, appears in name direct, except along the margin of the later Word—yet we may find the saucer of the Gentile goose in the giblets of the Hebrew gander, and everywhere manifest in "the acceptable fear of the Lord." "Our God is a sun and shield." On the shield of Achilles were the sun, moon and stars—the Pleiades, the Hyades, and the Polar Bear; while the dogs of old Boats, like Nimrod Orion, were mighty hunters before the Lord, as

were also the Nile stars, the watchers and holy ones who came down from heaven. The scale of heaven discourses eloquent and apt music to its corresponding plane on earth; hence the wide variations by soul-wings of "all who explain the voice of oracles, mystic or popular, responses old" in the chief of the ways of God, while the musico-spiritual seers let off the Word in ecstasy, trance, or dream, with ear inclined to parable and dark rolling of the harp. *Berenice*, "one that brings victory," may also signify "a well of perfume," and her constellated mop of hair close to the *Virgo* Magdalene, may be the same perfumed hair with which she wiped the feet of the Lord. The sun had cast out of the virgin the fruits of seven months—the seven spirits, angels or demons of the Biblical Zodiac, or *Kurios* gillies of the Ephod; and now that the Lord, or Sun, was about to descend into hell, or the *Capricorn* sub-strata, the "Mary Mystica" opens the alabaster box of precious ointment, "the well of perfume," and anoints the Lord of glory unto his burial—"the Sun our Lord," or physiological correspondence in the Word made flesh.

Old mythologies, or theologies, like modern romances and novels, may contain veritable history. Personifications may be interchangeable with persons, but it is impossible to say of the old theologies which is of the one, or which is of the other. The sensuous and spiritual worlds lap each other, and the wheel within wheel moves to correspondence of gearing, though sometimes "the snake upon the track is going on and coming back." Abram is from *Ur*, or Fire of the Chaldees—Isaac, the laughing, or jolly God, sporting with Rebecca, and,

—with lucious month,

Kisses the stars; east, west, north and south—while the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds ready to have a shy at old Satan, should be come up among the sons of God to walk to and fro and up and down the earth, as a watcher to thank Job, and among his devices not only garnishes the heavens as the winding serpent, but transforms himself into the Water Dragon, to cast out of his mouth water as a flood after the woman, that she might no more bring forth the fruits of the seven months in annual immaculate conceptions, but that eternal winter, or damnation, might prevail. However, the earth healed the woman, and so we continue to have seed-time and harvest, as per "Thus saith the Amen."

More than twenty-four centuries before our era, astronomical calculations were made which modern science has found to be correct, and the discomfiting of the Assyrian Word discloses signs from heaven, which are presented unto this day as written with the finger of God. There is the bull, the vernal emblem of the Easter equinox; there old Scorpio, with sting in his tail, with "power to hunt men five months;" and there other zodiacal tabernacles of the Lord, or Bridegroom, "with blushes adorning the meadows and fields"—or, as in the Assyrian Word, "the perfect God, the Lord who produces all things," flanked by the flying Serpent and the winged Ram. The wind, or spirit, being symbolized in wings, the ancient poets made no bones of swooping the heavens on the wings of the Lord. To the woman were given two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the wilderness to a place prepared of God. This was the Lamb's mother, traveling to deliver of a child, with snake watching to devour him as soon as he was born. Israel has a sweep "on eagle's wings," as per Moses. While the Lord was riding upon a cherub in the winged Bull, on the same wise as Europa, and did fly on the wings of the wind, the winged Ram, by precession, was fetching a compass to be the Lord of the ascendant in Assyria. Sometimes the winged heavens took the winged Scarab, the tumble-bug of our fields, as the symbol of the Lord—and what a fall was there, my countrymen, in the mode of showing how the worlds were made by the Word, and how the heavens were tumbled together as a scroll. Give us, rather, to fly with old *Taurus*, or the cherub with his wings of the wind, or the two wings of a great eagle, or, better yet, the wings of a dove, to fly to the uttermost parts of the sea, than one of the twenty thousand chariots of God with winged scarab and harness on his back as a chariot of Assyria and horsemen thereof. While thus in Assyria, "the good God, the Lord of the earth, the Sun, the Lord of truth, rising in all lands," rode upon a scarab and did fly, he must have appeared in the sight of all Israel, and the sun as a God newly up. However, we must not despise the day of small things, and the scarab is quite significant of the Word when the earth was without form and void. The right means in the right place, "and base things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen;" nor were Assyrians wanting in the higher architectural wisdom. Says Layard, "It would be difficult to conceive any interior architectural arrangement more imposing than the triple group of gigantic forms as seen in perspective by those who stood in the centre of the hall, dimly lighted from above, and harmoniously colored, or overlaid, like the cherubim, with gold in the temple of Solomon."

In Assyria, as in Jewry, blasphemy against the Sun, Lord, or ineffable Name, was as severely punished as when the Israelish woman's son blasphemed the name. The Assyrian Word declares that these men having spoken blasphemies against Ashur, the great God of the Assyrians, their tongues had been pulled out. Ashur, the Lord, or Sun, was the emblematic *Taurus*, Joseph, or Bull, the regenerator, or fructifier of the earth, the equinoctial sign of the Lord at Easter, the Jehovistic Golden Calf, to whom Aaron proclaimed the feast.

Layard thinks that the Biblical page is more diversified with spiritual episodes than may be found rolled together on the Assyrian cylinders. Very likely—as the later religions will be reforms of the earlier materialisms they supersede, and modern Spiritualism, when it has well sloughed off the bodies of the old death creeds, must culminate into the greater light than what dimly shines within the dull, dead Mammonism of our churches. Even upon the Assyrian plains, Layard finds a people remarkable for spiritual gifts, or wild flights of the imagination—the same aptness for a parable or prophetic interpretation—the same skillful creator of a romance, as when shepherds watched their flocks by night, and saw Elizabeth hide herself five months, while Gabriel hailed Mary in the fruitifying Ashur of seven, and the Lord came down as a watcher and an holy one from heaven in a chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof, and the snoring of his horses was heard from Dan.

"Why, Mr. B.," said a tall youth to a little person who was in company with half-a-dozen glib men, "I protest you are so small that I did not see you before." "Very likely," replied the gentleman; "I'm like a sixpence among half-a-dozen coppers—not readily perceived, but worth the whole of them."

A grove of mammoth trees has been discovered in Santa Cruz, Cal. The largest tree is fifty-four feet in circumference, and two hundred and fifty feet high—the first hundred feet from the ground without a limb.

Written for the Banner of Light.

DE VERE.

BY BELLE BUSH.

PART THREE.

Songs of Morrow.

Where sleeps my noble boy to-night?

Not in his cradle bed.

Within my window swings the light,

'Tis swalling there through all the night—

Through all the long, dull, dreary night

I wait to hear his tread.

Why comes he not with laughter light?

In vain I strain my aching sight:

I see no more his features bright,

I hear no more his kind "Good-night!"—

They tell me he is dead!

Where dwells my noble boy to-day?

Not in his quiet home.

The morn looks in with golden ray,

I watch for him through all the day—

Through all the long, dull, dreary day

I list to hear him come.

His sister, too, neglects her play,

And asks me, if her winsome way,

"Oh, mother, where does brother stray?

I've looked for him through all the day,

And yet he does not come.

He used to sing and play with me,

He never cared to roam;

His songs were always full of glee,

And all he sang was sweet to me;

But now he sings no more to me—

I miss him from our home.

I long to hear his laughter free,

Beside the gate I watch to see

The manly form so dear to me,

Ah, mother, where can brother be?

Will he not shortly come?"

Lest I should cloud her infant years,

By tears too early shed,

I smile, to hide from her my tears,

And calmly answer, "I will be years,

Ay, darling, 'twill be many years,

Ere we shall hear his tread."

But ah! my heart, that nothing cheers,

Still counts the pulses of its fears;

She hears them in my dropping tears,

And asks me "why it will be years

Ere we shall hear his tread?"

And when I answer her again,

And tell her he is dead,

I hear my darling still complain,

And ask, "Will he not come again?

Dear mother, say he'll come again,"

I wait to hear his tread."

I answer with a sob of pain,

And strive to make my words more plain;

But still she wakes her childish strain,

And asks me o'er and o'er again,

"What is it to be dead?"

I tell her, with a heaving breast,

How all of us must lie

Within the silent grave to rest,

How still will be our panting breast,

How cold and still each weary breast,

When we are called to die.

The thought has never been her guest,

Her infant years have all been blest,

My arms have been her place of rest,

But now she asks with panting breast,

"Why did my brother die?"

Alas! alas! who here can tell?

I know no fit reply;

It is not sounded in the knell

That's wakened by the evening bell

That rings so merrily to tell

Of our great victory.

Alas! to me 'tis but a knell,

The mournful echo of a bell

That says to cherished hopes, "farewell!"

It will not comfort her to tell

He died for Liberty.

I call her out with smiles to play;

She answers, with a sigh,

"Tis cold and dreary out to-day,

My brother is not here to play;

When he was here I loved to play—

Why did my brother die?"

The question, like a mournful lay,

Falls from her young lips day by day,

And then, in childhood's winsome way,

She asks me sometimes mid her play,

"Who made my brother die?"

I answer, "God," but ah! my heart

His tender care denotes;

She asks me "why He sent the dart

That pierced so good and true a heart?"

And my poor, weak and wounded heart

In bitterness replies:

"It is of life the mournful part,

That each must feel their sting and smart,

Yet know not why Death's fatal darts

So oft should pierce the noblest hearts,

And hear them to the skies."

"But God is very good, you say,"

My darling still replies;

"Then, mother, where does brother stray?

Have I not lately heard you say—

Does not the Holy Bible say—

That all who die shall rise,

And through a bright and shining way

Fly homeward, never more to stray?

Then, mother, if to God I pray,

Will he not send us to-day

My brother from the skies?"

I here repeat the old refrain,

Found in our evening hymn,

"He may not come to us again—"

My child must learn the sad refrain,

Death does not sing a glad refrain—

"But we shall go to him."

She listens to the mournful strain,

And while my heart throbs quick with pain,

With eyes upturned she asks again,

"Mamma, what means that sad refrain?

When shall I go to him?"

"I hope not yet, my love," I say,

While fear the hope belies;

"God, I am sure, will let you stay,

He's taken one," I weakly say,

"But God is very good, you say,"

My darling still replies;

"Then, mother, why that mournful lay?

If he's so good, shall I not pray,

And ask him, in a cheerful way,

To show to me the shining way

To brother, in the skies?"

"Not yet, not yet, for many years,"

I answer, with a sigh;

I strive to quell my rising fears,

And say again, "Oh, not for years—

Not yet, for many, many years—

Must you, my darling, die?"

"Why not? and why those starting tears?

Dear mother, strange to me appears

Your clouded brow and falling tears,

If I should die in early years,

Would I not live on high?"

Thus sings my darling day by day,

While something in her eyes

Seems half triumphantly to say,

"My life is ebbing fast away;

'E'en now I see the shining way

To brother, in the skies."

I know it by their bright'ning ray;

And o'er her cheeks and forehead play

The tokens of a swift decay.

"Alas!" I murmur day by day,

"Why must my darling die?"

She slumbers, and the jeweled night

Smiles o'er her cradle bed;

Within my window swings the light,

'Tis swalling there through all the night.

She starts, and says to me, "Good-night;

I hear my brother's tread—

He's come to take me to the light;

Dear mother, kiss me now; good-night!"

Pale grows her cheek, and dim her sight;

Then through the long, dull, dreary night,

I watch beside my dead!

"Oh God! oh God! is this thy love?"

With quivering lips I cry;

"If not my prayers thy will could move,

Why should my heart thy ways approve,

When all its chords yearn for their love—

Why did my darlings die?

What message borne from realms above,

By wandering stars, or heaven's own dove,

Can answer me? What lips of love

To my poor, wounded heart can prove

Why they're so soon should die?"

The mother's wild and plaintive moan

Now ceased; yet still an undertone

Of grief and sadness thrilled my breast,

And gave its quivering chords no rest.

Yet ere the sympathizing words

That woke within, like songful birds,

At every sigh and sound of woe

That from another's heart may flow,

Could leave their nest within my soul,

I heard another low, deep wail,

Borne to me by the passing gale,

So wild of tone, that tongues of grief

Seemed hung on every quivering leaf,

While thus in tears a fair young bride

Mourned that her love too soon had died:

THE AMERICAN BRIDE'S LAMENT.

Alas! all joy is fled!

To grief my heart is wed!

Upon her wrinkled breast I lean my head,

And cry despairingly, "My love is dead!"

Ah! woe is mine! my love, my love is dead!"

She answers with a sigh,

And pleading, murmurs "Why?"

I echo back her low, despairing cry,

And murmur, "Why,

Oh, why should love, my love, in manhood die?"

No answer comes to me,

No light of lamps I see,

Gleaming afar, to tell us where they be

Whom Death has ferried o'er the eternal sea,

I plead in vain to know if they are free,

If love can bring them near.

I clasp my hands in fear,

Darkness and desolation greet me here,

I tread a weary way,

For he is gone who was my hope and stay.

Oh Joy, thy smiles are fled,

And Hope's fair flowers are dead,

For thou, my love, my noble love, art dead!

The gay, light-winged hours,

That lately through my bowers

Tripped all unheeded, now, with measured tread,

Move slowly by, and sing, All joy is fled,

Life's glorious flowers are gone, for love is dead!

No more from dewy lips

Pleasure or hope their golden honey sips;

The blighting North Wind's breath

Hath stolen their perfumed breath,

And given it with my love's to thee, oh Death!

Life's summer-time, how brief!

Children's Department.

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

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(LION HEART.)

GREAT SUCCESS.

CHAPTER III.

A cold autumn storm made the next morning gloomy enough; and the thought of Uncle Isaac's death seemed to Abraham like the storm. He did not think of Uncle Isaac's happiness in his new life, but only how much more gloomy the world would be without him. The good resolves of the night before seemed, also, to be clouded over like the sky. Peter Hink's surly ways, and his little, pent-up shop were not agreeable things to think of, and yet they were more agreeable than the thought of his mother suffering.

"But what's the use of my fretting about it?" thought Abraham. "Boys are not expected to work and support their mothers, and I shall do nothing about it. I may as well have an easy time as anybody. I expect to go to school and be a smart man; but I can't, so what's the use?" As Abraham looked out to the driving storm from his little chamber window, these thoughts and many like them transformed him into a very selfish being; but, even as he looked, other feelings seemed to be urging themselves upon his attention. He supposed his Uncle Isaac was far away in that place they called Heaven, yet still it seemed to him as if he was speaking to him, and repenting: "To succeed is to try." He began to think about his noble resolve again, and with a sudden resolute impulse he said aloud:

"I'll try, Uncle Isaac; if I don't succeed!" This stormy morning many of the villagers had assembled in the little store of Mr. Stamp, the post-master; and Abraham, after breakfast, thought he would call there on the way to Mr. Hink's, for boys always feel attracted by the social aspect of stores and taverns, and they do not think whether they are the best places to gain that knowledge which will be of service to them.

Abraham found there Mr. Potham, who was whittling a little stick and making some remark as Abraham entered. Captain Spooner also sat on the long settee, and seemed to be listening quite eagerly. Esquire Niles had just fastened his horse in the shed and was entering. Abraham noticed a peculiar glance from the eye of Mr. Stamp as he entered, and instead of the cordial good-morning which he was accustomed to receive, he got only a frown. He had been so absorbed in the thought of his Uncle Isaac's death that he had forgotten about the accusation of John, and wondered why he was not welcome. He sat down on the settee beside Mr. Potham, who immediately left off whittling and looked at him as if he had no right to take a seat there. He rose and passed by Captain Spooner, whose foot he chanced to hit.

"Get out, you young scamp!" said the Captain. Abraham's anger rose, and he looked at his friend, Mr. Stamp.

"Yes, yes, you'd better get out. My store is quite full enough without you." Abraham looked him full in the face; instead of the kindly glance he had been accustomed to, he saw suspicion and dislike. He left the store with his eyes fast filling with tears. He did not understand what all this ill feeling meant, and his troubles seemed greater than he could bear. Esquire Niles looked on quietly, and read at a glance the whole matter.

"Now see here," said he after Abraham had left; "you've no right to condemn any one after that fashion until you've proved them guilty. I believe that Abraham had nothing to do with Peter Hink's mishap; for Soph told me, going home, that John said the caps were Dame Tinkerton's; and I'd like to know how he knew, if he did not take them from her clothes-yard himself?" "Sure enough," said Mr. Stamp; "I always thought Abraham was a good boy; but Mr. Potham said he thought it quite likely that Abraham had been up to many tricks, and, you know, I've lost several things lately, and he really believed that Abraham took them."

"And so I do," said Mr. Potham—who once having expressed an opinion was bound to adhere to it—"for I'd like to know who else did; and, you see, Miss Jones said that Abraham told her that he was going to school, and could have all he wanted; and I'd like to know how, if he was honest, for isn't his mother as poor as anybody? and yet they do say she lives well and has her tea and coffee regular, and—"

"And well she might," said Captain Niles, "for don't her brother buy her plenty? and didn't he promise to send Abraham to school? I tell you no better man lives than Isaac Parker."

"Well, we shall see," said Mr. Potham, "for Miss Jones just ran into Mrs. Foster's last night, and she told her that Uncle Isaac was dead."

"You don't say so!" said Mr. Stamp. John entered just as Uncle Isaac's death was announced. An exultant feeling came into his heart. He rejoiced over Abraham's misfortune; he imagined that he would now be quite cast down. Esquire Niles noticed his face, and said loud enough for all to hear:

"If I'm not mistaken, Abraham will now prove himself to be worthy of his uncle's kindness."

John was too much delighted at hearing of Abraham's misfortune to notice what Esquire Niles had to say, but ran out to spread the news as rapidly as possible. Meantime quite a discussion arose in the store in regard to Abraham's innocence or guilt, and two parties sprang into existence, the one determined to vindicate him, the other to accuse.

Abraham went on his way to Mr. Hink's with a sorrowful heart. He imagined that because of his ill luck every one began to despise him; for he had hardly thought of the caps since he read his mother's letter, and he did not imagine that any one suspected him of any really evil intentions. On arriving at the little home of the shoemaker, he entered the small shop adjoining. Mr. Hink was there with his head bandaged up, but able to work with some pain. On seeing Abraham, he lifted his last with a fierce look and ordered him from the shop.

"But, please, sir," said Abraham, "I came on business."

"Pretty business you do, you young rascal, leading old men into trouble and depriving them of their quiet rest!"

"But, Mr. Hink," said Abraham, "I did n't even know about your cow till some of the boys told me."

There was an honest look in Abraham's eye that quieted the old man's anger, and Abraham went on:

"To prove it to you, I've come to offer to learn the trade of you, if you'll take me as apprentice."

"You? you?" said Mr. Hink; "why, I thought

you meant to be a gentleman, and live on other people's earnings!"

For the first time Abraham thought what it would really be to be dependent on another. Mr. Hink had stated it plainly to him.

"So I did, Mr. Hink," he replied; "I thought it would be much better to have some one else to do for me; but I have concluded to do for myself, and if you'll try me I'll serve you well."

"Said like an honest boy," said the shoemaker; "and I'll believe you, for all John, who has been trying to make me think he's very sorry I'm hurt. When will you come, Abraham?"

"I am ready now, please you, sir," replied Abraham; "the sooner the better," and he seated himself on the vacant bench, just opposite Mr. Hink. Many a noble thought was to be hammered out on that humble seat; many a high resolve and holy wish; but now, in the gloomy light of that autumn day, it seemed like a place that could bring forth only sorrow and misery.

So many of the people of the village interested themselves in Mr. Hink's accident, that they made it convenient to call in and see how he was recovering from it. Among them was Mr. Potham, who looked much surprised at seeing Abraham at his first lessons in shoemaking. He called in on his way home to tell Miss Jones the news.

"What do you think of that?" said he.

"I think it just a blind," said she; "no doubt he supposes he'll make us all believe he's innocent of all harm; but law me! don't we understand tricks better than that? But I guess, as you won't stop to read the paper, I'll just run into Miss Taft's. Sophy has set a heap by Abraham, and I'd like to hear what she'll say now."

So Miss Jones donned her green calash, and ran into her neighbor's, Mrs. Taft, where she found Sophy busy piecing up a "rising sun," which was to be the centre of a bed quilt.

"What a beauty of a quilt you have!" said Miss Jones. "I do think that's the loveliest pattern I ever saw! I suppose you've heard the news? Isaac Parker's dead, and Abraham has gone to work for Peter Hink. I hope he'll not turn up his nose at other folks now. They do say he's a smart boy, and understands all the books he reads; but then he need n't think he's better than other folks. I wonder how he'll like the last? I hope it'll be the last of his tricks on honest folks!" and Miss Jones laughed heartily at what she thought a very great piece of wit; but no one else joined the laugh, and Sophy tried to look very indifferent, and sewed away faster than ever on the diamonds that were to form her quilt. She allowed Miss Jones to finish all she had to say, when she rose very quietly, and said:

"Now, mother, if you'll let me, I'll run over and get my shoes. I think they are done."

"Run, my child," said Mrs. Taft, with a triumphant look at Miss Jones; "and you be sure and ask Mrs. Hink if she'd like any more worm-wood to bind on Peter's head."

As Sophy went out under that dark autumn sky, many thoughts passed through her mind. She had always thought Abraham the best boy in the village, and she was quite proud of his attention to her. She had heard him say that he intended to go to school and make a gentleman, and as her father was one of the richest men in the town, he had promised to send her away to school, and she and Abraham had made many plans as to what they would do when they went to the Adams Academy. She did not believe what Miss Jones had said. She felt quite sure that Abraham would never think of becoming a shoemaker, and above all, she was sure he would not learn a trade of so disagreeable a man as Mr. Hink. What would Jane Dean say when she heard of it? And would not John Smith be more disagreeable than ever? These thoughts, and many not more agreeable, crowded through her mind quickly; but as she felt the cool, fresh air, and something of its strength shone out on her cheek—for the rain had ceased, and the dark clouds were being driven by the north wind—she had some wiser and better feelings.

"I'm sure," she said to herself, "if he is there it is not because he prefers it, but because he thinks it is right; and after all, it will make no difference; he'll be just the same; and I'll let him know I do n't care, and let John know that, if my father is rich, I've a right to like whom I please."

Thus thinking, she entered the little shop. The air was so warm that she thought she could hardly breathe; or else the truth that Abraham sat there on Mr. Hink's bench took away her breath.

"Why, Mr. Hink, how warm you are!" "Well, I declare," said he, "is that what makes your cheeks so red? I thought perhaps you were surprised at my company."

"Well, on the whole I'm glad, Mr. Hink. How do you do, Abraham?" And Sophia went toward him with one of her pleasantest of smiles, and asked him if he'd please to hand her shoes that Mr. Hink had mended.

If the brightest sunshine had shone into that little shop, it could not have seemed so bright to Abraham as that smile of Sophia's made it. He was sure that she was not ashamed of him because he was going to be a shoemaker. Already he felt stronger to do his best, and to succeed by trying. He was too young yet to be trusted with much work, but with Mr. Hink's constant care he could do many things quite well, and before night he felt quite sure of his capacity to learn quickly and well. Just as Sophia was leaving the shop, John came up Mr. Hink's yard. He made an excuse to go into the shop by taking an old pair of boots to be mended. He was quite surprised to see Sophia, and quite glad, for he had feared that she had not learned of Abraham's ill luck, and of his intentions. He gave her a very polite bow, but she returned only a cold nod, and hurried by him. As Abraham saw John enter, the blood rushed into his face, and for the first time his spirits fell. He saw John's triumphant feeling in his face; he knew he was glad in his changed fortune, and he felt ashamed of his resolve and of his work. He turned to the window, and saw Sophia stopping a moment by the gate; she turned to look, and waved her hand pleasantly to him. In a moment his courage was up, and he looked back again at John with a clear, calm eye. He felt that his greatest trials were over, for he was sure if he could feel in himself good courage and a determination to do his best, that nothing could disturb him much.

That evening there was a gathering of young people at Sophia's, to talk over the best way to go out to Esquire Niles's to an apple-paring; for Susan came out with her father to invite them, and left especial word for Abraham to go. He was tired from sitting so quietly all day, and did not feel like calling at Mr. Taft's on his way home; besides, he had still a little feeling, as if the girls and boys might not choose him to find a team and drive them there, as he had always done before, for he had a steady nerve, and any man was willing to trust him with his horse. Therefore he went home, took his books that his uncle had brought him, and went quietly to his study. He soon forgot that he was a shoemaker instead of a gentleman, and as he quietly laid himself down to sleep that night, he felt stronger and braver than ever before in his life.

[To be continued.]

Correspondence.

Spiritualism in Illinois.

Permit me to give your readers a few words. Our village is directly West of Chicago a distance of seventy-five miles. The number of Spiritualists here is comparatively small, but those who are of our beautiful philosophy are unmovable in their faith, and command the respect of all.

Brs. J. B. Young may be considered the mover above all movers here, in getting good lecturers. Hearing that our sister Cora L. V. Scott was engaged by the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago, he determined, if possible, to secure her services for one or two week-day evenings, and accordingly she was engaged for the evenings of the 21st and 22d ult. Her efforts were crowned with such success, that the citizens in quite a large number, began to inquire "when she would come again," which query was the result of a second engagement which will be closed to-night; one lecture having been given last evening. Owing to the excessive warm weather we had but a moderate house; but "where there are two or three gathered together," there are enough to draw forth the soul-inspiring language of Cora and her guides.

I am pleased to be able to send you, what I consider to be a very beautiful poem, given through her at the conclusion of an address in Metropolitan Hall, Chicago. The lecture was particularly addressed to the returned soldiers of the Union armies, and the poem was given as appropriate to the occasion.

SONG OF WELCOME TO THE UNION ARMIES.

Open wide the palace portals,
Wreath with flowers the banquet hall,
Let lights gleam from every cottage,
Hang fresh garlands on each wall!
Roll the drum!
Bugle sound!
Let the land with joy resound!
Soldiers, welcome home!

Who are these with fearless bearing,
Battle-worn, yet brave and strong,
With their tattered banners waving,
With their wild and joyous song?
Never fought
Braver fight!

Force of gallant Sheridan!
Brave boys, welcome home!

Who are these, like war birds flocking,
Filling street and public square,
Dashing, restless, brave, undaunted,
Thronging, shouting everywhere?
When we thought
All was lost!

Down swept Sherman's winged host!
Warriors, welcome home!

Who compose these mighty columns,
Marching proudly, rank and file,
With no stain upon their laurels,
Wreathed in victory's bright smile?
Of the free
Lest sons

Led by Grant and Liberty!
Veterans, welcome home!

Where the wild-rose blooms in beauty,
On the distant woodland slope,
And the golden-prairie lily
Lifts its dew-droplet up,
And the birds
Sweetly sing,

All their wild notes to you fling;
Welcome, welcome home!

Where the corn-fields stand like armies,
With their plumes of gold and green,
Driving back pale-faced famine,
In whose clutches ye have been—
Fields of wheat,
Waving grass,

All salute you, as you pass
Whispering—"Welcome home!"

But alas! all are not with you,
Who went forth in strength one day;
Mothers vainly watch their coming;
Wives can only weep and pray—
Watch and wait,
For never more,

Through palace hall, or cottage door,
Will they come welcome home.

One by one their names were written
Upon Heaven's Master-rolls;
Death, Time's Great Senior Commander
Led them to the land of Souls;
From cold marches,
Bloody glens,

From foul, loathsome prison dens,
Angels bore them home.

Now they wear the shining armor
Of eternal, endless life;
Truth is sword, and shield and sabre;
Love has conquered every strife.
Ever true,
Still they stand,

Sentinels o'er their loved land,
In their shining home.

Where the camp-fires of the Heavens
Gleam above the clouds of Earth,
And where all souls are promoted
By the standard of true worth,
Led by them,
Heaven sent

Your loved, martyred President!
They are "welcome home!"

This poem was not reported phonographically, but was written out through the medium, on the following Tuesday.

Yours for Truth, G. H.
Rochelle, Ill., July 7, 1893.

A Note from W. K. Ripley.

Permit me a brief space in the Banner to answer the many questions of numerous correspondents, in relation to Phrenology and Psychometrical reading of character, treatment of disease, &c., as practiced by myself. By the direction of the *invisibles* I have been attracted to the subject of Phrenology and Psychometry, and thus assisted, it has become a practical science. During the past two years I have made hundreds of Phrenological examinations, public and private, not one of which but has given perfect satisfaction.

My Psychometrical Readings, embracing past, present and future events, have been received as marvelous and wonderfully true. Many prophecies relative to future events, have been verified by time, contrary to the opinions of the subject at the time of the reading.

In the healing of the sick by magnetic touch, although of but recent development, I have been very successful. I have helped and cured several hundreds within the last six months, who have been considered hopeless by the Medical Faculty.

I refer to Caleb Frost, Auburn, N. Y., contraction of muscles under the knee; he had not walked up and down stairs for eight years, except by moving one foot along in advance. Cured in ten minutes, so he could walk up and down steps with ease. A lad, lame hip for years. Cured in three minutes. And hundreds of others, which space will not permit me to refer to; but to which I invite attention by circular of certificates, sent on application. Wherever there is disease of the vital organs, lungs, heart, liver, kidney, &c., I use in connection with magnetic treatment, "Eclectic Temperamental Powders," adapted to the condition and temperament of the patient. I do not profess to cure everybody—and all kinds of disease; but do cure many pronounced incurable by the Medical Faculty, as hundreds can testify that have been cured by my treatment during the past two years. I use mental and physical remedies, as diversified and different as are the temperaments

of my patients," for what is one's meat, is another's poison."

I propose to open a permanent healing institute here, the first of October, where patients can find me on Tuesday of each week. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, will visit other places in vicinity.

Monday and Saturday I reserve for the purpose of visiting and speaking Sundays, for societies in this vicinity, who may desire my services. Will make engagements for fall and winter months, to speak Sundays, within one day's ride. Address Foxboro, Mass.

Fraternally, W. K. RIPLEY.
Foxboro, Mass., June 7, 1893.

Letter from Dr. Fairfield.

The progress of Spiritualism is onward and upward, ever new and progressive, with life and power unfolding the noble and God-like attributes of love, truth and wisdom which are generated in the living soul, bringing them into a lively, useful and harmonious action, reforming, elevating, and in every way improving the condition of humanity, in those things which pertain both to the earthly and heavenly relations. Grand, beautiful and sublime are those truthful, progressive principles, which flow to us from the angel-world, and are impressed upon us as naturally as images are reflected from a mirror by the aid of sunlight. By study, cultivation and aspiration, in connection with the law of adaptation, we have learned that we can hold profitable communion with the inhabitants of the spirit-world, just as lawful and naturally as we can hold communion with the inhabitants of the material world; and yet I have recently met with a certain class of religionists who think there is nothing new under or above the sun, and at the same time pride themselves in their fierce denunciations of all new things, and in their support of the old dogmas, such as the fall of Adam and Eve, the talking snake, total depravity, the wrath of God, endless torment in fire and brimstone, whose curling flame and rolling smoke are ever ready to receive the poor unfortunate sinner. One of this class, Rev. Mr. Paddock, in Lawrence, Kansas, took it upon himself to preach against spiritual intercourse, denouncing it as deceptive, unreliable, and coming from an evil source, with the evil design of undermining the Christian Church, and leading the people astray.

So the preaching Jews said of Jesus. They called him and his co-workers infidels, and disturbers of their religious peace. Well, they did disturb their self-righteousness, and the creeds and dogmas of the Jewish Church, which had so long hindered the progress of humanity, but they never disturbed anything that tended to elevate, bless and save mankind. The millennium reformers of our day recognize the ministrations of departed spirits, feel their presence, and receive from them inspiration and communications for their earthly friends.

To say that all of these communications are evil, deceptive and unreliable, coming from an evil source, is a false assertion, for which there is no warrant in human experience. We know a tree by its fruit. It might as well be said that our earthly associations and communications were all evil and unreliable. Is it so? No! no! comes the answer from millions of embodied spirits dwelling on the earth; and we know, from blest and happy experience, that there is love, truth and virtue in the human heart, and many a time have we been benefited by the cheering communications from our earthly friends. Have they indeed lost all of their love and interest for our welfare and happiness in their heavenly state of existence? From hundreds and thousands of men and women of moral culture and intellectual ability, of truth and veracity, we may hear the answer, No.

Our departed friends are possessed of all those lofty powers of life and thought, all those strong and holy affections, and all those delightful emotions of inward hope and joy, that characterized their earthly existence; and by the exercise of the same attractive powers of life and motion which draw spirits to the heavenly world, can they return again to earth, and under favorable conditions and surroundings, manifest their presence in a sensible and convincing manner. We know, too, by seeing, feeling, hearing and conversing with our departed friends, that a profitable line of communication has been established between the two worlds of mortal and immortal existences. And by the quickening and saving influences of the angelic gospel, which is proclaimed in tones of seraphic sweetness, the great world of mankind pauses in its wayward course of sin and unbelief in a future state of existence, to listen to the immortal voices which are descending from the skies, teaching us that there is a life, an individual life, all divine, beyond the confines of the tomb, and above the clouds of the earth.

How joyously the crushed souls look up from the cold and lifeless dogmas of the past to greet the spirit-messengers of life, immortality and heavenly communion: "Peace on earth, good will to man;" "the dead are alive;" "the lost are found;" and "the sick are healed."

This has been my experience of late in Kansas, Missouri, and Quincy, Illinois, where I am engaged in lecturing and healing the sick, in body and mind, this month. The friends in this delightful city are very much revived, and are about organizing themselves into a Spiritualistic body, so that their power for good may be felt in the world of reform.

I am using all my energies to bring about a Harmonical Organization, and Children's Progressive Lyceum. The dear children love to meet with us in our meetings, and feast on heavenly wisdom. In many places they flock around me, after listening to a lecture, asking many questions of vital importance.

Come, friends, let us have our Spiritual Sunday Schools. I will help to form them, and answer calls to lecture and attend conventions in the Eastern and Western States. Address Burlington, Wis.
Dr. H. P. FAIRFIELD.
Hannibal, Mo., July, 1893.

The Labors of Dr. Neal.

Brother and Doctor J. A. Neal, of New York, has been in the city a short time, and I am happy to announce that already, through him, several important cures have been effected, which, done under other circumstances, would cause almost a popular commotion, and bring to the one performing them high honor and a commanding popularity. Your readers will understand what I mean by other circumstances, that it is nothing disparaging to Doctor Neal. It is because that the spirit which dictated the query of old, "Can anything good come out of Nazareth?" is yet rife; and he who is not stamped with the regular seal of the popular theology and systems of medical practice, has to wait, in a majority of cases, till the love of life and a desire to be free from pain overcome prejudice. Oh, the incubus of prejudice, and the terrible weight it is upon the mind of its possessor!

Two that Dr. Neal has healed have publicly, in the Daily Press, certified the facts, and by their own signatures attested the marvelous works he did. One, a severe case of rheumatism, entirely

inhibiting labor, was cured by three manipulations, and the suffer returned to his work without any inconvenience. Another was a case of erysipelas in the head and arms. The right arm and hand were swollen excessively, so that they could scarcely be moved. A single manipulation banished the disease, and fifteen hours after the patient returned to his work. Other cases there have been of diseases of long standing, yielding to his kindly manipulations.

I have had two or three interviews with Bro. Neal, and am pleased with his earnest, conscientious spirit. The influence under which he operates is a genial one, having seen him twice when moved to do his Master's work.

Through him the angel-world comes bringing the good gifts of the spirits to raise or soothe the afflicted. Blessed truly is the dispensation of Spiritualism. Its anointing is for mind and body; and may all who are moved to do any portion of the labor, like Bro. Neal, consecrate themselves to it, and enter into the world's great vineyard.

Let us go forth! The weary who are aching body upon us all around, and amid the gloom and gloom of thanksgiving raising, ideas us the while.

Fraternally thine, W. FOSTER, JR.
Providence, R. I., July 18, 1893.

EXPERIENCES OF THE REV. DR. FERGUSON.

Before this reaches the reader, Dr. Ferguson will have left our shores for his native land. To those, therefore, who have had the pleasure of listening to his public addresses, still more to those who have had the privilege of his personal friendship, this book will be specially welcome as a memorial of one whose talents they admire, and whose virtues they respect. But, even apart from this, judged on its own merits alone, it will be cordially received for its interesting facts and its many suggestive thoughts. The newspaper critics, if they have not completed their education, and are not past learning anything, may now discover what manner of man it is they have had so long normally vituperating. They will find that when but a lad of thirteen, he was selected as the best qualified and most suitable person that could be found for the office of public school teacher in that part of Virginia where he was then residing, and received a gratifying testimonial from the county trustees and the magistrates for his success in conducting it. At the age of twenty-five he received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Bacon College, Kentucky; and at thirty-four the degree of Doctor of Law from Franklin College, Tennessee. He was ere this favorably known as editor of more than one widely circulated religious periodical; and when called to the ministerial office, he soon became the most popular preacher in his State, and a magnificent church, with sittings for fifteen hundred persons, was built for him, and in which for eleven years he labored with undiminished popularity.

While residing in Tennessee, the Governor of the State appointed him Trustee of the State Asylum for the Blind, and the State Lunatic Asylum, and visitor to the State Penitentiary; and by the authorities of the capital, he was often made almoner of the public charities. He was constantly called upon to deliver orations, lectures and sermons before the State Legislature, conventions of the people, and the most distinguished literary societies in the Southern and Border States.

When the Southern Convention met in Nashville, in 1849, he was unanimously elected its Chaplain, and invited to preach a sermon in his own church to its members. In an early stage of the present spiritual manifestations in America, Mr. Ferguson, in his own experiences, soon became convinced of their reality, and did not hesitate to risk his popularity and position by publicly avowing, both in the pulpit and the press, what he knew to be the truth in this matter. And, when the time came that Mr. Ferguson recognized considerable difference between his views and those of the majority of his congregation, he voluntarily resigned the edifice which had been erected for him, and so carried with him the respect even of those who deemed him most completely in error on the points in question.

Though living and educated in the South, Mr. Ferguson never had any personal complicity with slavery. He recognized the sin of slavery in all its phases, and believed that this evil could be achieved by legal and peaceable means, and with due regard to varying conditions and interests. And, until the heated passions of men led them to appeal from the arbitration of the ballot to the bayonet, his counsels met with respectful consideration in both sections of the country. In 1850, when these passions were on the eve of culminating into an armed rebellion, Mr. Ferguson was waited upon by the most distinguished men of both parties in Tennessee, and at their request, he delivered an Address on the crisis that had arrived, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, in the State Capital, to an audience of several thousand persons. In 1861 he was candidate for a seat in the Legislature, and his eloquent and stirring addresses made a deep impression. When Fort Donelson was attacked, he was called upon to address the State Legislature, at Nashville, and predicted the capture of the fortress, when his hearers believed assuredly that the Confederates would be victorious. When it occurred, and the Federals, in consequence, were at the gates of Nashville, at the call of the authorities he used his influence and eloquence in calming the popular dismay and tumult.

Mr. Ferguson has since specially applied himself to the advocacy of an International Congress, to settle by peaceable arbitration those differences which have been hitherto, and are still, determined by brute force. He laid his views on this question before the Northern Convention, and the Convention authorities, and before the Emperor of the French, (who, it is well known, has sought to carry the idea into practice), and before members of the British Cabinet. By President Johnson, Dr. Ferguson is personally well known and much respected. He has had free communications with him on public affairs, and he returns to his native country to add by his personal efforts to representations already by him made on the course of action to be followed in the present crisis, and which, it is to be hoped, may be not inefficient in promoting or strengthening a policy of wise and generous clemency in the hour of victory.

Of his work in this country in connection with the Brothers Davenport, we have kept our readers fully informed; and the book under review, and the Biography of the Brothers Davenport, by the same editor, will give abundant particulars. Any further notices from us on this point is, therefore, at present unnecessary.

With this brief and rapid résumé of Dr. Ferguson's career, we leave our readers to form their own opinions of the intelligence, or the honesty, of the conductors and contributors of those newspapers which have disgraced themselves and outraged decency in their persistent defamation of a man honored alike by the people and by the highest authorities of the State where his life has been passed. To us, we confess, his conduct is either the very epitome of ignorance, or the exhibition of open dishonesty. It is not altogether an unknown quality in the editorial sanctum, the editors who have perpetrated or permitted these outrages, will hasten to acknowledge and recant their hasty and turbulent utterances, and so escape the reproach which now lies so heavy against them. In any case, it will be a caution to newspaper readers not to put their faith in editors.

We have thought it best to sketch the course of the career of Dr. Ferguson, rather than to dwell on those "supra-mundane facts" in his experience, which it has been the chief object of Dr. Nichols to present. For those facts we must refer the reader to the book itself; they will find it replete with interest. Among the most novel and startling of his revelations are those contained in the chapters on "Spiritualism among the Shamans," "Formation of matter by Supra-mundane Power," and "Supra-mundane Powers of Heat and Light."

We cannot dismiss the book without referring to the excellent introduction by the editor, in which the popular objections to Spiritualism are anticipated and answered. It would be well to reprint it as a tract for general circulation.

"Supra-mundane Facts in the Life of Rev. Jesse B. Hancock, A. M., D. D., including Twenty Years Observation of Preternatural Phenomena. London: Paternoster-row."

Correspondence in Brief.

Festival at Eden Mills, Vt.
As per notice in the Banner, the Spiritualists of Eden Mills and vicinity, several hundred in number, met on the 4th instant, for the purpose of celebrating not only their National Freedom, but their religious freedom, freedom of thought, and give expression to the feelings of the hour. The meeting was called to order by the President, Carnot Bralley, who, in a few brief remarks, stated the object in view. After this the audience were addressed by the invisible through the organisms of Mrs. E. M. Wolcott, Mrs. A. P. Brown and Mr. J. H. Randall.

The topics of the enslavement of the whole human race, Physically, Mentally, Morally, Religiously and Politically by Ignorance, and its final emancipation through the "Penchant of the Spirit-World, and the use of Free Thought, were ably handled, to the apparent satisfaction of all present. During the intervals of speaking several national and patriotic pieces were sung by the choir, which added much to the interest of the entertainment.

After the close of the exercises at the grove, the audience proceeded to Dr. D. Randall's Hall, where the Doctor and lady had prepared all that was desirable for the refreshment of the physical man. In the evening a levee came off at the Doctor's. The day was fine, the air cool and bracing, which, taken in connection with the perfect order and quiet manifested throughout the day, contrasted strongly with the old fashioned way of celebrating amid the fumes of rum and gunpowder.

H. C. QUINCY, Acting Secretary.

Lowell, Vt., July 17, 1865.

The Cause in St. Albans, Vt.

Spiritualism is not dead here, by any means, however lukewarm may appear its advocates in our midst. Some of our most prominent men are quietly investigating its philosophy; and, although they may say but little on the subject, like the Dutchman's owl, they "keep up a devil of a thinking." I don't know why it is, but lecturers seem to give St. Albans the go-by in their peregrinations. Wonder why it is so? Are they determined to "leave us out in the cold" altogether? or are they afraid of another "raid"?

Warren Chase contemplates paying us a visit soon. I understand, and I am rejoiced to hear it. We will endeavor to see him well, and give him an audience to speak to.

The Allen Boy medium was here about a year since. His manifestations were witnessed by a number of our citizens, in private, whose verdict was that "if he is a humbug, he is altogether too smart to be detected by us."

J. M. M., St. Albans, Vt., July 14, 1865.

Spiritualism in North Dana, Mass.

It may be interesting to some of the readers of the Banner, especially the pioneers of the Spiritualist, who have visited us occasionally for the last two years, to learn that Spiritualism still lives in this section. During the month of May and the first Sunday in June we were favored with the young inspirational speaker, Miss Sarah A. Nutt; her lectures were well received by a large and intelligent audience, and on the last Sabbath the Union Church was crowded to its utmost.

During her stay she held a discussion with Elder Streeter, and a great number of other three evenings. In this discussion Miss Nutt sustained herself well as a debater; and on referring the merits of the arguments to the audience, the vote for her was almost unanimous.

DANIEL STONE.

North Dana, July 15, 1865.

To Those whom it may Concern.

Persons desiring information concerning the whereabouts, etc., of Emma Hardinge in future, can obtain it by inquiry of Mrs. E. J. French, 8 Fourth Avenue, New York. Those who have occasion to write to me, can address letters to Emma Hardinge, care of Mrs. Gilbert Wilkinson, 205 Chatham Hill, Manchester, England. Correspondents writing as they have done for the last ten years on their own business, to the average amount of seventy-five letters a week, will please bear in mind that the postage to England is twenty-five cents, and that no unpaid letters will be received. The true and beloved friends who know Emma Hardinge, will also know that their letters will be affectionately welcomed and punctually answered.

EMMA HARDINGE, 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Spirit-Messages, etc.

After reading in your issue of this week the message purporting to be from the spirit of Willie Demorest, of 11 King street, I immediately determined to call at the house indicated, and test the truth of the message. I was met at the door by an elderly woman, who answered that a family by the name of Demorest did reside there, and at my request, called Mrs. Demorest. I stated to them my object in calling, at which Mrs. D. said she had received the Banners containing both messages; and both ladies made haste to inform me that they "didn't believe in such things," seeming to be under the impression that their belief, or want of belief, ought to settle the matter. I suggested that it was getting to be pretty generally agreed upon that belief did not make or unmake anything, or determine anything. The ladies answered that the message was all wrong in its statements. I asked in what particular, and they answered, in the child's age, and the father's name. I explained to them my own experience in those respects; but at the same time the messages I had received were, in the main, correct, as this seemed to be. They then thought it must be somebody in the neighborhood acquainted with the case, who had written to the paper. I suggested that if such was the fact, would not the writer be likely to get the father's name correct, and showed the mother that the matter was entirely in her own hands, as she could take the same course others had taken to satisfy herself of its probable origin. They then fled to the last resort of the opponents of Spiritualism: they believed, or were afraid, that it was the work of evil spirits. I replied that I did not think God had left us entirely to the influence of evil spirits, denying to us that of those we loved and revered, and that our safeguard against evil spirits was the condition of our own.

But the most interesting feature of the interview, and certainly the most "marvelous," was contributed by the elder of the two ladies, evidently an Irish Protestant. She related that while spending an evening with some friends, one of whom was a young woman, the young woman suddenly cried out, "Oh, there's my father!" and swooned. When returned to consciousness, she declared that she saw her father, in his Sunday suit, enter at one of the room windows. Six weeks from that time a letter was received from Ireland, containing the intelligence that the young woman's father died the very day, who was not sure but the very hour, his daughter saw him in New York. Now this is Spiritualism in a nutshell; yet millions who can produce similar testimony, revile, persecute and oppose those who are endeavoring to ascertain the mission and meaning of these manifestations. It seems to me that any one who endeavors to thwart that object, must be in league, wittingly or unwittingly, with the "legions of souls." Truly yours,

PATRICK WELSH, 376 East Fourth street.

New York, July 10, 1865.

Asa Packard, of Pennsylvania, who recently gave half a million dollars to found a college, left Mystic, Conn., thirty years ago, owning nothing but a little bundle of clothing tied up in a red bandanna handkerchief. He has been a Governor of the Keystone State.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENG. KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

This Paper is issued to Subscribers and sold by Periodical Dealers every Monday Morning, six days in advance of date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1865.

OFFICE, 168 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx: it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine inspiration in Man; it aims through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe, and 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.

Spirit-Messages.

We are very sure that every one of the habitual readers of the Banner peruse each week the Message Department, and find in it a great deal to comfort, console and inspire them. We give it just as it is given to us through the medium, interposing no laws or limitations of our own in respect to it, and leaving the entire body of it to our readers for their individual estimate and advantage.

This department of our paper is, if possible, becoming more interesting than ever before, and in consequence is attracting a great deal of attention abroad as well as at home. From the familiarity which at this time we are enabled to say we feel with the whole subject, it belongs very properly, if not of actual necessity, to us to say that if those in the form could but know how anxious their spirit-friends are to come back and communicate with them, making themselves manifest as they do so, and proving their identity beyond the shade of a doubt, they would leave no exertion unmade to facilitate their coming. Nothing possible to imagine or conceive would so deeply move their sympathies for others, whether in the body or out. They would see a host of loving ones waiting in sorrowful patience to consummate provisions which were from the beginning laid down for their very use, but prevented by the unwillingness or blindness, or both, of themselves from doing just what it is their special office to perform. And thus seeing, they would find no rest for their souls until every vestige of an obstacle had been removed; no effort would be relaxed to discover the very last interposition between themselves and their loving spirit-friends, and, as soon as might be, to remove it.

It is to be borne in mind that this spiritual telegraph is a scientific affair, as well as a religious one; to be operated in obedience only to natural and established laws; working with precision and a well regulated efficiency; not to be tinkered for any private and selfish purpose, but adapted to the needs of sympathizing and suffering beings everywhere. And in this view, it is likewise to be borne in mind that only when the magnetic earth-batteries are adjusted as they ought to be, can the friends on the other side of this existence communicate.

A most striking illustration of the truth of what we have been saying is supplied by the reading of a message on our sixth page of this paper, from a spirit who bore the earth-name of Margaret Downs. She says in that message that she has been trying to communicate with her friends on earth for fourteen long and weary years. Her simple statement of her patient effort is the essence of pathos. "For fourteen years," says she, "I have been trying to tell my children that I possessed an existence beyond death; I have been trying to tell them something about the life I now live—but all my efforts have been unsuccessful until to-day." Why was this wearisome delay, exhausting the patience of the spirit and depriving the loved ones on earth of that comfort and happiness, as well as spiritual aid and sustenance, which they might just as well have had the profit of fourteen years ago as now?

The answers are not very various, but they are all very plain. Those who know the alphabet of Spiritualism will be at no loss to conceive them as soon as they hear the questions. In the first place, those on this side were ignorant of the laws by which spirit manifestation is made. In the second place, by reason of their very ignorance they removed the possibilities of communication still further away, by positively putting in obstacles which, had their eyes been opened at all, they would have made haste to remove. In the third place, the continuance of this process unconsciously brought them into a state of open antagonism with all efforts of spirits to approach and make themselves manifest and their messages heard. The first thing, in this matter, is to know the LAW, and the other thing is to OBEY IT.

We all get a lesson out of these very plain considerations, which we neglect only at the cost of something which none of us can afford to waste. It is our immortal part. While we keep that in a state of strict harmony with divine influences, divine intelligences can and will communicate divine things to us. But we must obey the law. No trifling is allowed with that. Whoever consents, even by neglect, or mere indifference, to throw away an opportunity to receive an influx of superior spiritual power into his soul, declares that he cares nothing for his priceless birthright, and prefers pauperism to the wealth which is to be had on such simple terms.

Verbatim Reports.

Several of our patrons, who have not the facilities of hearing our best trance speakers, ask why we do not often publish verbatim reports of their lectures here. We have the best reason in the world why we do not. Our present patronage will not warrant it. In former years we published full reports of the sermons of eminent divines, as well as full reports of the lectures of our trance mediums, at a loss to us of several thousand dollars yearly. We were bankrupted in consequence. The present proprietors are determined not to get into a similar fix, hence verbatim reports of lectures but seldom appear. It always has been and still is our earnest desire to lay before our readers the best spiritual matter obtainable—no matter at what expense—and when the *quid pro quo* comes into our coffers in sufficient quantity to enable us to expand in that direction, we shall. Work for us, friends; and you shall not have occasion to make complaints, such as we have alluded to above, for any great length of time.

Vacation.

The time having arrived when our medium takes her usual vacation, no public circles will be held at this office for the present. Due notice will be given when they are resumed.

Irreligion in Politics.

Human nature has a constant tendency to repeat itself, particularly in its worst and meanest phases. We had fondly thought that with Archbishop Laud's time religious persecution had died out utterly in England, just as in the days of old Puritanism it had found its end on our own soil. But we have suddenly come upon certain revelations, so astounding, that we are not unwilling to believe even the worst and meanest again which it lies within the peculiar province of human nature to reproduce.

Mr. John Stuart Mill, the renowned writer on political science, logic and metaphysics, and the man who has modernized and improved upon Adam Smith's that famous treatise on political economy by which his name will be known and honored to the last day of the existence of a social state—Mr. Mill, we say, the foremost of the Englishmen of his own time and the peer of those of any other, has recently been assailed by a certain individual—no matter what his name is—for his "Irreligion," as demonstrated in his political writings. He is at present before the voters of Westminster as a candidate for Parliament, and this charge has been trumped up against him to damage as much as possible his chances for an election. From all accounts, there is no doubt that it will have a powerful influence in producing the desired effect.

Mr. Mill takes notice of the assault so far as to reply to it, not for his own sake or that of his election, but, as he says, for the benefit of future candidates for Parliament and a public career. Some of his sentiments are so frank, manly and timely, that it would be a wrong done to the public to pass them by without special notice. He says, in reference to being questioned by a constituency on his views on religion: "I should positively and deliberately refuse to allow myself to be interrogated on any subject whatever of a purely religious opinion. I do this on principle. I hold that no one has any right to question another on his religious opinions; that the tree ought to be judged, and only can be judged, by its fruits; and I hold myself bound, not for my own sake—for it is my practice to speak my opinions very plainly—but for the sake of future candidates, not to do anything that may facilitate raising a religious cry against a person who may be unassailable as a politician, or evidence extorted from his own mouth."

Nothing is plainer than this—nothing can be more manly. It is only surprising that such things have to be said in this day of superior liberality and enlightenment, this age of progress, and freedom, and reform. By the tone of Mr. Mill's reply, any one can see that he suffers in spirit from this attempted persecution just as the martyrs suffered in theirs who were condemned to the stake at Smithfield, three hundred years ago, or as the victims of the Spanish Inquisition suffered, or the Huguenots of France. It is time our best and most truly courageous men came forward boldly and put their feet down upon this evil spirit, which, if let loose, would speedily convert any land from one of promise to one of utter desolation. They may suffer by their courage, but they make the world the gainer.

Ecclesiastical Journals.

The New York Independent has arrived at the conclusion that ecclesiastical journalism is what popular slang styles "about played out"; and cites an article on the matter in the London Weekly Review to make good its opinion. The Review speaks particularly of the case of Scotland, where religious journals used to be as thick as they need be anywhere, and all of them fully as positive, dogmatic and overbearing as they well could be. In that country, the whole system is fast going by the board. There were almost as many papers of this sort there once as there were churches; each one of which thought it incumbent on itself to champion some special dogma, or creed, and in so doing fought as stern battles as over Scottish clansmen did with his claymore.

The statement of the London paper respecting the matter is, that, while Scotland has in reality lost none of her sects, "these sects have lost their newspapers, and the religious denominationalism of the North does not at present possess a single representative print." This curious state of things the Independent attempts to account for by urging the superior "vitality and interest of the secular press, whose issues, being more vigorous, able and fresh than the denominational journals have gradually crowded these off the stage." And it thinks the denominational press of this country will shortly "limp and hobble along the same path to a grave." That is true enough; but there is a better reason for the change than the Independent chooses to assign. It is because of the greater liberality of popular sentiment and opinion, which refuses to tolerate the old style bigotry, and insists on having a hearing, whether or no. The days of that sort of rule which employed intimidation when reason was ineffective, are gone by. We pray the world may never behold their return.

The Plague Coming.

Only a little while ago we had forewarnings through the European press of the approach of the plague from Russia; now we have intimations of a similar visitation from Egypt, though the disease is not of the same type and character with the other. The Egyptian epidemic is the cholera; and it rages with such virulence in the principal cities of that country, and has proved its contagiousness by such terrible results, that the mails for England are forbidden to be transmitted in bags, which are believed to be instruments of contagion, but are forwarded in boxes. At last accounts, forty-six thousand of the population had fallen victims to this destroyer of human life.

Besides these two epidemics, still another has broken out in Syria, which is styled the locust plague; it is said that immense swarms of locusts have visited the whole of Palestine and the Lebanon, leaving but little food either for man or beast. These destructive insects first made their appearance early in April; and so dense were they in their flight, that seen through a telescope they appeared like a fall of snow, in huge yellow flakes, as far as the eye could reach, and continued for weeks to cover the whole land, with but a slight exception. Some of the swarms were frightened away by shouting and drumming, so as to hinder them from depositing their eggs.

Dr. Newton predicts that we are to be visited with the plague in this country before our discipline is finished and our national purification becomes complete, and that spirit-power will avail to cure disease where the "faculty" abandon their efforts in despair. We shall no doubt have new diseases; there must be new remedies to meet them.

Supra-Mundane Facts.

On our third page will be found a notice of a new work by the Rev. Dr. J. B. Ferguson, which we copy from the London Spiritual Magazine. The work will undoubtedly be republished in this country, as it is of sterling interest, and will be sought for with avidity. We shall then be able to supply our friends.

A Large Picnic Party.

The Spiritualists' Picnic, at Island Grove, Abington, on Wednesday, the 10th inst., was a great success. The first train from this city took down fifteen cars crowded to their utmost capacity with happy picnicers, and the second train brought down a large number more. To these were added a large party from Plymouth and the way stations, besides nearly one thousand who came from the neighboring towns in private conveyances. Good judges estimated the number present in the afternoon to be about four thousand. Dr. Gardner, who engineered the bringing together of this multitude of souls, was in one of his happiest moods, and thanks are due him for the careful manner in which every thing was conducted for the safety and comfort of all.

We heard many express their surprise and admiration at the perfect order and decorum which prevailed throughout the day, as something which rarely, if ever, happens in so large a gathering. Everything appeared to go on with as much harmony as in a family circle.

The day was most delightful, and refreshing westerly breezes fanned the grove "from morn till dewy eve," making it as cool as any one would desire.

All present seemed happy and to enjoy the occasion. A number of good speakers were present, and as many as could, entertained the party with what fresh thoughts they had to spare. The boats were kept constantly plying upon the little lake which surrounds the island, by those who were fond of rowing or sailing. The floor for the dancing was lively with those who "tripped the light fantastic toe." The bowling-alley had its share of customers. The "fandango" made its aerial trips, creating quite a sensation among the voyagers. And thus the time passed off pleasantly and agreeably.

Dr. Gardner was requested by many to have another Picnic soon, and on putting the question to the audience whether they approved of the suggestion, it was unanimously decided in the affirmative; whereupon the Doctor announced that he would arrange for another Picnic, to take place on Wednesday, August 23d, in the same Grove. So another good time is coming.

Some Little 'Possum.

There are tricks among the ecclesiastical councils and assemblies, just as certainly as there are in the gatherings and conventions of the politicians. It is not always easy to reduce to a precise and unequivocal statement what those tricks are, but it is not the less easy to detect and characterize them. In fact, all religious bodies of men, that assemble for the strengthening of ecclesiastical interests and domination rather than the discovery of truth wherever it may be found, are open to the charge, and would find themselves soon reduced to a plump confession of the truth of it or an equally plump denial.

We observed in the account of the recent Congregational Council which was held in Boston, written for the Anti-Slavery Standard, of New York, by its correspondent here, that there was a little of this locus-pocus business going on in the Council. For instance, he says: "It was observed that the Council, with great unanimity, sustained some skillful management of the Committee on Credentials, by which a delegate's seat was refused to Rev. Charles Beecher, of Georgetown, in this State."

Now if the Council refused almost unanimously to grant a seat to Charles Beecher, why not, also, to Henry Ward and Edward, both his brothers, and both men of power and influence in the denomination? In fact, if he was to be refused a seat at all, it could honestly be only for reason; and if so, then it was trickery, as well as cowardice and mean persecution, that *did* him quietly out of his seat rather than plainly come up and acknowledge for what cause their action was taken.

The Atlantic Cable.

A private letter recently received in New York from Cyrus W. Field, states that the Great Eastern would probably leave the Nile on the 11th, and Valonia on the 15th of July. All representatives of the press of England, America and France were to be excluded from the Great Eastern during the laying of the cable, the Telegraph Construction Company believing this course necessary, as some members of the press might enter into conversation with the engineers, and thus distract their attention from their highly important duties. A journal of the trip and its results will, however, be furnished the Associated Press immediately upon the arrival of the Great Eastern at Hearts Content, and the connection being made with the shore at that terminus of the line.

As the cable across the Gulf of St. Lawrence between Cape Breton, N. S., and Newfoundland is now seriously damaged for the first time in seven or eight years, it is probable the messages to and from the cable will have to be sent across the Gulf by a steamer, which will delay the press reports from five to six hours. Should there be enough of the Atlantic cable to stretch across the Gulf—eighty miles—which it is confidently expected there will be, it will, we understand, be immediately laid, and thus in a few days not only restore the continuity of the New York and Newfoundland line, but place the two continents in uninterrupted telegraphic communication.

The Holy Land.

An association of men of character and standing in England, under the personal patronage of the Queen, has been recently set on foot for the purpose of making a thorough exploration of Palestine, by excavation, the same as was done by Mr. Layard at Nineveh. Bishops and parliamentarians take hold of the project with a zest. The main point urged is, that more light will be thrown upon the readings of the Scriptures. Another reason is, that by such discoveries, as are likely to be made through the new method, the single link which still remains unlinked between Assyrian and Egyptian art will be found and put into its place. The age is taking hold of Scripture history in the same sensible and scientific way that it takes hold of everything else; and by-and-by people will be enlightened on all these matters about which they have been superstitiously or selfishly kept in the dark.

Barnum's Museum.

The confiscation of this extensive collection of curiosities in New York, at mid-day, caused a large amount of description and commentary in the daily papers of that city, and interested readers all over the country. For who has not been in at Barnum's, at some time within the past twenty years? The collection can hardly be replaced, although Mr. Barnum declares his determination to do it, and has already set his arrangements on foot to that end. He is indomitable, and will be sure to accomplish his purpose if any body can. By his misfortune he obtained at once the active sympathy of the whole community. He says he shall soon have such a museum in New York as is to be found nowhere else throughout the known world.

A Church Millionaire.

"Burleigh," the New York correspondent of the Journal, says: "The landed estate of Trinity Church, New York, is sufficient to place that church beyond the reach of poverty. It originally covered two thousand six-hundred lots, of which, since 1748, three hundred and eighteen have been given away, one thousand fifty-nine have been sold and six hundred and ninety are still owned by the church. Most of these lots are leased to other parties, but the leases will soon expire, and Trinity will then have about twenty millions worth of real estate. John Jacob Astor was shrewd enough in 1766 to obtain leases of three hundred and thirty-six of these lots for ninety-nine years at seventy-five cents a year for each lot. It has been a very pleasant amusement lately for Mr. William B. Astor to pay over annually two hundred and fifty-two dollars to Trinity, and receive for the use of the same property about one hundred and sixty-eight thousand dollars. But Mr. Astor's leases will expire next year, and, although he attends church at Trinity regularly, he will not be able to renew the leases on such favorable terms."

Acquittal of Miss Harris.

The trial of Miss Mary Harris for the murder of A. J. Burroughs came to a close in Washington, D. C., on the 19th, by the jury's bringing in a verdict of acquittal. After the arguments of the counsel were through, Judge Wylie said to the jury that the law had been laid down by the Court, and feeling satisfied that they understood it, he would now submit the case without further charge. He hoped they had made up their minds and would soon return a verdict.

The jury retired to their room and in about ten minutes returned with a verdict of "Not guilty." The announcement was received with loud applause. Some women cried with joy, and handkerchiefs were waved and hats thrown up. A large number of spectators rushed toward Miss Harris to congratulate her on her acquittal, the words of which had scarcely been announced when she faltered, and was taken from the Court room in the arms of Mr. Bradley, her senior counsel. Persons outside the room caught up and repeated the acclamations of joy.

Bread for the Suffering Poor.

In January, 1864, with the cooperation of friends, we established at this office, a Bread Fund in aid of the suffering poor of Boston, and called upon the philanthropic for contributions. The call was responded to nobly, and we were thus enabled to relieve a large number of families in consequence. Still the sums received from various quarters were inadequate to meet the expenses incurred by us; and, to-day, we are aiding the poor exclusively—or nearly so—ourselves. This we shall be unable to do much longer. We so notified our spirit friends; and they requested us to continue our laudable enterprise, if possible, and advised that we again call on the friends abroad for aid. "Say to them," said our spirit-guide, "that to feed the poor is the holiest work vouchsafed to mortals; and that a bright crown awaits all such in spirit-land."

Hints to those who Write for the Press.

Tellousness is the most unpardonable. Errors can be overlooked if there are beauties to reclaim them. In this age of steam men do not linger over long articles. As pruning is good for the vine, it is useful also in newspaper correspondences. Printers have no time to spend over long, blotted, scarcely legible manuscripts, and it is the duty of writers to render their productions distinct and plain to the printer; for it is a robbery of the labor of the compositor, if they compel them to waste valuable time upon a manuscript that the author neglects to make intelligible. Names should be written distinctly; is dotted and is crossed, that mistakes may not occur. Bad grammar will not bother them, or punctuation, if the writing is quite plain.

"Voices of the Morning."

The Williamsport, Pa., Bulletin, in speaking of Belle Bush's new book, says it is "a neat little volume from the pen of a genuine poet. The careful reader of the Bulletin will remember the fine poem published a year ago with the title 'Not one hath died in vain.' It is one of the greatest poetical effusions which the battles and incidents of this war have inspired. It is not often that an author comparatively unknown meets with such general welcome from all critics as has been extended to Miss Bush's volume. We congratulate her on her success, and commend the book to all who appreciate true poetry, which, in this case, is used in behalf of patriotism, humanity, and all the higher and better sentiments of the human mind."

Gone Home.

It will be seen by an obituary notice on our eighth page, that our good brother, Dr. C. D. Griswold, departed for the Better Land from his residence in Batavia, N. Y., on the 5th inst. His worn-out body was no longer a fit tenement for so noble a spirit. Our readers are familiar with his writings, as he was one of our most valued contributors. His thoughts were penned in such a vigorous, clear and lucid manner as at once to win attention and careful perusal. We sympathize with friends whom he has left behind, but rejoice with our brother in the change he has made for the better.

Massachusetts War Record.

From the report made by Gen. Schouler at the Convention of Adjutant Generals, recently held in this city, we learn that Massachusetts has furnished for different terms of service, seventy-one regiments of infantry, four regiments heavy artillery, one battalion heavy artillery, seventeen battalions light artillery, five regiments and one battalion of cavalry, thirty-three unattached companies of infantry, two companies of sharpshooters, making an aggregate of 122,350 volunteers in the army, 5,188 drafted men and substitutes, and 26,108 men in naval service credited to the State, making a total of 153,706.

Decatur Clarion.

We have received two numbers of a good-looking sheet bearing the above title, published in Decatur, Mich., by Elder Moses Hull. It seems our enterprising friend, upon ascertaining that no paper was published in D., and that the citizens wanted one, at once stepped forward with proposals, which were at once accepted, and now Bro. Hull is the editor of a bona fide newspaper. Success to him. He deserves it. Hope his town will send him to the legislature. He is quite a young man, and may yet be Governor of Michigan.

Special attention is directed to the advertisement of the "Orient House," Pelham Springs, Amherst, Mass., which is offered for sale, or to be let. It is well calculated for an infirmary, hotel or boarding school.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit who chose to use it, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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 verbatim.

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 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.

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, 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.

Soul of the Beautiful, Life of Truth, thou whose wisdom hath breathed into being this handsome world; thou whose voice is heard in the dim solitudes of Nature, where no human voice has ever vibrated upon the air; thou who hath planted thy feet where no human foot hath ever trod, writing thy name everywhere; thou who art breathing through every form of human life; thou who art our Father and Mother, a fountain of everlasting strength, to-day we praise thee. To-day, through the feeble lips of human life, we sing these songs of joy. We turn all our spirit's power toward thee. We love thee, not because we fear thee, but because thou hast planted a germ of love in our being, and it naturally turns toward thee as its centre. Oh thou mysterious Presence, who worship thee in all sincerity, in spirit and in truth, for thou seest such worship. Thou art a Spirit, and it may be thy name is Love. It may be that art that Power that moveth upon all things, that has been in all the past, art in the present, and wilt continue to be in all the future. Sometimes the shades of sorrow sweep over our being, and we wonder if thy smile has been withdrawn; wonder if thy fountain of love has dried up; wonder if thy smile has been blotted out. But we wonder in ignorance, in weakness. We wonder, because we have not grown large and wise enough to comprehend thee. We wonder, because with our finite capacities we cannot fully understand thy law. Oh Father, Spirit, receive all our utterances. They are of thee. Though they may be like dead blossoms, yet they are of thee. Father, bless them; crown us with wisdom; give us peace; give us that which the soul seeks for forever—eternal life. June 6.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have inquiries from correspondents, we will now hear them.

Q.—By E. H. Please explain why the prophets of old all pointed to the coming Jesus as our Saviour and Redeemer? and were those prophecies inspired writings?

A.—All writings are inspired, more or less, for inspiration is the soul of all such emanations. It has been said, and truly, too, that coming events cast their shadows before them. Now this Jesus, this Spirit of Truth that was to be given to humanity, was a *so far* established fact—a something that in spirit already had an existence, and these sensitive persons who were able to prophesy that truth would come, were able to perceive. Through that perception they were to prophesy, for perception is always the foundation of true prophecy.

Q.—By William Randall, of Ohio City, Kansas: In the last chapter, ninth and nineteenth verses of the Revelations of St. John, the angel uses the words, "This book." What book is meant?

A.—If that paragraph had been correctly rendered, it would have shadowed forth an entirely different meaning. Instead of giving utterance to condemnation, in consequence of unbelief, it would have given utterance to love, instruction. It is well known, at least to certain souls that have investigated in that direction, that your Bible, or Sacred Record, as it is called, has been very imperfectly rendered. Where you have one truth clearly and properly defined, you meet with a hundred errors staring you in the face. We do not wish to speak disparagingly of what is, to us, a very dear Record. We only want you should understand that poor, weak, fallible mortal has given you the form in which spirit resides, and, as a natural consequence, that form is very imperfect.

Q.—[From the audience.]—The writer of the question you have just answered, seemed to refer to the book of Revelations, and not to the whole Bible.

A.—We should certainly say that he had but special reference to the book of Revelations. However, we are not certain upon that point. It is only our opinion.

Q.—Do not Spiritualists learn to love the Bible more, rather than less?

A.—All true Spiritualists do, for they who are truly spiritualized can see great beauty, boundless merit in the Bible, and so love it, not because they have had it enforced upon them, but because they see it is lovable, because it has become beautiful to them. If they do not so see it, rest assured their Spiritualism has not carried them far toward truth and beauty.

Q.—Shall we ever have a better record of the Bible than our present one?

A.—All things are moving on. The world in the natural and mental cannot stand still, therefore, it will be very natural to expect that you shall have greater and more divine revelations than you already have.

Q.—I have been told that a better record is to come through persons mediumistic, and through whom the ancients can give a more proper rendering of their ideas. Is it so?

A.—It is.

Q.—Is it known to the presiding spirit whether any genuine gospels have been rejected, or have we the whole?

A.—It is known that you have only a very small portion of those gospels. It is known, not only to your speaker, but to many who exist in the human form.

Q.—Do those that have been rejected contain more or less important truths than the gospels we possess?

A.—Yes; far more important than those that have been given you.

Q.—Are any of those truths known to the presiding spirit? If so, I would like to have one or two mentioned.

A.—All those truths that had special reference to the early life of Jesus; those truths that were bitter in their denunciation of priestcraft; those truths were rejected, were all withheld, all cast aside, not as worthless, by Constantine—for he could not fail to perceive their greatness, their im-

portance—but they were inimical to his position, to his craft. His particular creed was in danger, and he selected that which would best build up his forces, and rejected those portions of your Bible that were dangerous to his creed. He rather than any one else, has given you your Bible. Profane history will tell you what he was.

Q.—Was Constantine the one who first marred what we have received as the Bible?

A.—He was the principal intelligence acting at that time.

Q.—Then we may trace the beginning of the error to him?

A.—Certainly.

Q.—Do not those who learned to read the Bible previous to their becoming Spiritualists, enjoy reading it the more now?

A.—Certainly, if they are true Spiritualists.

Q.—I would like to ask when the dogma of the Trinity was given? Was it given by the casting vote of the Council, in favor of Athanasius, and thus established?

A.—The theory of the Trinity may be dated back even further than that. It was a favorite belief with the Ancients of a far off time. It is a well-known fact that the Ancients believed in a God who could create and destroy, and could restore again, thus making the Trinity. But behind all this it may be referred to Free Masonry. It is a well-known fact with Masons of to-day, that the Ancient Free Masons had a certain religious belief, and that religion or belief in a Divine Father or Jehovah was the foundation or starting point. This same Jehovah was a Triune God. You will find in the Ancient lodges of Free Masonry that their entire walls were decorated with these symbols of the Trinity. You have them handed down to you of the present day. They mean something. What do they mean? Why not simply that you have a Triune God, but that you are Triune yourselves. You are divine, are of spirit, are of human life. So you have reared your God to correspond with yourselves, or very naturally to; or, in other words, Free Masonry has.

Q.—Is there any evidence that the Bible was specially inspired?

A.—Yes, the very best of evidence. You cannot utter a thought, or think a thought without uttering it, that is not inspired. It is very possible that this Bible may contain more of inspiration than some other books. We do not say that it does. We do not say that there are not more than one so-called inspired Christian record.

Q.—If our Bible was especially inspired by God, why was it allowed to suffer at the hands of Constantine?

A.—Why is it that light and darkness exist together, the greater on the lesser good? We cannot tell—we know it is so. Now it is possible that Constantine may have been inspired to reject those portions of the Gospels that he did. We do not believe in a God that has only half power—do not believe in a second controlling Power in life. We believe there is one Intelligence governing in all conditions, that has controlled in the past, is controlling in the present, and will control in the future. Now, then, if this Supreme Presence has entire control, then it controlled Constantine as well as all others.

Q.—As Spiritualists advance upward and outward, does the Bible become to them more a controlling power or an assistant? more a master or a friend?

A.—It becomes a friend. As they advance in wisdom, it loses the mastery over them. The soul, when it is free from the shackles of ignorance, is its own master.

Q.—Do you mean that the error in the Bible loses its control over them?

A.—We mean that it loses its control over them. Q.—The Bible teaches that this world is about seven thousand years old. Is this true?

A.—We can tell you that it is entirely false. Geology will tell you that, also. There are records that point back more than three hundred thousand years.

Q.—Do you refer to the records of Geology?

A.—We do.

Q.—It has been said in Griffin Lee's Pre-Adamite Man that there were ten forests, each giving evidence of ten thousand years growth. Is this true?

A.—We do not know with reference to this especial case or locality. From what we have observed in other localities, we presume it is true. It is said also in your Sacred Record, that at a certain time during warfare between two contending armies, the sun actually stood still. It is believed that the sun did stop in its course, by a great majority of Christians. Now they should stop and reflect; bring their own common sense and reasoning powers upon it, and they will see that this could not have been so. The sun and moon were simply painted, pictured upon the banners carried by them into battle. And when the standard-bearer was ordered to stand still, it was equivalent to informing the army which side had been victorious. The record gives you to understand that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still. Oh poor, weak, human nature, why not turn and drink of the waters of truth, instead of those of falsehood and error?

Q.—Where shall we find the waters of truth?

A.—In the most simple places where you will least expect to find truth. Perhaps issuing from the lips of childhood—it may be from the petals of the bright blossoms. They tell you of God that has called them into existence, a law, a power, a something that creates and controls all things. Truth is there, in the air, everywhere.

Q.—Are we to infer, then, that it is better for mankind that those rejected truths of the gospels were not published?

A.—It would so seem. At all events, while you are passing through the transition or imperfect state, you do not require perfect spiritual food. On the contrary you can thrive only on the imperfect food that corresponds with your own developments. So then you have these imperfections for a time while you are yourself imperfect, and we have faith enough in the Great Intelligence ruling, to believe that all are needed, all are for use.

Q.—If God know all this, could he not have prevented Constantine's rejecting important portions of the Bible?

A.—You speak of God as though he were a person. You can conceive of him only by self. This is well; we do not blame you. But we conceive of him as an everlasting Power, a Great Eternal Law, a something that governs all things. If you only understood that Principle, as manifested through all the demonstrations of Infinite law, you would feel differently. We are satisfied to worship the manifestation. We worship the beauty we see in the flower, the grandeur in the ocean or mountain. That is God. No one can dispute it that understands Nature and the life of Nature.

Q.—Then are we to infer that an imperfect book is better than a perfect one?

A.—Yes; the perfect would have been of no use to you. You could never have reached it. The imperfect is like a staircase leading to the perfect, and you reach the perfect only through those im-

perfections you speak of. Your teaching must correspond with your own development.

Q.—It seems to be a question of truth and fact. If Constantine prevented any books written from being published, it seems to be not a question of perfection, but of withholding truth and fact?

A.—Yes; but there is such a thing as showing you too much truth—more than you can comprehend. Is it not possible that the Supreme Intelligence made use of Constantine to withhold a part of that truth? We believe the same Power controlled Constantine as controls you and I.

Q.—Then we should infer that Constantine was selfish.

A.—Yes, it would seem that the law acted upon his selfishness. He destroyed that which would be likely to interfere with his own religious creed. Who made that selfish nature of his? Why God, to be sure.

Q.—Will not those books that were destroyed by Constantine, be at some future time restored to us?

A.—It is very possible that all you need of these self same truths will some day be restored to you.

Q.—Nothing is lost, then.

A.—Nothing is ever lost. There is no loss in Nature, no accident in Nature.

Q.—Fire, then, does not consume?

A.—No; it only changes. It may deal with the form but it cannot deal with the principle.

Q.—Do you suppose it possible for God to be restrained in his will?

A.—We believe that this Intelligence, called God, under all circumstances, is found acting through law. The blade of grass grows by virtue of law. The human body is brought into existence by means of law. Every thought is born by law, sent out upon the great world of mind by law. All things are the result of immutable law, and God was never known to break law.

Q.—Then you do not believe in the doctrine of free and unrestrained will?

A.—There is always some restraint upon will, from the fact that one will acts upon another will. One acts upon another restrainingly, the other putting forward.

Q.—Has there ever been such a thing as resurrection of the dead?

A.—Not as you understand it. It is said that Christ, or Spirit, manifesting through him, restored the dead to life; that the spirit which had departed from the human body, was called back again, and re-vested that life. This is not so. At the chemical change called Death, the body—physical body—comes under the absolute rule of another law, and the spirit, also. They are divided, absolutely divorced. They live, then, each under its own law. Mark us: we believe that God never breaks one of his laws, and as these laws are all from this mighty Law-Giver we know he cannot break them.

Q.—Are we to understand that the spirit does not leave the body when people are said to be raised from the dead?

A.—You are to understand that the separation has not been complete, however it may so seem to be. We know there are various instances in which persons are said to have been raised from the dead to human life again, but we know, also, that they were not absolutely dead, that the spirit had not yielded up its control of the body, that they were still existing under the same unitary law. You sometimes put away your physical bodies, supposing that the separation between body and spirit has taken place, when it has not. This should clearly prove to you how liable you are to be mistaken in these things. June 6.

Elihu Brown.

I died at Newbern, N. C., on the 18th day of last July, of fever. I am from Wisconsin. My name was Elihu Brown; was thirty-one years of age. I have been trying ever since I knew I could come back to come this way. But when I found I'd got to meet everybody but my own acquaintances, and had got to be dressed in this kind of way—in a woman's clothes—I rather held back. But my anxiety has got the better of me to-day, and I'm here.

I am from Jonesville, N. C. I should be mighty glad if I could get back and talk to folks. My brother Richard was wounded, and I rather reckon he died on the field. I suppose I shall come into a place where I shall meet him sometime, but I haven't yet. There was some difference of opinion between him and me, and he told me, stranger, to "go to hell my way and he'd go his." Well, we want very even to get together, you know—harmonious you'd call it. I reckon I'll make it all right with him. He knows now, I reckon, that he was as much to blame as I was. If he's got his eyes open, he can see that. I do not care anything about what Richard said to me now.

I want the folks to know how we are off, how we can come back. I've met the old gentleman, my father, in the spirit-world. Well, he's just about the same as he used to be; ain't much difference; and he says: "Let the dead bury the dead; let 'em find out the best way they can. He ain't coming back, for they'll say, 'He can't come back'—'ain't so.' We don't believe that folks can come back to earth."

Now, sir, you'll just say to the folks that I died with fever; but I'm alive with something. I should be very glad to get a chance to show to them I am alive. [You'd better give your friends' names.] Well, most of all, my wife Sarah—I want to reach her. My sister Jane, too—I should like to get a chance to talk with her. [Have you a mother?] Yes, I should like to talk with my mother, also, for she's worrying because she thinks I am in hell. Well, I ain't; you may be sure of that. I'm pretty well off.

I want 'em—well, I suppose they remember what I sent home from the field to 'em. One of the boys cut a cross out of a—well, he said, I don't know how he knew—he said one of the rebel's bones, though I can't say whether he told the truth. He gave it to me, and I sent it home in a letter—they're little bits of things you know—and my sister said she would not wear it for worlds, for she thought it was heathenish. Well, I kind of thought so myself; but I thought it was a pretty little thing, and I'd send it home. She would not wear it for worlds—my sister said—and hoped I would not send home any more such relics. Well, I don't know but somebody or other will one day dig me up and make crosses out of my bones; it won't worry me if they do. I only tell this so she shall know it's me. I don't know whether she's got the cross now; may be she's buried it—given it a decent burial. It would be just like her, stranger. Well, good-bye to you. June 6.

[Will the good lady alluded to, let us know whether or not she ever received the cross spoken of above? We have no knowledge whatever of the parties referred to. We only have faith to believe they exist. Here will be a good chance for some one to investigate.]—P. S. BANNER.

Teresa Faulnway.

I was thirteen years old. I lived in New Orleans, where I have a father, step-mother, and two younger sisters. My name was Teresa Faulnway. My father

was a repairer of musical instruments. I don't like to say anything hard about anyone, but my step-mother does not treat my little sisters well. It grieves my mother and myself; that's what I mean.

Last night little Tony went to bed and cried a long while. Antonette was her name, but we all called her Tony. She's the youngest. She's five years old; and she wished that God had never taken me, for she remembers when I died—of my being dead. I used to shield them when I was here, and they miss me sadly now.

Honriette is sharper—sharper, and don't suffer so much as Tony does, because she's able to say things back, and do things, too. Yes, she's younger than I was. She's most eight; Tony is five. [Does your father know of the abuse of your step-mother?] Well, Tony tells him, and so does Honriette, but he don't believe them.

Mother says if father will let her speak, she will tell him all, and he'll never be sorry that he did. My mother was born in France. My father reads about spirits coming back, and that's why I thought I might be able to do some good if I came here. [Does your father read the Banner?] He has the Revue, of Paris. He reads that. It's sent him by somebody there that believes, and wants him to. I'm obliged to you, sir. June 6.

Patrick O'Connell.

I never was so put to it in all my life, as I was when I came to what you call the spirit-land, and I saw both Catholics and Protestants all renouncing their faith, and standing upon what seemed to me, nothing. Yes, I never was so put to it in my life, when I found myself dead. Yes, sir, it's hard for a man who has been educated in the Catholic religion, and all his ancestry have been educated in the same, all in the Catholic religion, and when he comes to die, find it's all a nothing, anyway. Oh, it's pretty hard; yes, sir, pretty hard.

Well, sir the last work I did before I went out to war, was pretty nigh three years ago. I was engaged in a very respectable business, as porter at Stewart's, New York. I was strong enough to handle boxes, and do such kind of work; so I thought I'd be able to fight for the Constitution and Union, as well as an American.

Now I don't claim any relation to O'Connell, or O'Connell, though my own name was Patrick O'Connell. I don't think that any of my folks ever figured any in high life. I was a simple Irishman, a believer in the Catholic Church, and suppose I had the creed. I'm myself, simply myself, after all. When you come to the spirit-land, you will find that your religion is a mere nothing. Oh, I tell you that cut me pretty badly when I got to the spirit-land. I said, "Where will I find a confessor, a church?" And they told me there was none. "What am I to believe?" I said. "Oh," they said, "you are to believe what you like," and I found it was so with every one I met. But, somehow, Catholicism was n't at par, and Protestantism was n't at par; in short, religion was n't at par at all. Oh, yes, sir, I felt bad; I thought I had nothing to lean upon at all. I was expecting maybe I'd meet with the old cloven-footed fellow any minute. It's the truth, sir; I was greatly frightened because I not see God at all, and I suppose the devil might step in and say you're mine, at any time. So you see I did n't know what was to become of me.

I've learned this much, that I can confess, can lean upon myself, and it's my own good deeds that are going to make me happy; and the only heaven I can get into—if I get into one at all—will be one of my own fashioning.

Well, sir, what I believe, is nothing here or there to what the rest believe. All my folks believe the Catholic Church is to save them. And it's all right; I believed so myself when here. But the thing is, how am I going to get the idea, that the Catholic religion do n't amount to anything, into their heads. Oh, I hate to tell them this. It's pretty hard, sir, for a man—don't know what it may be for a woman. Faith, I suppose twenty thousand millions have gone through it, and I suppose my folks will be able to bear the loss of their religion as well as others.

How is it—do you allow folks to come back and speak as they like upon all subjects? [We allow them to give the truth, always.] Well, then, there is a good many truths given, I suppose. Well, sir, I'm very much better off in the spirit-land than I'm had plenty of money. Ah, I wonder what Mr. Stewart will do when he comes to the spirit-land? Oh, he's pretty good in his way, pretty good in his way; but it's having too much of this world's goods that tangles you up, ties your legs all up, so you can't use them, you see.

All I come back for is to know what's going to be done with my wife and little ones. My wife said to me, when I told her I was going to war, "Patrick, if you go to war, just so sure you'll be shot; you'll die; never come back." I says maybe I will be shot; but it's your woman's heart that makes you talk that way. My wife says it's in me, and I feel so. And I don't come back only this way. What I want her to know is, that I came back, that I think as I did about some things. But in regard to the Catholic religion I think different from what I did here. Oh, it's good for something; not what you think for, though. When you get to the spirit-land with it, you'll find the oar is broke; you can't go any further.

I beg your pardon, sir; maybe you're a Catholic yourself. Never mind what you are, you'll think different from what you do now when you get to the spirit-land. You may bet pretty high on that. Yes, sir, you'll change your mind, think different from what you do here. Now see here, I have plenty of folks that's pious enough, but I don't know as they're liberal enough to let me come to them. But I thought the best way for me to do would be to ask them to meet me alone. Oh, give me a hearing with one of these persons alone. I look around there in New York and see plenty, but I don't know where to go to. I want 'em to go to some one, and if I can't come there, go to another, and keep it up until I do come to them, and I'll tell them what I know about the Catholic religion. If they are soft about it, I'll say nothing about religion, but talk about something else.

Well, General, you don't give us the old uniform. [No; not the kind you have been used to.] Would you like to be again at Stewart's? Ah, no, sir, sometimes, perhaps, I would. I'd like to be back again to tell them about the spirit-land. But I would n't, if I'd got to go through the dying process again. I think, sir, on the whole I do not want to come back. [Did you suffer much?] Yes, sir, suppose I suffered a good deal; may not have suffered much; but when we are in a good deal of pain, a minute seems an hour, you know.

Well, sir, good-day to you, and a fair breeze when you come across, and plenty of folks to meet you. June 6.

Harriet Sheldon.

Please inform Israel Sheldon, of Gaston, Alabama, through the columns of your paper, that Harriet is anxious to talk with him. He will understand it. June 6.

Peter Sheldon, (A Slave).

Pardon, Massa. [How do you do?] Well, I'm pretty well, Massa. I think Massa better not go back to Alabama. [Who is he?] Massa Sheldon, I guess Massa wants to tell him not to go back. [Is he North?] Yes, sir, he's here, getting out of the way of the rebellion. He's no fighting man. See how I helped Massa here to-day; she gib me leave to say a word or two. [Did you belong to Mr. Sheldon?] Yes, sir, I belonged to him. I belong to myself now. Yes, sir, I like to belong to him pretty well, but I like to belong to myself better. Yes, sir, I have free papers about seven years ago. Yes, sir, I had 'em. I was glad to get free, and sorry too. I like to live here on the earth, like to live with Massa Sheldon. I like this place, like the spirit-world better. [Did you leave any children?] No, Massa, I did n't leave any children. No, I did n't leave any. I did n't have any to leave. [Were you a house servant?] Yes, part of the time I was; part of the time in the field, sometimes in the house, sometimes in the field, sometimes I was n't good for much of anything. I had the rheumatiz—had rheumatiz, and dem kind of things. [Do you know how old you were?] Hdy old I was? No, I do n't know how old I was. [What was your name?] Peter; yes, dat's my name. It aint now. [It was on earth.] Yes, dat's what I was here. [Peter Sheldon?] Yes, I took his name.

Oh I got so absorbed in thinking about de other black folks here, I forget myself. I been tinkin all de time how dey ar gwine to get free, what God is gwine to do to get dem free, get dem so dey learn to read and write like de white man. I forget myself, but I come along to show Massa Harriet de way here, and she said I might come and say a word or two myself, 'cause I help her. [She was kind.] Yes, she always was—always was just so kind.

Well, Massa, I see plenty of dem here what had slaves, what was living in fine houses, and who had all sorts of times. I see plenty of dem aint got now, no slaves now. Dat's so, sir. Well, you see de dish is bottom side up now. It rains down just de same, but dey hab nothing to catch it in. [Do you mean persons on earth?] Yes, I mean those who was on earth. Dey got de dish wrong side down; don't catch nothin' in it. Dem's what had de slaves, had plantations and fine things all round; dishes are all bottom up now, don't catch anything. Yes, I been interested in dat all de time. I forget myself. Dat's what I've been doing all de time. Well, Massa, now I go, and sometime, perhaps, I come again. Good-day, Massa. June 6.

Margaret Downs.

I have been trying fourteen years to tell my children that I possessed an existence beyond death. I have been trying to tell them something about the life I now live, but all my efforts have been unsuccessful until to-day.

I have two sons in the Western country, and one at the South. A daughter I have in Western New York, too; but I am particularly drawn to the son I have at the South, for he is in so much sorrow, having lost all he possessed on earth, and his health beside. He is in great trouble, and he has prayed for death, but it do n't always come when you pray for it. I know that by experience.

I died with a cancer, and I suffered most terribly for a long time. I prayed for death. I wished many a night that I might not live to see another day here. It seemed to me as though it was an eternity.

And so it was with my son. He's prayed for death; but it's cowardly to want to run away from the crosses of life. We ought rather to ask those powers who have watch over us to give us strength to bear the ills of life, not to take us away from them, for we lose the most valuable portion of our earthly experiences by so doing. I'm glad I went through all I did. I would n't now, if I could, wipe out the past. I would n't—I would n't wipe it out. I'm only sorry I want more patient under my sufferings than I was.

My name was Downs—Margaret Downs. Now what I want to do is this: I want to get some message through to my son Matthew Downs, and through him to my other children. Tell them I am alive, happy, well, and I am able to return and speak.

My poor son thinks he knows about God and a future state; but he don't know anything at all about it. He thinks he's got a faith that will carry him through death. Yet now he prays to die, wants to get rid of the trouble this war has brought upon him; for he—I'm ashamed to say it—was a secessionist, and believed that the South did right to secede. Well, I'm not sure that they are not right; for, let me tell you, if it had n't been for this stirring up of the various elements, you would n't have had the beautiful blossom of freedom and liberty you've got now. So I'm not sure, after all, that the South was not right in rebelling against the Federal Government. That's my opinion. I beg your pardon, if I have offended. I did n't intend to do so. But it was always my way to speak plainly when I was earnest about anything.

I lived many years here; saw something of the world, but not much. To be sure, what I could gain in sixty-nine years—what I could gain in that time was n't a great deal. Oh well, I could not gain much, but I got what I could, and made the best of it.

Now what I have here given you will direct to Matthew Downs. He is in a place called Arlet. He don't know how the name is spelled, but it's something about fifteen or sixteen miles beyond Richmond, Va. There's where he was. Well, he was a slaveholder; was like the rest of 'this people about him, you know.

I resided here in Boston; yes, I did, and died here. Well, what I want most is to reach my son at the South; and his trouble has drawn me here so much stronger than ought else, that I could n't but come to-day. He's rather thought—reached out for something that he could take hold of to free him from the miserable life he's now leading. You see, to begin with, he made quite a large bet at the outset of the war. It was like this: he bet several thousand dollars that as soon as the South showed itself determined to assert her rights with the cannon and sword, then the North would say, "Go your own way; draw your own line; we won't trouble you any further." Well, as quick as war was declared he paid the bet, for he thought it would n't be honorable not to do so. There was the first outlet, and after that there were many ways of taking the money off, until at last he had lost all the property he once possessed. I'm glad of it. I thank God for it, because it's been the very thing that has driven him into the kingdom of heaven.

I beg your pardon for being excited. You'll say this is from Margaret Downs, of Boston, to her son, Matthew Downs, and through him to her other children. [Did you carry a case when on earth?] Part of the time I did; part of the time I walked with a crutch; the last part of my life before I took my bed, I was in a chair. June 6.

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EMMA HARDING'S FAREWELL TO HER FRIENDS IN AMERICA.

PART THREE—CONCLUSION.

"Emma, you must go out and lecture!" Such were the words that constantly assailed my ears from every person and source, to wit: inspired mediums, friends and strangers, visitors at my circles, and ordinary acquaintances; and this irruption of coincident advice was poured upon me in direct opposition to my own wishes, in antagonism to my cherished opinions and English prejudices against women's speaking in public, and determined spirit of resistance to the universal fiat. I can hardly now remember how the "hateful" proposition was first presented to me, or by whom. I can only say that it was made about eighteen months after my development as a test medium, and seemed to possess the brain and tongue of every one who came near me, until "Emma, you must go out and lecture" seemed to be their cant phrase. The phases of test mediumship which I had been industriously and successfully practicing during the eighteen months alluded to—strange though they appeared to me, as originating from the control of disembodied human souls—were not altogether abnormal to my youthful experiences. The review of my past life convinced me that all its problematical strangenesses were accounted for in the fact of my ever having been by nature "a medium"—that I had always possessed the faculty of seeing spirits, hearing voices, dreaming dreams, uttering spontaneous prophecies, beholding visions in the pictured air, and in my singular "welded youth" and "witch-like" characteristics, that I was a real born "medium." All this I had grown to believe and acknowledge as the solution to much that to myself and my friends had been incomprehensible in my character; but this idea of a lady lecturing, or, I should say, in more strict American vernacular, a "woman," was altogether too shocking to my English prejudices to be endured even for the sake of that Spiritualism which, with each day's fresh experience of its truth and beauty, I was beginning to love devotedly, and for which I had already made great pecuniary and social sacrifices.

In England the title of "lady" is bestowed upon persons who, by birth and education, are in certain portions of society where their occupations are of a "lady-like" character, while the term "woman" is generally applied not by way of reproach, but merely in distinction, as signifying of the industrial and laboring classes of the sex. In America it is otherwise; the person who aspires to the honor of being your cook, housemaid or landlady, is "the lady," whilst the mistress, employer, or really educated female, is "the woman." After going through the somewhat repulsive process of learning these nice distinctions, I determined that an English "lady" could not be an American "woman," and that I would escape from the world-bonds that held me—bonds that, whenever I proposed to return to my native land and "proper sphere," restrained me with some mysterious obstacles, and that break this spell I would, somehow; the only question that remained was, the way. I foresaw that if I continued amongst the Spiritualists, their strange, magnetic influence over me, and above all the ecstatic effects of the spirit-circles I was holding and attending, would, sooner or later, subjugate any shadow of will I had left, and have me out in the character of a "strong minded woman" on their platforms, whether I would or no. I at length concluded that I neither ought nor could break away from these mystic influences. To effect my liberation, then, gradually and naturally, I resolved to put an advertisement in the paper, offering what I knew to be valuable service as "a musical governess in a family," where my own and my mother's board would be received in lieu of compensation. In this way, I thought, I shall break up this odious spell, be employed without the indignity of service, (as I would receive no salary,) and as soon as I recover my self-possession by absence from these magnetic and calmness attained by ordinary employments, my mother and self will quietly return home to decent life and rational occupations once more.

My scheme, even now, appears to me to have been well planned, and to effect the object I had in view, only required that some other person than myself should have carried it out. How far I was under the peculiar influence that made me instrumental in outworking the destiny I had to fulfill, may be gathered from the fact that instead of carrying my advertisement to some of the New York daily papers for insertion, I found myself presenting it to the editor of the Spiritual Telegraph, the very surest channel in which I might expect to run into the arms of, rather than flee from, the spiritual demons I feared. I cannot now account for the fatality that took me there; it is enough that thither I went, presented my advertisement to Mr. S. B. Britton, who, after glancing over it, looked steadily at me, saying: "This notice is for yourself; why in the world, Emma, do you take such a step as this? Do be persuaded, and go out and lecture," &c., &c., &c. Whilst hiding falsehood in every shape, the desperation of my case had to be met, and I boldly declared the advertisement was "for a friend of mine," and must appear. As for myself, of course I was a medium and did not need such advice.

My advertisement produced me three offers of marriage from gentlemen in search of "affinities," five or six chances of taking full charge of "little families," numbering not over twelve small children, and a sprinkling of other equally attractive positions. Almost in despair, I had resolved to give up hope in this quarter, when I received a call from a gentleman who desired to secure my services and my mother's companionship for his young wife, who resided in a lonely country village, and was in want both of musical instruction and society. The prospects seemed agreeable, the gentleman very intelligent and friendly; all preliminaries began to arrange themselves satisfactorily, when my visitor disrupted the whole scheme by remarking: "By the by, Miss Harding, are you not a medium?" I stammered out something of the slight knowledge I had on the subject of Spiritualism, adding that "I desired to devote my time and attention in other directions, and really did not feel much interest in the matter." My visitor was surprised. From the fact of my advertisement appearing in a spiritual paper, he thought I must be identified with the cause—"Any fool but myself might have known that," I mentally ejaculated—besides, he added, he was no medium, yet, received strong impressions, and these pointed to me and my advertisement as coming from a very remarkable medium.

Before I could reply to this embarrassing speech, the door opened, and my friend with whom I was then boarding, Mrs. E. J. French, entered the room fully entranced. Walking up to my visitor, she addressed him by name, and though a total stranger to him, and entirely unaware of his business with me, or the nature of our interview, she addressed him as if familiar with the whole subject, bade him return to Troy, near which he resided, request the Committee on Spiritual Lectures to send me an invitation to speak on their

platform, whirling up with the assurance that by so doing he would be obedient to the will of wise, beneficent and powerful spirits, who had destined me for great uses which I was endeavoring to evade.

My visitor was delighted, and too much accustomed to mediumistic eccentricities to be in the least surprised at this coup d'état. As for me, I found that my famous advertisement had been sweeping and garnishing my house free of one devil only to prepare it for the reception of seven devils worse than the former. I had cut open a way to escape from half a dozen spiritual foes, and fallen upon an army.

Mrs. French, and her new ally, Gen. Bullard, of Waterford, N. Y., were an host, against whom I was powerless. The General said the Troy platform was very select; that none but first-class speakers had ever been engaged there, and that it was a chance if the Committee would lead themselves to the debut of an untried speaker; but he would inquire about it, and in case of failure, secure me "scores of other opportunities." Mrs. French knew the Committee would consent. I was sure, if the said Committee were commonly sane, they would not; and of this I was so confident, that I concluded the discussion by the premise that if the said Committee were fools enough to invite me on such a risk, I would add another fool to the crowd by accepting the invitation. Three days later, Mrs. French again entered my room with an unopened letter in her hand, which the postman had just left. Before I could break the envelope, she informed me, in the trance state, that the letter contained a cordial invitation for me to speak at Troy, on the following Sunday. She gave several sentences in the letter word for word, as they were written, and then dictated an answer of acceptance on my part, which I wrote and mailed almost within ten minutes of the receipt of the Troy letter, and quite an hour before I had a very thorough perception of where I was, and what I was doing. When this desirable knowledge did dawn upon me, I found I was committed beyond the possibility of retreat. This was Monday. On the very next Sunday, July 23rd, 1865, the deed was to be accomplished, and I, that had never spoken an untried word in public in my life, or, indeed, in private circles either—except in such a state of semi-trance as left me no capacity to judge of the effect of my speech—I, the scornful denouncer of all such exhibitions in others, was to go on a public platform and speak on two consecutive occasions; about what I knew nothing, and how I knew not. Racked with self-reproach and anticipation of disgrace, I at last set to work to write a discourse for one of these occasions. This performance occupied me until Wednesday morning. At its conclusion, one of my familiar spirits, addressing me, as usual, in a form of analytical cross-examination, to which my guides constantly subject me, asked:

"What is Emma covering so much white paper with black scratches for?"

"I am writing the lecture you want me to make for you," I replied.

"For whom, Emma?"

"For spirits," I answered, sulkily; "since you will have it so."

"Spirits will not let Emma read lectures," was the rejoinder. "She will speak, not read, for spirits."

"I cannot speak," I pleaded. "I have not courage; I dare not; I must read."

"We shall take away your eyesight," was the cool answer.

AND I KNEW, from eighteen months' complete experience of their power and promises, that they would and could do this.

A new thought struck me. I never attempted to remonstrate. I do not now, never did, find that the spirits I can best trust ever change. I would study my lecture. I had a very large apartment I used for a musical academy and choir meeting-room. Up and down this I paced uneasily until late Thursday night. I did not make much headway, for somehow I seemed to have lost the faculty of memorizing; but I thought I could at least recollect the leading points I had written of one lecture, whilst for the second I had already determined I would be taken seriously ill, or commit suicide.

About eleven o'clock on Friday morning, as I was pacing my apartment for the final rehearsal of my part, the voice demanded:

"Why does Emma wear out her shoes in traversing this apartment? And how many more miles is Emma going to walk here?"

"I am trying to study this stuff," I answered, "since I may not read it."

"We shall take away your memory," was the satisfactory response.

And then followed an assurance that if I would trust to spirits, and by their counsel work for the world, never put in a newspaper puff, never write to solicit an engagement, but be faithful to them and the truth, they would inspire and guard and care for me; that they had led me on through all the varied and romantic incidents of a very strange life from my cradle up to this point; that my peculiar education, occupations, associations and misfortunes had all been links in the chain that fettered me to that hour. Promises followed, unnecessary here to transcribe. Suffice it to say, every year, month, day and hour of my subsequent life has witnessed some part of their fulfillment.

It must be remembered, however, that I did not enter into my part of the compact then and there. In fact, I was fairly agitated at the desperation of my position, and demanded the lapse of the fearful trial Sunday before I dared say, "I CAN trust the spirits."

On the 4th of July, 1865, I was received in the open arms of an unknown friend, now a bright angel in the summer-land, Mrs. Margaret Bullard, beneath whose hospitable roof, despite of all her kind womanly cares and encouragement, I passed the most fearfully nervous day of my whole life.

General Bullard and his dear wife drove me in to Troy the next day (the fatal Sunday) in a state of mind bordering on distraction, and contemplating the most convenient way of hurling myself from the carriage, so as to break a limb, at every step of the road.

Arrived at Troy, I was taken into the ante-room of the hall, and, by my own desire, left alone for a few distracting moments. I carried with me a little Bible, from which, I thought, in my desperation, I could read, if all else failed, and kept away. Left alone, the spirits desired me to open on a certain chapter of St. Matthew, and mark it for reading as the text of the discourse.

"How can I read it?" I savagely inquired, "if spirits will take away my sight?"

"Spirits will see for you."

As I sat on the platform a few minutes later, a tranquility such as I had never before experienced in my life, stole over me.

The sweet voices of the singers seemed to be echoed by exquisite choral and instrumental performers on every side of me. My own head and body seemed very light, and enveloped in a thick mist, in which I was buoyed up like a swimmer

on the salt-sea wave. As to the audience, if I knew anything about them at all, it was that they were there—but in fact, they were nothing to me. I was busy with my own thoughts, and strange to say, those thoughts were of the most trivial and irrelevant character. I was happy, and perfectly free from care or sensation, yet instead of any realizing sense of this happiness, I was busy counting numbers, drops on the chandeliers, and vaguely speculating on all sorts of trifling matters, and in the midst of this ridiculous waking dream, I found myself standing up and calmly reading some verses from the New Testament. I admired them very much, and though I had often heard them before, there was a novelty in their meaning and application, such as had never before occurred to me, and ere I had got over admiring and wondering at this, I found myself getting off a calm and composed lecture, and between dreaming and counting, and now and then listening myself, and wondering what I was going to say next, and then forgetting to attend to it, I got through an hour of what I was subsequently assured was "one of the best lectures that had ever been delivered on that platform." That evening I went through a similar scene with a similar result, and from that hour to the present, during eight years of incessant labor, averaging about five lectures a week, the same kind of control, with slight variation, has possessed me, dispelling all fear, and carrying me on in the love and tender care of my all sufficient, powerful and wise masters, without one single occasion on which the carping critic or my own excessive sensitiveness could write the sound of failure.

The day following this (to me) memorable Sunday, I entered into a compact with the spirits, the terms of which have been fulfilled on my part with human and on that of the spirits with superhuman fidelity. I have never inserted, or caused to be inserted for myself and my spiritual lectures, a newspaper puff, or resorted in any direction to the charlatanism of popularity-seeking. I have never sought or made efforts to obtain a single engagement, or until, in the stringent times of war, I found some Committees were taking a mean and unjust advantage of the mediums, and starving them out of their field of usefulness, I never made a bargain for fees, or remonstrance against lack of compensation. And yet I started on my untried career with but one human being to aid me, to wit, Mrs. E. J. French, my earliest and longest tried friend in this country. With no one but her to aid or encourage me, with newspaper critics sneering at my "theatrical gestures and French airs," with many a cruel and slanderous comment on my English origin, complexion and manners—a stranger, foreigner, and alone, I set out on my wild and thorny path with an invisible pilot, an unseen engineer, a crew of "Hades," I have traveled—with these, and by their direction, East, West, North and South. On hundreds of occasions I have permitted Committees of strangers from among the audience to select any subject they chose for me to speak upon. In this way, and by the desire of the spirits, I have spoken upon almost every science and subject that could be given to a public audience, without one moment's preparation, premeditation or study, either of the matter or manner of my theme.

Until the exigencies of the war, and in protest against what I believe to be great injustices practiced on the mediums generally, by many of their employers, I have never made a bargain for fees, simply contenting myself with whatever compensation my employers could afford, and thus often exceedingly ill paid, I have never lacked anything, nor felt a want whose supply was not fully anticipated.

The hearts, arms, and homes of the most precious of friends have been open to me throughout the length and breadth of the land, and their tender care has followed me everywhere, from Plymouth Rock to the golden sands of the far Pacific Coast, from the Arctic shores of Canada to the tropical shores of the Gulf of Mexico. Through all the vast expanse of this wide range of country I have traveled alone, as far as human companionship has gone, going from one strange place to another at the invitation of unknown persons; lodging, working, living and traveling always amongst strangers, and yet I have never hardly bespoken an appointment, though made sometimes two years in advance; never been insulted, robbed, or annoyed; made no mistakes, or suffered any loss; encountered no accidents, or ever failed to recognize the parties, strangers as they always were, that met me at the stations. I could always read the true characters of my correspondents, always recognize the same in my associates, and never failed to receive words of warning, encouragement, sure prophecy, and wise counsel from the faithful and beloved Masters whom it has been my joy and fortune to serve, invisible to mortal eye, and often unknown to mortal senses, though they were and are.

Such is a very faint and imperfect sketch of my career, the details of which are full of marvel, romance, and subjects, whose strangeness would overmatch many a popular tale of fiction. Should I ever be moved to weave these into the form of consecutive biography, the many dearly remembered friends who have shared my eventful fortunes, and witnessed with me the passing strange events of my mediumistic life, may look to see themselves, and many a magic link in our thread of destiny, fully recorded. In these briefly sketched words no more minute will be admissible; and I must close by alluding to the only point in my chequered path that reverts on my memory with shades of sadness—and this is the at present unsuccessful efforts I have made to find a home for poor outcast women.

In the commencement of this attempt I frequently appealed for aid to my fellow-workers in the spiritual ranks, and I still feel that I as frequently complained, with justice, of the coldness, lack of zeal and unpractical character of the responses I met from persons of my own faith. From the opponents of my religion, I experienced, as a general thing, just the amount of intolerant opposition I might have expected; but from Spiritualists, generally, with their large professions, and, in many instances, large means, the history of my movement, if fully known, would reveal a lack of reality in their professions painfully discouraging and fully worthy of the sneer with which the Orthodox have so often taunted me, asking, "Why I did not go to my own people and creed, to do the work; and why five millions of people could not raise amongst themselves fifty thousand dollars for such an undertaking." But alas for two years, in which I devoted all my own week-night earnings to the fund, after carrying petitions about, and almost begging from door to door for aid, and devoting myself with ceaseless labor to this work for five years, collecting, too, at least one-fourth of the sum in petty amounts, at my own lectures, I only succeeded in raising from all this—and amongst a class numbering five millions of persons—the magnificent sum of two thousand and eight hundred dollars. That I should have succeeded in carrying out my plan from the outside world, I am confident, had the times not

so lamentably traversed my efforts. Committees of practical persons were formed to aid me in this work, in St. Louis, Boston and New York, and well digested plans had already been laid for the ultimatum of the scheme, when the dreadful exigencies of the all-absorbing war scattered my committees, traversed my every effort, and laid my plans in ruins.

For the principal part of the first three years of the war, I still worked on alone, but worked in vain. A legacy nobly bequeathed to this object, in Oregon, has been withheld, and nearly all squandered in law, on the plea that the home, or institution for which it was intended, not being chartered, could not, by the laws of Oregon, become recipient of the bequest. But the details of this undertaking have been laid before the public in several local papers, and to that I refer, to justify my assertion, that though in the world's acceptance of the term, success has not, in this solitary instance, crowned my efforts, my own soul has been stimulated by unrelenting labor, by sacrifices of time, health and means, and every available human effort. The public have been moved in favor of my poor clients by numberless appeals in their behalf; their case, in all its dark and ghastly realities, has been widely agitated, and the little sum collected has been made the instrument of prevention of the terrible evil of prostitution, by being bestowed on the noble Philadelphia Institution, the receipt of whose managers I had published with the above named statement. Can I, then, call my plan a failure, because it did not realize the full measure of intention which stimulated me to its commencement? I know it is not; and feel assured, if I am ever privileged to revisit these shores, the influence that my past efforts have created will enable me to renew my applications for State patronage of my plan to the New York Legislature, with a far more hopeful chance of realizing success than ever.

And now my record ends—at this time, and in this place, at least. I shall go hence to labor on, and if not for the inhabitants of this Continent in very person, for them in the aggregate as a part of the great family of mankind.

The lessons of Republicanism, Liberty, Progression and Spiritualism I have learned in America, will all be cast into the great crucible of transformation, in which all nations are following each other, in the lead of that which is highest, best and most beautiful. And if America has and does, in my estimation, hold this position, and has instructed me in nobler truths than older lands have as yet recognized, her own glorious teachings shall come back to her again, with all the wealth of polish and refinement that practice in the Old World can impart.

Europe, land of my birth! America, country of my love! No divided interest estranges me from either of you! Both are the homes of my brothers and my sisters; and if the noble pioneer land of the setting sun has been more swift to recognize and acknowledge the tie of a common humanity than the slow conservatism of the older world, why, it is for the Spiritualist to take the coal of fire from the altar of inspiration, carry it to the Old World, and strive to quicken into emulative life the yet unkindled flame of spiritual science, whose torches are now blazing throughout the length and breadth of America.

Whatever be the result, I have lived and labored here in the pathway of a duty mysteriously incurred to an invisible, but all-powerful world. On the same track, so shadowy to the eye of mortality, so radiant to the soul's vision, I again set out, on the 5th day of August, 1865. They who lead me forth once more will not fail me. The Great Spirit, sustaining me, I will not fail them. How is it with you, my American friends? Will you keep the departed one's place still open among you? Will my memory be held green, and my name sounded in your midst, and spirit-prayers, and soul-blessings, and heart-aspirations, follow the stranger, though she works no more amongst you? I shall claim you all, my loved ones, as one by one we gather together beneath the starry, over-arching roof of the eternal Temple of the better land. My hand shall be outstretched the first to welcome many a voyager, who, in the twilight dim, crosses the river to the shores where I hope I may soon exchange earth's Old and New Worlds for the better one—the best of all. Will you remember me till then? and "when we meet at last"—renew the old familiar greeting, as a phrase that has never grown cold on your lips, or dull in your ears, "OUR EMMA HARDING'S" Farewell!

In another column of this paper will be found instructions for my address to correspondents.

County Convention—Second Annual Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress of Boone County, Ill., will hold their Second Annual Three Days' Grove Meeting in Belvidere, commencing Friday, Sept. 1st, 1865. Speakers from abroad are expected to be present, among whom is Mrs. Emma Frances Jay Bullard, of Chicago. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Arrangements will be made to entertain those who come from a distance.

By order of Committee,
H. B. BULLARD,
G. H. ELLIS,
S. LOVETT,
WM. WADSWORTH,
HIRAM BIRDWELL, Cor. Sec., Belvidere, Ill.

Spiritualists' Meeting in Grand Lodge.

The Spiritualists of Grand Lodge and vicinity, will hold a two days' meeting at Grand Lodge, on the 19th and 20th of August next. It is expected that Mrs. A. Pennell, Mrs. E. Martin and Mr. Whipple, of Kalamazoo, will be present to address the meeting. The friends here will make provision to accommodate those coming from a distance. Come on, friends, and let us in a good time. Committee of Arrangements, F. Oliver, J. H. Brown and L. Bolls.

Grand Lodge, Mich., July 14th, 1865.

Obituaries.

Dr. Chaucery D. Griswold passed to a higher life, from Batavia, N. Y., Wednesday morning, July 6, 1865.

Dr. Griswold was one of the best of men. A sound, logical, and true Spiritualist, he labored with untiring industry and energy to establish "the faith that makes us whole." He gave the "mind, body and estate" to the furtherance of our true and beautiful religion. In years past, he was proprietor and editor of the "Sunbeam," a spiritual paper, published at Batavia, Buffalo and Cleveland. For two years past he has contributed many valuable and interesting articles to the columns of the Banner. His ideas were broad and liberal, often beyond the comprehension of many minds. He was not unduly regarded by the many up to the full measure of his worth; yet his large heart, and generous, impulsive soul, with his pulsations of love and kindness, drew about him those who were known in all circles of society as being loving and lovable characters, and true specimens of "the noblest work of God."

Dr. Griswold's sickness was a long and painful one, still, through all the months he labored with remarkable ability and unflinching energy for the promotion of that good, noble and true in man; and, aided by an inspiration from angelic intelligences, he labored with the largest, most beautiful, impressive and spiritually attractive pictures ever produced. His last hours in the form were replete with hope, happiness and bright expectations of joys and holy labors to come. Too feeble to converse, at last, he could only commune in feeling with the tender and loving friends who gathered about him.

Spheres immortal thrilled to view,
More gorgeous far than painter drew;
And through their portals opening wide,
He passed, to realms beyond our aid,
Where love for man meets love for God.

Passed to his home with the angels, July 17, 1865, John D. Mellen, aged 61 years and 8 months.

Our brother, whose departure we record, was a native of Westboro', Mass. He resided in St. Louis, Mo., for several years, and was there actively engaged in mercantile pursuits

until he became interested, both theoretically and practically, in the Spiritual Philosophy. He was developed as a medium, which developed his cultivated and refined mind, and of the most powerful and successful healers of the present age. About eighteen months since he came to this city, and has, by his great skill in healing, cured many very many who have been pronounced incurable by the most skillful of the medical faculty, and has thus endeavored himself to a large circle of friends, to whom he seems to be a blessing. His heart is kind and benevolent; his sympathies were ever active, and his delight was to relieve the sufferings of humanity. His body has been in the best of health, and he has administered strength and comfort to his family and friends.

We may not say, we dare not say
What our friends here in St. Louis
We only know there is a way
Wherein all labor will be blessed.
And they who with an earnest heart,
And those who with the universal plan,
Whenever summoned to depart,
Have best performed God's will to man.

In this city, 17th instant, passed to spirit life, Maud Galbraith, daughter of Ammi and Esther G. Brown, aged 2 years 8 months and 10 days.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES, with vocal and instrumental sacred music, is held at Dr. C. Clark's Hall, 118 Chaucery street, Sunday, at 10 1/2 A. M. Free.

THE SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. at the residence of Mrs. J. H. Peck, 30 N. 3rd street, between 1st and 2nd streets. The public are invited. Seats free. D. J. Ricker, Supr.

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. at the residence of Mrs. J. H. Peck, 30 N. 3rd street, between 1st and 2nd streets. The public are invited. Seats free. D. J. Ricker, Supr.

CHURCHES.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Library Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening. Each week. All communications to be sent to Dr. H. H. Hayden, Chelsea, Mass. Speakers engaged—Charles A. Craven during September; Mrs. Fannie J. Felton, Dec. 3 and 10.

FOXBORO, MASS.—Meetings in Town Hall. Speaker engaged—Miss Susie M. Johnson, Nov. 5 and 12. Meetings during the summer months at 12 and 5 1/2 P. M.

TAUNTON, MASS.—The Spiritualists hold meetings in Concert Hall every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Speaker engaged—Mrs. Laura Cuddy, July 23 and 30.

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

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church, Sunday afternoon and evening. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at noon. Speakers engaged—J. M. Sarah A. Horton, July 23 and 30; Mrs. Nellie J. Smith, August during September; Mrs. C. F. Fish during January.

HAVERHILL, MASS.—The Spiritualists and liberal minds of Haverhill have organized, and hold regular meetings at Music Hall. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Frank White, July 23 and 30; Mrs. Laura Cuddy during August; Isaac P. Greenleaf during September.

WORCESTER, 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. Middlebrook during November; J. M. Peck, Dec. 3 and 10.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Weybosset street, Sunday, afternoons at 3 and 7 P. M. and at 10 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10 o'clock.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Congress Hall, Clapp's Block, corner of Congress and Elm streets. A free conference in the forenoon. Local lecturers, Mrs. J. H. Peck, and J. M. Peck. Speakers engaged—Mattie L. Beckwith during September; Mrs. Laura Cuddy during October.

OLD TOWN, ME.—Spiritualists of Old Town, Bradley, Middle and Upper Sullivan, hold regular meetings every Sunday, afternoon and evening, in the Universalist Church.

ROCKLAND, ME.—Meetings are held at Rankin Hall every Sunday, afternoon and evening. Regular speaker—J. N. Hedges.

DOVER AND FOXBORO, ME.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in the Universalist Church. Local lecturers, Mrs. J. H. Peck, and J. M. Peck. Speakers engaged—Miss Susie M. Johnson during July; W. K. Ripley during August and September.

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

Meetings are also held at Exhbit Hall every Sunday, at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Seats free, and the public generally invited. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 12 noon. Speakers engaged—J. M. Peck, and J. M. Peck, during July.

VINELAND, N. J.—The Spiritualists of this place hold regular Sunday meetings at the residence of Mrs. J. H. Peck, 30 N. 3rd street, between 1st and 2nd streets. The public are invited. Seats free. D. J. Ricker, Supr.

CHICAGO, 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 Sixth and Walnut streets, for holding regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED GRATIS EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

(To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Lecturers and Lectures to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur. Should any name appear in this list of a party known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.)

Mrs. LIZZIE DORR will speak in Philadelphia during October. Will make no other engagements to lecture until further notice. Her mail correspondents will note the above announcement. Address as above, or Haverhill, 21 Fremont street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. LAURA CUPPY will lecture in Taunton, Mass., July 30; in Haverhill, during August; in Portland, Me., during October. She will arrive in Taunton on the 28th of October. Address as above, or care of Haverhill.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Haverhill, Mass., July 30; in Newbury, Conn., during August; in Lowell, Mass., during September; in Troy, N. Y., during October. Over-aver calls to lecture in the West during the winter and week evenings through the rest of the fall and winter. Apply immediately.

Dr. L. C. COOK will lecture and heal in Havana, Spain, Lacon, LaPrairie Centre, Henry and Peoria. Address as above, or care of Dr. C. H. Ill. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Mr. H. H. HORTON will speak in Stafford, Conn., July 30. Will answer calls to lecture in any of the Eastern or Middle States as coming fall and winter. Address as above, or West Paris, Me.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will lecture in Bangor, Me., during July and August; in Milford, N. H., Sept. 3 and 10. Address, Box 615, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. J. H. PECK, Lecturer, trance speaker, will lecture in Portland, Me., during September. Address at New Haven, care of Geo. Beckwith.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Bucksport, Me., July 30; in Haverhill, during August; in Lowell, during September; in Philadelphia during October. Will make no other engagements to lecture until further notice. Her mail correspondents will note the above announcement. Address as above, or Haverhill, 21 Fremont street, Boston, Mass.

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