

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Original Essay.

### CATHOLICISM AND SPIRITUALISM: THE OPPOSING RELIGIOUS SYSTEMS OF THE WORLD.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Catholicism, at the time of the Reformation, had become a gigantic consolidated system, so intricately interwoven into the government of States that their existence depended on its approval. With a towering self-sufficiency it heralded itself as the organ of God on Earth—the infallible organ of his decrees. It not only assumed control over the religious sentiments, but over the mind, the person, and State, and by every means sought to found a temporal as well as spiritual supremacy, and succeeded so well that it held in servile obedience the entire royalty of Europe.

Catholicism is opposed to progress. It is the essence of conservatism. Its eyes are fixed on the past. The by-gone is its saviour, the future its devil. The voice of its priest is the voice of God.

With one fell sweep, it has brought together all the mythologies of the world; Jew and Gentile are equally well represented; and, in hypocritical bigotry, it has created from the foul debris its system of worship.

Its study carries us directly back twenty centuries or more—to a time when time, and more, of human progress. If we enter a cathedral, we step into the dark gloom of medieval ages. We see the tinsel and gawgaws made to attract baby-men, and we hear the twaddle of the nurses of religious babyhood.

Catholicism has ever been intolerant. It is just as intolerant to-day as five hundred years ago. It cannot progress. The heretic is regarded with the same evil eyes here in America, as in Spain during the Inquisition. The power of compelling belief only is wanting. In this it is logical—it is logical from beginning to end. Grant the divine origin of its Bible, and it will push you to its conclusions by logical deductions therefrom.

Here we have an infinite revelation from an infinite being. How can finite beings comprehend it? Only inspired teachers can do so. Peter was inspired; he communicated his gift to the priesthood, through whom it has, in an unbroken line, descended. Thus the laity are cut off from investigation. God has forbidden it. The fact of his anointing teachers, forbids it. The revelation is infallible; the teachers are infallible. The voice of a priest is the voice of God. Give heed and listen.

Man has committed infinite sin, and must be infinitely punished, or offer an infinite sacrifice. God, in Christ, was such a sacrifice. As God, through Peter, gave to the priesthood power of dispensing the merits of this sacrifice, placing them between himself and the laity, the priest becomes the pardoner of sins, the real power to which to appeal. The priesthood is infallible. From their desks, surrounded by lighted candles—though it be broad daylight—and the flummery of the stately, they preach this cardinal doctrine every Sunday. It is wrought into the very texture of the infant soul, and the man cannot outgrow it.

They deny the right of individual reason. You must not reason. To allow the right of private reason would sap their vast superstructure—that is all Protestantism claims.

The priest says, "I stand here, because God has placed me here. I am anointed, and of the direct line from Peter. I have passed through the gate. I have received the knowledge. I have a right to teach you. Those who have not been anointed have no right to teach. They have received no commission from God. Their words are lies, and they will deceive you. You have no right to think for yourself. Reason is a snare of Satan's. I am your final appeal."

Any one who will attend a cathedral, will hear such blasphemous doctrines heralded any Sunday—the doctrines of the black night of Europe, forced on American intelligence. This is that blights Catholic countries. This that benumbs and eventually kills thought, and settles over its tomb a withering incubus.

When such dogmas are promulgated, can we doubt that the Inquisition is far off? Only the power is wanting to put it in force.

Jesuitism rears itself, a hideous colossus, in Europe, and its black shadow is cast on our shores. Europe is governed by the priesthood. Its rulers bow in the dust, and kiss the toe of the Pope. The Hapsburgs, the most detestable tyrants and idiots of the earth, have, throughout their long line, been strictly Catholic—intolerant Catholic—and some of them have abdicated their thrones, and shut themselves up in cloisters.

The abominable Bourbons are all Catholics, all vassals of the Pope.

The Emperor of Austria is detested by the people, rather is too contemptible for hatred, but he is the darling of the priests.

Louis Napoleon laid the basis of his government in Catholicism. The priest is his adviser, his State Counselor, his author. The Jesuits bolster up his sham government, and unite, as they always do, in supporting tyranny, and crushing the people.

Had it not been for the close unity between Church and State, by which Liberalism in Europe has been throttled, long ago would the masses have been redeemed; but this "old man of the sea" has crushed it whenever it made an attempt to rise.

I may seem illiberal, but I fortify my position by their own words, taken from one of their prominent English organs. Hear what it says:

"Believe us not, Protestants, for an instant, when you see us pouring forth our liberalisms. When you hear a Catholic orator at some public assembly, declaring solemnly that this is the most humiliating day of his life, when he is called upon to defend once more the glorious principles of religious freedom—be not too simple in your credulity. These are brave words, but they mean nothing; no, nothing more than the promises of a candidate to his constituents on the hustings. He is not talking Catholicism, but nonsense and Protestantism; and he will no more act on these notions in different circumstances, than you now act on them yourselves in your treatment of him. You ask, if he were lord in the land, and you were in a minority, if not in numbers yet in power, what would he do to you? That, we say, would entirely depend upon circumstances. If it would then fit the cause of Catholicism, he would tolerate you; if expedient, he would imprison you, banish you, fine you; possibly, he might even hang you. But be assured of one thing: he would never tolerate you for the sake of the glorious principles of civil and religious liberty." If he tolerated you, it would be solely out of regard to the interests of the Catholic Church, which he would think to be best served by letting you alone.

Thus does Catholicism nourish the hope that it will yet have power to grasp the genius of America by the throat, and compel belief with a "thus saith the priest."

Thus do they fancy the reërection of St. Bartholomew massacres, *auto da fe*, inquisition, rack and torture—that they may roll back the car of progress, stifle thought and establish, as the universal religion, their system of Paganism, with its images, altars, incense, holy water, candles, processions, saintly relics, bogus miracles and sham, by which ignorance is cheated out of its birthright of free thought.

Not in Europe only, but here, even in our free land, do they anticipate such results. All religions are tolerated; we have, in the generosity of our strength, considered ourselves out of danger from such disturbances. We have, until recently, thought that eighty years of nationality insured our eternity. Well, we are awaking from that delusion.

Foreign emigration pours a vast river of Catholicism on our shores—ignorant Catholics, who are trained, faithfully trained, in the school of despotism. We feel no alarm. Yet well has it been said:

"Were there an army upon our shores equal in number to the Roman priesthood in the United States, and professing the same designs, the whole people would be ready to arm against it. The cry, 'Our liberties are in danger!' would go forth from one end of the land to the other, and a spirit would be aroused whose first breath would drive the invaders from the soil. Yet this Roman army is far more dangerous to our liberties than the military army we have imagined. It comes among us in the name of the Prince of Peace—it professes to be devoted to the cause of God and Humanity—it steals into the bosom of the people with an aspect as meek as its designs are sinister, and it is only when its doings in other lands are exhibited that the cloven foot is discovered; and we find it aspiring to universal dominion, arrogating universal dominion—assuming to lay its iron grasp upon the souls of men, and secretly applying the torch to our free, educational, civil and religious institutions."

We are not alarmists. All the conflicting elements which Europe, Asia, and Africa pour on our soil, will ultimately unite and form a homogeneous nationality; but before that time, convulsions will occur, such as are now agitating our political sea, and, although not wrecked, we may incur great perils.

Catholicism appeals to the superstitious element. It ignores knowledge, and, by its infallibility, precludes investigation. Man fell and became a demon by being inquisitive into causes. The Stylite, for twenty years standing on the top of a tower—the bloated, idiotic monk, abhorring human nature and despising his body—are its types toward which it would have us assimilate. Her body, sinful in all its desires, is despised, crucified, adored. In this the doctrine preached—while the caste of priests, absolved from control of laws, revel in the deepest abysses of carnality, and rise in their desks reeking with the foul slime of unbridled passions.

We understate the vast and incomprehensible power they wield. I said that the kings of Europe were under the control of the priesthood. It is not an ungilded, isolated control. The universal Jesuitical hierarchy is controlled by one mind, animated by one motive, subsidized to one end—the extension of their dogmas. And, fortified by the axiom that *the end justifies the means*, they are prepared for any iniquity, any deed of right or wrong, if it furthers their schemes. Kings, Emperors, Princes, are puppets, who skip and dance as the Central Power pulls the wires. If they dance to the command of that power, they have its holy commission to garrote the people. And when they refuse, the angry growl which arises, brings them at once to submission. Even Napoleon allied himself with the Church as the only means of sustaining himself, and that, too, at a time when the most daring thinkers fired the heart of France with the cry of reform.

Our rulers are beyond the beck of the Central Roman Power—in a measure at least. The number of Catholic voters, however, united, as they always are, is sometimes sufficient to decide the balance of power. That vote has always been cast on the side of darkness, always been allied to slavery of body as well as of mind. I suppose many there are who think they know liberal Catholics who uphold liberal institutions, but I believe such to be mistaken; either such are not Catholics, or are deceivers. I believe they are mistaken, because the high oracles of Catholicism declare that they are. To use their own words—

"What is liberty?" and sneeringly they answer, "Can—and can't is always mischievous. Where is civil liberty to be found? In fact, it does not exist, and it never did exist anywhere. But if the mischief done in the name of civil liberty is not a little, far more serious are the consequences of the upholding of religious liberty by Catholics. The very word *liberty*, except in the sense of permission to do certain definite acts, ought to be banished from the very domain of religion. For religious liberty, in the sense of a liberty possessed by every man to choose his own religion, is one of the most wicked delusions ever foisted upon this age by the father of all deceptions. What shall a Christian dare to say that God has given the faintest choice to any human being, as to whether he will obey the Catholic Church or disobey it? None but an Atheist can uphold the

principles of religious liberty. Short of Atheism, the theory of religious liberty is the most palpable of untruths."

Such are the teachings of that school wherein the Catholic element of our society is reared, and, as it is an infallible voice which speaks, it is believed with unshrinking faith. The most miserable laity of our land are directly under the eye and command of the Pope. The most debased laborer divides his hard-earned shilling, giving the priest the larger share. The Church is always filled—no complaint from the preacher, of bare walls. And all what devotion what abject prostration of the man to the creed! The scavenger from the street kneels there and counts his beads, utterly oblivious of the scenes from which he came and to which he must return.

I said I was not an alarmist, and, no doubt, you will think me intolerant and unjustifiably severe. I am not intolerant; I will explain why. As I have intimated, there is no doubt but the laity cast their political influence in a solid phalanx, as their superiors dictate. They do this, if their words mean anything, no matter how loudly they declare that their religion never meddles in politics. We know that it always has endeavored to wrest political power from rulers, whether monarchs or republicans; and that by its very nature it is aggressive.

Tell me when, in our own history, the foreign—Catholic element—went for reform? Always oppressive, it has been the elmy abyss where demagogues have concocted elective frauds—the hope of slavery, in the riots it was expected to engender. I am not intolerant, for I state these bitter truths, in all their deformity, not in anger or malice, but to present, at one view, the aspect of one great division into which reform has divided the world.

There can be but two classes in the coming day. There are but two classes now—conservative and radical, or *Catholic and Spiritualist*. There is no middle ground. Protestantism, theoretically, maintains the right of private opinion, the fallibility of anything else but human reason; but practically it denies this cardinal doctrine, and is as intolerant as Catholicism.

Protestantism is a protest against the old—the assertion of the right of private judgment. But its end is different from what Luther or any of its founders desired. The right of Luther or Calvin to protest, allows John or James to protest against Luther or Calvin. Protestantism, and directly and inevitably in infidelity. Protestantism declares this, and Catholicism declares it. Protestantism is, in its ultimate, nothing more nor less than infidelity to all mythology; and, consequently, belief in the divinity of man, and the principles of the Spiritual Philosophy. It is either *Catholicism or Spiritualism*. Inasmuch as it denies the right of free thought, (and where is the Church but has a gag in every member's mouth?) it is Catholic. Perhaps it is not quite as rankly given to *fetichism* as Catholicism.

The savage worships roots, trees, beasts, reptiles; the Catholic the dead bones of saints, the scraps of the shroud of their Saviour, the despicable traps of Jesuitical mumbo-jumbo; the Protestant transfers his worship to the Bible, the Church, the holy Sabbath. It is fetichism through and through. Learned divines make a difference appear by calling the same manifestation in a savage, or themselves, by different names. In one it is Mythology, in the other Theology—fetichism in one, holy religion in the other. In vital essence, however, where is the difference? Is it in forgiveness of sins? The Catholic is pardoned by a priest, a man ordained by Christ to forgive in his name by reason of the sacrifice he has made. The Protestant confesses directly to Christ, and is forgiven in the same manner. The Catholic is denied the reading of the Bible; the Protestant is allowed to read. But where is there a Presbyterian, or a Methodist, or any layman that dare assert doctrines contrary to the established creed? Charles Beecher happens to believe that the devil was once an angel, and demons were all very good beings around the throne of God, and other singular ideas, drawn from his method of Biblical study. Well; does the Church retain him? The synod meet—recant, or be excommunicated! The rack is withheld from them; they cannot put Mr. Beecher to thumb-screw torture, or burn him with fagots, but they show the spirit of the inquisition. He has no right to believe different from them. God is on their side. Why not compel him to believe? Do you doubt that, one line of law placing the power in their hands, would compel Mr. Beecher to believe or suffer? I have great confidence in the progress of the age, but I have more in the pertinacity of bigotry.

Let a Churchman, deceived by the idea of the right of private opinion, deny the absurd doctrine of the Trinity—disputing that God was his own Son, and Christ was not only the Son, but his own Father, and the Holy Ghost was Son and Father, both and yet neither; that the only way an infinite God could redeem man, whom he had made the best an infinite being knew how, was to take on human nature, and die on a cross—I say, let him deny such heathenism, at which African fetichism would blush, and the D.D.s and LL.D.s, like well-trained hounds, will utter one coterminous howl.

The ideal of Protestantism is very well; its actual is Catholicism—mild Catholicism, divested of its rack and tortures, not by any grace of its own, but by law. The spirit of the inquisitor is present in all. It has other and keener tortures which it brings to bear. I need not illustrate this to you who are Spiritualists. Perhaps you became so peaceably, easily, and met no opposition; but the chances are that you were brought to feel the keen shafts of malice and bigotry.

Gotomozia smiled on burning coals. Well, he would not, if turned out to bitter winds of bigotry and the smother of superstition. What are burning coals, racks, thumb-screws and the diabolic inventions of the holy hierarchy to the spiritual cinders, racks and tortures to which the holy Protestant hierarchy damn the excommunicated

thinker? You, my infidel reader, simply asserted the right to think. The Church held a meeting and excommunicated you. Your former brethren pass you in the street with a leer; they scarcely recognize you. They will not deal with you. You may starve—and they hope you will. What care they for an infidel? They call to their aid the forked-tongue demon of slander, and the viper-brood of hate, envy, malice, falsehood, and set the pack on your path. Death is no relief; from year to year it is related how awfully you died in your sins. Thomas Paine died peacefully as a saint. What difference does that make to those who make a merit of lying for God's sake, and are in want of examples of infidels dying horribly? "Ah," say the preachers, "Paine screamed, and raved, and tore his hair, and cursed and implored! He repented of his sinful life, and called vainly on the Creator he had cursed." In their treatment of him you see how they will treat you. "The Infidel!" say they to their Sunday-school children.

If there be a name of honor, of glory, of everlasting fame, it is *Infidel*! I would rather have it attached to my name than all the degrees that the colleges and societies of the land can bestow, for it means a thinker. It means more. It means one who dares think for himself, and says to Bible, creed, Church, priest, and all their rubbish, stand there while I think.

I have approached the point where the second grand division forces itself on our observation. Catholicism is one class, Spiritualism is the other. There is, as I have shown, no mean. All I have said of Catholicism is true of Protestant Churchmanship.

Spiritualism, embodying the glorious ideal of the freedom of body and mind, absorbs all that elevates and ennobles our conceptions of this life, and the life hereafter, of Nature, and of human relations. It is a gigantic system of eclecticism. It seizes the good everywhere. Like the bee drinking nectar from the poisonous nightshade as well as from the fragrant rose, it absorbs the truths of Catholicism, of Mahometanism, of Buddhism, of Philosophy. It is not a religion; it is not a philosophy; it is the perfect union of the two with Science.

Witness its results in the world. All reforms are marshaled under its banner. The temperance movement, woman's rights, land reform, magnetism, phrenology, all the new and unprotected issues which look to the amelioration of human burdens, whether physical or mental, have become parts of its gigantic scheme. Their only advocates are the spiritual press. A conservative Spiritualist is a rare object, and either becomes a reformer, or goes over completely to the party to which he of right belongs.

You have heard of Spiritualists becoming Catholics. It is a very wonderful change—not so wonderful when understood. As Spiritualists, they learn that there are but two issues—going ahead or going back. They are not capable of going ahead, and hence at once take the fearful leap into the lap of the Mother Church.

The educated Catholics see it, too. The Pope orders Home to leave Rome. A hundred years ago he would have made an *auto da fe*; now England's strong arm stretches across the ocean to save the citizen. One or the other must go to the wall.

In Spiritualism, Protestantism has worked itself clear of Romanism; cast off creed, church, priest, and allowed freedom to all. You can never organize anything out of its elements. Its tendencies are directly opposed to organization; its aim is to disintegrate, individualize. Of Catholicism, to ignore the individual, to absorb the individual into a system—that system sacred, holy, and blasphemous to assail. Spiritualism teaches that the individual is superior to all systems; that there is nothing sacred or holy, except truth.

I say you cannot organize Spiritualism, except as its supporters are drawn together by the ties of universal brotherhood. Its purpose is to disintegrate and individualize the individual.

For a moment glance at its origin. It has not, and never had a leader. No Christ, no Mahomet, no Smith, to herald its claims. Scores and thousands have arisen from obscure corners, and, as by one breath, proclaimed its truths. There are a few instances where men have attempted to organize and lead, but always with disastrous results. It is willed by the vast motive power of this measure, that hero-worship shall form no part of its gospel. Truth alone shall be praised. You might as well take the fragmentary granite boulders of the field, and endeavor to mold them into one, as so many Spiritualists, and form them into an organization, acknowledging a creed or a leader. All the creeds in the world cannot hold them. There are no holy books for them, no holy houses, no holy days. If you appeal to their superstition, you appeal in vain.

I say leaderless. The first mediums are heard of no more. They were wonderful rapping mediums, and after serving their time, their oracle departed. A short time since one of our prominent speakers walked like Jeremiah over the departure of former workers in the field. He did not understand that men, like seasons, have their time, and afterwards wither away. The spring gives us blossoms, the summer fruit; each is good for its time. The individual is his own priest. If he has sins, he must confess them to himself. If Christ did not die for him, God did not make Satan to torment him. What he loses here, he gains there. If he has sinned, he must work out his own salvation. This doctrine is wonderfully egotistical, and brings with it the pains and burdens of isolation. Out of such material are the spiritual ranks filled. It necessitates thought and constant warfare. It is not an easy doctrine. Do you wonder, then, that sometimes recruits go over to the other side? They are tired of the conflict. There is no certainty. The old, loved and revered, may any day be overthrown, and wholly unexpected results

may ensue. By Organization I do not mean association for general business purposes.

obtained. They go over where there is certainty and rest. Infallibility of a creed is an easy doctrine. To all questions an answer is ready—*God willed it*. Nothing unexplained; everything set at rest by the mystery of Godliness.

It is not desirable there should be organization. I think we mistake the drift of events, when we desire it.

Shall we think it desirable that Spiritualists shall have one cut of garments? The Catholic said that Catholics should have, a thousand years ago. The priests made a suit of baby clothes, and the laity have worn it ever since. They tied leading strings to these children, and have never untied them. That we consider folly. The difference between it, and fashioning garments for the present, however, is only a difference of time, not of character. Baby-clothed Catholic, or frock-coated Spiritualist—in principle the fitting of garments is the same. It is *fashioning* all men's garments after one pattern—not the pattern that is disclaimed.

A creed advocating vicarious atonement, or disavowing the same, are equally acceptable. It is not what the creed contains, it is the creed itself which we repudiate. To subscribe to a creed, acknowledges the supremacy of its doctrines to the individual. Its boundaries are those set by its makers, and yielding to it is holding one's self by those boundaries.

Such are the two great systems which now divide the world.

On one hand, Conservatism, or Catholicism, resting on the infallibility of a book expounded by infallible teachers, surrounded by gorgeous trappings calculated to excite the attention of rude natures, to stifle inquiry, it denies the right of reason, ignores the individual, absorbing all into its mass.

On the other hand, Spiritualism, the ultimate of Protestantism, setting the individual free, trampling on the traditions and mythologies of the past, and declaring MAN to be the most sacred object in the universe.

The two systems are diametrically opposed. One looks to the past; the other to the future. Which shall triumph?

Humanity never goes backward—it moves ever toward the right; for there is a Divine Power which wrenches human actions, after an omnipotent plan.

The leaf torn from the branch by autumn winds; the bird enrolling its song of gladness; the sand-grain rolled by the tide; the drop of dew on the flower, all things, from the least active of thy life to the gigantic efforts of the elements, work after a prescribed plan, from which there can be not the least departure. So with man. His works, seemingly fruitlessly; but there is no chance. He puts forth his bravest efforts in the tide, striking out for this or that object, but the strong current bears him onward to a goal well known and undeviatingly approached, however unknown to him. The Divine Energy has marked out a plan, an archetype to be attained in future ages, and the Powers of Darkness, though they ally themselves to block the wheels of progress, will only find that they do so to be crushed into oblivion. They will stay it only for a time. The bringing of such opposing forces together, will of course produce conflict. They already begin to mingle in our national affairs—in the affairs of all great nations.

Spiritualism in France speaks through its past heroes, and she feels the effects of superior wisdom. It is the dawn of a new day, when departed intelligences will mingle in the affairs of men. Again, it speaks to the Czar of Russia, through a spiritual medium, and the people of the vast steppes stretching from the Baltic to the Pacific Ocean, from the Altai to the Arctic sea, feel its breath—the chains of the serf fall from his fettered limbs, and millions arise free men, ready for a glorious career of progress.

In England, the higher classes are impressive to spiritual thought, and its civilization begins to glow with new vigor.

The garroted masses awake at the new voice. Priest and king feel that what they considered solid earth—earth formed of prostrate human beings, cemented together by concrete blood and tears—has no consistency, but heaves like the billows of the stormy sea? The breath of Divinity is abroad. They hear its call, and arise.

Catholicism is a child of the old world, Spiritualism of the new. The former has grown old, is in decay; the latter is in its infancy. The result is easily seen—it is not in a distant future.

The intelligence, learning, and hope of the age are on one side; on the other, the bigotry, superstition, and darkness. Be not alarmed if men forsake the light, and return to the old. Leaders may desert the standard of the new to rest at ease in the lap of the Mother Church, or enjoy the offices she gives. These are accidents to be expected; they have no universal significance, except as they show the necessity of standing with one or the other cause. Those who are fully vitalized by Spiritualism, never can desert; with them, there is no falling from grace.

Thus marshaled, the two forces are to wage a war of extermination. Not here alone, but over the whole world, and the end, after misery and suffering, will be the destruction of all creeds, superstitions, and dogmas, the severing of all shackles, whether of body or spirit, and the production of a universal brotherhood of free men.

THE OYSTER.—Open an oyster, retain the liquor in the lower or deep shell, and, if viewed through a microscope, it will be found to contain multitudes of small oysters, covered with shells and swimming nimbly about—one hundred and twenty of which extend but one inch. Besides these young oysters, the liquor contains a variety of animalcules and myriads of three distinct species of worms. Sometimes their light resembles a bluish star about the centre of the shell, which will be beautifully luminous in a dark room.



Written for the Banner of Light.

DE VERE.

BY BELLE BUSH.

PART FIVE.

The Magdalen's Story.

Come here, my child," she spoke to a fair girl, Whose presence in that room seemed like a pearl Set in the brow of night. "Come here," she said, "And learn what you must do when I am dead." Then to her arms there stole a lovely child, A fair young flower on whom the angels smiled, As on a lily pure and undefiled, That showers its sweetness on a desert wild. She smoothed the tresses of her mother's hair, Then clasped her hands in hers with tender care, And, at her bidding, knelt in humble prayer, When dropping from her lips like music there, The Saviour's words came pulsing through the air, "Our Father which art in heaven"—she breathed it low.

In measured cadence, and in accents slow; And when 't was finished, with a kiss of love Her cheerful act the mother did approve, Then clasping her about with tender arms, As if to shield her from the world's alarms, She breathed a blessing on her lovely child, The only flower that cheered her desert wild; She blessed her with a feeling deep and strong, That thus she might protect her child from wrong, Then thus to her resumed her mournful song: "My child, the secret of thy mother's life Thou hast learned—may thou ne'er feel its strife.

For with deep woe its very name is life. Now list to me, and I will tell thee how My heart with grief and shame was made to bow. In the fair morn and innocence of youth, While yet I trod the flowery paths of truth, I learned to love a mortal more than God; Then was I made to feel His withering rod. I beauty had; 't was all my earthly dower, Save virtue, and a woman's melancholy power Of so adoring one she learns to love, That all his actions she must needs approve, And, right or wrong, accept them at his word, And in all things acknowledge him as lord. This blind and wicked worship proved my snare: My love was false, though all his words were fair—False unto me, and to himself as well; But on his errors past I will not dwell. You pulled a rose to-day to deck your hair, The petals dropped, but all the thorns were there; Just as my rose of life fell off, and care Alone was left; that drove me to despair, And I became the scorn and jest of men—A thing of shame, a weary Magdalen! Heart-broken and forlorn, I roamed the street, The while a double life-pulse in me beat. Oh, how my heart yearned then for some retreat, Some sheltering home where I might rest my feet; But none was near; none pitied my distress, Or looked on me with loving tenderness. Alone I wandered in my wretchedness, Till faint and sick I grew one dreary morn! Oh, how, like Christ, was I in a stable born! Oh, God! in this, the winter of my woe, My tears were frozen, and refused to flow. Men gathered round me in that loathsome place, And women came to gibber in my face, And talk with righteous scorn of my disgrace, But none to bless or pity me, save one—A lonely heart, whose work was almost done. She was a widow, yet she took me in—Feeble and poor, and yet she took me in, Soothed me to rest, and chided not my sin. Oh, how I blessed her! With what fervent tears I poured into her listening, friendly ears, My penitential plea! She heard, believed, And o'er my life of suffering wept and grieved, As though 't had been her child, and just returned, A wanderer, to her fold, for whom she'd yearned. With all a mother's tenderness and love, The holy love that nothing here can move, That lives and brightens in the land above. This friend, this angel, as she now appears, Remembered through the mists of circling years In which she passed away to brighter spheres, Taught me, my child, to look upon this life, In all the turbid torrents of its strife, With a calm patience, trusting still in God, Whose spirit cheers and animates the soul, And will sustain us, even beneath the rod That falls on us; not from revengeful hands, For disobedience to his high commands, But through our blindness, and the partial cause That we are ignorant of his holy laws. She taught me, too, that while we linger here, We're but preparing for a higher sphere, And that to die is not a thing to fear, But something that should give us lofty cheer, And make us sing for joy when death shall come, And from our house of clay we wander home. She taught me this; but ah! the creeds of men Lay with such crushing weight upon me then—They do so curse the lowly Magdalen—That, spite of justice, reason, and the light That seemed just dawning on my mental sight, Yet, spite of this I could not then receive What in my heart I wanted to believe, And what to-night seems easy to believe—The blessed truth, that all to whom we give A grave on earth have risen and still live, And may return sometimes to watch o'er those Toward whom their love's electric current flows. But now let me resume the task begun, And tell thee what atoning deeds I've done, To wipe the sin-stains from my darkened soul, And lead it onward toward a brighter goal. You've seen the gaping wound here in my side, And staunchest for me the ebbing crimson tide. That flowed so fast I thought I should have died Ere I could reach thee in our lonely home, Where you sat watching long for me to come. You know that on the battle-field below, Where lately streams of blood were made to flow, And where I strove to ease the soldiers' woe, A dart struck home; but oh, you do not know Why I went forth, while yet the battle hymn, The hissing bullets, and the shells that skim Like thunderbolts through air, made daylight dim. It was, my child, 't was enough; my heart forgave, Your father, who deserted me, yet whom I loved With a deep constancy, as I have proved. I knew that he was there; and should he fall, I prayed that death might smile with the same ball.

His heart and mine, that had been bleeding long, And clinging to its love with faith so strong, That to die for it seemed not hard or wrong, Only fit ending to a mournful song. My prayer was answered. By his side I stood, Just when he fell, the bravest of the brave, And when he braved the friendly missile burst And wounded me that wounded him the first; But ere the trance of death that on him fell Locked up his senses with its palsy spell, Glancing around, he saw me by his side, And oh, thank God! he called me then his bride—His own, his best beloved, his spirit-bride; And, blessing me, he cursed the power of gold, For which his love's dear birthright had been sold. He blessed me; 't was enough; my heart forgave, And blessed him in return; with joy forgave The wrong of years, and owned itself his slave, Eager to follow him, e'en to the grave.

Huddled; I faint, and was borne away, Far from the din of that fierce battle fray. When consciousness returned, alone I lay Within a tent that some kind hand had spread, To make a shelter for my weary head. From thence, in Night's disguise, unseen I fled, And wandered home, oh, how I hardly knew, Till it was reached, and to my arms you flew. The rest you know. Now, child, be brave and strong!

Death soon will end for me my mournful song, Learned in the school of earthly ills and wrong; But you, my love, will live, and unto thee I would commit a holy legacy—Sweet words, that, falling from my lips, are pure And undefiled, must through all time endure: It is, my child, that pure and holy prayer That from your lips just fell, and thrilled the air Like the sweet pulse of music throbbing there. Oh, write it on your heart, that holy prayer, And in your hours of darkness and of care Breathe it with fervor, breathe it everywhere, In sickness and in health, and when despair Spreads for your feet her many-colored snare, Oh, breathe it then, my child, that holy prayer, And though the world, through scorn or poverty, Should seek to dim thy pearl-light, purity, 'T will prove to thee a calm security. And oh, my child, when I am gone to rest, Fold up my arms across my peaceful breast, And then think God that I am gone to rest; But do not weep, or think of me as dead, For, living still, by love's sweet instincts led, I'll keep bright watch o'er all the paths you tread, And shower rich mother-blessings on your head. Thus do I hope. Can you, my child, receive This cheering faith, and learn no more to grieve O'er the cold form the unfettered spirit leaves To darkness and the grave, when it receives The summons to go hence, and wander free Where love may lead it o'er the eternal sea? "Oh, tell me from your heart if you believe?" "I do," replied the child; "I do believe! You are my mother, and will not deceive, And God our Father is—he'll not deceive. And if, through dreams and visions of the night, Or wandering messengers from realms of light, He has informed and blessed your mental sight With this high hope, this pole-star calm and bright, Set in the sky of your long, dreary night, Why should we not in thankfulness receive This sacred gift, and, trusting it, believe The truths it teaches, till we lose all grief In joy for this most beautiful belief?" Thus in soft accents spoke the lovely child, And in response the dying mother smiled, And said, "God bless thee now for those sweet words.

That, like the sound of many singing birds, Warbling together in the winter time, Have reassured my heart, till faith sublime Already hears the low, melodious chime Of voices beloved, that in the summer clime Are singing to give me welcome. Now I see The shining hosts beckoning again to me. They come, they come, I know, to set me free, And with them—oh, my God! and can it be Thou art thus merciful to one like me?—Yes, 'tis, it is my mother's form I see! Now am I blessed indeed! She smiles on me, And in the light of her angelic eyes I read this holy truth: Love never dies; It only blossoms when we think it dies, And comes to fruition under brighter skies. And now, my child, one kiss; then let the air Thrill with the music of thy voice in prayer, Oh, breathe it to me once more, that holy prayer, Then by my side compose thyself to sleep, Angels about thee faithful guard will keep; Ere the nightwatch be passed bright guests will come.

And bear thy mother safely to her home." The child, obedient to the loved commands, Pressed with sweet lips her mother's cheek and hands, Then knelt and said the prayer, as if her heart Felt all the meaning that its words impart. She breathed it, too, in simple, childlike trust, As if she knew God's ways were always just, And should be called in question here by none; Then rising, murmured o'er, "Thy will be done," And calmly, peacefully laid down to rest, By angels guarded, and by love caressed. Thus was she found next morn in slumbers blest, Her young head pillowed on her mother's breast, That throbb'd no more with its unquiet guest; And when aroused, and told that she was dead Whose love had blessed her in her cradle bed, She did not sob or weep, but calmly said, "Not so, oh friends; my mother is not dead!" Then, rising, she disposed the limbs to rest, Folded the arms across the silent breast, Brushed back the tresses of dark, waving hair, From the pale brow, and left an offering there—A kiss of love, the music of a prayer, That from her heart went up to God in heaven, Asking that peace and rest might now be given The weary one, so long by tempests driven. This wish, unsayable, she uttered there, Then by the still, cold form she knelt in prayer. "Our Father which art in heaven," she thus began, "I thank thee that on earth her race I run; Henceforth with me thy holy will be done." The friends who listened to the lovely child, (If friends they could be called, who never smiled, Or gave to her a word or look of cheer That showed they were above the mortal fear And dread of death that leads us captive here,) Looked on her with the air of those amazed, Some thought her foolish, others thought her crazed;

But through it all, unto the closing scene, That ended in a distant churchyard green, She neither sobbed or moaned, but, calm, serene, With a strange majesty of look and mien, She moved along, and unto all she said, "Why should I weep? My mother is not dead! Only the mortal form lies 'neath the sod: Her spirit, free, is wandering home to God; And oft, permitted by his Father love, She'll keep o'er me a faithful watch above, And shower rich mother-blessings on my head. Thus did she teach me—thus my heart believes; So at her death it neither plains or grieves, For what to us seems death to her is life, A life more perfect than this mortal strife." The few who listened, and who heard her say These words so calmly, knew not what to say, And so, in wonder, doubting, went away, Each whispering as they went, "Strange words were they."

For her to speak, whose mother went astray." But none remained to show a better way To one whose only friend they thought was dead, Who had no home, no place to lay her head, Yet who, all dauntless, stood till they were gone, Then calmly said, with fervor in each tone, "Thank God, I'm neither friendless or alone; Angels will guide me still. 'Thy will be done!' So I but keep my pearl-light, virtue, pure, All care, all griefs, all sufferings I'll endure." This holy prayer, I heard it in the aisles, The forest aisles, Where birds keep singing when the summer smiles.

And my heart leaped for joy, for I had come, Weary and doubting, from my lonely home, Seeking for strength to do the will of heaven, And to bear calmly all earth's trials given. I had been wishing, praying for high power To do great deeds, more worthy of the hour That calls for lofty aims and bids them flower, And o'er the world their fragrant influence shower, Yet when I felt within those chords astir, By which God called me for a solace To hearts that unto grief's sad music thrill, I hesitated, doubted, wavered still, And hushed the song-waves with a stubborn will; Yet still I yearned for loftier powers of thought, For higher aspirations to be taught.

My humble, quivering and uncertain lyre, A re-baptism of poetic fire; And so I waited, listening to the lone And low, bobbing, melancholy moan Of the sad waves that beat upon life's shore, Till, heard above their tumult and loud roar, Came that pure prayer, and swept my spirit o'er; Then all its chords thrilled with a loftier lore, And with it, like a blessed pearl-drop cast Into the troubled waters of the past, Bringing me peace and rest, there came a voice, That, like a psalm, made my heart rejoice, Seeming to whisper, as it trembled past, "Rise, child of song, and use the powers thou hast, And as you use them, more will follow fast."

Thus found I comfort in the pathless wild, Thus was I tutored by a little child, Until, my heart its stubborn will subdued, I humbly asked that I might be ended With trust, like hers, that I might henceforth run With willing mind the race she had begun, Singing her little song—she had but one—"Our Father which art in heaven, thy will be done!" Then rising from my soul on songs of prayer, This fervent aspiration thrilled the air. [To be continued.]

## Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

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

## GREAT SUCCESS.

CHAPTER V.

The autumn days passed, and the winter came on with its deep snows, and its long nights and short sunlight. There had been but little merry-making since the apple-paring at Squire Niles', for Sophia had gone to Adams to the academy, and Mrs. Niles kept Mary at home, fearing she would lose her quiet ways, and without these two girls there was not much genuine sport to be expected. To be sure, Cerinda Potham tried to have what was called a kissing party, but the boys said it was too much to ask to have her snub nose and pouting lips thrust into their faces, and as it was a stormy night, they made a ready excuse not to go.

Abraham had fixed in his mind his resolve so firmly, that he did not waver from his course. He determined to work his way about all that had been said against him, and to prove himself worthy the esteem of all who knew him, if he was a shoemaker's apprentice. A noble resolve firmly adhered to will make any course comparatively easy; but it will not smooth away the rough places; it only gives one strength to tread bravely over them. To rise before light, and prepare his mother's wood, build her fire, and put the kettle on the hook that hung from the iron crane in the fireplace; to shovel the snow from the doorways after a storm, and to bring water from the well in the yard, was the pleasantest part of his day's work. There was something social in the friendly fire that lighted up their neat room; and his mother's smoking hot cake, turned from the large iron pan, tasted sweet to him. His mother's kindly words, also, and her pride in his manliness, made the morning slip away quickly. But as he took his seat in Mr. Hink's small shop, so badly ventilated, and so hot that all the blood seemed rushing to his head, leaving his feet cold and lifeless, the world seemed like another place. There was nothing excellent to be found in the hard sole leather, and the continued clink, clink of his hammer and Peter's, drove all happy thoughts from his mind.

Sometimes he looked out on the fields of white snow that lay spread out behind the shop, and the life of a shoemaker seemed very much like it. "It is just as desolate," he said to himself; "there is not a living thing on it, but all is cold and still, and freezes me."

Peter also fulfilled the expectations he had formed. He was never weary of snapping and snarling, and fault-finding. Strive as hard as he would, he could not please him. He was sure to hammer too hard or too lightly; he drew through his waxed ends with too great a snap, or he did not jerk enough; he sat too straight, or too crooked. If he stopped a moment to look out of the window, he called him lazy. If he wiped the perspiration from his brow, he told him that he was making a useless fuss.

Abraham found himself sinking day by day into the great slough of despond that Benjamin told him of. Once in a while he had a diversion by the entrance of some neighbor, who would talk of the news of the day; but usually every one avoided Peter's shop, and went instead to Mr. Stamp's store. Squire Niles, however, always made an errand in when he came to the village, and he had some friendly word for Abraham. "I shall never be anything," said Abraham to himself many times a day. "I may as well give up first as last," and yet he had a constant trust in the Divine Providence that kept his life, and at night, when he laid down to rest his weary body, he was never too tired to lie awake and entreat that Providence to guide him into a better path.

Peter had been particularly cross one day, and had made Abraham work harder and later than usual, and he was hurrying home through the deep snow that had fallen during the day. The storm-clouds had passed, and a pure white mantle lay over the whole village. The sun had set clear, and the western light was reflected on the hills, and the world seemed so still and beautiful that one could imagine it had put on its white robes, and was offering its thanksgiving of beauty to the bending heavens. Just as Abraham was passing the corner that turned the road from Peter's shop, he saw some one coming quite near him, but he felt too gloomy to mind who it was.

"Well done!" said a merry voice; "I was just wishing I could meet you, but I supposed you had gone home an hour ago."

"Why, Sophia! when did you get home?" asked Abraham.

"Well you might ask! I have been at home all day, and could not think why you did not come in and see me. But how gloomy you look! I do not wonder; it's enough to make a saint groan to

even look at Peter's face, much more to sit opposite him all day. I say, Abraham, why do not you change your bench into the other corner, and then you could get a glimpse of the hills? But I've been waiting to see you every minute since I came, for I wanted to ask you to come and look over the books I study, and tell me about that horrible arithmetic."

"Oh, Sophia, I can't; I'm tired," said Fudge; you never used to be tired, and you don't look half so tired now as you did five minutes ago. Come, I'll walk home with you, and we'll tell your mother, and then you shall come back with me."

"But the snow is so deep, Sophia!" "Well, isn't that what I like? I've been on my proper behavior long enough. Why, Mrs. Ames, the woman I board with, says no city girls ever go out in the deep snow; and she says, too, it is quite derogatory to the character. That's just what she said, and I went to the dictionary to see what it meant. I tell you she's just like a walking spelling book, with an almanac at the end; for she's always thinking that it's going to storm, and then it would be highly improper for young ladies to circumnavigate through the mucilaginous footpaths."

Abraham laughed so heartily that he felt his lungs breathing freer than they had for a week. Could this be the same weary way he had traveled the whole winter through? His step was light, and a fresh glow was on his face.

Sophia ran on in the same manner, telling Abraham about the school and the girls, and what the teachers said, and what a ridiculous figure some of the boys made when they came to ask her to go to the singing-school, and how they sung like a great bellowing calf, &c., &c.

Now Abraham had thought of Sophia away at school, and fancied she would be so grand that she would hardly speak to him when she returned. He had imagined the fine boys in the Adams Academy would make her quite unwilling to speak to him. These thoughts, to be sure, were not noble, mainly ones; but the influence of Peter, who was always talking about purse-proud people, and the effect of John's insinuations, which had caused many people to suspect some ill of Abraham, had made these thoughts strengthen.

When Abraham was seated with Sophia before the open fireplace, in which the heavy brass andirons supported great logs of maple, that sent out heat enough to make the atmosphere of the room warm, although the wind whistled through the cracks, and made the scarlet serge curtains wave like banners, he felt his old resolves kindle within his breast.

Sophia brought her new Pike's Arithmetic, and told him of the perils she had had to pass through. He looked over the sums, and his clear head saw through the solutions at once. She had also a Columbian Orator, and he was charmed with the selections that she pointed out to him. Her Murray's Grammar, too, was much clearer to him than he supposed any book could be without a teacher. New thoughts began to spring up in his mind. He saw that he could study and understand books without going to an academy; and that, after all, it is better to learn by one's self than to be always helped; for Sophia kept constantly telling him how her teacher showed her how to do this and how to do that sum, and how to parse this and that sentence; but she could never tell her how to apply the rule to another sum, or to analyze another sentence.

"I can be an scholar without going to the Adams Academy," said Abraham, to himself. "I wonder I did not think of it before."

But where was he to get his books? This question puzzled him. He was sure his mother had no money, except that which she had laid by to purchase him cloth for a new coat, which he greatly needed; for since his work in the shop, his arms had grown so large and so long that he could hardly force them through the sleeves of the old one.

On his way home, that evening, he had resolved on two things: to beg his mother to get some books with the money reserved for his coat, and to study faithfully every evening, and, if possible, keep pace with Sophia, who would soon return to Adams.

The district school was about to commence, and Abraham knew he could go to the spelling schools in the evening, by hurrying home from the shop; and he was sure he could master the whole of Pike's Arithmetic by the close of the winter. A new life had begun for him, and the way no longer seemed dreary and dark.

How differently sounded the clink of the hammer now! It seemed only to be keeping time to his busy thoughts. Sometimes a sum in Rule of Three puzzled him, and he hammered away, and every beat seemed to clear away some difficulty. Even Mr. Hink's voice sounded quite pleasantly, as he thought over the phrases to be parsed, and he amused himself by correcting his bad grammar.

"Now I do rally believe," said Peter, "that you're a-going to make a shoemaker, though off and on I've doubted on't; but I'd kind o' like to know what you're thinkin' on, for you seem to have mighty clever thoughts, latterly."

"Well, Mr. Hink," said Abraham, "I've been thinking of the sums in my new arithmetic, and of some places in the Columbian Orator that I've been learning."

"Now you don't say you study arter you go home? Well, that bents me. I remember when I was a boy, and tried a little latin' and it wared no use. I took to shoes and boots a heap better than to the books my father bought me; and I kinder thought you was the same sort. I don't mind if you take time to go up in the garret and bring down them ere books I spoke on. They're in the big red chest, just as I locked 'em up arter my father died. Most of 'em were his'n, and he tried to make me think well of 'em, but 't wared no use. And he died, poor man, and I learned a trade, and stuck to it just like a bee to a clover blossom; but not a thimblefull of honey ever did I get. Oh, this is an awful world, and nothing else. Ho hum!"

Peter wiped his face and groaned again. Abraham seemed to see in his face the misery of dragging one's thoughts down to the body, instead of lifting work up to the mind. A gleam of delight kindled his face as he thought of all that Sophia had helped him to do; for he saw in Peter the danger that he was fast approaching. He went, by Peter's direction, up the narrow stairs that led to the attic chamber, and soon found the red chest and its contents. Among the books was a well worn copy of Rollin's History, one volume containing three plays of Shakespeare, Sterne's Sentimental Journey, and a Life of Washington. Abraham looked them over eagerly, and carried an armful down stairs.

"Now you're welcome to take them home; and if you'll leave one here, perhaps we'll find time at nooning to read a little, jest to think on." Abraham took his treasures home, and soon found himself busy with the history. The next day Peter asked him what he had read; in his books—for he seemed to feel as if the contents belonged to him, and he was responsible for their effect. Abraham gave so clear and interesting an account of what he read, that Peter insisted on

his bringing his book the next day, and reading aloud to him. He declared that he was willing to work a little later and harder for the sake of the pleasant thoughts that came afterwards. How transformed was the old shop now!

Abraham hastened to his work in the morning that he might finish his task in season for an early nooning. Peter was always on hand, for no love of knowledge could make him forget just how many pairs of shoes were to be finished by Saturday night. But if the hard work did not cease, many of the cross words said; and Abraham found that Peter, after all, had stored away many quite wise sayings, and some valuable memories. When noon came, Abraham ate his simple meal, put up by his mother, and then took down a volume of history, while Peter listened and prepared his waxed ends.

On sunny days, when the sun shone in at the southern window, and threw its light on Peter's gray hair and struck the old bottles of blacking until they shone in a most social way, and reddened the cuttings of leather that strewn the floor, Abraham thought it a very pleasant place, and Peter quite a pleasant companion.

Sophia had gone back to Adams, and Abraham expected to hear nothing more from her until the next spring. He was greatly surprised, one day, in passing Mr. Stamp's store, to hear him call out:

"Abraham Postel! here's a letter for you. I expect you'll be glad enough, for Miss Jones, who came in after her paper, saw it, and she said it was from Sophia."

Very much pleased, surely, Abraham was as he read the following:

DEAR FRIEND—I thought I would write to you just to ask you if you would be so good as to send me the sums in Rule of Three, worked out. You know I hate arithmetic, and I am ashamed not to keep up with the class; and besides, the teacher here looks in a book to find the good as to send should not all. Oh, I want to tell you that Charlie Stanton, from New York City, is here. He is a very handsome fellow, and very obliging; and I asked him about the sums, and he did not know as much as I.

Mrs. Ames says that it is highly probable that Charlie has never seen a country girl before, and she trusts we will not revolutionize his sentiments as to the proprieties of the feminine sex, and go out when the earth is covered with the frost crystals that descend in showers, and blanch nature, that should did you say, ma'am," said I, "about blanching mounds?"

"My dear," said she, "I meant the snow." You see she thinks that if she takes boards for the Academy she must be very learned, and give us big words; but, for my part, I would rather have a little more butter on my bread and less dictionary. Oh, I mustn't forget to tell you that Charlie (Mrs. Ames says we ought to say Mr. Stanton) can dance splendidly, and he's a good fellow, and I would like to see him. I shall ask mamma. I presume Mrs. Ames would say it was highly improper. Now don't forget about the sums. I got Mrs. Ames's leave to write to you, because I told her it was a matter of very important business; and so it is, I am sure. I am glad you are such a scholar, and I wish I wasn't so stupid; but what do girls care for arithmetic? I'm sure I would a great deal rather that you had my place here; but you know mamma expects great things of me, and I would not disappoint her for the world. I will try and do my best, and I shall ask mamma. 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## Correspondence in Brief.

## A Universal Alphabet.

To J. M. Allen.—In the Banner I read of your being engaged in a universal alphabet, and my hopes were raised. I am always happy to see any signs of progress or improvement in any department of life, and I am always ready to devote my time and energy to the cause. Some ten or twelve years ago I studied language reform in the Phonetic Advocate, and other papers and books, and became convinced of the following facts:

1. The human voice is a thing capable of about forty variations, needing forty different characters to represent them on paper.
2. Each character or letter should have only one sound. This would so simplify our writing and printing, that children could learn to read and write in one-fifth the time now spent!
3. To get this new alphabet adopted, it should resemble the one now in use.
4. One set of letters will answer for writing and printing, with very little alteration.
5. Capital letters can be dispensed with; they are an aristocratic consideration.

With the above facts in view, I got up an alphabet and tried to get it into use; but—would anybody believe it?—I never could even get it printed, nor any part of it, and I am obliged to leave it out of this letter, because I want this printed in the Banner. How strange it is that when the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand, mankind will not enter it! Yours ever, for all good,  
Hates, Ill. WM. GOULD.

## Picnic at Portage Bridge.

The Spiritualists of Western New York, are to have a picnic at Portage Bridge, Thursday, Aug. 24th, 1865.

Portage is situated on the New York and Erie Railroad, about six miles east of Buffalo and thirty west of Hornellsville, and an excursion train is to be run from Avon at eight A. M., via Batavia, Attica, &c., to the picnic, and return at evening, at about two-thirds usual fare.

There is no other wooden railway bridge in the world, of such vast dimensions and height, it being eight hundred feet long and two hundred and twenty-four high. The canal crosses the Genesee River there, by an aqueduct on stone abutments forty feet high. The view, romantic scenery, and numerous attractions of the vicinity, are well equaled in the United States. When to these are added the picnic excursion, and a spiritual gathering of this character, it can scarcely fail to secure the attendance of many hundreds to participate in its enjoyment.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, and other speakers are expected to attend. Let there be a grand rally to this first grand reunion of Spiritualists in Western New York for two years, that the cause of truth and progress may be revived, and the minds of the people directed in the beautiful pathway of peace at the close of our great national struggle for universal freedom. Come forth by hundreds and thousands, and let us go up to worship, and have a joyful time in the cool, shady grove—the leafy temple of our Heavenly Father, where all his children, with well filled baskets, are invited to join us and participate in the festivities of the occasion.

On behalf of the Committee,  
J. W. SEEVER.

## The Picnic at North Wrentham.

Permit me to say a few words respecting a picnic held at Kingsbury's Pond, by the Spiritualists of No. Wrentham and vicinity, July 25th. As our boats floated down the lake, so pure and fair, we plucked those within our reach, while we breathed the dewy morning air. In the afternoon, W. K. Ripley was introduced by Mr. Richards, of Rockville. He read "The Little People," for the little folks, and then made a thrilling speech, which gave satisfaction and pleasure to the listeners. Gardner Adams, of Franklin, made some interesting remarks. The following sentiments, selected and original, were presented by your humble servant:

"It is good to soften, by pleasing recreation, the rigid expression of countenance which a severity of reflection has a tendency to produce."  
"Everybody sees the cloud on the horizon, but who thinks of the clear blue sky above it?"  
"Do not be troubled because you have not great virtues. God made a million spears of grass where he made one tree."

Dr. Goodrich—On behalf of those who attend his picnic, we tender him our acknowledgments for his praiseworthy efforts in the cause of Spiritualism.

Dr. A. B. Child—May he ever possess the basket of Truth containing the flowers of Hope, Love and Charity.  
BARBARA ALLEN.

## Physical Manifestations.

I shall do all I can to sustain you in getting new subscribers for the Banner, as I am well pleased with the paper. I have been a confirmed believer in Spiritualism for several years. From close investigation, I became convinced of its truth. I have had writing done by spirit-hands; have seen the hands take the pencil and write out mortal aid; have had writing done upon a slate with a small particle of pencil, when the slate was held close up under the top of a table. We have had musical instruments tuned and played upon in our own house by spirits.

I consider that the spiritual manifestations of our day have done more to demonstrate the immortality of the soul than all the priests of Christendom have done in eighteen hundred years; and I shall always feel under obligations to Judge Edmunds of New York, and to old friends, Jonathan Koons, and John Tipper, of Athens Co., Ohio, for the convincing proofs of spirit-power and presence, during a visit to their hospitable homes near ten years ago, which put me first upon the cheering track of Spiritualism, in the place of Materialism, to which I was fast hastening from a gloomy theology, that a reasoning mind must reject. Hoping you will persevere in defending the light, I remain, yours truly,  
RENA LEWITT.

## Spiritualism on the Prairies.

A correspondent writing from Columbus, Wisconsin, says:

"Some seven years ago a few persons on this beautiful prairie instituted circles, from motives of mere curiosity. Through their instrumentality a spirit of investigation was awakened, which still lives. Five speaking, and several healing and test mediums were developed. For five years one of the former, Bro. G. W. Tripp—coming a distance of seven miles once in two weeks—lectured gratuitously under spirit control of a very elevated character. His health—never firm—now failed, and he was obliged to suspend his labors. The Spiritualists then hired a lecturer, Bro. J. D. Gano, who came from Pardeeville, (a distance of eighteen miles) and held semi-monthly meetings for one year. For the last six months, a few private circles have been the only sources from which we have obtained spiritual food. This is not owing to loss of interest, but from inability on the part of its supporters, for, in addition to the loss of crops last fall, in this locality, heavy taxation, town and local boards, many have removed, others were in the army."

## The Indian Maiden's Message.

In No. 17, July 15th, of the Banner of Light, I read the communication from Dahomey—the Indian maid—and thought that it must belong to Mrs. Sawyer—the wife of the Rev. T. J. Sawyer, of New York—as she was long since very kind to an Indian girl in her sickness and at the time of her departure for the better world. She also raised funds to have her buried in Greenwood, and to erect a monument to her memory. All of this I remembered, but I did not remember the name of the departed one. After several ineffectual calls to learn it, I was directed to Mr. Price, a former editor of the Universalist paper, and there learned that Dahomey was her name.

I have marked and forwarded the paper to Mrs. Sawyer, and hope she will receive it.  
Yours for truth,  
New York, July 31st, 1865. P. C. SIMMONS.  
[The Embassador please copy.]

## To the Readers of the Progressive Age.

Permit me to say your columns, Mr. Editor, to say that it would take a small fortune to answer separately every letter you get concerning the Age and new paper which is to take its place. When I ceased publishing the Age, on the 20th of May, the new paper was to be issued by the first of June. It has not made its appearance yet. The

reason I cannot tell. The prospects now are that in a very few days it will be out. If it does not come out soon, I shall commence publishing again, or make arrangements with some other firm to supply you with a paper in its place. I yet think the Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association is all right, but it has the slowest outgrowth.

MOSES HULL.

## Mediums in Northern Vermont.

THE ALLEN BOY AT HOME—THE PAYNE CHILDREN.

In company with a friend from Central New York, I visited Dr. Myron Brewster at his home and farm about two miles from the village of Morrisville, Vt. Dr. Brewster is a healing medium of well known and remarkable powers in the vicinity of his home, and is often sent for from towns many miles distant, to save patients the regular physicians cannot cure; but he has a large farm, and works too hard for the health and success he might have as a medium. This is the home of the celebrated Allen Boy, who traveled with Dr. Randall, and is so well known. Mr. B. is uncle to the boy, who is an orphan, but beloved by his uncle and aunt as if their own child, as they have no living children. The boy and Mr. B. came in from the hayfield, and after the spirits had given us a short speech through Mr. B., we played the musical instruments in the box used by Mr. Randall and the boy when traveling, and with the top and part of one side open and in full daylight, we seated a large chair back to the aperture, and put a quilt over the chair back. I seated myself in the chair, and held both hands of the boy, so I knew they were not used. The instruments were played and passed out into the room, as were also hands so as to pat my head and be seen plainly by all in the room, and one of the most exquisite tunes of which the dulcimer is capable was played, sounding as if the instrument were carried slowly beyond the reach of our ears, and then as slowly returned. The performance being in broad daylight, was among the best I have witnessed, and could not have failed to convince any candid person of supra-mundane power and intelligence.

There are also two other good test mediums of the same character in this vicinity.—at South Hardwick—known as the Payne children, son and niece of Mr. George Payne, and niece and nephew of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Tuttle, all of whom are well known in this part of Vermont as among the most honest, earnest and intelligent Spiritualists of Northern Vermont. These children, by some mistake which was no fault of theirs, have had some injustice done them, which has, however, not injured them where they are known, as every Spiritualist in this section who visited them at their home, or had sittings with them in the vicinity, has borne testimony to the honesty and genuineness of their mediumship. I have been two months stopping with their relatives, and had ample opportunity to test them, which I have done; and I can give my testimony unqualifiedly that these children are more remarkable and better mediums than the Davenport Boys were when they had been three years before the public, and better than Mr. Home was when he first went to Europe; and, taken together, the tests are as perfect and the facts more remarkable than with the Allen Boy, or, in some respects, even the Davenports, as the music is more perfect than with any of this class of mediums which I have met, and I know most of them. These children will be before the public, and travel and give thousands a chance to test them and the presence of spirits, as soon as arrangements can be made for traveling, and those who know me can have from me a full endorsement of their mediumship, honesty and capacity for proving spirit presence and power.

There are other mediums less known in this part of the State, but who do not design to travel nor wish to be known to the public.

WARREN CHASE.

South Hardwick, Vt., July 27, 1865.

## Miss Emma Hardinge's Lectures in New York.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BANNER:

Miss Hardinge has just closed her sixteenth lecture to "The First Society of Spiritualists," in Hope Chapel, New York. Notwithstanding the very warm weather, Miss H. has drawn full, and sometimes crowded houses. She has spoken on some of the most intricate phases of psychological science, and has treated them (I will not say with "supernatural" wisdom,) but with a master mind. Her lectures have been very valuable in "resurrecting from the dead" many persons who had not dreamed that there is a future life, who are now in concern of mind as to their own chances and position, and also have instructed and inspired Spiritualists to greater efforts to force the new dispensation on public attention. We feel (as the Church would say) that a revival of Spiritualism has commenced here.

I forward with this the preamble and resolutions passed unanimously and with emphasis by a crowded house of intelligent and delighted listeners, at the close of her lectures.

Miss Hardinge very happily replied to the resolutions, and signified her consent to our publishing such of her lectures as we choose. I am sorry to say that we have reports of only four or five of them, which will be published in due time.

For truth and human elevation, I am respectfully yours,  
CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

The undersigned having been appointed at the close of the lectures of Miss Emma Hardinge to the First Spiritualist Society, New York, 30th July, 1865, as a Committee to draw up some suitable expression of their appreciation of her lectures, and of the sentiments occasioned by her intended departure from our shores, would, on behalf of this Society, submit the following:

Resolved, That Miss Emma Hardinge has been engaged for years with great success as a lecturer in the field of Spiritualism, and that she has been a great blessing to the cause of Spiritualism in this country.

Resolved, That we commend Miss Hardinge to the English public, and especially to the Spiritualists among them, as worthy of every kindly attention they may bestow upon her, and of every effort they may put forth for the furtherance of her mission of truth and love; and that when her work shall have been accomplished on the other side of the Atlantic, we take pleasure in welcoming her back to our shores.

Resolved, That we respectfully solicit permission from Miss Hardinge to publish such of her lectures as she may have reported, as a monument to her efforts, and highly esteemed legacy to us and to the American people.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE,  
ALBERT DAY,  
GEORGE BUSH,  
T. C. DENNING,  
J. M. FISHBOUGH,

The recently completed census of Boston raises the number of inhabitants close on to two hundred thousand. New York City, by including several large adjoining cities which have been annexed, numbers one million.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENG.  
KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.  
This Paper is sold to Subscribers and sold by Periodical Dealers every Monday Morning, six days in advance.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1865.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET,  
ROOM NO. 3, 17 STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and infuse; 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 law and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is a true and practical philosophy, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

## The Lessons of Struggle.

We believe, because we positively know, that Dr. Thompson hit it exactly when he said at the late commemorative service at New Haven—speaking of the war and what it had done for us as a people in respect of profound interior experience, enrichment, and expansion—that, for one, he would not be without the thoughts and feelings which the war had given him through its conflicts, troubles, sacrifices and darkness, and at last through its brilliant light, for all that he had before learned and known of the country and its institutions.

Which simply means, when applied to the sundry other events of life as well as to the conflicts of the war we have just passed through, that out of tough obstacles, by the help of stern and sturdy opposition, through the hard and almost exhaustive discipline of necessity, and always with the accompaniment of conflict, with its boiling passions and bleeding hearts, its tumultuous excitements and its dumb pathos, man invariably comes into the possession of a rich experience which he feels he could have got in no other way, and which he would not give up if it could be bartered for all the wealth the world has to offer him. This war of ours only serves to illustrate and intensify the great and simple truth about the matter, which crops out on the surface everywhere. It points the moral with a very great and striking force. What is true of this war is simply true of every other war.

It is easy to make the application. Suppose the Rev. Dr. Thompson, or any of his friends of the same "persuasion," were told, as we now tell them, that a war of creeds and dogmas was opened already; and that it would rage so long as superstition and bigotry, canting and phariseism, and all the other practices of a mere professional religion presumed to maintain the ground which they have so long occupied to the world's hindrance and damage. Suppose, further, we should borrow his own language on the occasion we have already alluded to, and say to him and his friends and coadjutors that in consequence of this war of creeds, this war against bigotry and superstition in their intrinsems, we were all positively sure to have newer thoughts, fresher feelings, larger views, nobler aspirations, and a firmer because diviner faith given to us, which we would far rather have with the conflict than not to have without—what might we expect his and their answer to be to us then? Would they so readily see and admit that "conflicts" are good for releasing the human soul? Would they acknowledge that struggles between opposing principles are fine training-ground for the exercise and expansion of the spiritual faculties? Would they be willing to confess that out of severe and protracted fights—for they are really nothing else—the best influences are born for quickening and stimulating the human soul?

If they indeed put confidence in their own reasoning, then they will not hesitate to reply to these inquiries of ours in the affirmative; otherwise not. Which way they would choose at the present time to answer, unfortunately not a great deal of room is left for us to doubt. But the struggle which we have described is still going on, for all that. The conflict between opposing religious principles and methods is raging, whether they consent to recognize the fact or not. The fight is raging with decided fury, even though they insist on trying to still the tumult by crying, Peace! Peace! when there is no peace. The waves of this conflict will very soon be at their own doors. Even so conservative and unimpassioned a religious organization as the Established Church of England has been reached by it, although it was the very last religious body to which suspicions of that sort would have been directed for certainly a long time to come. Much more is the certainty of the raging of the conflict in the very heart and centre of those Churches which are not timid about handling current topics that are electric from centre to circumference with life. They have been perfectly ready to take up the humanitarian, the philanthropic, the reformatory questions of the time; they cannot now beg off when it comes to free examination of their own claims to a perfect divinity. They are not at liberty to take themselves out of the way because they fear this spirit of inquiry and investigation is being pushed too far. That was the slaveholder's answer; and they did not hesitate to taunt him with it, and to retort blithely upon him.

It is because we are so well assured of the result of this struggle now going on in the moral and religious world, that we give the conflict itself so hearty a welcome. We shall all of us gain by it more than we shall lose. It will bring us a new experience—is doing so already; something that we should not have had without going through this trial of our faith. We cordially commend this view of the case, therefore, to Dr. Thompson and his friends. He and they will not decline to accept it, for it is of their own framing and advancing. Were it possible, spiritually considered, to reach the same desirable end by a different and easier route or mode of proceeding, there is not much doubt that we should all of us incline to avoid the trouble and the conflict; but the eternal laws of spirit, which are but those of God's universe, lay it down differently, and it belongs to those who would be wise as well as obedient to conform with alacrity and render our duty with cheerfulness and in a spirit full of trust.

## To Subscribers.

As the time for which many of our patrons have paid for the Banner expires with No. 26 of the present volume, we hope they will renew at once. By doing so, it will save us much extra labor in drawing when the time is out, unless subscribers previously renew. It will also prevent disappointment to those who wish to continue the paper. We are obliged to be governed in this matter by our established rules.

## Verifying Spirit Messages.

We have already published in these columns a letter from Mr. Welsh, of New York, reciting the story of his interview with the Demorest family, of that city, residing at No. 11 King street. The spirit of Willie Demorest had come through our medium, and, among other things, stated that his parents lived at that house in that street. Mr. Welsh gave us enough, as the result of that interview, to prove the general correctness of the message in question, and that it could have proceeded from no other being but the very one from whom it purported to proceed. Miss Emma Hardinge, likewise, made a call at the same place for a similar purpose, and had her inquiries answered in as satisfactory a manner as Mr. Welsh describes his to have been. But it was plain, in both instances, that the child's parents were afraid of confessing to the truth, preferring to equivocate on a trifling point in order to bring discredit, as they thought, upon Spiritualism, or at least to disassociate themselves from the multitudes who are believers in it.

This is but one of very many instances, in fact, where a disposition to hold back from imparting the whole truth in a case, operates to the temporary obstruction of the blessed truth, and so far hinders its progress among men. If those who choose to interpose such obstacles can readily absolve themselves to their own consciences, of course no one else can rightfully say a word; but until then such a practice belongs very properly to the commentary and condemnation of all whose souls have been opened to receive the higher forms of belief into them. If friends on earth would but be as candid and painstaking as the invisibles who seek to come to them for their comfort and happiness only, the space between the worlds would very much sooner be bridged than it is likely to be otherwise. If cooperation between the two multitudes could be brought about, all would at once be well. To deny the identity of a spirit-friend who seeks to make himself known, is indeed a crime committed against the immortal soul. The restraints of public prejudice—we will not dignify it with the name of public opinion—ought not to be respected so generally, and obeyed without even a single protest, as that the truth shall be kept down out of sight until some freak of fashion or some social accident shall make it what is termed popular. There is much to contend with in this respect, in the work of spreading the Spiritual Philosophy, but it is being overcome faster than the enemies of that Philosophy would care to be told. They cannot dam up the waters so that they shall never overflow. They are up to their attempts in the flood already.

Herewith we append a second letter which has been received by us from a New York correspondent, in relation to this Demorest matter. It confirms all that has been said before:

"MR. EDITOR.—In the Banner of Light of July 23d, a message was published, purporting to come from the spirit of Willie Demorest. I called at the address given by the communicating intelligence; saw the mother, who admitted that she had a child called Willie Demorest, who had passed a child into spirit-life, and that he was eight years old. But a gentleman present, whom I took to be the child's father, asked the cause of my visit, which I stated; he then affirmed that Spiritualism was false, but still inquired: 'What was the name of the father?' I gave it; he denied its being correct, ending by saying 'he wanted to have nothing to do with Spiritualism.' My impressions are (from the gentleman's manner) that he ignored the name to invalidate the message.  
I am respectfully,  
M. R. TUCKER.  
New York, July 23, 1865."

## John Stuart Mill.

We think better of our far-off English cousins for the election of John Stuart Mill, to represent one of the most intelligent and thrifty boroughs of the metropolis in their House of Commons. Consider the facts:

Mr. Mill has been, for nearly all his adult life, a thinker, investigator, and writer on the most abstruse, political and social topics. It is not probable that one in ten of the electors of Westminster had ever seen him, or read one of his books. He did not reside among them; he had neither brilliant achievements, nor wealth, nor high connections, to recommend him; and he refused either to canvass for votes, or pay the usual expenses. He told the people frankly, "I must stick to my books, and cannot do the ordinary work of a member in answering the calls of his constituents. You must take me as you can have me, or let me alone."

But more: Mr. Mill is the champion of what are termed advanced opinions, which a majority of no British constituency is ready to accept. He is opposed to all State religion. He favors an extension of the right of suffrage to women. He holds that whoever chooses to attend a theatre or other place of amusement on Sunday evening, should be at liberty to do so. There are probably a dozen important practical questions on which his opinions are not accepted by the mass of his constituents. Yet they said, "We will be represented by him in Parliament because he is a man of ideas, a true Liberal, and has given his life to the advancement of political and social reform." And in this they were eminently right.

When shall we be able to send our leading thinkers to Congress? Not till we scout the notion that a Representative must live in the district he represents, kick "regular nominations" to Coventry, and learn how to appreciate and admire able and honest men whose opinions do not wholly accord with our own.—N. Y. Tribune.

M. D. Conway, the London correspondent of "The Commonwealth" newspaper, published in this city, has the following on the great triumph of Mr. Mill:

"MR. MILL'S ELECTION.—It is impossible to describe to you the joy of English Liberals at the election of John Stuart Mill. So bravely did he stand, so uncompromising to the crowd, so sternly resolved that he would not pay a penny, nor utter an indirection, so resolved that his most unpopular views, (e. g., on female suffrage,) should not be kept in the background, as many of his friends desired; and, on the other hand, so outrageous were the libelous and expenditures of the Tories, who bought up every public house in the city, and many newspapers, which his enormous wealth could easily afford, that Mill's election is rightly regarded as the triumph of every sacred principle. The opposition to Mr. Mill was chiefly because of his radical religious views. The degree to which religious questions are brought into English elections, is very demoralizing, and it seems to me must at length make politicians habitual liars, unless it is checked. May Heaven save us from even such a germ of trouble and falsehood as the admission of the simplest religious phrase into our Constitution would be!"

## Photographs of Emma Hardinge.

We have received a supply of Gurney & Son's highly finished and most faithful likenesses of Miss Emma Hardinge, from the only sitting she gave previous to her departure for Europe. Her numerous friends and admirers can have this carte by enclosing twenty-five cents and a three-cent stamp for return mail, to "The Banner of Light, Boston."

Read the remarks of Dr. Clark in regard to the call for the National Convention of Spiritualists, which will be found on our eighth page.

## William Howitt's Letter.

It has not been our privilege, in a long time, to offer to the readers of the Banner so thoroughly good, so excellently searching, so entirely plain and satisfactory a statement as to the growth and influence of the philosophy of Spiritualism abroad, as is furnished in the letter from William Howitt, the distinguished English author, in another part of this week's issue. It is a letter in reply to some anonymous and superficial scribbler on spiritual matters, who hails from Scotland, and hence is properly addressed to the Glasgow Herald. It is rapid and racy in style, pungent in many of its expressions, bristling all over with facts, and yet as candid, and frank, and honest in spirit as we all of us know the pure man to be by whose hand it was penned.

Our friends will be chiefly interested to see what a stride Spiritualism has made in France, Germany, and England, within a very few years; in the French city of Lyons, for instance, since the year 1860. They will be equally astonished, too, to discover that this beautiful philosophy of life has, for a long time, been receiving the close and devoted attention of some of the savans and most advanced intellects of the several European countries. Mr. Howitt says that he has on his shelves, besides English and American treatises on the subject, some fifty volumes in the French and German tongue, all devoted to its discussion and elucidation. So that, as a belief, it is making its way all over Europe as rapidly almost as it has done in America. Emma Hardinge will have gone over the water none too soon to meet with the popular reception her powers deserve, and to perform the service which lies within the limits of her capability.

Mr. Howitt's retort upon the concealed correspondent who fancies he has found out everything at a single step, is not a whit too stinging for the individual himself, nor for the class of individuals who suppose that all truth resides somewhere within themselves, or certainly is bounded by them. Such intellectual coxcombs need trimming down with tingling switches just as Mr. Howitt has done it for this one. If they insist on putting themselves forward for ridicule, they must not find fault if they are seriously ridiculed. To think of a popinjay who had never seen a medium before, pretending to have found out at a single sitting that it was all of it a piece of charlatanism and nonsense! How very easy it is for some of these fellows to let light in suddenly upon our darkened world! What a pity, however, that they so often keep that light hidden till it is too late, under the thick opaqueness of a bushel measure!

Let every one of us dwell with a truly religious emphasis upon the truth which is advanced in this admirable letter—that we draw to ourselves just such spirits as are likest to our moods, our tempers, our thoughts. When we summon spirits with a view to cheat them, we may expect to be met by cheating spirits in turn. When we approach the superior intelligences in a spirit of aspiration and trust, seeking only for that which is good, and pure, and lasting, we need not fear for being defrauded by any that possess the power to respond to our inmost desire. The lesson is sometimes a hard one to learn, simple and plain as it is; but we shall have to learn it, and can do so all the sooner if we will strive to put away everything which is foreign and hurtful.

## The Crops and Croakers.

It is about the time when croaking about short crops ought, in the course of things, to be heard, and, sure enough we catch the unwelcome syllables on every side. They proceed, of course, from the trade-mongers, where speculators are interested in keeping up prices until they can work off such stocks as they happen to have on hand. No doubt the expectations of sanguine men respecting immense yields of grain are more or less modified, owing to excessive wet for a certain time in certain quarters; but before any final judgment can be passed on the prospect for future supplies of food, the whole field must be gone over and all the significant facts be honestly collected and collated. That has not been done yet, nor is it time to do it. If, as is reported, rust has hurt the wheat in portions of Illinois and Indiana, we hear correspondingly glowing accounts from Wisconsin and Michigan.

But even allowing that we get no more than a two-thirds crop of grain the country through; we should take issue with the croakers, then. It must be remembered that more grain will be raised this year, in the lately rebellious States, than their population can consume, twice over, were it fairly distributed. Then Canada, promises a very large surplus, which will, of course, be for export. And it is further to be considered, that what lies over with us from last year's crop is no inconsiderable amount, upon which the speculators and croakers are to-day operating with all the skill they are masters of. But Europe will not call on us next winter for any large shipments of bread-stuffs, if she does for any whatever; she is raising her own food this year, and will permit us to keep all our own till another year. So that there is no single argument left the croakers and cheats to stand on. It is wicked beyond measure that such men should have it in their power to tell a whole people that they should pay exorbitantly for bread or starve.

## The Daily Press and Spiritualism.

The puerile paragraphs which occasionally appear in the daily press of this city particularly, and other journals in different parts of the country, in reference to Spiritualists, all sensible men and women pay no attention to; but scandal-loving bigots catch them up and circulate them as facts, when they are nothing but canards. Here is the latest falsehood against us, which we clip from the Daily Evening Voice, a workingman's paper, printed in Boston, which we recommended to our Spiritualist mechanic friends, when the Boston press would not notice it at all:

"The Spiritualists have discovered that the eating of eggs by the medium causes the 'spirits' to come out in greater force. It adds more phosphorus to the human body, and, consequently, to the medium."

This slur first appeared in a Second Advent paper, months ago, and has just got into the newspapers. So lightly has the fangs of the credulous serpent fastened itself upon these journalists, through fear of losing popularity were they more just and more independent, that they dare not utter one single word in favor of the Spiritual Philosophy any more than a Roman Catholic dares speak against the abuses of his Church. Out upon such sycophancy! Prate not of the freedom of thought, and the liberty of the press, while you, dastard-like, crouch under the intolerance of old theology.

## Powerful Physical Manifestations.

Mr. Foster, at his own house in Salem, Mass., last week, in the presence of Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Foster, Judge Waters, and others, was raised from his chair and carried around the room above the heads of those present, and laid on a table opposite to the chair in which he had been sitting. This was done in the light, and visible to all present.







## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit who whose name is borne, 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—no reported error.

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.

### 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.

### Invocation.

Our Father, with thy smile beaming upon us through the face of this handsome day, we can but utter praises to thee. We can but tune anew the harps of our being, and rejoice that we are; and more than that, that we are the highest, grandest, divinest of all thy works. Although glory and wisdom beamed around us on every hand, yet within ourselves is a something grander and holier, a something more God-like than we find in the outer world. Oh Life, for thy glorious gift we praise thee. Though the face of this day beams above thousands of new-made graves, though it kisses with its passing breeze the cypress, though it notes the tears of the widow and the orphan, yet it is a demonstration of thy power, thy love, thy wisdom. So we praise thee for it. What though the cypress blooms? what though every day adds its thousands of green graves? what though every day crushes new hopes and buries fair flowers? It is all the same. These are but the changes of life. These are passing scenes that belong to the soul, and soul has need of them all. So we praise thee for all thy works; for the cypress and the rose, for the shade and the sunbeam, for the tear of sorrow and the smile of joy. We can look outward unto the great face of our God in Nature and utter thanksgiving.

### Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are ready to consider the inquiries of correspondents.

Ques.—By D. P. L., of Lowell, Mass. Is the human being positively a free agent? If so, when did it commence with him and where will it end?

Ans.—There are as many opinions concerning the free agency of the human, as there are humans to form opinions. All think differently upon this subject, as upon all others, because all are differently aggregated in soul. As in physical life no two individuals are exactly constituted alike, so no two can come to exactly the same conclusions. True, they may seem to, but there will be some difference, notwithstanding the seeming.

Your correspondent desires to know what opinion we have concerning this. Well, if we could stand outside of human nature, if it were possible for us to stand above human nature, and at the same time be able to look upon human nature with the eye of wisdom, we might be able to justly, perfectly determine this thing. But as we cannot, our answer must be more or less faulty; must be a child of our experience, the result of our observation. Judging from the intimate relationship you hold to one another, we should say, in the absolute, it is not possible for man to be entirely a free agent. Inasmuch as he is acted upon continually by forces over which he has no control, we cannot say much for his absolute free agency. And yet there is a sphere, a certain individualized sphere in which every soul revolves, in which it attains its experiences, and in which it may be, and is, doubtless, largely gifted with free agency.

You may say in all honesty and sincerity of heart, I can perform this or that act, or I can let it alone. But you cannot say even in whatever course you pursue, whatever choice you make, that there is not an absolute power determining for you. You cannot tell this, cannot tell how far you are controlled. All life is filled with intelligences. There are thousands and tens of thousands of worlds like your own, all systems filled with intelligent life, all pulsating to each other. Every atom is bound to every other atom. This is true, then you are all bound to one another. Your free agency depends upon this great general law or influence that pervades all atoms.

Q.—Can the spirit tell where Ignatius Loyola is, and what he thinks of his institution?

A.—In all probability this personality lives in a sphere peculiar to himself, and, to a certain extent, holds as sacred certain ideas that were sacred to him while here. But with the larger experience that that soul now has, in its freed condition, it of course must attain experiences that it could not have had here. But those of earth are not all laid aside, by no means. The chaff, the wind of experience, has blown away, but the grain remains.

### William Maratt.

If I felt as hard toward you Northern people as some would, under the circumstances, I should hardly be here to-day. But I have been promised, for some time, that I should get the privilege of coming back this way, and was told that it was time to come to-day; so I'm here.

My name was Maratt, William Maratt. I was hung by your Government because your Government said I was a spy, traitor, and it's very true. I had a sort of a trial, but it did not amount to much. I know the circumstances were very dark, much against me, but I was not what they said I was.

It's true I started out from Virginia as a spy. I'll own that I was furnished with transport and whatever I would need to accomplish my object as a spy. That's true; but I had only one object in view, and that was to get out of rebellion, to get North. But it seems I carried my spying business a little too far; did not think I should be arrested as a spy, but I was, and without much judge or jury I was strung up. I asserted my innocence, and offered to take the oath of allegiance, but it did not amount to anything; I was strung up. I don't know; I've a strange notion about me that Government had nothing to do about hanging me. I got across the river, anyway, by the rope. I didn't like it, and begged hard to be shot.

I've got a wife and two little ones at the South. I thought I'd laid a pretty good plan for my own escape and their, too. Now they've got the satisfaction of knowing that I was hung—that I died on the gibbet. I only want them to know that I was true to the principles I started out from. Right-

mond with. Though I was a spy to the rebels, as you call 'em, was in their employ, though I came among you as a spy—they thought I did, but I was no spy, after all—I never meant to go back, or furnish them with any information. Talk about being reconciled to that you're compelled to put up with! I'd never thought but what I'd meet with favor on this side of the line. I wanted to get North, and to be a spy seemed the only means of escape.

Well, now the way of communication is open, I'm in hopes to get word South. I want my wife to know, first, that I can come back; second, that I was true, that I did not turn against the old Government, after all. More than all, I don't want her to feel hard against the Federal Government because I was hung. I must say I think it had very little to do with my death. I don't know why, but I kind of think that my case was not submitted to the General Government at all. [What leads you to suppose that?] Because I don't think they would have done such an act without proper investigation. I don't want to believe it of 'em; that's why. Everything, I know, looked against me, but I was true for all that.

All I want is, if I can get any line through to my wife—her name is Charlotte—to let her know that I was not a traitor; and then I want her to let all the folks know it, and particularly those who were sure that I was not true to the old Government. I want her to let 'em know that I was; I can't be satisfied in the spirit-world without letting them know I was a traitor to the rebel cause. I'm proud to say so; I own it. But then there's such a thing, you know, as carrying your spying business too far. I wanted to get North, and I wanted to find a way to bring my family North, too, and I thought I took the shortest cut; but it seems I did not do it. Never mind! I won't talk about it, for the more I talk about it the madder I grow; so I'll stop.

Will you try and send it through? [Yes.] Well, if you could send it to Warrentonville, Virginia, I rather think it would reach 'em, if there's any way you can get it through. And if there's any of these persons—medium folks—there, anywhere they can get at 'em, I want the folks to let me speak. I'm just the same as I was here, only I've learned some things I didn't know when I was here. Well, good-bye to you. June 13.

### John O'Brien.

I'd like for you to say that John O'Brien, of the 10th Indiana, Company C, comes back here and feels himself pretty well. I went out from the battle-field, and I come back here to-day because I see all others are coming this way. I got folks I have left behind that know very little about these things. I was in the Catholic Church when I was here, but I don't know at all whether I am there at all now. I don't know anything about it; I'm not able to tell what I am.

I suppose my folks would like to know how I was killed. Well, I suppose I was paralyzed by a shell—a passing shell. I was not hit; there was no wound, no bruise upon me at all; and all at once I was unable to use my musket, and then I found myself on the other side. That's all I know about it; and as for the suffering, I had none. When I come back here I felt just about as stiff as I did when I was going over—I was just going to say, as stiff as I did when I was dying. Ah, you do not know anything about that. I was going over, dying, ah, that's a very poor word to make use of; it's when I was living—when I was just beginning to live like somebody.

Well, sir, I have a brother what's just now got home; and he's lost something—I'm going to say he's gained something, but he's lost something, that's what I mean—and that's an arm. And, somehow or other, he feels that he's no good, and must be dependent—and all that sort of thing—upon other folks, because he's lost his arm and can't work as he used to once. Ah, it's sometimes these things is all turned out for our good. Maybe his losing his arm will be a great providence to him.

I suppose they don't know I can come back to earth. But I'm here, anyway, and I'd like to be where I can have a bit of a chat with my folks—to say "How are ye?" and have 'em ask how I am myself, and all that. What I want most is one of these people, where my friends are. [Can you go where they are?] Yes, I can go where they are, but I've not got one of these. [Can you tell whether they have?] Well, I ain't thought about that. [There are mediums all over the land now.] Well, I ain't thought about that.

If I've got anything in the way of property here, I'll say I'd like for my brother to have part of it. Maybe it's not in order to speak of such things. I want 'em all to know I'm happy. I do not know whether I'm a Catholic or not. I'm so situated in the spirit-world I don't know what my religion is at all. Ah! it's gone out of my head entirely. I got some kind of an idea about God, but whether it's a Catholic idea or not, I can't tell. Ah, I'll let it go; somebody else will take care of it. If they do it I can't, that's sure. Well, sir, I was going to say if you asked anything, I'd nothing to pay with. Do you print what we ask you to without asking anything for it? [Yes.] Well, that's all right. When I can do you as good a turn I will. Good-bye to you. June 13.

### Dennis Minnehan.

I'm an Irishman myself, sir, like the one that has just left.

Five years ago I was living in Boston, on a small, little street leading out of Dedham street. I went to California, my wife Mary and myself, because we had friends there, cousins and uncles, who wrote us that we could make a good support; so we went there, and after a bit was taken sick, and never got my health again, and by-and-by I died.

I heard about these spiritual things before I went to California. I heard about it through a man I once worked for here, Mister Pope; maybe you know him? [Yes.] Yes, sir, I used to work for him. I heard him say that spirits could come back, and what they could do, and how they was on the other side; and I promised if spirits did come back, I would come. I've been some time trying to get round here, and I feel a little bashful. I not like to be too familiar. I want to come round very much to keep my word, but I did not like to intrude.

I should like very much if you could send to Mary Minnehan, of San Francisco, California, and tell her that Dennis has come here; I'd be very much obliged to you. And, like the one that came before me, I am happy in the spirit-land, and all things, everything, is not as we supposed it was, nothing like it.

When I was first born into the spirit-land, I thought I was not dead, but was still on the earth. I got well very soon; but very soon I see folks in the spirit-land that I knew was dead, then I begin to think I was myself. But I'm happy now; I'm satisfied.

Tell Mary I'm very glad she took the course she did. She's been troubled about it for fear I would not like the course she's taken. I'm very glad of it. You'll please say that to her. [Yes.] Well, sir, I'm much obliged. June 13.

### Ellen Maria Johnson.

Death severs the forces that bind us to the earthly body, and that body drops away from us, and leaves us standing in the midst of our friends, unseen, unknown; and while they are giving utterance to their grief, we are there, we have not left them. We mingle in their sorrows, and strive, perhaps vainly, to assuage their griefs. And then it is that we cry out in the agony of our spirits, "Why is it that their senses are so dull that they cannot understand our presence? Oh, what does it mean? Why is there this mystery surrounding the birth of the spirit?"

But a short time since I parted with my own earthly body; and while I was present in the midst of my sorrowing friends, so near that I could lay my hand upon their shoulders, and put my face close to their faces, so close that I felt they could not fail to be conscious of my presence, yet they gave no sign of recognition; they were silent in their living tombs, and I felt that they were more dead than I was. I felt I was not in the tomb, but they were. I had entered upon life, while they were still bound to death. And oh, I thought when the glorious gates are opened, and I can return to those friends, how gladly will I tell them I was there, that I heard what they said concerning me. I felt as though I would relinquish all the joys of my new state, whatever they might be, for one smile of recognition from them. It was all in vain.

I know you have kind hearts; I know you have large sympathies; and you will think none the less of me when I tell you I am from the heart of the Southern Confederacy. I sympathized with them here. Perhaps I was blind; if I was I shall have cause to regret it.

A few short years ago I was well off in the world. I had all to make me happy here. But the chances of war took away my friends, those who were near and dear to me, and one after another were stricken down. Blessing after blessing seemed to flee away, until at last I stood alone. All my worldly wealth was gone; friends were gone; my house was made a place for strangers. I was not strong enough in the physical to bear up under so many trials, so I sank gradually under them, until, at last, surrounded by the dear friends I loved so well—those that I believe would have given their life to save mine—but they could not—I was to go. And now we shall meet again.

I come back to tell them of this beautiful hereafter. I do not regret that I have passed on, for I would not have been satisfied to have lived and been dependent upon their generosity. So a kind, overruling Providence seemed to know that, and wisely removed me from earth.

I am satisfied; and oh, while they think of me sweetly as one gone to some far-off heaven, tell them I am often with them in spirit, and that I can but wonder that they do not realize it.

I would tell them that I am happy in my new home. I have met my dear brothers, the two that were slain in one day and brought home, all that was left of them to gaze upon.

From that day I sink. My spirit grew so sad, and stretched itself out so earnestly after them, that I was never happy again. I have joined them. They are happy; they are active; they are satisfied. I have joined my father. I've met all that were taken from me. And now I want to be reunited to those I left here. They think I have gone, but it is not so, and I'm here to tell them that I am living still, and sometimes living right with them, only I am free, not dependent upon their generosity. That is all the difference. I'm living with them still. I now inhabit a body that needs not the kindnesses of human life.

My name, sir, Ellen Maria Johnson. My age, twenty-two years and four months. [From what part of the South did you pass away?] From Richmond, Va. My time of death, the 16th of July, 1863. June 13.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, June 15.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Owen McElrath, of Baltimore, Md., to his family and children; Daniel McElrath, of Baltimore, Md., to his family and children; Mary McElrath, of Baltimore, Md., to her family and children; Ann Street, Sidney, N. S. W.; James Clinch, who died at Station A, New York City, to his friends.

Friday, June 16.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; John Clements, 2nd Alabama, Co. C, to his father, in Montgomery, Ala.; Sarah Elision, of Corinth, Mo., to Mr. Abbott; Philip Galt, of California, to his wife and children; Eliza Galt, of Manchester, N. H., to his brother-in-law.

Saturday, June 17.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Charles Galt, of India rubber grown, to the Spiritists of Boston; Esther Peniston, of Philadelphia, to her parents; Mary Eliza Hammond, of Hamilton, N. C., to her sister Agnes Hammond, in Massachusetts; Louisa Aldrich, of New York City, to her mother.

Sunday, June 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; John Clements, 2nd Alabama, Co. C, to his father, in Montgomery, Ala.; Sarah Elision, of Corinth, Mo., to Mr. Abbott; Philip Galt, of California, to his wife and children; Eliza Galt, of Manchester, N. H., to his brother-in-law.

Monday, June 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; John Clements, 2nd Alabama, Co. C, to his father, in Montgomery, Ala.; Sarah Elision, of Corinth, Mo., to Mr. Abbott; Philip Galt, of California, to his wife and children; Eliza Galt, of Manchester, N. H., to his brother-in-law.

Tuesday, June 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; John Clements, 2nd Alabama, Co. C, to his father, in Montgomery, Ala.; Sarah Elision, of Corinth, Mo., to Mr. Abbott; Philip Galt, of California, to his wife and children; Eliza Galt, of Manchester, N. H., to his brother-in-law.

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### SPIRITUALISM—FOUND IT ALL OUT!

To the Editor of the Glasgow Herald.—

"A little learning is a dangerous thing; Drink deep, or taste not of the spirit-spring." "Spiritualism is a great fact of the age."—Quarterly Review. "Our readers would be astonished were we to lay before them the names of the wondrous believers in the occult powers of the human mind, and the intellectual qualifications are known to the public, and who possess in confidence and esteem."—Westminster Review.

"As the theory of religion, the development of these ideas will prove, without question, the most revolutionary movement which ecclesiasticalism has confronted since the Reformation."—New York Herald.

"As for us, we are poor folk, pitiable creatures, imbeciles, and that because we have had the candor to avow that we examined, studied, experimented, felt, handled, and have determined the evidences of fact; whilst you who have been so long and who, notwithstanding, deny, hardly, are sages, people of sense, oracles, perfectly infallible. O human nature! O impudence and effrontery! How can posterity ever believe that you existed at this point of time."—Monsieur Piarret.

Sir—Messrs. Longmans having sent me the Glasgow Herald of Thursday, the 23rd inst., in which they have advertised my "History of the Supernatural," I see accidentally a letter by "B," in which he informs the public that he has been to Mrs. Marshall, the medium, in London, and that he has found it all out. Mr. B., it seems, went there in a tricky spirit, and the spirits tricked him; he went with lies and he got lies, a most certain result of such a procedure. Had Mr. B. known the veriest rudiments of what he found all out at the first brush, he would have been aware that in this case, as in society in general, "like draws like," *qui resemble s'assemble*. This is a trite axiom in all languages. Mr. B. thought he had discovered how people's names were so readily blown out, and he had his little trick, and gave a false name, and got a false answer, and so on. He thought that he could trick the spirits, but he tricked himself; that he had the laugh against them, and all the while they were laughing at him. He did not find them out, but they had no trouble whatever in finding him out. If he had not been the merest and shallowest novice in such matters, he would have known that list stood before the spirits which were there and are everywhere around him as transparent as glass. But they read in most thoughts of an open book. But they are much too clever to let a novice, or even a long practiced adept, trick them. If you go to the spirits with lies, you instantly bring round you a host of lying spirits, as certainly as a magnet attracts steel filings; it is they only who go in a spirit of truth, seeking truth, and that solemnly as it ought to be sought, who will get the truth. But suppose, Mr. B.—I cannot think this "B" stands for Bacon, for he is not for finding all out at the first glance, but by long and careful examination—suppose Mr. B. had found out that Mrs. Marshall was a humbug, and the spirit-manifestations there the same, I should like to know what it would all amount to? Is Mrs. Marshall the sole existing medium? Does Spiritualism exist and consist in her alone? Given, that Mrs. Marshall was a humbug, what then? Mr. B. would have still a long road to travel before he found it all out. If he will take the trouble to read carefully my "History of the Supernatural," advertised in the same copy of the Herald as his wonderful discovery, he will find that this case has been existing for ages, and in all nations from the foundation of the world—that so far, even at the present day, the disbelievers being in the majority, they are in a miserable and most contemptible minority. All antiquity, with some mere and most scanty exceptions, were Spiritualists; and this stands not as the evidence of anonymous "B's," or a single trial, but of the greatest philosophical and historical authorities. Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Cicero, Seneca, Tacitus, Ely, and the like. At the present day, the whole of Europe, and the whole of the population in the East are Spiritualist; all Catholicism is Spiritualist, and must be Spiritualist, or abandon all its saints and miracles. Protestantism alone has apostatized from the faith and experience of the universal world, and even now through Protestantism, invincible, multitudinous, and daily-springing facts are restoring the empire of Spiritualism to its natural throne in the heart and the intellect of man.

For the last twenty years, the United States, for ten years in Europe, these facts, carefully examined by every class of society, and every class of intellect, literally from the palace to the cottage, from the high school to the simplest hearth, has resulted in five millions of Spiritualists in America, and one million in Europe. Mr. Uriah Clark, of Boston, U. S., in a "Plain Guide to Spiritualism," just published, tells us that in the United States there is not simply a single Mrs. Marshall, but five hundred able and fifty thousand private mediums, and the thousands of mediums, and the thousands of places for public circles, conferences, lectures, &c. Yet with such open and daily opportunities of examining all the professed phenomena of Spiritualism, its emptiness or dishonesty has never yet been detected, but, on the contrary, it receives every day new adherents.

In England there are thousands of private families, including many of the very highest in rank, in intellect, and in learning, in which the varied phenomena of Spiritualism are as familiar as the daily newspaper. These facts, carefully examined by every class of society, and every class of intellect, literally from the palace to the cottage, from the high school to the simplest hearth, has resulted in five millions of Spiritualists in America, and one million in Europe. Mr. Uriah Clark, of Boston, U. S., in a "Plain Guide to Spiritualism," just published, tells us that in the United States there is not simply a single Mrs. Marshall, but five hundred able and fifty thousand private mediums, and the thousands of mediums, and the thousands of places for public circles, conferences, lectures, &c. Yet with such open and daily opportunities of examining all the professed phenomena of Spiritualism, its emptiness or dishonesty has never yet been detected, but, on the contrary, it receives every day new adherents.

When Mr. B. has examined this subject in such families—in those of the nobles of station, and the nobles of intellect for the next seven years—he will find that he is just as far as ever from finding it all out. In France, if he will pass over there, he will find hundreds of thousands of as clever fellows as himself, from the Emperor downwards, Spiritualists from close examination and conviction. He will find that practical and scientific facts, thirty thousand Spiritualists have grown up there, chiefly since 1860. In Bordeaux, Nismes, Metz, and all the great towns, the like in France, Germany, Switzerland, Holland and Russia, the question has long been thoroughly sifted by the keenest intellects. In nearly all these, *workmen* a learned and profound character have been written on it. On my shelves, besides English and American, I have above fifty volumes of French and German writings on the subject, prepared by the most distinguished of travel, in search of actual phenomena by men of great learning and fame. We receive letters from the different countries of the Continent, from India and Australia, all detailing spiritualistic facts, breaking out suddenly where no one dreamt of them. It is like the story of a man in America, whom I read of lately, who, seeing his carpet on fire, tried to stamp it out, only to see it burst up in a second and third place; then he heard the cry that the servant's lamp had fallen on the carpet, and he determined to flee and abandon the house to its fate, found it burning in his locked boxes and trunks. In vain do newspapers sneer at it, pulpits frown on it, physical professors stamp on it. It is continually catching, bursting out, and spreading on all sides; and all the while the "B's" and "C's" take a single look at it, and find it all out. If they can, put it out, let them. I, for one, will say "thank you," if they do, for I have no notion of believing in anything that can be put out.

And now, Mr. Herald, let me say, in a few words, what I think of the matter. I have studied the subject and practically examined it these seven years, and I know much cleverer men who have done this much longer, and that, where there was no paid medium suffered to enter. I do not owe my knowledge to a single visit to Mrs. Marshall, made with a lie in my mouth; but to what I have seen amongst the able, the learned, and the good. I have seen plenty of these grasshopper observers who, at a single spring and jerk, find everything out; and a good many of these, Professor Taylor, who, for so many years, has been making his fun at the Colosseum and in Regent street out of Spiritualism, suddenly, like him, have broken out into thousands strong in their own families, and as he has now done, confess their folly. My conviction of the matter, then, is this. For the last two centuries there has been a tendency amongst philosophers and for the last century a most determined tendency to ignore reason away, and trample down the human mind, and the universe, the universe of spirit. No doubt these gentlemen and their reasons for their conduct, it was much more agreeable to them to have no apparition of a

spirit throne and future judgment haunting them. The Hobbs and Tindals, Humes, Voltaires, and Volneys, succeeded to a marvel. They not only destroyed faith in spirit and spiritation in the monsters of the French Revolution; but in the Churches. They have not only by the aid of Kant, Hegel, Paulsen, and many others, expelled nearly the whole mind of Germany, France, and Spain, but they have gradually infected by the creeping virus, the Universities and Churches of Great Britain. They have reduced Christianity in the public bodies who possess it in this country to as great a likeness to the Christianity of the New Testament as a dead broomstick is to a grand and bowing pine-tree. Try the professed Christianity of to-day by any principle of the Gospel, by its faith, by its love, by its humility, and self-renunciation. The whole of Europe for this proof of Christianity of the nearly nineteen centuries of possession, and you see it from one end to the other armed to the teeth—every man against his neighbor. "Thou shalt not kill," and the most prominent feature of the age is the enthusiasm of its mechanic genius at work to invent new machines for your neighbor's destruction—machines only fit to be named in the halls of Pandemonium. He that will be the greatest amongst them, let him be the servant of all; and the white-throated Eagle of to-day, calling itself Christian, arranges itself in all sorts of frippery titles, in every species of feudal disguises and nicknames, and loves-greeting in the market places; and that men should worship one another, not for their love to one another, but for their monopolies of the good things of God's world. We see congregations walking to church and chapels in goodly silks and good clothes, and during the season of the week bent on piling up gold by the sea, as if this were the lasting and the other the mere passing show. Look now through Europe for this proof of Christianity of the nearly nineteen centuries of possession, and you see it from one end to the other armed to the teeth—every man against his neighbor. "Thou shalt not kill," and the most prominent feature of the age is the enthusiasm of its mechanic genius at work to invent new machines for your neighbor's destruction—machines only fit to be named in the halls of Pandemonium. 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## Mediums in Boston.

**MRS. R. COLLINS,**  
**CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN AND HEALING MEDIUM,**  
**No. 6 Pine Street, Boston,**  
**CONTINUES** to heal the sick, as Spirit Physicians contro-  
 her for the benefit of suffering humanity.  
 Examinations at all. All medicines prepared by her wholly  
 composed of roots, barks and herbs gathered from the garden  
 of Nature. July 1.

**DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE,**  
AT NO. 1 DAVIN STREET, BOSTON.

THOSE requesting examinations by letter will please en-  
close \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the  
address, and state sex and age. July 1.

**DR. WILLIAM B. WHITE,** Sympathetic, Clair-  
voyant, Magnetic and Electric Physician, cures all dis-  
eases that are curable. Nervous and disagreeable feelings

removed. Advice free. Operations, \$1.00. No. 4 JEFFERSON  
Place (leading from South Bennet street), Boston.  
July 1.

**MADAM GALE, Clairvoyant and Prophetic**  
Medium, 18 Lowell street. Examination of Diseases by  
Letter, \$1.00. Answers by letter, \$1.00. Answered on other business for  
50 cents, and two 3-cent stamps.  
April 8.

**CELAIRVOYANCE.**—**MRS. COLOGOVY** may be  
consulted at any time, or by letter, respecting Business,  
Health, &c., at 34 Winthrop street, Boston. Directions by letter  
\$1.00. Lost or stolen property, \$2.00.  
July 22.

**MRS. A. C. LATHAM, Medical Clairvoyant**  
and Healing Medium, 292 Washington street, Boston.  
Treatment of Body, Mind and Spirit.  
July 1.

**MISS NELLIE STARKWEATHER, Writing**  
Test Medium, No. 7 Indiana street, near Harrison Ave.  
Hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. 3m-May 20.

**MRS. WM. H. MERRILL, Healing Medium,**  
by the laying on of hands, No. 42 Hanson street (near  
Tremont). Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. 3m-Aug 5.

**F. MOORE, Hensing and Trance Medium, No.**  
66 Langrange Place, from Washington street, Boston,  
Mass. 12m-June 17.

**SAMUEL GROVER HEALING MEDIUM, No.**

13 DIX PLACE, (opposite Harvard street.) July 1.

**DR. D. A. PEASE & SON,**  
**PRACTICAL PHYSICIANS,**  
FOR.  
**CURING CHRONIC DISEASES.**

**A**RE permanently located at 127 JEFFERSON AVENUE, DE  
THOIT, MICH., and will devote their whole time in healing  
the sick, body and mind. The happy day has come when the sick

and suffering can be healed without the use of poisonous drugs. The patient is not subjected to the usual treatment, but is favorably organized and conditioned, perform the most effective cures without the use of medicine, and so certain is the effect that many cases require but one operation of only a few minutes. The patient is not subjected to the usual treatment, is cured, have been found to yield under this mode of treatment; and what is still more wonderful, a large number of cases that have been given up as incurable by the most renowned physicians, have been cured by this all-potent life-giving power in an almost incredible short space of time. No surgical operations performed, no drugs, no medicine, no poisons, no pain, no suffering, no danger, no death. Persons unable to pay are cured free of charge.

daily invited without money and without price. Cleanliness absolutely required in all cases.

**CARD FROM DR. J. P. BRYANT.**

IN accordance with previous advertisement, I now give notice that I shall close my rooms in Detroit, on Wednesday, May 31, 1865, at 6 o'clock, p. m. Dr. D. A. PEAKE and SOX will succeed me in *healing the sick*, occupying the same rooms, 172 Jefferson Avenue. Dr. Peake has been long and favorably known as a successful practitioner. His affable manners, and

positive sympathy for the afflicted, has won for him an enviable name, and has cured thousands of cases of rheumatism. Feeling personally acquainted with them, I cheerfully recommend them to the suffering with perfect confidence in their ability to cure all forms of disease of either body or mind.

July 1. J. P. BRYANT.

**DR. H. S. PHILLIPS,**  
**PRACTICE MAGNETIC HEALING**  
BY THE APOSTOLIC MODE,  
**THE LAYING ON OF HANDS,**  
WILL BE IN  
**YORK, Pa., from August 4th to Sept. 4th.**  
BY this treatment any curable disease may be cured. In

It is complete, infallible, and it is the only one that adapts itself to the most complicated cases, and only requires a few operations to cure the most inveterate cases, where the adaptation is but partial. It is provided against every case, the patient strictly adheres to the laws of health, without any other cure can be permanently effected by any of any other practice.

Terms of treatment according to the ability of the patient.

THE USUALTY of each week will be devoted to the treatment of the poor, free of charge. Cleanliness in person at all ways required.

PERMANENT ADDRESS: VINELAND, N. J.  
**MADAME JULIAN,**  
The Wonderful Portuguese Clairvoyant,

who powers for examining and prescribing for disease are considered accurate, and will give attention to any who may apply for her services, either in person or by letter.

81. For CLAIMVOTANT EXAMINATION in person.  
\$1.50 for CLAIMANT'S EXAMINATION by letter.

82. HOURS—From 8 to 12 A.M.; from 1½ to 4½ and 7 to 9½ P.M.

**SOUL READING.**

Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.

MR. and MRS. A. B. REVERE have respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit them in person, or send their photograph or lock of hair, they will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character.

and future life; physical disease, with prescription therefore what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those in business to their business; the physical and mental adaptation whereby they can restore or perpetuate their former love. They will give instructions for self-improvement, by telling what faculties should be restrained, and what cultivated. Several of the advertisements are of a very interesting nature. They can do what they advertise without fail, as hundreds are willing to testify. Scientists are particularly invited to investigate. Every advertiser must enclose his name, address, and full name, and full designation of Chemical, Electrical, and Mechanical. After all calls or letters will be promptly attended to by

either one or the other.  
Address, **MR. AD. MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE,**  
July 1, 1891. **Whitewater, Walworth Co., Wisconsin.**

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**DR. URANN,**  
**WHO has made so many wonderful and**  
**INSTANTANEOUS CURES**

in Boston, New York, Hartford, Springfield, and more recent  
in New Hampshire and Vermont, has taken rooms No. 1  
Court street, Boston, where he may be found from the 1st  
the 20th of each month. The remainder of the month he w  
visit patients at a distance who may desire his services.  
June 17.

**DR. J. WILBE,**  
OF MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN,  
**MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN**  
**FOR ACUTE AND CHRONIC DISEASES.**  
LATE of Detroit, Chicago, Waukegan and Delaware, Ohio  
has removed from the American House to 79 Lake street  
Cleveland, O., where he will remain until further notice.  
cures all curable diseases with a few operations. No medical  
expenses.

distance without seeing the patient, by sending him the  
handwriting. Persons who cannot afford to pay are cordially  
invited, without money and without price. Gentleness of  
being required. Office hours are from 9 A. M. to 12 M., and 6  
1 to 6 P. M. July 1

**DR. E. M. HOWARD,**  
**BOTANIC, ELECTRIC AND SYMPATHETIC**  
**PHYSICIAN,**  
CAN tell positively whether or not you can be cured  
of helped and well as the best of all curable diseases.  
Medicine prepared exclusively by himself, and no cost

palms spared, and so compounded and concentrated as to combine power with mildness of action to remove disease without debilitating the system, the medicine will not merely relieve, unless the Doctor receives the impression that those medicines will benefit the patient. Office hours, 8 to 12 A. M. Ter-  
m, \$1.00.  
Office and Residence, 895 Washington street, Boston.  
July 29.

**PRACTICAL** will open rooms at FORT WAYNE, Ind., MONDAY, AUG. 8, at 6 o'clock A. M., and close THURSDAY, AT, at 6 o'clock P. M. Will open in LA FAYETTE, Ind., SATURDAY, AUG. 21, at 6 o'clock Thursday, AUG. 21; and conclude handling in COLUMBIA, Ill., MONDAY, SEPT. 4, and close THURSDAY, SEPT. 14th.

**PSYCHOMETRY AND CLAIRVOYANCE**

MRS. V. M. BALDWIN will read character personalities by letters describing persons at a distance, whether living or dead, and also give readings of palm-veins, a lock of hair, or the handwriting of the person. Terms Address, Tilson, Wle. if July

**A. H. RICHARDSON**, Member of Physican and  
Healing Medium, No. 152 Main street, Charleston.  
July 15—3m

**G. & P. B. ATWOOD**, Magnetic and Clair-  
voyant Physicians, 18t. Marks Pl., opp. Cooper Inst., N.Y.  
June 10—3m

**MRS. COTTON**, Successful Healing Medium  
by the laying on of hands. (No medicines given.)  
111 East 29th street, near 3d Avenue, N.Y. 3m—June 10

—JAMES A. NEWY

**D. F. CRANE,**  
**ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW**  
**25 COURT STREET,**  
**BOSTON,**  
House, 12 Webster street, Somerville. April  
**DR. LISTER, Astrologer, 25 Lowell street, 1**  
ton, Mass. For terms, &c., please send for a circular  
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## Boston.

## SPIRIT COMPANY.

BY THOMAS IRWIN.

Up cheerful as the morn I rise,  
Though foreign airs around me blow,  
For well I deem that spirit-eyes  
Look into mine where'er I go:  
So, in the viny-window nook,  
With southern sunlight round, I sit,  
And read aloud, from some old book,  
Old music lines of poet wit,  
That those I love around may hear me,  
And melt in sweet, mute laughter near me.

With them I stroll all day along—  
The fresh blue bay and sunny shore,  
And hear the brown old fisher's song,  
Above his nets hummed o'er and o'er:  
And wander up the evening cliffs,  
Ask'd by the shadowy fanning breeze;  
And as I watch the fading lights,  
I whisper o'er of loved old times,  
That those I love around may hear me,  
And smile with gentle memories near me.

And when the golden sunset dips  
Beneath the garden's walnut trees,  
In vintage gay I bathe my lips,  
Till the white star floats up the seas:  
Then as upon the hill I climb,  
The quiet shepherd pens his fold,  
I sit among the stilly dead,  
And sing the songs they loved of old,  
And hear their echoes, grown divine,  
Come back through this waked heart of mine.

But when o'er hill and ocean soon  
Falls the deep twilight blue and rare,  
And tolling bell and rounded moon  
Awake the tranced time of prayer—  
Through starry casement lone I gaze  
Upon the heavenly path they trod,  
And murmur o'er their love and praise,  
With lowly knee before our God:  
And hear, as though beyond the sea,  
The loved Old Voices pray for me.

## Dr. U. Clark's Etchings.

Though retired from the lecturing field, I have withdrawn no interest from the noble pioneer men and women who are making the land vocal with celestial tidings. After eleven years of incessant toil and travel through nearly all the States, and more than twenty years' experience in public speaking, I remember with gratitude and pleasure the thousands of faces scattering sunshine along all the path of the past. And I hear voices calling for the old familiar "Etchings," the heading under which I began to write in the old *Spiritual Telegraph*, eleven years ago; under which I wrote in my own little *Spiritual Clarion*, and under which the good readers of our glorious *Banner* have been pleased to read my random notes.

"Well, how are you doing?" is the query of hundreds of old friends writing from a distance, and the query of friends dropping in on a visit to the "Hub." To all which I have a response gladdening to the souls who know what it is to struggle and suffer through long years of seemingly unrequited conflicts. There are those who have learned "to labor and to wait." Life's mission may sometimes require twenty, thirty, forty or fifty years of discipline, during all which time the world looks on and laughs with pity or scorn, and one friend after another drops off and leaves you as nearly alone as Jesus was in Gethsemane. "He never will succeed, he never will succeed!" Oh, no! And that is the sum of all the Job comfort you get. You must go on alone, conscious of "meat to eat" of which neither the world nor your nearest friends may have any knowledge. Well, what if you do fail of immediate success, and fall a hundred times? Had your first efforts been successful in a worldly sense, you might have been ruined, and would have lost years of discipline essential to the development of the divine powers of your being. Oh, ye struggling martyr souls, whose aims lift you above the dead level of the world's millions, take to yourselves the glorious assurance of ultimate triumph, though you seem to waste your whole lives in fruitless efforts and aspirations. Sooner or later, the day of recompense comes, and your richest reward shall consist in a retrospect of heroic struggles and the prospect of bestowing blessings on those who are yet suffering.

Bolchertown, Petersham, Salem, Chelsea, Hyannis, Marblehead, Lynn and New Bedford were the last places I visited previous to locating in Boston, in all of which localities are good friends faithful to the better Gospel. Our old professional friend, Dr. G. C. Tew, of New Bedford, is quietly doing a good work among the sick, though he takes no pains to advertise his superior healing powers. There are hundreds of such operators, more meritorious than others, who puff their posterous pretensions into notoriety.

Distant readers of the *Banner* are constantly interested to hear of Boston and vicinity, and no wonder, when this great centre is compared with other localities. Boston is the only city sustaining certain spiritual interests through all the changes and shocks of the greatest, grandest war in human history. It has sustained public spiritual lectures eleven years in succession. The *Banner* and its Free Circles have gone on enlarging in usefulness during nearly the same period. Bela Marsh's publishing house stands after a trial of more than forty years, and the venerable sage is still sending out his liberal issues. Wm. White & Co. have become the largest well-established firm in our line of book and periodical literature. Boston has her suburban Charlestown, Chelsea, Lynn, Salem, Quincy, Lowell, and numerous other localities of spiritual interest. If she has been behind in Sunday Schools and Lyceums for our children, it is because she has been waiting for some sure basis on which to work.

New England has at last set the example of seeking an effective organization to enable Spiritualists to cooperate. "The New England Convention of Spiritualists," with its efficient board of officers, has become an institution, but not a sect or party, or anything else infringing on the liberty of the individual conscience. We predicted some such organization last summer, at the Chicago Convention, when some of the determined "progressive" anti-organizers undertook to pull wires and snub Boston, and leave New England in the cold.

By the way, Bro. Banner, will you allow me, and several hundred others, to inquire who authorized the drawing up and the publication of such a call for such a "National Convention" as appears in your columns? I was present at the Chicago Convention, and took part in all its doings, yet I protest that no committee was appointed to call a Convention like that designated to be held in Philadelphia next October. The Chicago gathering was called and held as a National Convention of Spiritualists. That body appointed a committee of thirteen to select the time and place, and issue the call for another annual session of a National Convention of Spiritualists. That Committee now issue a call headed, "To the Spiritualists and Reformers," etc., and then add, "The Second National Convention of Spiritualists will be held," etc. "Each local organization is requested to send one delegate," etc. "This call extends to all classes of reformers, without reference to name or form of organization. All Spir-

itualists and other Reformers throughout the world, are respectfully invited to send delegates to attend and participate in the discussions of the questions which may come before the Convention!" The world ought to breathe freer after reading a call like this, for here is an invitation for the ventilation of everything in the universe. Now this is just what was anticipated by certain friends who understood the drift of certain parties who figured in the Chicago Convention to defeat all organization under the name of Spiritualism. On knowing that certain parties had managed to get an appointment on the Committee, in the presence of Dr. Gardner, J. S. Loveland, and others, the day after the Chicago Convention, I predicted that a part of the Committee would so far manage the affair as to issue a call for a mixed, modley sort of a Convention, instead of an out-and-out Spiritualist one. And so we have the above call. Whether all the Committee saw and signed the call before it was published, is a question which the members of the Committee are best prepared to answer. I have no desire to question the motives of any, but we need to know facts, and state truths. I insist that the call now issued is not legitimate; and the Convention, if made up in accordance with the call, that is, of delegates representing all the so-called reforms of the age, will prove a failure, and defeat the objects and aims of Spiritualists as a people. It will prove to be only a rehearsal of the Buffalo, Utica and Rutland hebdomadary Conventions, in which Spiritualism found only a second or third class plane, and some of our ablest speakers and mediums were scarcely heard. According to this call, "all classes of reformers, without reference to name or organization," are invited to participate. Now it is a well known fact that there are hundreds of reform movements, embracing every sect in Christendom, besides those called infidels, atheists, rationalists, and nothingarians. And all these are invited to come and participate, take their share of the time, and, if they please, vote "Spiritualism out of existence as a humbug."

As Spiritualism has been stated again and again, it claims to embrace all the legitimate reforms of the age. To make a distinction between "Spiritualists and Reformers," is an insult to the former, and is virtually accusing them of being only one-sided reformers or no reformers at all. Moreover, if we are to meet in Convention as Spiritualists, it is due that we stand on our rights and respect ourselves and our peculiar sentiments, and not go out begging for all the humanitarian hawks of the age to come in and help us get up a debating Pandemonium. Spiritualism begins with a special reform, which includes all that is great and good in behalf of human progress, and we insist that those who are not prepared to come under its broad and ample banner, nor to recognize its principles, can add nothing to the interest or harmony of our Conventions. The experiment has been made long enough and often enough, and it is about time for Spiritualists to stand up in their dignity, on the eternal principles at issue; and when "other reformers" and the "rest of mankind" get ready to come into the ranks of spiritual progress, let them come without our compromising or coaxing.

The Spiritualist public should know now whether the committee design to call a Convention having Spiritualism as its basis, or a Convention made up of delegates representing all the odds and ends of creation, "all classes of reformers, without reference to name or form of organization," "Spiritualists and other reformers throughout the world." I write the more freely on this subject, now that I am no longer engaged as a public speaker, and cannot be accused of seeking any leadership. I write as a private in the humblest ranks of our people, and yet I may be permitted to offer now and then a word of warning or counsel, since I have had some little experience in the spiritual pioneer field of our country.

Bostonians were exceedingly delighted with a visit from Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Davis, during anniversary week. Their laudable labors in behalf of the young, awakened new interest in this city. We had the pleasure of a call from Bro. Davis, and enjoyed a happy interchange of sentiments. If Bro. Davis and the writer have ever used sharp pens with each other in public print, we never cherished any other than fraternal feelings in private; and whatever of the "hatchet" may have appeared, is now "buried" forever. If any of Mr. Davis's friends have attempted anything like a division in the ranks of spiritual progress, he is not responsible, nor does he wish it to be understood that he seeks anything like a leadership or a high-priesthood. He declared that he desired to stand where the writer stood, a private in the ranks, ready to cooperate in whatever harmonic movements might be projected for the betterment of humanity.

Most of the Sunday spiritual meetings in Boston and vicinity are suspended till September. The Sunday morning meeting at our Institute, however, continues, and our rooms, seating about one hundred and fifty, are more than full. Though the parlors are open free to all, we invite none to participate except those who can come with capital, harmonic influences. We distribute singing books around the audience, gather the family around the melodeon, form a juvenile choir of Lilla, Chubb, Minnie, and other little ones, and with a chorus of forty or fifty voices led by Marsh, Bond, etc., we make the walls echo with the sweet melody of appropriate songs and hymns. We have no formal lectures or sermons, but brief readings and remarks by the head of the Institute, and others who drop in from Sunday to Sunday. It is a sort of public family service, and we attract visitors from the various churches, who join with our spiritual friends in feeling that "it is good to be here."

Let me say to distant readers that the *Banner* Free Circles are more than what the *Banner* indicates, and those who contribute to their support are not only helping the paper, but are ministering to the spiritual wants of hundreds of hungry souls in weekly attendance. When the history of those circles, in connection with the *Banner*, is published, the world will have a record of phenomena and of deeds of celestial beneficence scarcely paralleled in the annals of sacred history.

U. CLARK.

18 Chauncey street, Boston, Mass., July 27, 1885.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.—Here is the whole story, copied from Mr. Monroe's message, delivered Dec. 2, 1823:

"With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence, and maintained it, and whose independence we have no great consideration and on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

A "big Indian" strayed away from his camp, and got lost. Inquiring the way back, he was asked, "Indian lost?" No, said he, "Indian lost," "Indian no lost; wigwam lost," striking his breast; "Indian here."

## General Conference of Liberal Christians at Beaver Dam, Wis.

This Conference was at first projected by three Universalist Clergymen, afterwards assisted by a Unitarian. These gentlemen, feeling the need of fraternity among friends professing the same principles of love to humanity, sought, as their primal object, a more Catholic, spiritual life. They avowed that all the liberal minded should work together as brethren in a mutual cause. They did not think it expedient, on fealty, to sever domestic relations, under existing conditions, but to throw out their feelings toward a basis of union where every individual would naturally dissolve and localize into one Eclectic Church. Accordingly a "General Conference of Liberal Christians" was appointed in Beaver Dam, Wis., on the 19th and 20th of July. Clergymen were issued and sent out in all directions, inviting clergymen especially, and lecturing Spiritualists.

There were eight ministers present, mostly Unitarians. This seemed somewhat singular, for no effort was made to call this class together than any other. Aro and Unitarianism were freer and bolder than Universalism, or any more ready for union? There was only one representative Spiritualist. Letters of sympathy, earnestly hoping the movement might be a success, or at least suggestive of religious harmony among the several liberal parties, were read, eliciting happy attention. These letters were from Universalists, Unitarians and Spiritualists, each looking to the same ends of union, in due time. Here again the Unitarians were in the majority. The design was to get the voice of each sect toward a basis of union, and it would seem the Unitarians more liberally responded.

In the first Conference meeting all were of "one accord." It was, indeed, a flow of soul, a baptism from the heavens, a transfiguration on the Mount. How beautiful to see brethren of diverse opinions drinking in of the same spirit in oneness of clarity!

A summary of the balance of the meeting is this: 1. A majority of Unitarians, a plain testimony for fear of losing denominational caste. 2. A practical wisdom in resolving against the forming of another sect, and in favoring the higher religious life. 3. A heart-wish to fellowship our Spiritualist brother; but an outside fear of the Jews; so he was not invited to lecture. Policy, to say nothing of principle, demanded a bolder clarity "which thinketh no evil."

Resolving an unmistakable hesitation, our Spiritualist brother, defended by a solitary clergyman, determined to meet the challenge of the Conference; so, after making studied remarks defining the position of Spiritualists, he introduced a resolution to the effect that the "Liberal Christians in this Conference assembled do most heartily and cordially invite the Spiritualists, on an equal basis of right, to cooperate with them in the work of regenerating humanity from its present thralldom and miseries." Mark it, he did not ask for a recognition of his issue, but simply the endorsement of Spiritualists as fellow-workers in the holy work which Christians espouse. It was pronounced sectarian, and so was ruled out.

"Alas for the rarity of Christian charity Under the sun!"

Quite an episode; but after all, only a "misunderstanding." The Conference power had its protest, and it proved that there is a plane of religious thought where all souls can blend, and that theology and isms always scatter; that the public mind is growing more charitable, in spite of creeds, for our unpopular brother, although not invited to speak, was received into the council without an expressed or implied objection, and into the desk to assist in the services. This was indeed beautiful, and so promising, considering how Spiritualists have been generally treated. Another "Conference of Liberal Christians" will be held in Battle Creek, Michigan, on the 12th and 13th of August, 1885. Let all isms be left at home; and let the Spiritualists everywhere invite their Church brethren to meet them half way in brotherly love, for the work of humanitarian elevation. The test question is coming, and will have to be met boldly, and it remains for the Church brethren to answer it: Will you unite for the reformation of humanity; or shall there be an organization of Spiritualists, or shall there be a third eventually take back the vitality it has infused into Churches? Which shall it be? Let the question be solved! Let charity be the ruling spirit. Beaver Dam, Wis. AN AGITATOR.

AVARICIOUS.—The New Bedford Standard says that Miss Hettie Robinson, who contests the validity of the will of Miss Sylvia Ann Howland, who bequeathed large amounts to charitable institutions, had a million of dollars bequeathed to her by her father, and the income of several other millions. The case comes before the Probate Court in New Bedford on Friday next.

What great man ever lived that had a fashionable mother?

## LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

FURNISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

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

J. S. LOVELAND will answer calls to lecture, and will pay special attention to the establishment of Children's Lyceums. Address, Banner of Light office, Boston, Mass.

Miss L. L. L. will speak in Philadelphia during October. Will make no other engagements to lecture until further notice. Her many correspondents will note the above and address as above, or by mail, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. LUCIA CUPP will lecture in Haverhill during August. In Athol, Sept. 3 and 10; in Portland, Me., Sept. 10 and 17. She will answer calls to lecture week after week. Address as above, or care of Banner of Light.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Seymour, Conn., during August. In Worcester, Mass., during September; in Troy, N. Y., during October. Will answer calls to lecture during the fall and winter. Apply immediately. Address as above.

Dr. and Mrs. L. C. COOK will lecture and heal in Marlborough, Mass., during August. Address, Henry, Marlborough, Mass. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, and sell Spiritualist and Reform books.

M. H. Houghton will speak in Stamford, Conn., Aug. 6, and will answer calls to lecture in Westport, N. Y., and in the coming fall and winter. Address as above, or by mail, Paris, Me.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will lecture in Bangor, Me., during August. In Milford, N. H., Sept. 3 and 10. Address, box 515, Lowell, Mass.

Miss MARTHA L. BECKWITH, trance speaker, will lecture in Portland, Me., during September. Address at New Haven, Conn. Address as above.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Chelsea, Mass., during September; in Lowell during October; in Philadelphia during November. Will make engagements to speak in the West through the winter and spring of 1886, if the friends desire. Address as above.

Miss EMMA HORTON will lecture in Buffalo, N. Y., during August; in Cincinnati, O., during September; in Milwaukee, Wis., during October. Will answer calls to lecture during the fall and winter. Would be happy to make further engagements in the West. Address as above.

AUSTIN E. SIMMONS will speak in Woodstock, Vt., on the first Sunday in Bridgeport on the second Sunday, and in Westport on the third Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

WARREN CHASE will be at South Hardwick, Vt., till August. He will attend the Annual State Convention of Vermont at Andover, in August. The National Convention of Philadelphia in October, and lecture during January and February next in Washington, D. C., during March in Philadelphia, and will next summer in the West. Other engagements about the route will be made by an application soon. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Mrs. LAURA DE FORCK GORDON will lecture in Houghton, Me., during August. Address as above, or Bangor, Me., care of H. B. Emery, Esq.

requested to consult her by letter, directing their communications, until further notice, to Woodstock, Vt.

ALICIA, WILKINS, M. D., inspirational speaker, will lecture in Northern Missouri, Aug. and Sept., in Kansas, Oct., Nov., and Dec. Address, in care of S. Hudson, Terre Haute, Ind., until Aug. 1st.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN will speak in Danville, Vt., every other Sunday. She will attend funerals if desired. Address, St. Johnsbury, Centre, Vt.

W. K. RIPLEY will speak in Dover, Me., during August and September. Address as above, or Foxboro', Mass.

Mrs. SEAR M. JOHNSON will speak in Haverhill, Mass., during August. In Bangor, during September; in Foxboro', Mass., Nov. 5 and 12; in Worcester, Dec. 17, 24 and 31.

Mrs. S. A. HORTON will speak in Rutland, Vt., the first Sunday of each month until November; in Quincy, Aug. 13 and 20.

Mrs. SERIE A. HUTCHINSON will speak in Cincinnati during August; in Stamford, Conn., during December. Address as above, or Syracuse, N. Y.

G. O. FISH will speak in Lowell, Mass., during January. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light. Address, Hammonont, N. J.

Dr. JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, will be at the Quarterly Meeting at Clark, Henry Co., Ind., on the 25th, 26th and 27th of August. Will take a supply of books, and will take subscriptions for the Banner of Light, as usual.

F. L. WADSWORTH speaks every Sunday morning and evening in Sturges, Mich., till further notice. Address accordingly.

Dr. M. B. LAWRENCE will answer calls to lecture. Address, Quincy Point, Mass.

Mrs. JENNETT J. CLARK, Fair Haven, Conn., will answer calls to lecture or attend funerals in adjacent towns. She is engaged to speak in Fair Haven till Aug. 6. Address as above.

Mrs. ADDIE L. BULLOCK, inspirational speaker, Mankato, Minn.

EMMA HARDING. Persons desiring information of her whereabouts should apply to Mrs. J. French, 8 Fourth Avenue, New York. Those who have occasion to visit to her can address letters to Mrs. Harding, care of Mrs. G. L. French, 458 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. JAMES MORRISON, lecturer, Melbury, Ill.

Mrs. LUDIA ANN TREASLER, inspirational speaker, Disco, Mich.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MARQUAND, inspirational and trance speaker, 97 Walnut street, Newark, N. J., will answer calls to lecture.

ELIJAH R. SWACKHAMER will answer calls to lecture on Communitarian Life, the Commonwealth of the New Dispensation, and other kindred subjects. Address, 97 Walnut street, Newark, N. J.

LOIS WAINWRIGHT will be addressed for fall and winter engagements at Cedar, Ind., till September.

J. L. POTTER, trance speaker, will make engagements through the West to speak where the friends may desire. Address, Cedar Falls, Iowa, until further notice.

Miss MARTHA S. STURTEVANT, trance speaker, 72 Warren street, Boston.

Miss J. D. A. GALLION will answer calls to lecture, under spirit control, upon diseases and their causes, and other subjects. Address Dr. J. Gallion, Healing Institute, Keokuk, Iowa.

ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK. Engagements made for the remainder of the year. Box 778, Bridgeport, Conn.

M. J. HANBELL will answer calls to lecture in the central and northern parts of New York during August and September. Address, until August 1st, Rutland, Vt.; after that, Upstate, N. Y.

Miss SOPHIA KENDRICK, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture Sundays, week evenings, or attend funerals. Address, Lebanon, N. H.

MOSES HULL, Decatur, Mich.

Mrs. E. A. BURNES, Springfield, Mass.

Mrs. M. C. DAVIS, West Brattleboro', Vt.

L. JUDY PARKER, Somerset, Somerset Co., Pa.

F. L. H. and LOVE M. WILLIS. Address, Hancock, N. H., till September.

Mrs. CORA L. V. HATCH, Seymour, P. O., Allegheny Co., N. Y.

Dr. H. HAMILTON will answer calls to lecture on Reconstruction and the True Mode of Communitarian Life. Address, Hammonont, N. J.

Miss LIZZIE CARL will make engagements for the remainder of the year. Box 778, Bridgeport, Conn.

Mrs. F. A. H. will answer calls to lecture in New York and Pennsylvania. Address, Ypsilanti, Mich.

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