

THE NATION'S GALLANT HEROES.

BY JOSEPH D. STILES.

At Duty's stern but sacred call,
From your Northern homes you went,
To rescue from Disunion's thrall,
The stars within our firmament.

When Treason's power was at its height,
And pale-faced seemed both heart and hand,
And dark and low 'twas the night
That shrouded our beloved land;

With firm resolve and purpose great,
You sprang in season on the deck,
To save the good old Ship of State
From going down, a perfect wreck.

You saw your country's honored flag—
The emblem of the free and brave—
Displaced by Treason's loathsome rag,
That bloody symbol of the slave.

The vision made your very blood
To boil within your patriot veins,
And firmer in the van you stood,
Resolved to wipe away the stains.

Which traitors vile had sought to bring
Upon our star-bespangled flag;
Swore in their very teeth to fling
Destruction to their hated rag.

When cannon shot and Minie balls
In thick profusion round you fell,
You promptly answered all their calls,
And hurled the traitors down to hell!

You tore their pirate flag in shreds,
Consigned it to rebellion's grave,
And o'er their vile, dishonored heads,
You raised the Banner of the Brave.

How sweet to you must be the thought,
The consciousness that you have stood
In Freedom's sacred ranks, and fought
For your beloved country's good!

Death, with its horrid visage, stared
You in the face from camp and field,
Yet, foes of every shape you dared,
The form of Liberty to shield.

With cannon, sword and bayonet,
You marched to meet the treacherous foe,
And with unflinching valor met
And laid the haughty Southron low.

All honor yours! Oh gallant sons!
Most nobly have you played your part;
Your well-polished bayonets and guns
Have stillied the beats of rebel hearts!

High to the heavens you've helped to raise
The gorgeous ensign of the free;
To God be everlasting praise,
Who gave to you the victory!

But many of the patriot braves,
Who went with you with high hopes flushed,
Sleep by old Ocean's murmuring waves,
Their voices are forever hushed.

Oh! nevermore to sound of drum,
Or call of roll, will they respond;
They've left the camp and battle's hum,
To join the swelling ranks beyond.

No more you'll meet them in this world,
These valiant soldiers of the Lord,
Their war-worn banners they have furled,
And gone to reap their just reward.

A glory sanctifies each fame,
Bright laurels twine around each brow,
Nations, before each hallowed name,
In reverential homage bow.

Their work was bravely, nobly done,
Their lives they gave for Freedom's good;
And through their labors they have won
A nation's deathless gratitude.

As long as time and memory last,
These heroes will be remembered;
Their pleasant lots with those are cast,
Who died to make their country free.

There, in their ever sacred beds,
Oh! let them calmly, sweetly sleep;
The holy stars shall bend their heads,
And o'er them ceaseless vigils keep.

Should foreign or domestic foe,
Seek e'er again our land to thrall,
Columbia's gallant sons, I know,
Will promptly heed her sacred call.

A Few Leaves from Father Robinson's Scrap Book.

This is the title of a work lately issued by A. J. Davis's father-in-law, Chauncy Robinson, whose recent departure to the Summer-Land is recorded in another column. The following appreciative notice of the book and its author is copied from the Orleans American of May 3d:

"We have had placed upon our table a pleasant memorial book entitled, 'A FEW LEAVES FROM FATHER ROBINSON'S SCRAP BOOK.' It is a volume of a hundred and fifty pages, printed on heavy tinted paper, bound in morocco cloth, and put up in the best style of the art generally. The frontispiece is embellished with photograph portraits of 'Father and Mother Robinson,' and the whole is affectionately dedicated by them to their descendants. The volume contains an autobiographical introduction, and is made up chiefly of articles contributed by Mr. Robinson to different papers, and of letters addressed by him to public men on various national topics, during the last twenty-five years. Quite a number of these have been given to the public through the columns of the American within the last few years, and are here preserved in a more substantial form."

Father Robinson is a man who thinks broadly and feels deeply on all subjects involving the rights and interests of Humanity, and the moral and social progress of Man; and it is not therefore strange that he should be found battling, even fiercely, against Slavery and Rum, the two arch-enemies of the race, during his whole life. Many of his neighbors have thought him fanatical for this, and charged him with being impracticable; but men who comprehend the full magnitude of a great wrong, and whose keener instincts revolt at monster abuses, however popular, are generally Radicals. They are never satisfied with half-way measures. They plant themselves on the immutable principles of Justice and Right, to begin with, and then labor to bring the world up to their standpoint. Such men are rarely or never popular during their lifetime, because they live on a higher plane than the world around them; but after years are not slow to do them justice, and History, not unfrequently, crowns their names with immortal honors. Without such men progress would be impossible; with them, no wrong, however interwoven into the political and social fabric, or abuse, however venerable or gilded in outward ornamentation, but can be toppled down and ground to powder.

With kindly wishes for the brave old man whose portrait stands sentinel at the opening of this volume, and a deferential bow to the thoughtful and Mother, who looks out from the other page, we take leave of the book before us, trusting years yet of peaceful quiet to its author, and pleasant memories to ourselves as often as we shall take it from the shelf to which it belongs. The beautiful typography, or call wholesome thoughts from its pages.

It costs more to arrange wrong than to set them right.

Parzanin, the Sister of Montezuma.

For the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

Nature reveals her beautiful laws in all ages and countries, and as we bridge over the three hundred and sixty-two years since Montezuma the Second clothed himself in the royal robes of the flourishing country of Mexico, we find ourselves among a people outworking through art and civilization a destiny not unlike our own. We find in them the same recognition of a supreme ruler of the universe, and the same attempt to understand his laws, as far as they relate to the human spirit. The thoughts and recognition were crude and dim, but they influenced the life and the motives.

When a child was born in Mexico, it was bathed and the attendant said, "Receive the water. May this bath cleanse thee from the spots which thou bearest from thy mother, purify thy heart, and give thee a good and perfect life. Lovely child, the gods have created thee in the highest place in heaven, in order to send thee into the world; but know that the life on which thou art entering is sad, painful, full of uneasiness and miseries. May God assist thee in the many adversities which await thee." Thus with a recognition of the struggle that awaits a human soul in outworking its human destiny, we may infer that the sister of Montezuma, Parzanin, was ushered into the world. As the star that then governed her family was not propitious, she was again bathed, to wash away, if possible, some part of the unfortunate destiny. We only gain glimpses of her life by means of that of her brother, but it requires no vivid fancy to place her in that land, rich in tropical beauty, and glowing with the magnificence of gold and gems, and to trace her path up to the time that her brother was crowned king. This occurred in the year 1692. The royal dignity was given to him on account of his prowess in arms, and of his sanctity as a priest.

In his youth he had distinguished himself in the wars of his country, but in later years he had devoted himself to the services of the temple. His reign was one of magnificence, but he failed to win the love of his subjects. His sister sympathized more with his religious aspirations than with his desire for worldly renown. His palaces were luxurious, being surrounded with extensive gardens, filled with gorgeous flowers and every variety of shrub. Fountains of water playing gave refreshing coolness to the air. There were tanks filled with fish, and a menagerie of all kinds of animals.

The residence most loved by the family of Montezuma was on the royal hill of Chapultepec, where were the mausoleums of their ancestors. From its windows one could behold an unbroken expanse of cultivated fields and beautiful gardens. Two statues of the monarch and his father, cut in bas relief in porphyry, were in the grounds, and magnificent cypresses more than fifty feet in circumference spread their grateful shade.

It was in the year 1699 that Parzanin closed her eyes in a calm, death-like sleep, and her friends mourned for her as dead. Her brother expressed his sense of his loss by a pompous funeral. Her body was attired in a manner suited to her condition in life; it was sprinkled with water, and decorated with strips of paper, which were to be of service on her entrance into the other life. On giving to her the first place, the attendants repeated, "By means of this, you will pass without danger between the two mountains which fight against each other." With the second, they said, "By means of this you will walk without obstruction along the road which is defended by the great serpent." With the third, they said, "By this you will go securely through the place where is the great crocodile." The fourth, transported safely through deserts; the fifth, through the eight hills; the sixth, gave passage through the sharp winds.

They also burned all the garments of the deceased, in order that the heat made by their consuming might defend them against the cold. It was common to burn the bodies of the dead; but Parzanin escaped this destiny, and was placed in a subterranean chamber in the palace garden of Chapultepec, and the place was covered with a stone. According to custom she was placed in a sitting posture, and gold and precious stones were buried beside her.

When all these ceremonies had been performed, and her loss was still fresh in the hearts of her friends, she was left to the silence and calm of her sleep. Her spirit had indeed passed beyond the portals of flesh, but had not severed entirely its link to the body. The following day she awoke, and returned again to the world. She sent immediately to her brother, to inform him of her renewed life. Astonished and incredulous he hastened to her, and she spoke the following words to him: "In my death-state I found myself placed in the centre of a great plain, which extended further than I could see. In the middle I saw a road, which, at some distance separated into several footpaths. On one side a torrent flowed with a terrible noise. I was about to swim across, when I saw a beautiful youth, clothed in a snow-white shining garment, who took me by the hand, and said 'Hold; the time is not yet come. God loves you, although you know it not.' He then led me along the river bank, where I saw a number of human skulls and bones, and heard lamentations. On the river I saw some great ships filled with men of a foreign color, and in foreign dresses. They were handsome, and had beards, helmets and banners. 'It is God's will,' said the youth, 'that you should live and be a witness of the great changes to come over this kingdom. The lamentations arise from your ancestors who are expiating their sins. Those in the ships will, by their arms, become master of this kingdom; with them will come the knowledge of the true God. At the end of the war, when that bath which cleanses from all sins shall have become known, you are to receive it first, and by your example induce others to the same.' After this speech the youth vanished, and I found myself alive. I pushed aside the stone, and was once more among men."

This revelation must have produced a great effect upon Montezuma, for he was naturally inclined to heed the wonderful occurrences that befell good or ill to his nation or family. A few years later one of the great towers of the temple took fire without any apparent cause; three comets were seen in the same year, and a strange light broke out in the East, and spreading through the heavens, shed its light in a flood, emitting sparks, as if the heavens were "powdered with stars." The astrologers foretold woe to the country. Parzanin, remembering her vision, retired into seclusion to await the destiny that seemed to her inevitable.

When indeed the Spaniards came, fulfilling her vision in their appearance and mode of approach, in their bearded faces and arms, no wonder that Montezuma hesitated, and seemed to lose the only chance of proving all their prophecies false. He did not dare to fight against destiny, neither would he consent against the superior power, whom he had been led to believe guided the Span-

iards to the shores of his country; therefore he hesitated and seemed weak, and to fly represent the warlike nation that had made him king.

His sad history has been made familiar to us. His sister was the first one who was baptized under the influence of the Catholic clergy. She had reached the fulfillment of her vision, and the "sacred bath" represented to her the triumph of destiny. Fifteen years after the beautiful youth in shining garments appeared unto her, she beheld herself touched by the sacred water, and glorified by the sacred sign.

Of course we must take from this history some part of its marvelousness, by remembering that such an account could come only through the religious channels that were always ready to magnify that which would increase the renown of the Church; but we have good evidence of the death-sleep of Parzanin, and we know that she was baptized in 1624. The chronicler that has left us the relation from her own lips that we have quoted, has shown us how certainly and naturally, in all periods of the world's history, the spirit reaches through its bounds of flesh and passes the limits of the senses, and proves its immortality by its action independent of these. We are wont to call that marvelous and supernatural, which is only life revealing itself in more truly natural methods.

Mr. Finney's Rejoinder to Dr. Stone's and Mr. Ritchie's Letters.

BRO. COLBY.—In your issue under date of May 12th, I find two letters in reply to my note concerning the published report of one of my Troy lectures. And as these letters do me great injustice, I ask a space for a rejoinder.

I was annoyed at the imperfections of that report. And my friends who did not hear the lecture, but knew something of my published lectures heretofore, complained to me, by letter, of the evident incorrectness of that report, and have gone so far as to ask that I write out a corrected report thereof.

And beside, I did feel and do now feel, that I myself, am the most competent judge of the correctness or incorrectness of any report of my inspirations and peculiar views. I am never so inspired as not to know what I am saying. The more inspiration I have, the more intensely conscious am I of the truth I utter.

Now as to the correctness of the report. And 1st: Mr. John Ritchie did not report one half the "title" of my lecture. He says, "If I heard Mr. F. right, etc., the title of his lecture was 'The Correlation of Forces.'" I say that was not the title of my lecture—not half of it. And if he will look into the Troy papers, he will find he is wrong here. Bro. Starbuck took my subject from my hand, and published it in the Troy papers, and in this particular instance made a little mistake. It stood in the paper thus: "THE CORRELATIVE AND EQUIVALENT OF PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL FORCES." And this mistake I corrected at the time of the lecture. But the reporter took no notice of the fact; and if he was so inattentive as to omit one half or more of the "title" of my lecture, what can be expected when he comes to deal with the body and substance of the lecture itself? Such mistakes may be common and excusable—but they are mistakes. And in this instance, it was a mistake on a very important point, as any one at all familiar with science would see. My subject was "The Correlation and Equivalence of Physical and Spiritual Forces." And all the attentive portion of my Troy congregation knew it was.

I did not indicate in my note a title of the mistakes in that report. To make an exhaustive criticism, would occupy far too much space and time. I indicated the one in the sentence "either this force called mind arises out of that force called cognition," etc., as a glaring one. And so it is. "Cognition" here is used where another word or phrase should be used. Can mind arise out of knowledge, when knowledge itself presupposes mind? Certainly not. What I did say was this: "Either this force called mind arises out of light, heat, etc., or light, heat, etc., arises out of mind." The thought was this: either light, heat and other forms of force are primordial, or spirit is primordial. To represent me as saying that mind arises out of an act of mind, is ridiculous. No wonder that my friends ask me to correct this report. The error in reference to Descartes the reporter admits. There are many other worse errors than these. Take the following as an instance: The report represents me as saying at the beginning of the fourteenth paragraph, "The animal world exists in the vegetable world, but there is an advance in the animal over the vegetable world." I never uttered such a sentence. What I said was, that the primordial forces which unfolded the vegetable world, also unfolded the animal world. The thought was, that the original power, which became only life in vegetation, became sensation in animals. It is absurd to represent me as saying that "the animal world exists in the vegetable world." It is stupidity itself, which could make such a statement for fact. Every schoolboy knows better than this.

But there are many other mistakes. Some whole paragraphs are so changed as to be scarcely recognizable to me. Here is another mistake: "This earth and all its creatures, this universe composed of its millions of revolving worlds, is only a vast symbol of the contents of the brain—reason." I did not utter this sentence as it stands here. In place of the word "brain," read Infinite Spirit, and then Eternal Reason in place of "reason," and you will have what I did say. The idea, as any one can see, is, that the external universe is but the image and form of the contents of Divine Intelligence. But to make me say "brain" instead of "spirit," is to mistake the whole idea.

But I will not further indicate the mistakes of the report. I have, while in New York some years ago, looked over the reports of my lectures, and prepared them for publication. And the reporters have all told me that I talked so fast they could not report my lectures in full. And often have I been urged by them to talk more slowly. And I found in those reports, with only two exceptions, (and in these cases I succeeded in "going slowly") many half-formed sentences, the last parts of which were left out, because the reporter could not keep up with me. I know it is a defect to speak so rapidly; but it is a sufficient cause for imperfect reports of my lectures. One of the best reporters in New York told me he could not take a verbatim report of my lectures when I spoke so rapidly. And for Mr. Stone and Mr. Ritchie, to pretend that they gave a verbatim report of my lecture, is absurd to me. I know John Ritchie did not give a verbatim report of that lecture. And I do not blame him for not doing it. I did not regard his mistake as either intentional or criminal. But in justice to myself I could not consent to leave the report as accurate, when it actually misrepresented my views, ideas and facts.

And now one word as to the unworthy inspirations of Andrew Stone. I never told Mr. Stone that all of each discourse was inspirational, and not effort of my own will, though he implies this. I did tell him, as I have often told others in reply

to their questions, that I was inspirational; but I also told him that I studied Science and Philosophy, etc. And, in one of my discourses in Troy, I mentioned authors whom I had consulted on certain questions, and Mr. Stone himself asked me after my lecture to name again those authors, and even went so far as to write me a note asking me to send him a list of those authors, which I did. Will he deny this? Let me see him do it. Why did he ask me to send him the names of authors I referred to? Because he did not remember them from my naming of them in my discourse. And as he wished, doubtless, to read them, he could have their names on paper to refer to. And yet in full view of this fact, he—Andrew Stone—who could not remember even to the close of one lecture the names of the authors I quoted, pretends to bequeathed to pronounce John Ritchie's report a "verbatim" one. This is amusing.

And as to the wholly gratuitous and false charge that "said lectures have been committed to memory, and now that he finds these lectures published he is simply robbed, as it were, of his own thunder," which he claims to have received from Mount Sinai, I simply say, the whole charge, or rather opinion, is utterly and totally groundless. But suppose it to be true. Is it wrong for me to require that when a man who has neither the justice or courtesy to consult me as to the public use of my property, which he may make, that he shall correctly represent me in such public use of that property? If, as he says, these lectures are thus peculiarly rendered mine, why does he not make a fit apology for such unwarranted use of what is mine—and that, too, without even saying, "By your leave, sir?" Nor did I ever claim that my lectures came from "Mount Sinai." For years the only claim I have made, is, that the central ideas in my discourses are inspirations, and that I am more or less inspired or assisted by my Spiritual Guardians. I do not claim that spirits control my organs of speech and say what they please, whether I will or not: I have been particularly careful to deny this on all fit occasions. I have not carried such an idea to Mr. Stone or to any one else for ten years. That kind of "control" ceased long ago. On the contrary, the fact that Mr. Stone himself asked me for the names of the authors I read, in writing, is proof that he knew I made no such claim as he insinuates in his letter. The fact is this: my inspirations and my scientific knowledge are blended together in my lectures, and this is all the claim I make to any one. Not one of my lectures is written. Not one is committed to memory. Will Mr. Stone stand corrected?

In conclusion let me add: I should like to have all my lectures correctly reported and published in our spiritual papers; but I am too poor to do it; nor have I the time to correct such imperfect reports as the one under consideration. And here I leave the whole matter.

I am truly, for justice, yours,
SILDEEN J. FINNEY.
Byron Centre, Genesee Co., N. Y., May 16, 1866.

Written for the Banner of Light.

YOU ASK ME WHAT I'M THINKING OF.

BY LOIS WAINBROOKER.

You ask me what I'm thinking of,
And willingly I'll tell;
For 'tis of bygone scenes, on which
Fond memory loves to dwell.

I'm thinking of a cottage fair,
That stood among the hills,
Where I sported in my childhood,
Amid the sparkling rills.

I'm thinking of a grassy plot
Before that cottage door,
Where carelessly I laid me down,
One night in times of yore.

Yes, carelessly I laid me down,
Unmindful of the dew
That fell like sympathizing tears
From yonder arch of blue;

I looked upon my milky path,
Which seemeth to me now
A wreath of snowy roses
Upon Creation's brow,

And thought it was a fleecy cloud
That stretched across the way,
And cast its shadow on the path
Of the departing day.

I looked upon night's radiant gems,
And, with a childish eye,
I tried to trace my alphabet
Upon that page so high.

I counted clusters, one by one,
The great ones and the small,
Until at length I thought that I
Would try and count them all.

Ah, little did I think
That the angels watching o'er me
Were greater in their number
Than the stars that shone above me.

Ah, little did I think
That those orbs so wondrous fair
Were to me but a symbol—
My angel-name, a Star.

Card.

Mrs. Cotton, magnetic physician, (late of No. 111 E. 24th St.) has removed to No. 233 East 78th street, near 3d Avenue, where, with increased facilities (a large house and better accommodations), she hopes to be as successful in the treatment of disease as she has been during the last year. The cures this lady has made (some of them having baffled the best physicians) are truly astonishing. In the treatment of female ailments she has no rival. A list of names might be given in confirmation of the truth of this, were not the present feeling of delicacy. The following names of gentlemen upon whom she has performed almost miraculous cures, and who have allowed her to publish their names and address as references, may suffice to show that her power to heal is of no common order:—J. B. Hastings, Astor House, Office No. 12 Barclay street; J. P. Smith, No. 115 Henry street, New York; A. M. Kinstry, No. 83 Margin street, New York; Francis Dawson, Charleston, S. C.; Lyman B. Larkins, A. M., M. D., 244 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Isaiah Nutt, Danbury, Ct. New York, May, 1866.

Correction—Appreciated Books.

Permit me to say, that though generally correct in rendering my manuscripts, you made a misprint in that Test Poem. The third line of the third verse, should read mourning, instead of morning. Second, the second line of the sixth verse, o'erhang, instead of o'erhung. While I have my pen in hand, I will speak of some of the works you have for sale. Branches of "Palm;" I have went over its sweet border. "The Ideal Attained;" would that it could be read by every woman in the land, young and old; and also "Broken Lights," by Frances Power Cobbe; I have been reading it the past week with a feeling of intense interest. But you have so many good works advertised, one hardly knows where to stop selecting. Yours,
LOIS WAINBROOKER.

Philadelphia, May 19, 1866.

Why is an andiron like a yardstick? Because it has three feet.

ITEMS BY THE WAY.

NUMBER FOUR.

BY J. MADISON ALLYN.

Leaving the Capital and the dear friends there only at the "last moment," I hastened to Massachusetts, to fill engagements in Taunton and N. Cambridge. Lack of time prevented me from stopping in New Jersey, as had been previously contemplated.

Found in Taunton a quiet and pleasant home and a hearty welcome with Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Lane. At that time the Spiritual cause in that place, seemed to be in a "transition state." I learn with pleasure that the new condition toward which the transition was lending, is now reached, and doubtless the society will henceforth prosper as it has never done before.

In Cambridge found a few earnest souls, who seemed to be in the "pursuit of (Spiritual) knowledge under difficulties"—the greatest of which difficulties was the lack of a suitable place in which to hold meetings. They were hoping to obtain one long one of the churches; but I fear their "righteous expectations" will never be "granted." Brothers Fuller and Durgin, who have been touched by the fires of Spirituality, have my most earnest prayers for their happy development. My sympathies were especially drawn out toward Brother Fuller, whose earnest, almost and heart, seemed to be yearning so ardently for a higher life, a more perfect development, a purer spirituality. If this should meet his eye, he may know that he is not and will not be forgotten.

Spent several months in Searsport and other towns in Maine, resting with the loved ones at home, and lecturing. Our little Lovernest came very near passing to the soul-land, but through the help of angel guardians—operating through the organism of his mother—his life was saved. Blessed spirit influence! How many precious lives have been saved, how many sad and lonely hearts been cheered, doubts dispelled, and fears annulled, by this hallowed boon of the New Dispensation! Do Spiritualists sufficiently appreciate the light which has dawned upon them? Do they realize the full scope and mission of the new Gospel? Do they see the necessity which envelopes them, of a more determined zeal and a more dauntless martyr spirit?

Gave a course of lectures in Rockland. Also lectured in South Thomaston and Stockton. Revisited Bradley. Made a second call upon the Penobscot Indians at Oldtown, drawing from their language some items for future Panophonic use; also bearing away a memento, in the shape of a finely-wrought work-basket. It is truly sad to contemplate the gradual wasting away, before the march of civilization (?), of those misunderstood and much-abused children of nature, the "red men of the forest." It is gratifying, on the other hand, to notice the fearless and noble stand taken by the Spiritual Journals in their behalf; and I trust the kind words which Spiritualism offers for all the oppressed, of every clime and color, will not be lost, but tell upon the conditions of the future with an ever-increasing potency; until all the nations of the earth shall be freed from the incubus of selfishness and tyranny, and every soul be privileged to expand according to its inherent tendencies and capacities. I have yet to learn of the first instance of an Indian spirit manifesting aught but the most friendly sentiments toward the white race. They come to our bedside when sickness lays us low, and with their healing magnetism, restore weary nature to her wonted vivacity. They take the tenderest care of their "mediums," and never weary them by their control—which cannot be said of all "pale" spirits. At the social "circle" they chase away all gloom and restraint—bringing smiles to the face and joy to the heart, by their genial influence. No sadness can continue where they are. Their magnanimity is unequalled, (except perhaps by that other race, so long oppressed and so fearfully avenged.) Forgetful of all the wrongs endured at our hands, they come to us with a noble and unselfish love, and working unwearyingly in our behalf, put us to the blush, with all our boasted "civilization." They have fully redeemed their character from the stigma which we, their enemies, have placed upon it, and have demonstrated, through the revelations of Spirituality, that the soul of the red man is as worthy as that of his proud conqueror—not conqueror, but exterminator.

Organization at Laona.

PRAMBLE.

Believing that some sort of religious organization is necessary in every civilized community, as an efficient means of satisfying certain natural desires of the human mind:

Therefore, we whose names are hereunto appended do mutually unite under the name and title of the Laona Free Association, and in pursuance of this agreement do enact and establish the following

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

ART. I. The object of this Society shall be to promote the highest and best physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual welfare of its members, and of every person who may ever in any manner come within the sphere of its influence.

ART. II. An express desire to enjoy the benefits and promote the objects of this Society shall be the only prescribed qualification for membership, to the end that a godly faith in the integrity of human nature may be fostered and built up, and each member put on his or her own sense of moral honesty for the righteousness of his or her motives in becoming or remaining a member.

ART. III. This Society shall be forever sovereign within its own membership for all that pertains to its existence or welfare as an organization, to the end that the abuses of ecclesiasticalism may be forever done away.

ART. IV. No creed, or articles of belief, or prescribed formula of doctrine whatever, shall ever be established for authority in this Society, to the end that free thought, free speech, and a broad, generous, reasoning and healthy individualism may be promoted among its members.

ART. V. No ordinance or ceremony shall ever be prescribed as a required observance in this Society.

ART. VI. The officers of this Society shall be a President, Secretary and Treasurer. Their term of office shall be for one month, or until their successors are elected.

ART. VII. The President's duty shall be to call the meeting to order at the time appointed, and to maintain order throughout its deliberations.

ART. VIII. The duty of the Secretary shall be to keep a record of the proceedings of each regular meeting, and read the minutes of the last meeting at the opening of each meeting, also all communications belonging to the Society.

ART. IX. The duty of the Treasurer shall be to receive and hold all moneys belonging to the Society, and pay them out as a majority of the members may direct, at any regular meeting.

ART. X. The regular meetings of this Society shall be on each Sunday, at half-past one o'clock P. M.

ART. XI. No member shall occupy more than ten minutes at a time in speaking at any regular session, except by permission of the Society.

SAMUEL D. FOSTER, Pres.

GEORGE W. GAGE, Treas.

JOANN CARTER, Sec'y.

*The Secretary omitted the name of the State, and the postmark on the envelope was too indistinct to make it out.

If you want to get a favor from a man, feed him. A man, like a horse, can't be managed till he has had a bit in his mouth.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1866.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
ROOM NO. 2, UP STAIRS.WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

All letters and communications intended for the Editor
of this paper, should be addressed to the Editor.SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-communion
and influx: it is the effort to discover all truth relating to
man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, and
destiny, and its application to a reformed life. It recognizes
a continuous Divine Inspiration in man: it aims, through
a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws
and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe,
of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and
the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to
the true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

Special Notice.

The time has fully arrived when the Spiritualists
of the United States should exert themselves
to extend the circulation of the BANNER OF LIGHT
everywhere. We print a first-class journal, em-
ploying, at considerable expense, some of the best
talent in the country, which has established the
character of our paper abroad as well as at home.
Articles from the BANNER are frequently copied
into English journals, and translated verbatim for
the French and German periodicals.Bear in mind, friends, Spiritualists, that our
PUBLIC FREE CIRCLES, wherein thousands of
spirits find an avenue open for them to reach their
friends in earth-life, draw largely upon our ex-
change, which needs replenishing from time to
time by donations from large-hearted souls, who
not only thereby aid the undeveloped spirits, but
lay up treasures in heaven for themselves. More
than this: our free circles are teaching the people
of earth that "the dead live!" and can and do
mingle with their loved ones, although the visual
senses of the former do not perceive them.With these considerations in view, we earnestly
call upon all liberal-minded people to aid in
extending the circulation of the BANNER OF
LIGHT.

A Unitarian Calumny.

The last number of the Unitarian Monthly
Journal, in addition to an article by the Rev. Mr.
Weiss, adverse to Spiritualism, and noticed in the
BANNER of last week, contains a paper on Mis-
sionary Work in the West, from the pen of Rev.
A. D. Mayo, in which the writer indulges in some
contemptuous flings at "trance-mediums," "spirit-
ual lecturers," &c. After telling us that "every
Western city sustains a floating mob of violent,
irreligious, untamable people," he proceeds to
say: "They cluster in lager-beer saloons; edit
radicalist journals; organize in secret societies;
agitate against respectability in general; follow the
more taking trance-medium; tip tables and glasses
and bad liquor—in short, do everything except
pay cash, or work in any of the common ways of
doing good." "We can leave the task of
disorganization to the revolutionists, spiritual lec-
turers, and red-republican politicians."What is the matter with our Unitarian brethren
that they are thus rousing themselves all at once
to an attack upon Spiritualists? Has some un-
fortunate clergyman found that a poor unlettered
little woman in the trance state, may succeed in
attracting twenty hearers where he can get but
one? We are told that in the times of the Ap-
ostles, there were certain craftsmen who derived
"no small gain" from making silver shrines for
Diana. One Demetrius called them together and
addressed them thus: "Sirs, ye know that by this
craft we have our wealth. Moreover, ye see and
hear, that not alone at Ephesus, but almost
throughout Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and
turned away much people, saying that they be
no gods which are made with hands." And so,
their craft being in danger of being "set at
naught," these workmen were filled with wrath
and raised the cry of "Great is Diana of the
Ephesians!"We do not say that Mr. Mayo is actuated by
the motives of Demetrius, for we believe him to
be a good and sincere man; but, by his intemperate
and unjustifiable language toward Spiritual-
ism, he lays himself open, either to the imputa-
tion of gross ignorance and recklessness, or of
deliberate slander from selfish and personal con-
siderations. The indifference or hostility of pro-
fessional men to the operations of spiritual medi-
ums, is indeed something quite inexplicable, ex-
cept on the theory of short-sighted motives of
self-interest. The regularly educated physician
looks with extreme dislike on the healing "medi-
um." His neighbors tell him of wonderful cures
she has effected. Invalids who get no relief from
the best "regular practitioners," have gone to her
and been wonderfully benefited. Still he shakes
his head and turns up his nose contemptuously.
The idea that an ignorant woman who never
studied anatomy or Latin can make a more ac-
curate diagnosis than he, a graduate of the Medical
College, is to him too preposterous.The number of professional musicians who can
appreciate the wonderful powers exhibited by
"Blind Tom," is limited. It is hard for human
pride to admit that the poor, grotesque idiot boy
can touch the piano with a pathos and expression
which men who have devoted years of study and
practice to music cannot equal; and so some
small, disparaging, technical criticism is made
with the purpose of impairing our wonder and
delight.The clergyman is apt to betray a similar weak-
ness. He finds it very hard to see any merit or
truth in the clearly stated theses of Emma Har-
ding, or the beautiful, argumentative discourses of
Miss Doten. Even though he be of the liberal
school, and though the labors of these inspira-
tional lecturers, in clearing away from the hu-
man mind the obstructions left by the old salu-
tary theories, are harmonious with his own,
he cannot overcome his repugnance to their min-
istry. Like Mr. Mayo, he regards it as something
"against respectability in general." In ninety-
nine cases out of a hundred, a paltry pride mingles
with his motives of opposition. Far different
was the spirit that could take up little children
and say, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven!"We know several Unitarian clergymen—second
to none in reputation and influence—who have
witnessed phenomena, both physical and psychi-
cal, exhibited by such mediums as Miss Lord,
Miss Ellis, the Davenport, Foster, &c., and
which the said clergymen frankly admitted were
genuine and inexplicable; but having admitted
this much, they have allowed them to lie in their
minds, like seed sown on the sea-beach, unquick-
ened and valueless; and when some person of
their denomination utters his poor little scoff at
those more adventurous and earnest minds who
are impressed by these marvels, and who rever-
ently try to find out their meaning, these timid
brethren do not have the generosity to interpose.
They ought to cry, "Hold! There is something
in these phenomena. It will not do to dismiss
them as delusions. We must meet them man-fully, even at the risk of shaking some of our
own preconceived notions in the collision. While
we are venting our arrogant reproaches and im-
patient sneers, thousands of intelligent men and
women throughout the civilized world, are seeing
and hearing things which they can explain only
on the supposition of preterhuman power or of
spiritual agency. If we have any better explana-
tion to give, let us give it. But do not let us rest
content with mere angry assertion or irrational
contempt." Why is there not some prominent
Unitarian, magnanimous enough to give expres-
sion in words like these to the simple truth on
this subject?Spiritualism is nothing new; and the idea that
Spiritualists are trying to introduce a new religion
is mere moonshine. Indeed, as Mr. Brevlor well
states, "There can be no such thing as a new religion
any more than there can be a new geometry. There
may be new forms of religion, as there may be
new modes of constructing a mathematical demon-
stration; but the nature of God and good-
ness, with which it is the object of religion to
bring our human nature into perfect harmony, is
no more subject to mutation than the properties
of lines and circles. Religion is something to be
experienced and lived; it is not now to be discov-
ered or invented."All that Spiritualism, as a scientific fact, is re-
sponsible for, is the declaration that all that is es-
sential, fundamental and good in religion, let its
form be what it may, is positively true. The only
"heresies" which Spiritualism, pure and simple,
teaches, are these: The immortality of the soul;
the existence of a spirit-world; the manifestations
and ministry of spirits, and communion with
them; the assurance that Divine mercy and spiri-
tual progression are not limited to the natural
world and the present life; that the future retribu-
tion is not arbitrary, penal, and vindictive, but
the inevitable consequence of the acts here done
and the character here formed.Such are the doctrines which the best of our
speaking mediums labor to spread; and for none
other is Spiritualism, pure and simple, respon-
sible. What is there in them to call forth the an-
gry taunts and blind denunciations (rather than
the active sympathy) of the Unitarian clergy? There
may be persons calling themselves Spiritualists
who preach downright Atheism. We have heard
of such. Others preach free love, re-incarna-
tion, Fourierism, red republicanism, and what
not; and they have, it may be, plenty of spirits to
back them, and tell them they are all right. But
we might with as much justice try to make Chris-
tianity responsible for the vagaries of the Anabap-
tists, the Shakers, the Mormons, &c., as try to
make Spiritualism responsible for all that spirits,
out of the flesh or in the flesh, may say or do.Infinite Wisdom has not left man without a
compass and guide in his own soul. The first les-
son that an intelligent Spiritualist learns, is to try
the spirits, whether they be of God. He does not
surrender his reason or his conscience to any
spiritual teachings or claim, real or supposed.
He knows that there are thousands of knaves,
vagabonds, and hypocrites leaving this world for
the next, every minute of the day, and he does
not believe that every one of these people is at
once going to be transformed into an angel of
goodness and light. That would be such a loss
of identity as would be tantamount to annihilation.Under the Message Department of the Banner
of Light we always publish an appropriate caution.
Let those, who hastily and ignorantly
charge upon Spiritualism (that great fundamental
truth underlying all religion) doctrines absurd or
disorganizing, read and ponder these admoni-
tory words:"WE ASK THE READER TO RECEIVE NO DOCTRINE
PUT FORTH BY SPIRITS IN THESE COLUMNS
THAT DOES NOT COMPORT WITH HIS OWN
REASON. ALL EXPRESS AS MUCH OF TRUTH
AS THEY PERCEIVE—NO MORE."When Mr. Mayo represents Spiritualists as
"tipping tables and glasses and bad liquor," and
not paying their debts, he enters the region of
slander, and thither we cannot follow him with-
out inhaling an atmosphere noisome and pernicious
to the moral health. In his better and calmer
moments, we are confident he will be heartily
ashamed of his wholly unfounded and gratuitous
aspersions. The great body of Spiritualists, who
now outnumber by millions the sect of Unitari-
ans, will bear comparison with the best men and
women of all the Churches, not only in intelli-
gence, philanthropy, and public spirit, but in
Christian morality and purity.And why not? For they accept, with all their
hearts and souls, all that is vital and fundamen-
tal in all forms of religion. They believe with
Christ that the true salvation is in purity of heart,
inasmuch as the pure in heart shall see God; see
him not only in the next life, but in this—thus
recognizing and embracing goodness. They believe,
too—ay, more than believe—with Christ, in the
immortal life, and that the life that now is, shapes
the life that is to be. And these great, central
convictions have, with them, the force of certainties
derived from immediate personal experience
and knowledge! Why, then, should they not be,
in the highest sense, the most Christian of Chris-
tians?

Settling Speakers.

We observe, by the paragraph copied into the
last number of the R. P. Journal, from the New
Covenant, (the organ of the Universalists in the
West), that we go for settling speakers over or-
ganized societies; which statement is the reverse
of the truth. When a correspondent first mooted
the subject in our columns, we came out with a
leader, entitled "ITINERANCY," repudiating the
scheme, and giving our reasons therefor in full.
We said that "the mere accumulation of social
power and influence is not the chief end of the
noble gospel of Spiritualism. That power and
that influence we have faith to believe it will
duly secure; but it will be after other methods than
those which are popular with the sectaries."We have since published several articles, pro
and con, upon the subject, and have quite a num-
ber on hand at this writing from esteemed corre-
spondents, which we must decline to print, for
the potent reason that no good to the cause can
come from further discussion of the matter.We fully agree with the Journal, that the modern
spiritual movement is the pioneer of a New
Dispensation; that it announces as fundamental
a method of action just the reverse of the old;
consequently the intermediate results of action,
starting from a similar point, will be very differ-
ent. We are under obligations to the Journal for
so promptly calling our attention to a matter in
which the great majority of our lecturers are so
deeply interested. While we do not object to
Spiritualists owning the temples wherein they
may teach the Spiritual Philosophy to the people
of earth, we do most emphatically repudiate the
idea that we should have "pastors and regular
discipline, like the rest," as asserted by the New
Covenant. "Our Church" is all creation, and it
embraces within its ample folds all beliefs and
all unbeliefs, of whatever name or nature. Truth
is our regis, and with it we shall do battle in be-
half of humanity to the best, of our ability, come
what may.

Unitarian Liberty.

After the illiberal, unjust and truly bigoted con-
duct of the managers of the National Unitarian
Conference last year, we are glad to see them
properly exposed and commented on in a fair and
open pamphlet by E. C. Towne, of that demoni-
nation, the pastor of the Unitarian Church in Med-
ford. He brings a bill of indictment against Rev.
Dr. Bellows, in that the latter, who is the chief editor
of the only Unitarian Review—the "Christian
Examiner"—after announcing a convention of all
societies and organizations on the broadest princi-
ple of fraternity, succeeded in dictating most
autocratically to the assembly, by means of com-
mittee machinery and the personal suppression of
free discussion, and "stamped his ecclesiastical
policy upon much of the action and utterance of
Unitarianism." Against this policy Rev. Mr.
Towne declares his desire to protest. He says he
wishes to demand for Unitarians "the continuance
of liberty." He thinks that "ecclesiasticism and
dogmatism" are intruders upon a fellowship which
is meant to be as broad as the providential op-
portunity of the time, and as free as the most en-
lightened consciences require."After quoting from Dr. Bellows's call for such
a Convention, to assemble on such a basis—and
we should think the extracts would make the Doc-
tor blush as they confronted him—Mr. Towne pro-
ceeds to detail precisely what did pass in the Con-
vention, and to show that old Theology itself,
hide-bound, bigoted, puffed-up, and Puritanic,
could not demand a more abject subservience to
its assumptions and behests. His language is se-
verely plain as well as plainly severe. He says
he had reason to hope that this Convention was
to meet to proclaim "an unqualified Christian
Brotherhood, without dogmatic or sectarian char-
acter." "To those of us," he adds, "who felt that
churches of Evangelical faith, on the one side,
might perceive the Christian character of fellow-
ship without dogmatic tests of any kind, and ac-
cept union on the ground of Christian life and
character, under the sole bond of brotherly love;
and that, on the other side, truly Christian Soci-
eties, of Universalist antecedents, or of independ-
ent position, or organized outside of recognized
lines of communion, in the name of 'Spiritualism,'
or of 'reform,' would welcome the order of a
free communion, and eagerly avail themselves
of a cultivated fellowship—there sprang up a sub-
line hope that we were to have in Unitarianism
a communion wholly Christian, in which the
transcendent virtues of our blessed faith would
be no more postponed to the beggarly elements of
dogmatic conceit and sectarian prejudices. Yet
the very opposite of this was accomplished, and
largely by your (Dr. B.'s) interference and dicta-
tion." And he passes the proceedings of the Con-
vention in review, to substantiate his charge.The divergence between Dr. Bellows and the
Liberals, in the Convention, began with the in-
troduction of the report of a committee, in which
occurred the phrases, "God and the Kingdom of his
Son," and "the Lord Jesus Christ." Against the
dogma implied in these phrases, of the Lordship
of Jesus, many of the members vigorously pro-
tested. Dr. Bellows was of the committee that
brought in the report, and, of course, defended the
expressions against the attacks on them. He grew
so warm that he became the sport of his
temper, and felt called upon afterwards to apolo-
gize "for what he feared might have been unkind
remarks on his part." But he styled the objec-
tions made to the phrases before named, a bring-
ing of the name and attributes of Jesus into "com-
parative contempt." And Mr. Towne correctly
argues that this avowal, made after the discus-
sion in the official report, "amounted to a confes-
sion that those phrases were introduced for the
purpose of coercing a part of the body, and at the
risk of driving it away." Dr. Hedge, in commit-
tee, was reported to have proposed to omit the
term "Lord," but was overruled by the rest, who
threatened to "break fraternal ties if the Con-
vention should proceed to do the will of God without
first saying, 'Lord, Lord! to Jesus!'"The debate was interesting. Rev. Mr. Wasson
declared he could not accept a Lord who was not
God, and he would not use the term "Son of
God," in such a way as to imply that Jesus had
himself an exclusive Sonship. Mr. C. C. Burleigh
followed with his protest, and Mr. Towne says he
"made a remark which stirred the indignation
of the Convention." His statement was simply
this: that Paul used the Greek word *Kyrios* as a
term of address merely, as we use the common
title Mr. Mr. Towne does not for himself admit
that Mr. Burleigh was altogether right, and seeks
to set him right; a process we have not the space
to follow. But the point lies in what followed.Dr. Lothrop excitedly called the speaker to
order, asserting that he "represented no church."
A "radical Unitarian layman"—so styled in Mr.
Towne's pamphlet—rose and declared with indig-
nation that "he was opposed to uniting with rag,
tag and bobtail"—a very sincere remark which,
Mr. Towne truly says, was an expression of "the
moral limitation of the faith which represented the
appearance, on its platform, of a representative
of that vast outside communion, the Holy Church
of Humanity."We cannot go any deeper into this significant
pamphlet. It blazes the mean bigotry and cas-
hardened dogmatism of a sect that protests vigor-
ously against the illiberality and dogmatic tyr-
anny of Old Theology, and the publication should
make all bigots, especially those who profess and
pride themselves on their liberality, hang their
heads for shame. Mr. Towne has certainly uttered
a more vigorous protest against Unitarian lib-
erality and bigotry than he could have done on
the floor of the Convention. As for such men as
the one or two or three who manipulated the Con-
vention being afraid to join with "the rag, tag
and bobtail," who are such merely because they
represent no "church" with a steeple and a creed,
that is of no consequence; they will be more hum-
ble and far more religious, when they see how
very little their organization can do for them. We
should offer them a sincere welcome to our ranks,
but must respectfully decline passing over to them.
When they have broken the crust of dogma-
tism, or, as Dr. Bellows himself cantingly styles it,
"the crust of ecclesiastical and theological usage," we shall receive them into our larger lib-
erty of thought and belief with open arms.

Biography of Satan.

To those persons who have sent us money for
this book, and have written to know why they
have not received it, we can only say that the
fault lies with the publisher, in not promptly for-
warding the work to us. If this paragraph meets
his eye, we hope he will respond at once, other-
wise we shall be obliged to discontinue the ad-
vertisement. If we do not receive the books soon,
we shall return the money sent us for them.

Photographs.

We have received from the eminent photo-
graphic artist, Gurney of New York, most excel-
lent photographic likenesses of Judge J. W. Ed-
monds and Fred. L. H. Willis, both well known
in the ranks of Spiritualism. We will send by
mail a copy of either on receipt of twenty cents.

MY IDOLS.

(An inspirational poem by Miss Lizzie Doten,
given at the close of her lecture in the Melodeon,
Boston, Sunday evening, May 20th, 1866.)

(Reported for the Banner of Light by H. F. Gardner, M. D.)

Men say it is a fearful thing—

An unknown depth of woe—

To live without a faith in God,

In this sad world below;

But when, in man's imperfect state

Faith must have time to grow.

I had an eager, earnest soul,

That would not let me rest;

A nameless yearning in my heart,

That could not be expressed;

And so I sought for truth and light—

The highest and the best.

At first, I thought like other men,

And worshipped God on high,

But when my reason scaled the height,

I cast that idol by;

I did not fear Almighty wrath,

And would not live a lie.

Wearied, and worn, and dazzled blind,

I sought a lowly sphere,

And said I will not learn of truth,

Save as I find it here;

Feeling, and sight, and sound alone,

Shall make its meaning clear.

And so I clung to flesh and sense,

Until my faith grew cold,

I learned like others, to accept

Traditions worn and old,

I honored God in outward show,

The while I worshipped gold.

I worshipped gold, until my heart

Grew hardened as a clod,

Save when some wayside flower of faith,

Sprung in the path I trod,

That made my burdened spirit long

For rest and peace in God.

And through my soul's divinest need

I gathered strength at last;

I burst the golden chain, that long

Had bound my spirit fast,

And from his gilded throne of power,

The senseless idol cast.

The burnt-out fire-crypts of my life,

Soon lost their golden gleam,

And emptied of their baleful glare,

I walked as in a dream.

With one great purpose in my heart—

To be and not to seem.

Life's holiest lesson then was mine,

For when, at peace within,

And I had cleansed my erring heart,

From that long course of sin,

A gentle maiden, pure and sweet,

Like sunshine entered in.

Again I worshipped—oh my God!

Have angel hearts above,

Through the long line of endless life,

Such mighty power of love,

As that with which I folded close,

My tender, trusting dove?

It was not long, for when the flowers

Upon the green hillside

Closed their bright eyes to wake no more,

My own sweet darling died—

The angels opened the shining door,

And called her from my side.

Oh when they laid her form to rest,

Beneath the churchyard sod,

I longed to follow in the way,

Her angel feet had trod.

For, crushed and bruised, my spirit yearned,

To hide itself in God.

Love led me to the inner depth,

Which sorrow had unsealed,

And there I saw the latent power

Within my soul concealed;

In that dark, desolating hour,

Its uses stood revealed.

I knew myself, and knowing this,

The power to me was given

To bridge across the dark abyss

Between my soul and Heaven,

And gather up the golden link,

That seemed so harshly riven.

The Angel hand of her I loved,

Was gently laid in mine,

She led me by a path of peace,

To truth's eternal shrine,

Where my glad soul will never cease

To worship Love Divine.

Talk not to human hearts of faith

That reason must control;

Reason is but a feeble part

Of life's majestic whole;

Love is the guiding star to love,

And Soul must speak to Soul.

The Chilian War.

At latest accounts, the Spanish fleet command-
ed by Admiral Nunez, having accomplished what
it aimed at in the destructive bombardment of
Valparaiso, made an attempt on Callao. But
this port the Admiral found prepared to meet
him. Batteries were planted along the shore and
those points at which they would be of service
for protection, and vessels of war were out ma-
neuvering for the approach of the hostile squad-
ron. The Spanish Admiral came on with his
customary bluster and conceit, supposing he was
about to eat up his enemy by merely opening his
mouth at him. He attacked the Chilian fleet,
only to repent his temerity. The vessels opened
vigorously upon him, and the shore batteries
climbed in. His vessels were badly shattered,
and compelled to draw off; and he was himself
severely wounded in the engagement. So that
Spanish war vessels are by no means impregna-
ble, nor Spanish Admirals beyond the reach of
hostile shot. Chili and Peru have shown pluck,
and will never be conquered by such a power as
Spain.

The European Situation.

The scene shifts on the European field almost
as rapidly as the moves on a chessboard. In-
stead of the quarrel's being between Prussia and
Austria over the Danubius, it is between Italy and
Austria about the menaces which the latter al-
leges it has received from the former. The fact
is, Italy had the promise of Napoleon that, when
troubles broke out between the two German
Powers, he would back her in an attempt to seize
upon Venetia; and Victor Emmanuel has simply
gone ahead so far as to betray the whole plot.
Austria demands of him that he shall move his
troops away from the frontier. Napoleon, too,
sees what a mistake the Italian ruler has made
from his over-zealousness, and tries to haul off from
the ground he occupied. Bismarck remains as
still as ever, waiting to bend the king by making
him think that the king is the one who has
betrayed the people who hate him, but glory in
the result of his policy. It is all a strange muddle.

The Spirits about us.

A number of the Spectator, the production of
Addison, and Steele, and other English writers of
Queen Anne's time—holds such unequivocal senti-
ments on the presence of spirits, while discourag-
ing of another matter, that a quotation or two out
of the same is pertinent and interesting. And
here we will add, that the writings of these men,
particularly of Addison, are toned very largely
with spiritual ideas, expressed precisely as Spiritu-
alists love to hear and see them expressed. The
following extract is from the imaginary letter of
a dying wife to a devoted husband, absent in
Spain, whom she does not expect to look on again
in the flesh:"Methinks there is a kind of piety in being so
unwilling to be separated from a state which is
the institution of heaven, and in which we have
lived according to its laws. As we know no
more of the next life, but that it will be a happy
one to the good, and miserable to the wicked,
why may we not please ourselves at least, in
imagining that we shall have a sense of what
passes below, and may possibly be employed in
guiding the steps of those with whom we walked
with innocence when mortal? why may I not hope
to go on in my usual work, and, though unknown to
you, be assistant in all the conflicts of your mind?
Give me leave to say to you, oh best of men, that
I cannot figure to myself a greater happiness
than in such an employment. To be present at all
the adventures to which human life is exposed—to
administer slumber to the eyelids in the agonies of a
fever—to cover thy beloved face in the day of battle—
to go with thee, a GUARDIAN ANGEL, incapable of
wound or pain, where I have longed to attend thee
when a weak, a fearful woman,—thine, my dear,
are the thoughts with which I warm my poor
languid heart."This is genuine Spiritualism. It is a faith that
is inherent in the human mind, and no exhorta-
tions or denunciations, persuasions or threats of
the priests and their allies will wholly drive it
out of the popular heart. The above was written
one hundred and fifty-five years ago; but it is as
true to-day as it was then. Such truths are in-
grained in the very soul of man. They cannot be
eradicated without wholly destroying the texture.
What a prop and stay it is, what an inestimable
comfort, and solace, to realize that our dear de-
parted friends walk with us still through all the
dark and tortuous, as well as the cheerful and
pleasant ways of life. How full it fills the heart
to reflect that we are at no time left wholly alone,
but that friends unseen are around us by night
and day, sick and well, in danger and safety,
when we invite them by our thought, and when
we are too much absorbed by life's active de-
mands to throw even a glancing thought to them!This unseen, but not unfelt, neighborhood of
spirits is one of the surest strength-giving ar-
rangements in the divine plan. We draw from

A Book against Spiritualism.

W. McDonald has written a book bearing the following title: "Spiritualism identical with Ancient Sorcery, New Testament Demonology and Modern Witchcraft, with testimony of God and man against it." We have not seen the work, and cannot therefore criticise it from personal inspection. The editor of the Bulletin, a paper published in Williamsport, Pa., not in the interest of Spiritualism has been favored with a copy, and speaks of it as follows:

The comprehensive title of this book of 213 pages, gives a clear idea of what is aimed at by the author. It is to counteract what he deems to be the evil consequences of what is known as modern Spiritualism. The author is a Methodist clergyman, and was appointed by the "Providence (R. I.) District Ministers' Association" to prepare a work of this kind, after having read and essay before them on the subject. He does not regard the phenomena as mere humbug, trickery or legends, but the work of veritable demons. In his preface, he yields, it seems to us, the great point on which the world is fighting Spiritualism, when he says:

"We are frank to confess that we believe Spiritualism to be, in part at least, the work of demons."

This is important for the believers in Spiritualism, for if they can obtain the testimony of opponents as well as friends, that the phenomena claimed to have taken place are made by intelligences out of and beyond the believers and the "mediums," the character of the intelligences will ultimately be settled by facts which must occur in the course of candid investigations. He also says (page 21):

"The general facts of Spiritualism are so well attested, that few persons are found who deny them, who are willing to risk their reputation for candor on an unqualified denial of them. There may be a difference of opinion as to the force or extent by which these phenomena are produced, but that they are produced, and that, too, in many cases, without deception, cannot be successfully questioned."

He then goes on to state what occurrences he thinks have been clearly proved, embracing a catalogue of marvels which must make Spiritualists quite content with the hard things he says of them after he has proved, to his satisfaction, that they are not impostors. He attests the facts of the rapping sounds, the moving of tables, chairs and other articles; the playing of pianos and guitars without visible hands; rapping in response to mental questions, and many other curious things. He makes large use of the "spiritual manifestations" in the "Yellow Family" papers, which commenced in 1846, and continued with some portions of the family for many years. His compilation of the history of ancient sorcery is curious and interesting to those who have any taste for such research. The whole he looks upon as demonology, or evil spirits. His attack on the theology of the Spiritualists is caustic, and would be of great force if there was any organized or systematized theology among them, which hardly seems to be the case, since they are found in all religious sects, embracing D.D.s and clergymen of all grades, as well as members of evangelical churches in great numbers. The moral tendencies, as well as the theological tendencies, are looked upon as evil and nothing but evil. He regards them all as free lovers, licentious, and every way immoral, and substantiates his position by letters from ex-Spiritualists who have perambulated the country, gaining, at times, a living by their lectures on "healing" and "mediumship." Altogether, it is an instructive book, but we really are left in doubt as to which party will be the most benefited by it, the believers in the righteousness of the latter day Spiritualism, or those who believe in the demonology of the "manifestations."

Dr. Babcock in New Bedford.

Our friends in New Bedford will have an opportunity the present week, by visiting the Parker House, of testing the medical skill of Dr. Babcock, of this city. He possesses great healing power by the laying on of hands—that is, by this process he cures the most violent headaches, as well as neuralgia and other diseases immediately appertaining to the nervous system. On Wednesday last we tested Dr. B.'s peculiar healing powers. We had had a violent headache for two days, when we accidentally met the doctor, and requested him to relieve us of the pain we were laboring under, if possible. He did so; after manipulating the head about thirty minutes, thus proving to us beyond doubt that he possesses the power to heal by the laying on of hands. He is also an excellent clairvoyant, which enables him to locate disease with accuracy, which is a great advantage he possesses over the regular physician, as he knows at once what medicine, if any, to administer.

Dr. Babcock intends to visit several of the towns in this Commonwealth the present summer for the purpose of healing the sick. Besides his clairvoyant, magnetic, and mesmerism powers, he is an educated physician of twenty-five years standing, which makes him both safe and reliable.

Superintendent of Eastern Railroad.

It is well to speak appreciatively of such men in public stations as serve with scrupulous conscientiousness and fidelity the great interests of the people that are entrusted to their hands. Of this class, we beg leave to say thus publicly, is Superintendent Prescott, of the Eastern Railroad, out of this city. No railroad from Boston has a more energetic or efficient Superintendent than he. With their new rolling stock, including the fine passenger cars just finished at East Boston, the company may well think their road equipped in the spirit of the times. Superintendent Prescott deserves to have everything on a road which he oversees of the very best character and in the most perfect order. We have known the man personally for twenty years; and in all that time we have never met the individual who was his superior in honesty and capacity, and in a truly accommodating spirit for his peculiar position. The Corporation of the Eastern Road show their wisdom in retaining "the right man in the right place."

New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co. have issued the following named new musical compositions: "Beautiful Stranger," a serenade, music arranged by P. R. Nichols; "The Murmuring Waves," a ballad, by Stephen Glover; "I love the little rippling stream," song and chorus, by L. V. H. Crosby; "Dedication," being No. 25 of Robert Chumman's songs; a duet, "Al! al! al! marito," from Orisipino el Comare; "Wings," songs translated from the German, by Dolores; "Be kind to darling sister Nell," song and chorus, words by W. C. Baker, music by H. P. Danke; "Protect the Freedman," song and chorus, words by Luke Collin, music by J. P. Webster; "I Argentin," a simplified mazurka, from Eugene Ketterer's pianoforte works.

A Wonderful Physician.

For two or three mornings I have been an observer in the office of Dr. Fay in the Tremont Temple. Here I have daily seen a crowd of the maimed, the halt, the blind and the deaf, waiting to be operated on and benefited by the magnetic and health-giving hands of the doctor. I have witnessed what are to me most astonishing and almost miraculous cures of the sick and afflicted, effected by no other means, so far as I can discover, than the touch or manipulation of the doctor's hands. Between the hours of nine and ten all the sick and suffering poor are welcomed and benefited by the doctor without money and without price. Let the incredulous visit the spot and be convinced.

Boston, May 23, 1886.

Spirit-Communication Confirmed.

In the Banner May 31st appeared a communication, through Mrs. Conant, purporting to come from Aggie. Unexpected, and yet expected, we think it our duty to write you that the spirit was recognized, and that a test is thereby furnished. This test is much stronger than it at first appears. Aggie, at a circle in our own family, promised to attend your circle, and, if she could, to communicate. At various times we asked her if she had yet communicated. Her answer was that she had not. At length she said that she had found conditions favorable, and had done so. We asked if her father had also communicated. He had promised also, and it seemed probable that they would communicate together. Her answer was that he had not, and she did not think he would be able to do so.

Soon after, you announced her appearance, and sent us the written communication.

When we read the written communication, we supposed it to be the same that was to be printed; but on inquiry of her, she said that it was not, but that the printed one would contain nothing more definite.

On the reception of the message in the Banner, it did not equal our expectations. We asked her why she did not give some name, some peculiar expression, by which, more than by her pet name, she might be at once recognized as our darling child and sister. Her answer gives an insight into the ways of spirit-life, and furnishes a condensed explanation of many things connected with your circle:

"I attended the circle, and did as well as I could, truly. But I could not think of anything when the spirits were ready for me to communicate. It was like speaking before a thousand persons, for more than that number of spirits were present. You know I could not make a very good speech on such an occasion."

The written communication is more valuable as a test to her friends, and we insert it for their benefit:

"My Dear Hudson and Emma—From the glorious spirit state, into whose radiant beauty I was so lately ushered by the angel Death, I come to greet you, and to tell you how dear you still are and ever must be to me. I see how often you wonder if I was reconciled, when I knew I must go. Oh, Hudson, my father and brother; oh, Emma, my darling sister, I have no words with which to tell you my feelings. I feel I ought to have told you how I would feel, and how you would approach yourself for consenting to let me go from you; and that came the terrible uncertainty of the future. You know I was not fixed in the beautiful faith of Spiritualism. But as I neared the spirit-home, the veil seemed lifted, and a holy peace brooded around me, as I told my dear friend Mrs. B., who was weeping at my bedside, after having exhausted all sources for relief."

Our father is with us to-day, and wishes me to tell you, Hudson, that he shall never forget what you said to him the day you were over to the house, not long before he died. It has done much to show him the way in this new state of being."

Dearest Emma, sing the songs that we loved to sing together. Let not my guitar be silent. Be happy, my dear sister, even in your thoughts of me. Then my spirit-home will be heaven, and I shall be happy."

Your loving sister, AGGIE.

We submit these facts without comment, for their logic is more conclusive than all the argumentation in the world.

HUDSON AND EMMA TUTTLE.

Walnut Grove Farm, May 13, 1886.

Picnic at Medford.

Our friends must not forget the Charlestown and Chelsea Children's Lyceum Picnic, which takes place at Green Mountain Grove, in Medford, on Thursday, May 31st, which we alluded to last week. Cars leave the Boston and Maine Depot at 9 o'clock and 12; returning at 2, 6 and 7. Good speakers are expected to be present.

Miss Laura V. Ellis's Seances.

Miss Ellis has been holding public seances during the past week in this city, at 128 Washington street, with the same satisfaction and success as on former occasions.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

A notice of Mr. Gaylord's lecture on Spiritualism, on Sunday week, for want of room is laid over for our next issue.

Mr. Towne's letter to Dr. Bellows, which we notice in another column, is printed in pamphlet form, and for sale by Walker, Fuller & Co., for twenty-five cents; postage free.

By a notice in another column it will be seen that Mr. Marble, who has been at work in Dungeon Rock for many years, announces a picnic on the grounds contiguous to the cave, to take place on the 5th of June next, weather permitting.

It is stated that George Peabody has settled the Church controversy, in Georgetown, Mass., by proposing to build a new meeting-house for the seceding Congregationalists, under the lead of the Rev. Mr. Beecher. The wheel turns.

Read the advertisement in another column of boarding accommodations in Quincy.

A mackerel fleet of a hundred vessels, with a thousand men, rendezvoused in the harbor of Newport, R. I., last Friday. The codfish aristocracy do not usually assemble at this famous watering place so early in the season.

MASSACHUSETTS OF FRIENDLY INDIANS.—The Governor of Idaho has informed the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, of the massacre of sixteen friendly Indians, on the 11th of March, fifteen miles above Idaho City, near the mouth of Moore's Creek, on the Boise river, by a party of citizens of Idaho county. He concludes by saying: "There were but two grown males; the rest were women and children." The immediate settlers, miners, protested against the murder, and their statements I shall send you in a few days, showing that the Indians were defenceless and peaceable. If anything will serve to bring on a general Indian war, it is such acts as these.

Here is official confirmation of another of the thousands of instances where the Indians have been outrageously treated by the civilized whites. If they ever resist such cruelties, then they are hunted down and shot as enemies to the country.

The New York Academy of Music, the Medical University, together with several other buildings, were destroyed by fire on the night of the 22d of May.

Corsets are now being made of leather. This is doubtless in obedience to the poet's request: "Lace, oh lace those hills of snow!"

The "little tax" of one cent upon every box of matches "netted" the Government \$1,000,000 last year. According to that estimate, 150,000,000 boxes of boxes of matches must have been used in this country during the year, or five hundred boxes to every man, woman and child.

A novel idea is a boarding-house for monkeys. Such an establishment is, it is said, actually in operation in P. V. City, where the owners, who are negroes, charge one dollar and fifty cents a week per monkey.

SUSPENSION OF THE PISCATAQUA FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY.

At a meeting of the Directors of this Company, of South Berwick, Maine, held on the 21st instant, it was voted to close up the affairs of the concern, owing to the heavy losses of the past six months. Claimants are requested to forward their demands to the President, David Fairbanks, Esq., No. 76 State street, or S. W. Ricker, Secretary.

Read, in another column, the "overwhelming evidence in favor of the great Spiritual Remedy." In the same article will be found inducements offered to agents, male and female, and to practitioners of medicine, male and female, to become interested in the sale and use of the above-mentioned spiritual preparation.

Why are gentlemen's love letters liable to go astray? Because they are generally mis-directed.

The Alexandria (Va.) Gazette says that travelers on the Little River turnpike, a day or two ago, witnessed an agricultural procedure which, before the war, had been heard of, but never seen in that locality. Two negro women, hitched to a plow and driven by a negro man, were breaking ground at the point named.

In the event of an Austro-Prussian war, which now looks very probable, it is estimated that Austria can set in the field against her foe 337,700 men, Prussia about half a million, Italy 330,000.

Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, has been at Washington, administering the rite of confirmation in some of the Episcopal churches, without distinction of color, to the disgust of the old residents, who believe in the peculiar institution here and hereafter.

William Crafts, formerly well known in this country as a fugitive slave, is now a missionary in Africa, and he lately visited the king of Dahomey, who was so much pleased with him that he afterwards sent him six slaves as a present.

The body of Preston King, collector of New York, who committed suicide six months ago, was found floating in New York harbor on Monday, the cord having parted that held the weight he had attached to his body before making the fatal plunge. The body was fully identified by his friends.

Rev. Theodore Clapp, a native of Massachusetts, and many years Unitarian preacher in New Orleans, died at Louisville, recently.

PENCILS BY THE WAY.—A gentleman who has recently traveled through all the Northern States, and has amused himself by collecting statistics of the consumption of articles of luxury, announces that among the appliances of the toilet Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus" enjoys by all odds the greatest popularity. Sold everywhere.

Business Matters.

A FACT ACCOMPLISHED.—Sewing by machinery has become an old story, but when ever it has been suggested that button-holes would yet be made in the same manner, it has been pronounced impossible of accomplishment. But certain inventors and manufacturers have thought differently; and, if we are to credit our senses, the object so long and so laboriously sought has at last been accomplished. Certain it is that the "Union Button-Hole Machine," now offered to the public by the "Singer Manufacturing Company," does its work with a precision and rapidity truly marvellous. The mechanism is wonderful, yet simple and durable, and is clearly within the comprehension of an ordinary operator. The work performed on this machine is superior to hand work, and is being scattered broadcast over the country, through some of our largest clothing establishments. That hand-made button-holes must give way to this machine is just as certain as that hand-sewing is yielding the world over, to the far-famed Singer Sewing Machine.—N. Y. Home Journal.

The Button-Hole Machine referred to above is manufactured in this city, and bids fair to become one of the most valuable inventions of the age. Some idea of the magnitude of the business—which has been developed since the "Singer" Co. has taken the exclusive sale of this machine—may be gathered from the fact that one order was received from that concern, within the past week, for one thousand machines, amounting, at the regular prices, to \$140,000. The orders now in the hands of the manufacturers (the Union Button-Hole Machine Co.) will keep them employed for the next six months. This does not look much like a "stagnation in business."—Boston Post.

If people who suffer from the dull stupidity that meets us everywhere in spring, and too often in all seasons of the year, know how quick it could be cured by taking AYER'S SASSAPARILLA to purge the bile from their system, we should have better neighbors as well as clearer heads to deal with.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

L. L. FARNSWORTH'S ADDRESS.—Randolph, Mass.

Special Notices.

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

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMDENWELL LONDON, ENG.

KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

DR. U. MARSH'S INVALIDS' RURAL HOME CURE, But a few minutes' ride by steam or horse-car, May 24-26. MALDEN, MASS.

LITCHFIELD'S DIPHTHERIA VANQUISHER. (Used with Litchfield's External Application.) WARRANTED TO CURE.

DIPHTHERIA AND ALL THROAT TROUBLES. Litchfield's External Application, Warranted to cure RHEUMATIC AND SCIATIC LAMENESS, and all LAMENESS, where there is no fracture.

Price of each of the above, \$1.00 per Bottle. G. A. LITCHFIELD & CO., Proprietors, Weymouth, Mass. Geo. O. Goodwin & Co., N. E. Budd & Co., Boston; Jones F. Bennett & Co., Waterbury, Vt., General Agents.

Sold by Medicine Dealers generally. 6m—June 2.



DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is the best medicine in the world for all Diseases of the Bowels. 2m—May 24.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP WITH P. T. DABBITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH, or READY SOAP MAKER. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to all other brands of lye in market. Put up in one of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds, and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make fifteen gallons of Soft Soap. No lye is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.

P. T. DABBITT, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74 Washington street, New York.

REMOVAL.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH BOOKSTORE

Has been removed from 271 Canal street, to 544 Broadway, New York City. Room No. 6.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.

SUCCESSORS to A. J. Davis & Co., and C. M. Plumb & Co., will continue the Book-selling Business at the above-named place, where all books advertised in our Catalogue and in the Banner can be procured, or any other works published in this country, which are not out of print.

ALL SPIRITUAL BOOKS

For Sale by Us!

INCLUDING ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS'S WORKS, JUDGE EDMONDS'S WORKS, S. B. BRITTON'S WORKS, HUDSON TUTTLE'S WORKS, A. B. CHILD'S WORKS, &c., &c., &c. Also, the Poetical Works of MISS LIZZIE DOTTEN, MISS A. W. SPRAGUE, MISS WELLS HUSH, MRS. EMMA TUTTLE, A. P. M'COMBS.

Also for sale, at the lowest cash prices, the following: THEODORE PARKER'S WORKS, RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S WORKS, H. D. THOREAU'S WORKS, &c., &c., &c.

We will also send to any address the Poetical Works of LONGFELLOW, TENNYSON, WHITTIER, BROWNING, ETC., ETC., ETC.

ALL POPULAR NOVELS.

Including Hawthorne's, Capt. Mayne Reid's, Oliver Optic's, Miss Edgeworth's, Mrs. Sherwood's, and other similar works of favorite authors, are for sale at our Boston and New York Establishments.

NARRATIVES AND ADVENTURES, GILHAM'S PHOTOGRAPHIC WORKS, ALL KINDS OF PAMPHLETS, &c., &c., &c.

The BANNER can always be obtained at retail at the New York Branch Office, but is mailed to subscribers from the Boston Office only; hence all subscriptions must be forwarded to the "BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON, MASS."

Having thus taken upon ourselves new burdens and greater responsibilities—the rapid growth of the grandest religion ever vouchsafed to the people of earth warranting it—we call upon our friends everywhere to lend us a helping hand. The Spiritualists of New York especially we hope will redouble their efforts in our behalf.

FRANK W. BALDWIN will superintend our New York Branch Office. All orders filled with promptness and accuracy. May 1.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

SPIRITUAL PICNIC.

FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY, at DUNGEON ROCK. A Grand Celebration, on Tuesday, June 2, 1886. Refreshments furnished by the proprietors and all others positively forbidden to sell on the grounds. Speakers engaged. Music furnished for dancing. The excavation will be brilliantly lighted. A special train will leave Eastern Railroad Station for Quincy Common, at 8 o'clock A. M., returning at 4 P. M. Fare, both ways, 40 cents. Tickets to be had at the Depot. Accommodations will be furnished for those who wish to ride to and from the Rock to the cars.

Should the day designed to rainy, the Picnic will be postponed until the next fair day. HIRSH MARBLE, June 2-3.

NEW UNFOLDING OF SPIRIT-POWER.

DR. GEO. H. EMERSON, Healing Medium, developed to cure disease by drawing the disease upon himself, at any distance, can examine persons; tell how they feel, where and what their disease is, at any time. One examination \$1; ten examinations to draw disease, \$5; thirty for \$10. Manipulations \$2 each. Treat patients at a distance by letter, by enclosing the sum, giving your name and address. Please address, DR. GEO. H. EMERSON, 24 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. THIS CERTIFICATE that Dr. Emerson has cured me of deafness of five years' standing; also, of dyspepsia, liver and kidney complaints, by four operations. MRS. MARY CHANDLER, Mrs. HANNAH M. WORRESTER, Weymouth, Boston. May 11, 1886. 1w—June 2.

DR. J. E. NEWTON.

636 Market Place, 8th St., New York. WILL HEAL THE SICK—in most cases instantaneously—without medicine. A cordial invitation is extended to all who are not well to pay, without money and without price. June 2.

MRS. COTTON, Successful Healing Medium, by the laying on of hands. (No medicine given.) No. 232 E. 78th street, near 4th Avenue. 13w—June 2.

MRS. L. E. HYDE, Test and Business Medium, No. 433 Eighth Avenue, New York. 6w—June 2.

A FEW SUMMER BOARDERS can be accommodated with board, in a pleasant location, in Quincy, three minutes' walk from Depot. Reference: W. F. CARLTON, 241 Washington street. 2w—June 2.

CEDAR CAMPHOR

To protect Clothing, &c., against Moths, is Efficient, Cheap, is Best. Every Drugstore sells it. Made by HARRIS & CHAPMAN, Boston. 1w—June 2.

THIRD EDITION—JUST ISSUED.

THE SOUL OF THINGS;

OR,

PSYCHOMETRIC RESEARCHES AND DISCOVERIES.

BY WILLIAM AND ELIZABETH M. F. DENTON.

This truly valuable and exceedingly interesting work has taken a place in the literature of the day, and is fast gaining in popular favor. Two large editions have already been sold, and the third is having a steady sale. Every Spiritualist and seer who desires to know the truth should read it. Price, \$1.50; postage 20 cents. For sale at this office, 128 Washington street, Boston, and at our Branch Office, 544 Broadway, New York. Room 6. June 2.

THIRD EDITION—REVISED AND CORRECTED.

THE COMPENDIUM OF TACHYGRAPHY;

OR,

LINDSLEY'S PHONETIC SHORTHAND, EXPLAINING AND ILLUSTRATING THE COMMON STYLE OF THE ART.

BY D. P. LINDSLEY.

Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Nov. 20, 1884. D. P. LINDSLEY, Esq.—Dear Sir: I have long hoped to master Tachygraphy practically; but I have long since come to the conclusion that that reform must find some other advocates than I. I have now a new lease of life. I understand you, have photographed Tachygraphy, and therefore have reached the very thing which I had in my mind when I wrote up this manuscript. Yours very truly, HORACE MANN.

Price, \$1.00. For sale at this office, 128 Washington street, Boston, and at our Branch Office, 544 Broadway, New York. Room 6. June 2.

A NEW BOOK—JUST ISSUED.

CHRIST AND THE PEOPLE.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

PRICE, \$1.25. POSTAGE 16 CENTS.

CONTENTS:

CHAPTER I.—"The Great Moral and Religious Changes of the Nineteenth Century." CHAPTER II.—"The Literature of the day, and the religious systems of the land of any book yet written. It is free from fault-finding; but its truthful descriptions of self-conceit and egotism, everywhere in morals and religion, are withering, through sacrifice and sin it shows the open gate of heaven for every human being."

For sale at the Banner of Light Office, 128 Washington street, Boston, and at the Branch Office, 544 Broadway, New York. Room 6. April 16.

A LADY who has been cured of great Nervous Debility after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRITT, Box 768, Boston, and the prescription will be sent FREE by return mail. 10w—May 6.

OVERWHELMING EVIDENCE

IN FAVOR OF

THE GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY,

MRS. SPENCE'S

POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

Staford, Ct., March 22, 1886. PROF. SPENCE—Dear Sir: About seven weeks ago I was called to see Mrs. Rufus Weston, whom I found laboring under a fearful attack of puerperal convulsions, which followed the birth of a dead child. The convulsions were terrible. No one thought that she could live, as every convulsion was more violent than the preceding one. Finally she had one so severe that it indicated death. She rallied, however, but was much exhausted, and her friends did not think it possible for her to live through another. As soon as she could swallow I commenced giving her the Positive Powders (a powder and a half every hour at first), and from that time forth she had no more convulsions. She is now well, and able to attend to her household duties. She visited me this afternoon, and told me that she believes that the Positive Powders saved her life. Yours truly, DR. M. F. DWIGHT.

Chenoi, Ill., Dec. 23, 1885.

Dr. P. SPENCE—Dear Sir: Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders fill a great vacuum in the wants of humanity. They differ from all other medicines in this, that they cause no violence to the system—no spasmodic efforts of Nature to be followed by a corresponding depression; but their magnetic effects seem to be drunk in by the diseased system, as the thirsty traveler drinks in the waters of the cooling fountain. They are a most wonderful medicine—so silent, and yet so efficacious.

One of my boys, now eleven years old, has always been weakly, and has suffered from a relaxed state of the muscles of the urinary organs. He is now robust and well, after having used about one-half a box of the Powders.

My wife has been troubled for the last two years with Rheumatism in the shoulder. She is now entirely cured, after having used one box of the Powders.

A lady of my acquaintance, who has suffered for several years with Pelopagus Uteri (falling of the womb), was induced by me to try the Powders, and was attended at her specialty recovery. Very respectfully, S. W. RICHMOND.

The above letters, together with those referred to below, and the hundreds of similar ones in our possession, are more than sufficient to convince every Female, whether married or single, that Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders are

WOMAN'S BEST FRIEND

in all diseases arising from her peculiarities of temperament, sex and habits of life.

The evidence above mentioned is, moreover, sufficient to convince every head of a family that Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders are

THE GREATEST FAMILY MEDICINE OF THE AGE,

and that they cure all curable diseases, whether acute or chronic, in

MAN,

WOMAN,

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was claimed by the Spirit who spoke it, and the name of the person to whom it was given is given at the end of each message.

Message No. 1.—Invitation: Questions and Answers: Oliver Anderson, of Cincinnati, Ohio; Hubert Collins, to his father; Henry Loring, of Richmond, Va.; Josephine Watson, to her mother, in New York City.

Message No. 2.—Invitation: Questions and Answers: Alice Phillips, to her mother, in New York; S. L. Barrett, formerly a slave on Cambridge street, Boston, to his children; Captain John Smalley, of Barnstable, Mass.; John Howard Harrows, to his father, Nehemiah Harrows, in New York City.

Message No. 3.—Invitation: Questions and Answers: Oliver Anderson, of Cincinnati, Ohio; Hubert Collins, to his father; Henry Loring, of Richmond, Va.; Josephine Watson, to her mother, in New York City.

Message No. 4.—Invitation: Questions and Answers: Oliver Anderson, of Cincinnati, Ohio; Hubert Collins, to his father; Henry Loring, of Richmond, Va.; Josephine Watson, to her mother, in New York City.

Message No. 5.—Invitation: Questions and Answers: Oliver Anderson, of Cincinnati, Ohio; Hubert Collins, to his father; Henry Loring, of Richmond, Va.; Josephine Watson, to her mother, in New York City.

Message No. 6.—Invitation: Questions and Answers: Oliver Anderson, of Cincinnati, Ohio; Hubert Collins, to his father; Henry Loring, of Richmond, Va.; Josephine Watson, to her mother, in New York City.

Message No. 7.—Invitation: Questions and Answers: Oliver Anderson, of Cincinnati, Ohio; Hubert Collins, to his father; Henry Loring, of Richmond, Va.; Josephine Watson, to her mother, in New York City.

Message No. 8.—Invitation: Questions and Answers: Oliver Anderson, of Cincinnati, Ohio; Hubert Collins, to his father; Henry Loring, of Richmond, Va.; Josephine Watson, to her mother, in New York City.

Message No. 9.—Invitation: Questions and Answers: Oliver Anderson, of Cincinnati, Ohio; Hubert Collins, to his father; Henry Loring, of Richmond, Va.; Josephine Watson, to her mother, in New York City.

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um to speak to him. It matters very little whether he believes in Spiritualism or not; he can try and see. If it proves false, he can but say so; and if not, why then we shall all be happy in communicating with each other again. We know all he has suffered, and how uneasy and unhappy he is, and we want to benefit him, if he can.

Annie G. Thompson was my name. Father's name was Alexander S. Thompson, and my mother's name was Anne, also.

If you'll be kind enough to publish this, we shall be obliged to you. [Is your father in New Orleans?] No, he's not there; he's in Texas, trying to recover some property of his; but he never will.

Thomas Buck.

I'm Thomas Buck, sir, from Little Rock, Arkansas. It's a curious record, stranger, I truck along here with me. Stranger, I concluded that you folks round these parts had no right to prevent certain States from seceding, if they wanted to.

I was a rebel, out and out, and so I did what I could to favor the rebellion. I thought, stranger, the Union was kind of used up. I never did believe there was any union between North and South, or any of the States that held slavery and those that did not. I believed that from the time old Massachusetts put her slaves out of her petticoat into Southern arms, from that time there never was any harmony between those States that held niggers and them that did not, and so I thought it wasn't any sort of use to maintain a ghost.

I took my two boys into the army to fight against you, and the oldest was killed, and the youngest is left. I went because I wanted to; and now that the nigger is out of bondage, and out in the cold on his own hook, I don't know but North and South may become united. It's very possible that you may make a cement strong enough to hold them again. I hope you will, I'm sure. Now that the institution of slavery is dead, killed by the conquering party, I suppose you can patch up the thing, and live along pretty comfortably. I hope you can.

My son that's left is feeling terribly rebellious. He don't want to own that he's conquered. But I come to tell him he might as well. It's better to own up to the truth, than deny it. And I come to tell him something more, too, and that's this: I want his mother to be smartly cared for; not taking all there is—there ain't much—for himself, for if he does, I'll come and take it from him. But if he shares with his mother, then it'll be all right; then there'll be no rupture between him and me, as there was between North and South.

I'm a straightforward, honest, ignorant man. I pretend to nothing that is above the common sort. But I can tell the truth; I can fight for it, and I can die for it; and I'd like to see the man that can do more.

My son what's left has been thinking of these things. Someone showed your paper into his hands, and that's what attracted me, kind of told me—[That gave you the information?] That's what gave me the information, stranger, I suppose. I'd like the same party that put it into his hands before, to do so again when my message comes round.

If I can pay, I will; and if I can't, you must be satisfied, that's all. [You think the paper will reach the same party again, do you?] Why should it? I think it will. I don't generally do things, stranger, by the halves. I generally look the length of my nose before I undertake to walk. I'm obliged to you, stranger, and will do you a favor when I can.

Jennie Mason.

I have a very dear friend in Bangor, Maine, who has wished, if these things could be done, that I might come back and advise her what course to pursue in her present trouble. But she says, "Jennie, if you come in any public way, please don't make my name public." Now, there I am restricted, you see. But I will tell you so much: This dear friend's name is Maggie. She will understand the rest. Does it make any difference? [No, we think not.] Her people are in high standing there, but for certain reasons they have turned coldly against her, and now she is an outcast, frowned upon by her friends, by her own kindred, but not by the angels. She should remember this: that there are other friends than those who live in human bodies; that there are other judges than those who see with material eyes. She must remember that; and remember, also, that this life is very short, at the longest. All the years that are allotted to the soul to dwell in the human frame are but very few, when compared with those of eternity.

Maggie is to-day an inmate of the poor house. Reared she has been in luxury and pride, and her years scarce number twenty. But so it is. The wheel of fortune is ever revolving. Sometimes it brings us good gifts, and sometimes it brings us bad ones.

Maggie says, "I would give the world to know that I had some friend who cares for me, though that friend be invisible."

Maggie, you have many; not only one, but many; and I have been singled out from amongst them to come to you, speaking words of cheer to you. Do not give up, but go hence from that place as soon as possible, and come where I can speak to you, and I'll tell you of a better way wherein to walk. You know, as I do, that that way is thorny and stormy, and brings you no peace.

I am Jennie Mason, formerly from Augusta, Maine. My friend Maggie will understand me. It matters not whether the world does or not.

March 1.

Cora Jackson.

I want to go to my mother. I am Cora Jackson. My father was killed in the war, and I died of lung fever, and my mother's left in New York. I was twelve years old. To prove to my mother that I can come, I'll tell her what I last said to her: "Mother, don't cry, for you'll be better off without me." I didn't think it was going to make her feel so bad, but it only made her feel worse. I meant that now father was gone, she wouldn't have me to look out for, and it wouldn't be so hard for her to get along. That's what I meant.

But now I can come back, and father can, too. We want her to get a medium that we can speak through. Father wants to tell her about getting her pension without paying so much every time as she'll have to if she does the way she thinks of doing. [Where's your mother residing now?] In New York, sir. [What street?] Well, East Broadway. She was there until she could know what to do. I think she's there now, but don't know. [Did you ever know the number?] I never did, because she went there after I died. I suppose she could not stay where I died, she was so unhappy.

When she finds somebody that we can come through, then my father will tell her all about what he'd like her to do. But he don't like to come here. [Is it too public?] Yes, sir.

March 1.

Circle closed by Father Henry Pitt James.

Invocation.

Our Father, let the angels of Justice and Mercy and Truth be our guests this day. May their holy presence dispel all envy, all unrighteousness, all unholy thoughts. Make this place the very gate of heaven; ay, more than that, heaven itself. Our Father, we bless thee for the sunshine; we bless thee for the beauty of this day; for all those gifts that thou hast so lavishly bestowed upon thy children. We praise thee for life, with all its wondrous beauty, for all its crown of glory. We praise thee, our Father, for all the shadows of Time, for all the sunlight of Eternity. We lift our souls in thanksgiving to thee for every event of life, for all that has been, that is, and all that shall be. Our Father and our Mother too, if there are those present that mourn the loss of loved ones, oh fill their souls with a consciousness that there is no separation, that they still live, still love, and still, under proper circumstances, can hail them with speech, and all those holy loves that go to make up the heaven of their inner life. Our Father, our praises go out to thee, as the praises of these beautiful flowers [referring to a bouquet on the table]. They praise thee in their silent beauty. They honor thee as their Father and their Mother. So do we honor thee in our silence, in our speech, in all our unuttered thoughts. Oh God of the Ages, we would sing songs of rejoicing in the name of him who was, is, and ever shall be.

March 5.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—By T. Gibson, of Louisville: If it is possible, why do not the spirits give a detailed account of some notable event the day following, through mediums in France, England and India—for example, Lincoln's assassination—and thereby furnish facts of spirit-power that the skeptical world cannot refute?

Ans.—All these things have been done many, many times, and in many places; and yet there are skeptics, as there ever will be, ever must be, because you are all physically, as well as spiritually, differently aggregated. Abraham Lincoln was by no means unprepared for his assassination. Abraham Lincoln expected it, because he had been informed that it would take place by those same intelligences that your correspondent calls upon to know why they did not foreshadow such an event. It is not always that it is best so to do; but sometimes it may be best. Suppose we were to unveil, if we had power, the future to you. Would it take away your skepticism? No; not a whit. Would it make you any better? No. Would it change you one iota? No. Then wherefore the use? A wise husbandman puts the seed into the soil when it is ready for it, never before.

Q.—Will St. Paul tell us, through this spirit, whether what has been written about his being the means of Christ's persecutions and crucifixion for the sake of his own power and aggrandizement, is true or false?

A.—Read and judge for yourselves. St. Paul, doubtless, does not consider that it is his duty either to convict or acquit himself. In this case, the facts, if such they be, are before you; you have common sense, an aggregation of reasoning powers. If you do not use them, by-and-by they will become useless. Therefore, when these questions arise, instead of asking somebody else outside of yourselves to analyze them for you, go rather diligently to work and solve the problem yourself. The assertion, either in the affirmative or negative, would be of little use to you, unless you solve it yourselves. It is absolutely useless for us to return, enforcing our opinions upon you. You must all beget your own, and of yourselves. We are no priests, such as those you have in your pulpits, who declare a thing to be thus-and-so, and seek to make others believe it, also. No; this is not our method of teaching. We throw out our ideas, and leave them for you to criticize and analyze.

Q.—Is it possible for any man now living to do as the Bible says Jesus did?

A.—Our highest idea of Divinity, as manifested through the flesh, and indeed exhibited through Jesus the Nazarene, was simply the spirit of Truth clothed in a simple raiment, but, nevertheless, in garments of heaven. Your questioner asks if it is possible for others to do as he did. Why, certainly; he told you that; he says even greater things than I do yet may do. He did not claim he was not human, as well as divine. He only claimed that he gave forth the spirit of Truth; was an instrument in the hands of his Father, which Father was greater than he. Even so we believe.

Q.—Is it a duty for any man now living to do as Jesus is said to have done?

A.—Not in all things, certainly not. Jesus lived in accordance with the age in which he lived. He acted by virtue of the circumstances that surrounded him. But those circumstances are not yours. Now if you are not surrounded by the same circumstances Jesus was surrounded by, you are not called upon to do exactly as he did.

Q.—Is it a duty to try to do as Jesus did?

A.—In many things it is; but not in all.

Q.—Whereas, the Bible says that Joshua, or Michael, or what Christians think the same with Jesus, once disputed with the devil about the body of Moses, and dare not bring a railing accusation against him, but merely said, "The Lord rebuke thee." Now have I not a right to say, with Joshua, or Michael, or Jesus, "The Lord rebuke thee," which I understand to mean the same as "damn you," when I am wronged, and insulted, and abused, and robbed by mine enemy?

A.—This passage in so-called holy writ, had its origin simply in an astrological mysticism; a mysticism, because they who professed to believe in it did not understand it. These several characters were names simply, given to heavenly bodies.

It is wrong to allow ourselves to be influenced by a feeling of revenge, very wrong; because it brings us inharmony, which is hell. The wrong falls upon ourselves more than on others. When we curse any person, it does not injure him at all; but when it turns upon us, it will rend us without mercy. This is a fact that no one who knows human nature will deny. You all know that it is better to forgive, than to curse. You all know it is better to exhibit love than hate. You all know it is better to cultivate harmony than inharmony. When you say, "God damn" to your friend or enemy, it is not the word that holds the sin; no, it is that that is behind it, the motive, spirit, the propelling force. Be assured that you injure yourself more than your enemy. Why, then, not seek to cultivate under all circumstances an even mind, which is harmony and heaven? This is the better way. It is true, you cannot all see it at once, yet we have hope; for you will all see it sooner or later.

Q.—Now supposing I leave vengeance in the hands of God, and don't strike, kick, nor cuff my enemy, nor sue him at the law, nor testify against him before the grand jury, but merely think within my own mind, "God damn you, you will catch it somewhere," do I not act exactly contrary to Jesus, when he said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," while his enemies

were torturing him to death in the most cruel manner ever invented by man, angel or devil?

A.—Why, certainly, there is a very great difference between the two exhibitions of human action. Jesus had so schooled himself, that he was able to say, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He had learned that these, his enemies, had wrought their vengeance upon him through ignorance, because they did not know the better way. Therefore it was he prayed that his Father might forgive them. Now seek to know wherefore your enemy injures you. Rest assured, you will find he does not only injure you, but injures himself more. He does not know this. If he did he would not do it. So, then, instead of cursing your enemies, do as Jesus did: pray that holy angels may turn them into the better way, and so baptize them with the spirit of Love, that they shall do all men good, and no man evil.

March 5.

John Hughes.

The victims of the gibbet and the guillotine, we are told, find a welcome here. [Certainly.]

I am not here to vindicate my own acts, whatever they may have been; nor am I here to rail against the Government, poor and shabby and mean as it is.

But I am here to make good a promise made shortly before I changed worlds. I made it in good faith. I made it to one who would like to believe that the spirit can return after it has left the body, and communicate with those who shall remain. And I am here, also, to distinctly declare that Spiritualism is not accountable for anything that I may have done, either good or bad. When here, we live in the great world of ever changing matter, as we live in the great world of ever changing mind. And I fully believe now, as I did before death, that we are moved upon by the world of matter, as we are moved upon by the world of mind. The cold affects you; so does the heat. This, then, tells us plainly that the elements affect us. We are not proof against them. Is it safe, then, to say that we may not attribute this deed or that to some circumstance or circumstances surrounding us? The world is moving on, and I, for one, trust it is moving out of darkness into light.

It is well that civil law wreaked its vengeance upon me, as it has upon thousands of others. I do not complain of it, because I know that civil law is but the child of ignorance; a babe born of miserable superstition. It has no root in a higher, grander, holier law; but it has root in the old Mosaic Dispensation that you of to-day should be ashamed of. It is said that those who commit murder are executed as examples for others. The world has had many such examples; still there are murders committed every day. This proves that this mode of disposing of sin is not effectual. It is absolute proof demonstrated by God himself.

A few leagues short of here I was hung up, and what has been the result? Am I dead? No. Am I bereft of power to do that I shall decree? No. Then what has been gained? Nothing. I have simply lost my body; and my execution—will it deter one single soul from walking in the same path? No, not one.

This is not a broadcast affirmation, founded upon nothing, but is true in every individual case. Your young, middle-aged, your old, are constantly walking in crime. Why is it? It is because you have never struck at the root of evil. You have simply been dealing with the effects the body committed upon the body, called murder; and so you do double murder by that act. Instead of stopping to consider where this thing was born, how it happened this man had murder in his heart toward a fellow creature, he is sent to the gallows. Instead of returning good for evil, it is an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, blood for blood. Oh God, when I behold such things, I pity you who are obliged to live under such laws, and I am glad I'm free from them.

I was morally sick, and I needed a moral physician; but instead of giving me one, why, the gibbet loomed up before me, and I was obliged to take my stand upon it, and from thence I was sent out into the great world of mind, having all the experiences of that last miserable closing scene. As I said before, I pity you; but I want all my friends, if I have any—perhaps I have not—my enemies then—to understand that I live, and to understand more: that I have a desire to return, not in vengeance, but in pity and love, and so they need not fear to speak with me. I bless God for this privilege of coming to-day. It is a great and holy privilege. I esteem it. But while I stand upon this plane of love and forgiveness, thousands would not stand there, I'm well aware, but would return in the spirit of revenge, until this evil and that evil and

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MRS. L. SMITH, 15 LaGrange street, Boston.

MISS NELLIE STARKWEATHER, W.
Med. and Medium, No. 7 Indiana street, near Harrison
Hours: from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Circle Thursday evenings.
April 7.

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Treatment of Body, Mind and Spirit. April 7.

MRS. C. A. KIRKHAM, Test and Person
Medium, rent of 1093 Washington St. Hours from
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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 278: 1039-1044.

