

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.

LONG AGO.

BY MRS. HARVEY A. JONES.

When I listen; I hear the Winter,
But my ear has caught a strain
Coming from unforgotten summers
In the chambers of my brain;
Singing to-night of the long ago,
By the shimmering river's brim,
Glinting the lazy sunshine,
Where cloudless spectres swim.

Off there a ravine branches,
And along its rocky bed,
Up to the once grand "Cedar Bluff,"
My willing steps are led;
My brothers and I! Oh, go not yet!
Bright visions of what have been;
Let me see it all, as it used to be,
And I a child again!

The purple bells of the columbine,
The ovens of rock below;
The quarryman's strike has hewn away
Their walls of calcined snow;
And over those beds of lime and clay,
More shallow the waters lie,
As the gushing founts of childhood
Seem sluggish now and dry.

In later springs I looked to find
The minnows and sunfish there,
With those loved with a deeper love
Than the loves of childhood were.
The spell of old I sought to find,
Like the mists of early morn,
Had floated off with its halo bright,
Oh! never to return.

Sycamore, Illinois.

Original Essays.

THE PHENOMENA OF MATTER.

NUMBER ONE.

BY LEON HYNEMAN.

Oh Father, whom men call God, when we be-
hold the beauty and perfection, the mystery
and grandeur, the magnitude, the order and regularity
of thy works with our spiritual perceptions awak-
ened to the grand and sublime thoughts they ex-
cite in the mind, how very feeble is language, and
how utterly impotent is the feeble being to express
those thoughts.

And when we reflect that beyond the capabili-
ties of our finite perceptions is illimitable, infinite
space, worlds and universes, planets and suns,
equally, if not more beautiful and of surpassing
magnitude to this sphere we inhabit, roll on, and
on forever, with the utmost precision, order and
regularity, the mind is lost in bewilderment, in
admiration of thy power, thy wisdom and thy per-
fection.

Infinite is space; it has no bounds—no high, no
low, no centre, no cardinal points, no place of be-
ginning; it fills immensity; it is the theatre of the
Eternal Father, in which he displays his attributes
of power, wisdom and love.

All space is full of life, and ever moving, chang-
ing matter; and earths and worlds, planets and
suns innumerable are moving therein in their at-
tractional spheres, in obedience to and in har-
mony with the laws of the Divine Originator;
moving on with swift speed beyond conception of
the finite mind.

There can be no parallel to the speed with
which they move, nor can they be arrested in their
course, or deviate in their flight in their eternal,
endless movements in their respective orbits.
Noiseless as the sleep of death, calm as the silent
grave, and steady as the flight of time, they pur-
sue with undeviating rectitude their endless, cir-
cular path.

Of immeasurable magnitude are worlds, and
planets, and suns. No human calculation can
fathom their extent, their height and depth, their
bulk and weight.

Oh may, thou hast but a faint conception of the
globe on which thou dwellest; it is but an infinites-
imal portion of the worlds revolving in the
great laboratory of the Divine; but here he has
unfolded himself to thee, and presented to thy
vision most glorious and pleasing prospects to
tempt thee to study him, and learn through them
his laws and the nature of things own being.

Great, mighty and infinitely glorious are those
brilliant orbs, moving majestically in the eternal
domain of the Father. They were the firstborn
of his handiwork, and especially created for man's
use. They were formed by the agglomeration of
particles of unformed matter, condensed through
infinite ages, through the agency of Divine forces
and Divine laws.

And matter was formed in this wise: The Fa-
ther conceived the plan of Creation. The thought
in the Divine mind excited action in and through-
out the immensity of space. All action, mental
and physical, causes vibrations. The vibratory
motions caused by the thought in the Divine mind,
elicited the elements, and these the essences of
the germs of worlds, of planets and suns, with
their attendant phenomena of light and heat. And
these elements possessed the power of expansion,
condensation, of aggregation, according to inher-
ent forces. And these forces were directed in obedi-
ence to the Divine conception, by laws which,
from the primary action, were destined to be ever
active and uniform in their action throughout all
space. And these laws also possessed inherent-
ly the attribute or principle of never-ending pro-
gression, also of immutability, of universality, of
just, retributive powers in all and every direc-
tion.

All forms in Nature have the property of approp-
riating to themselves such elements and essences
as assimilate with the specific nature of such forms.
The formation of matter from invisible elements and

essences is going on constantly—has never ceased
from the time action was excited by the Divine
conception of the plan of creation.

The first elements, the mineral, vegetable and
animal kingdoms grow and increase by and
through the appropriation of invisible elements
and essences which combine and recombine, and
form the materials adapted to each and every part
of all forms.

The human, being the ultimate of Nature's pro-
duction, possesses not only the principles and
properties of all below him, but also, in a finite de-
gree, the attributes, powers and possibilities of
the Divine. He stands mediate between the low-
er forms in Nature and the Divine. All below
him is subordinate to him. He possesses the
power to control all of the forces in Nature; and
as he becomes acquainted with Nature's laws,
subjects those forces to his use. There is, there-
fore, a power in him to comprehend the laws
which have outwrought all of visible creation, and
in the highest department of his nature he illustrates,
in his being and action, the mode of action of the Di-
vine, by and through which visible nature was out-
wrought.

Thought, in the human mind, and the forces
which it evokes, bears an analogy, in a finite de-
gree, to the thought of the Divine. The thought
in the Divine mind excited action, which caused
vibratory motion throughout infinite space. The
vibratory motion brought into being elements and
essences of the most refined nature; correspond-
ing to the element of thought; and through ages
and cycles of time, the continued vibrations caused
these elements to combine and aggregate, and by
their inherent forces of expansion, of condensa-
tion and concretion, the formation of gross matter
resulted. And matter thus formed, possessed, in-
herently, the properties of composition, decomposi-
tion and recombination, in obedience to and di-
rected by the Laws of Progression.

The action excited by the conception in the Di-
vine mind, of the thought of creation, and the
forces and laws elicited in the direction of matter
in its progression to its ultimate; these laws,
forces and action emanating from the Divine, and
inhering in his constitution as a part of his being,
are necessarily as eternal as the Divine, and in
their action and direction as active in the present
as in the past, and must ever be throughout the
endless future.

The forces and laws elicited by the Divine
thought, through the instrumentality of which the
elements and essences combined and aggregated
which resulted in the formation of gross matter,
are visible in the production of all the phenomena in
Nature. The exterior of all forms are outwrought
through the instrumentality of forces and laws
existing in the interior, appropriating the elements
and essences, and combining these according to
their affinity for the several parts of each and all
forms.

No form in Nature grows from the exterior.
The germ is unfolded within in the interior from
imperceptible, invisible essences. Thus the sturdy
oak of the forest; the leviathan of the sea; the
mammoth which walks on dry land; and man and
woman, who stand erect, all, have grown from
invisible, germinal essences; and in obedience to
the laws and forces within, the gross matter was
created which constitutes the exterior form. And
the formation of matter in its varieties of concrete
forms from invisible essences, is constantly ob-
servable, as the soft berry, the luscious peach, the
more concrete apple, the huge pumpkin; and those
which have one or more exterior coatings, as the
hickory nut, walnut, chestnut, coconut, etc., the
growth of which are perceptible to the visual or-
gans from day to day, until they arrive at matu-
rity.

Thus the creation of matter is visible to the senses;
it never ceases throughout Nature's domain. And
in like manner matter was formed in the begin-
ning, through the instrumentality of active forces
and laws elicited by the thought of the Divine in
the conception of the plan of creation. The think-
ing principle in man ever excites action, which is
not confined to the individual, but the vibrations
of that action extend throughout the wide men-
tal hemisphere and excite action in others, even
of distant climes, whose mental organisms are
in harmony and evoke thoughts of a kindred na-
ture. These thoughts are outwrought on the ex-
terior and through the instrumentality of external
appliances.

The analogy is complete. Man is a finite being,
and is obliged to use material instrumentalities
in the expression of his thoughts. The thoughts
of the Divine are expressed through the instru-
mentality of invisible, spiritual forces, which are
eternal, endless in their action, and compose, de-
compose and recombine throughout the wide ex-
tent of Nature in one eternal round of never-fail-
ing process of progressive creation.

The vibrations caused by the action of the Di-
vine mind, brought into being elements and es-
sences which, from the forces and laws within ex-
pounded, condensed and aggregated into substan-
tial materiality of various consistency, from the
known sublimated and refined forces of electri-
city, magnetism, heat, light, etc., to the concrete
granite, and worlds, planets and suns were
formed.

The progressive laws of matter, unceasingly
active in series of ages, formed respectively the
mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, and,
lastly, the ultimate of all the human, the repre-
sentative of the Divine, with powers and capaci-
ties to subject all of Nature to his control. And
more: man also possesses a spiritual Nature, with
powers and capacities for the acquirement of
knowledge to which there are no bounds. The
acquirement of knowledge has been, not neces-
sarily, of slow progress.

Nature and her laws have ever been open to
man's investigation; no portion of its great vol-
ume has ever been closed to him. That he has
made no greater progress is his own fault, having
suffered himself to be diverted from its pursuit in
the proper channels, by allowing his mental and

spiritual faculties to be enslaved by the teachings
of a selfish, perverted and misdirected priesthood.
The laws of progression are not confined either
in spiritual or material creation. There is no limit
to the powers of the spirit in the attainment of the
knowledge it seeks. The desire for knowledge
comprehends the possibilities of its attainment.
There is not a single leaf in the whole volume of
Nature closed to man. He needs but to investi-
gate, and in accordance with Nature's manifest
laws, in proportion as he desires, so will he be en-
abled to read and learn the laws of her mani-
festations.

Material creation has unfolded by progressive
series. Matter was not created in the way gen-
erally understood, nor is matter a substance, as it
appears to the external senses. Granite is but an
aggregation of infinitesimal grains. The vibratory
motion caused by the thought of the Divine,
evolved the elements and essences which ultimate
in the production of worlds, planets and suns,
and by inherent forces, all of visible, external na-
ture. Man being the highest and the last of Na-
ture's creative powers, it is evident that in accor-
dance with the laws of progression, all preceding
Nature was necessary to the production of the hu-
man. In his exterior form he possesses all the
capabilities and possibilities of the forms in the
lower kingdoms; and the influences of his spiri-
tual Nature impressed upon his external subjects,
all below him, to the control of his commanding
powers. In his spiritual Nature he is a finite God.
There is nothing within the possibilities of the
finite which he cannot attain. As matter has un-
folded and progressed from invisible, interior es-
sences, these interior essences have become more
refined, approximating in their progressive ad-
vancement, to the spiritual essence of the Divine.

Spirit is the internal principle of all forms—the
life, the soul, that by virtue of which forms exist,
and without which there would be no forms, no
worlds, no suns; no mineral, vegetable, animal
nor human. All forms in Nature decay and are
resolved into invisible, elementary essences; and
thus it is with worlds, and planets, and suns,
proving that they originated from invisible forces
acting upon invisible elements; and young or old,
an hour or cycles of ages—all resolve into unseen
ether, to appear again in the unfolding of other
and higher forms, and thus move on in one con-
tinued circuit of change, the invisible manifesting
in material forms through the continued ages of
endless eternities.

ORGANIZATION.

BY SENTINEL.

"That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is
born of the spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I say unto you
that ye need to be born again. The wind bloweth where it
listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof but cannot tell
whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every one that is
born of the spirit."

Among professors of Spiritualism at the pre-
sent time there are some who deem themselves
competent to organize a spiritual Church, forget-
ting, seemingly, that, like the wind, spirit is not
susceptible of being organized; and that from the
days of Confucius, Moses and Jesus, whenever
the thing has been attempted, (and the name of
such attempts is legion,) it has ever resulted in
banishing spirit from the churches, and in sub-
stituting the dead letter of religion in its place.

Thus, Jesus of Nazareth, the most beautiful ex-
emplar of Spiritualism, both in faith and practice,
the world has known, was, no doubt, fully aware
of; and hence we nowhere find him dictating,
either by line or precept, any written laws for the
government of his disciples. Speaking, as he al-
ways does, in the name of the spirit, he declared to
these that he (as their spiritual law,) "would
always be with them to the end of the world,"
and inspire them to say and do all that was need-
ful and proper on all occasions, without thought
or premeditation.

This ignoring of intellectual learning and study
as a necessary preparation for inspired teaching,
was as hateful and contemptible a doctrine to the
chief priests and rabbis of the churches of that
day, as it is to their successors in this; and they
soon combined to put the humble, Galilean to
death. Nor did a single learned doctor accept
the Gospel preached by Jesus, until Paul of Tar-
sarus was struck blind by a spirit manifestation so
potent that he could not fail to understand and
confess it to be the same Spirit of Truth he was
then in the very act of persecuting in the persons
of Jesus's disciples and mediums.

From that day it seems that Paul embraced the
truth with all the fervor of a new convert, and,
for a time, preached it in purity and singleness
of heart, as the spirit gave utterance; whether in
the body or out, he did not always appear to com-
prehend. But now behold how to "mystery of
iniquity" doth already work "in to unconscious
mind of the learned apostle." Yet we find him
ignoring the necessity of wholly surrendering to
his divine master, the Spirit of Truth, his learned
organs; but claims that he has received permis-
sion to speak in his name, from his own prompt-
ings. Anti-Christ having thus actually obtained
a foothold in the person of the learned and tal-
ented apostle, further innovation and conquests
over the Spirit of Truth became easy; and we
soon find Paul lordling it in his own will over
the heritage in true priestly style; constituting
and dictating the appointment of bishops, de-
acons and other holy orders, deciding quarrels and
reproving wrong doings and heresies among his
brethren, with a show of authority that might vie
with the dogmatic assumptions of the rulers of
some of the seventy-nine churches of the present
period. To cap the climax of tyrannical usurpa-
tions, Paul ordained that women should have
no rights apart from their husbands' will, and
that it was a shame they should speak in church.

With Paul the organization of that was called
the Christian Church began; it was not until the
reign of Constantine, nearly three centuries later,
was it fully perfected, and the churches con-
signed to the Papal priests. From that day to this,
Paul has been the real god of the churches.

For a thousand years, whenever a stray disciple
of the Galilean could be found, he was speedily
tortured to death, or burned, for the glory and edifi-
cation of the church. The spirit of Christ, it is
true, did subsequently covertly give utterance
through the mouths of weak and uneducated
men and women, and sundry babes and suck-
lings, located in the rocky fastnesses of the Alps;
but popes and kings combined to hunt and exter-
minate the heretics, and thousands upon thou-
sands of the poor Spiritualists were tortured to
death in the dread prisons of the Holy Inquisition
—thrown from precipices, massacred or burned at
the stake. Betrayed by Luther and murdered by
Calvin, the Spirit of Truth seemed scarcely to
have no place whereon to lay its head on earth,
until it chanced, in its lonely wanderings, to
knock at the door of the heart of the sturdy shoe-
maker, George Fox. He gave it honest utterance,
and with such power that it shook the anti-Christ-
ian churches of England to their very founda-
tions. The unlettered Quaker mediums are ac-
counted by the religious and learned of the realm; but,
as in the instance of the preaching of the Gospel
in Judea, the poor and lowly received them glad-
ly. Nor was it in the power of kings and priests
combined to exterminate the Spiritualists of that
day, although thousands were thrown into loathe-
some dungeons, transplanted to distant or scourged
countries, and hanged.

In the early history of the Quakers, and until
their articles of association gradually hardened
into an organization that enabled the intellect,
learning and wealth of the society to hold rule
and stifle the spiritual babe, the mediums among
the Quakers possessed the gifts of spirit-healing,
seeing, speaking and hearing in a good degree,
the same as is witnessed among Spiritualists of
the present day. But the Society grew rich and
proud, and wealth and personal influence gradu-
ally organized and obtained control over its
speaking mediums, until the spirit became so
straightened in its utterances that it has been in
most instances forced to leave, and the great body
of Friends have become dry and barren, drawing
what little spiritual sustenance they enjoy, like
other churches, mostly from the dead experiences
of the past.

As with the Quaker, Wesleyan and other ear-
lier Spiritualists, no sooner was the iron bed of
Hierarchy organized among the Swedenborgians,
than selfish and worldly men obtained rule in the
Church, and soon sealed up the divine fountain,
from whence alone springs the waters of life, and
transferred its worship to the dry channel through
which they first flowed.

And so it has ever been, and from the nature of
things must ever be. Organization and Spiritu-
alism are as incompatible as is slavery and free-
dom. Like the wind, the spirit must always have
freedom to come and go, how and where it listeth.
Neither the one nor the other can be reduced to
dimensions of finite contrivance. Organization is
the true name of the cross on which truth has
ever been crucified by the chief priests and rab-
bils of the churches in all ages; and of all others,
these classes have ever been the furthest removed
from the kingdom of heaven.

Among Spiritualists of the present day there
are many brethren, who although they have been
brought out of Egypt, have not yet got through the
wilderness, and in their temptations look back to
the "flesh pots" with longing eyes. Some of
these have been accustomed to "minister the
word" of the Bible as "stated preachers," and to
receive fixed salaries from their congregations,
whose tithing ears they were expected to make it
the business of their lives to please, and whose
hearers, from time to time, in testimony of their
approval of the respectable lectures of their
"stated preacher," bestowed certain valuable
presents in addition to his salary. These man-
ifest disgust at the terms offered by Jesus to his
literate missionaries, (for stated preachers he
never ordained, they being an appendage of the
Anti-Christian Church.) They do not like being
sent to preach the Gospel to all nations—minus
any preparation of manufactured sermons—with
only one coat and pair of shoes, and without money
or scrip in their purses, giving utterance to the
word of the spirit as freely as they exercise it,
without money and without price, further than is
voluntarily contributed by their hearers. These
learned and intellectual men manifest great lack
of confidence in the power of the spirits, unless it
undergoes certain manipulations as it passes
through their organisms. Generally they are
Pharisees, and have a supreme contempt for wo-
men, especially for trance speaking, rapping, and
other mediums of that sex. They think that the
Spirit of Truth has hitherto in its second coming
pursued a very undignified course in converting
the millions of infidels, publicans and sinners
generally that it has within the last fifteen years,
mainly through the preaching of such weak and
ignoble vessels. They think it would have been
much better done through the cultivated intel-
lects and polished lips of a "stated priesthood,"
viz: their own dear selves. They opine that
through the force of their own unanswerable
logic, Spiritualism would have made much more
rapid progress in the world than it has done
through the instrumentality of the weak things of
earth the Spirit of Truth has hitherto mostly
seen fit to use.

From such saviours, I say, "Good Lord deliver
us!"

The writer of this has well nigh reached the
age of seventy. He has traveled some; he has
heard some of the greatest orators, lecturers and
preachers that the world has produced. He has
often listened to their nicely drawn and nicely
adjusted arguments, to prove the immortality of
the soul—all ending where they began—with the
self-evident admission, that on any subject where
there is room for argument, there is also room for
doubt; and that the plausibility of the conclu-
sion, *pro* or *con*, depends more upon the ability
of the speaker than upon the evidence adduced.
To doubt on a question of such moment as the

immortality of the soul, is equivalent to being
damned; and in that position he is free to confess
he stood—in spite of the thousands of pulpit ser-
mons listened to—until he attended one of those
disparaging discourses, presided over by the weakest
of the weak things of earth—an obscure and illit-
erate woman—where all his doubts of a future life
were at length entirely dispelled. He has at-
tended hundreds of similar humble spirit circles
since, and can truthfully say that he is satisfied
that the spirit-power that is often manifested in
the least and weakest of these, is more potent in
confounding the intellectually wise men of earth,
in turning such from darkness to light, and in
proving the immortality of the soul, than has been
all the logic and rhetoric that ever emanated from
the pulpits of all the "stated preachers" since the
days of Job. And he earnestly exhorts true
Spiritualists to cherish and sustain, with their
countenance and means, those divinely appointed
ministers of the Church in its second coming.
And he would caution all who affect to despise
their humble and unpretending labors, to beware
of offending these little ones, for in heaven their an-
gels do always behold the face of the Father.

A FEW PLAIN THOUGHTS.

BY "AN AMERICAN WOMAN."

"In the image of God created he him; male
and female created he them." Thus declares the
reverend Book, and of the truth of this latter as-
sertion, at least, there is evidence independent of
the text.

But why have we been thus created? We fail
to see the love and the wisdom. Why are we
created with characteristics differing so widely as
to disqualify one sex from rightly understanding
the other?

With moderate and "general" love, small moral-
ity, great arrogance and physical power on one
side—with shrinking delicacy, yearning affection,
sound morality, and great physical weakness on
the other.

These differing natures have been the cause of
untold misery. Men sometimes suffer—women
always.

From the creation of Eve until now, there has
scarcely existed a woman of good understanding
and of mature years, who has not deplored her wo-
manhood. Not that she does not respect her own
sex, but because she suffers from the disabilities
imposed upon it, and perceives that it is not un-
derstood and respected by men.

In consequence of this ignorance and under-
valuation of women by men, antagonisms arise
between the sexes, where the welfare of the race
requires entire harmony.

Women, by reason of their deficiency of bodily
power, have necessarily submitted to oppressions
which commenced when men were scarcely more
than beasts, and the supremacy then established
is maintained to this day.

Men are now "a little lower than the angels,"
and a little higher than certain other unnamed
intelligences, but not enough higher to relinquish
willingly the dominion thus vilely obtained and
established.

It requires greater elevation of character than
the human being has yet attained to make this
apparent sacrifice. It is, however, only the igno-
rance of men that causes it to appear in the light
of a sacrifice. On the contrary, man could bestow
upon the race no greater blessing than to resign
his assumptions and the oppressions to which
they have given birth—oppressions which, through
the mothers of mankind, belittle and degrade the
whole race. Worse even than this. These op-
pressions occasion the birth of criminals. A
strong-willed woman who, after marriage, finds
herself in the position of a slave, gives birth to
children with murder in their hearts. No man,
however, is expected to realize this. Only slaves
can appreciate the beauty and glory of freedom.

We have a reasonable respect for physical power.
Time has been when it was the chief power;
but in and before the days of monks, draw-bridges
and armor, human beings were not even as happy
as at present; and in proportion as the physical
yields to the intellectual and moral power, the
happiness of the race advances. In the mean-
time, while man in his power and "greatness"
stands in the way, and holds back the develop-
ment of woman, woman is under the necessity of
waiting the progression of man. And man is a
growing animal—any authority to the contrary,
notwithstanding. He grows in all directions (ex-
cept the physical), even the moral, and women
obtain leave to grow in proportion as men are
convinced that the interests of man-kind require
their growth.

Some years since men were forcibly reminded
of the fact that they were lower in consequence
of wives not having the legal power to make
wills. Forthwith a bill was presented, enabling
wives to make wills in favor of their husbands!

Women were of course duly grateful to those
men who made this effort for the enlargement of
their liberty; they emerge from their littleness as
the "greatness" of man gives them opportunity.
But why could we not have been created like the
sphinxes, and certain other happy dual races whose
companions are literally bone of their bone, and
flesh of their flesh, and where such unjust distinc-
tion of power cannot exist?

Careful observation, sustained by philosophy,
leads us to believe that the natural distinctions of
sex exist in a greater or less degree throughout
the animal kingdom, with the exception, perhaps,
of the dual races, of which we know but little.
But apparently it is only the human animal which
has enacted a law for the benefit of one-half its
race, with the intentional exclusion of the other
half; and in no other race is there any apparent
difference in the intellect of the sexes. What
must we infer from this?

Not having, however, any control over our crea-
tion, and no power to reject the life and the sex
thus forced upon us, we must accept both, looking

hopefully for the time when the race shall have worked out its own salvation. If fear and trembling could have done this, it should have been by this time accomplished. All womanhood has feared and trembled from the beginning until now.

At this moment the hand of the writer shakes, lest she may be going beyond the limits of what will be acceptable to the Banner—a liberal and progressive sheet—and thus defeat her own earnest desire.

The physically weaker sex has always been more or less an object of contempt to the physically stronger. There has been a time when the evidence of a Jewish woman was not admitted, and thousands upon thousands of women have been denied the possession of souls, simply because they were women, instead of men.

"The world moves." The evidence of Jewish women is now accepted, and most men of the present day (especially ministers) admit that women are endowed with souls equal in value to their own.

Recently, thanks to the growing man, women have been placed in positions which were formerly out of their reach, and in no case has the female intellect proved insufficient for the duties of these positions. Is it not, then, more than probable that a time will come on this very earth, when the now blind eyes of the man-animal will open to the conviction that the woman, who, from the creation, has walked at his side, and suffered at his hand, is, and always has been, intellectually his equal?

Let us hope that when that time shall arrive, he will not be, as now, by his own confession, her moral inferior.

DOES CRIME DECREASE?

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

"Except the Lord keepeth the city, the watchmen waketh in vain."

With the increase of churches, do crimes decrease? If they do not, it becomes a question of the deepest interest to the advocates of physical progress, to the moralist, and the theologian. There can be no right theory of human government where there is a radically wrong view of the divine, where there exists a false doctrine in regard to the inherent nature of punishment and crime. Crimes are increasing in a ratio much beyond even the rapid increase of population from every quarter of the universe. If we make allowance for emigration, it does not account for the enormous amount of crime that so steadily advances, until men become familiar with what once would have shocked a community.

The Orthodox religion does not penetrate into the masses; it surrounds the elect, but sends forth no living truths that can reach the outcast, or the criminal in his den of temptation, sin and crime. Is it not time that a new and vitalizing religion is sent abroad—a religion that can be felt and understood, whose messengers can and do penetrate into secret chambers during the stillness of night, making themselves heard, and those who listen can obtain the knowledge of their actual living presence, will hear of a religion that cannot be put away with the Sunday suit of clothes, to be taken out and brushed, and exhibited each Sabbath day, but must be worn daily, and its precepts practiced each hour, in all places, with the knowledge that invisible, as well as visible eyes are upon them, watching every act for good or evil? Let the strains of eloquent lips and kindling hearts flow freely in its praise. There should be fixed days of holy meditation, of serious thought, of soul-expanding, invigorating aspirations, that we may keep a strong hold upon the chain that binds it to the spiritual world. We should meet and commune with progressed minds—not depend alone upon our individual spirituality, or development; and if each would contribute according to their ability, a suitable house could be erected at once, for never was such a building needed more.

Spiritualism has struggled through its infancy, its youth, and now in its manhood, its "adulthood." The incipient stages have been ours, in consequence of a more healthy and vigorous maturity; we have passed through them with a rapidity of which the previous annals of history of the world present no examples. We have been assailed by science, literature, and Orthodox preaching, by turns. Spiritualism has in its development a store of glorious chronicles which no profane criticisms of after days shall be allowed to call in question, no subsequent statistics impair. The more we are under its influence, the higher we rise in the scale of being above the mere animal state. It is a holy duty to regard the dead as still having an interest in us; and if God keepeth watch with us, we can build a temple worthy of his holy name.

THE COMING CONFLICT.

BY J. WILDE.

I am impressed to write these few lines, or influenced, as some would say. That a great conflict is coming, is a self-evident truth to every one who is permitted to lift up the veil of the future; a conflict between truth and error, between darkness and light, and righteousness and unrighteousness. "Coming events are said to cast their shadows before them"; and those shadows are coming thick and fast upon the canvas of time, which portend that great changes are to take place in the moral and religious world, not only in this nation, but sooner or later among all nations professing to be civilized. But there will be a mighty struggle to continue the old order of things, and consequently a great conflict between the opposing forces. Many who now seem to stand firm upon the rock of truth and progression, will become alarmed and go over to the powers of darkness; but in the end the truth will triumph, for God and his holy angels are on your side. The seed many years ago was cast over the earth by angel hands. Some fell among thorns and briars, some on barren rocks and sterile sands; but some, thank God, fell on good ground, and, watered by the dews of heaven, sprang up and grew, bringing forth many fold. Thus in comparative quietness the good seed has been scattered over the land, taking deep root in the soil, until the powers of darkness have become alarmed for their own safety and the safety of their most cherished creeds, which dispense darkness rather than light. They are at this moment plotting secret schemes by which they hope to be enabled to marshal all their combined hosts against every liberal sentiment of the age, and crush almost in embryo, as they think, the rising star of progress and reform, which is the hope and glory of the angel-world. Revivals and prayer meetings are held throughout the land, not so much to promote righteousness on the earth, as to roll back the mighty tide which threatens to pass over them. They are alarmed, and will, and are even now employing a wailing press to vilify, slander and abuse those who are seeking wisdom from on high, instead of a blindfolded priesthood. In their despair they will appeal to the rulers of

the nation to come to their assistance to save their idols. Already they have, which is but the beginning. A petition has been sent to your Congress that the Constitution might be so amended as to acknowledge the existence of a God and the divinity of Christ. Once they could get it engrafted in that instrument they would want to disfranchise all who would not believe as they did, in their Orthodox God, and in their version of the divinity of Christ and the Bible.

A word to the wise is sufficient. We have sounded the alarm, and will be with you unto the end, to sustain you as best we can through the trying scenes which you may have to pass. We would say to earth's children who have been baptized in the Spiritual baptism, be firm and brave; let not jeers, taunts or threats drive you from your faith, or your post of duty. Gird on your armor and prepare for the coming conflict, and do your whole duty, and all in the end will be well, for God and his angels are with you.

EFFECT OF ILL TREATMENT ON MEDIA.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The presence of some persons wholly prevents communications. Often have I seen in circles a single word or the nearer approach of a person wholly interrupt the spirit. This has occurred when the offending person was a near and dear friend of the spirit purporting to communicate. They have remarked, and very naturally, too, that if the spirit was the one it represented itself to be, it would certainly continue. They do not understand the delicacy of tone existing between the medium and spirit, or the wonderful nicety of the conditions necessary for communication. It is not that the medium or the spirits are offended, but it becomes impossible to proceed. The sensitiveness of a medium when controlled cannot be appreciated by those who are not controlled. A word, a gesture, is sometimes enough to destroy the necessary harmony. I write this from my own experience. Inharmonious in the circle is among the most torturing sensations which the nerves can feel.

To draw an illustration from the physical world, take the effects of certain vapors in the processes of photography. Prof. Draper says that the artist often fails most inexplicably. All conditions are apparently complied with, yet no distinct impression is obtained. (Chemistry of Plants.) This will always be the result if the minutest quantity of the vapor of iodine, bromine, or chlorine, or other negative substances be present. So sensitive is the plate to these vapors that he recommends never to leave these substances in the same room with the camera.

The brain of a medium and the auric chain by which communications are held, are far more susceptible than the photographic paper to the presence of negative bodies. There is a physical state negative to mediumship which acts in a circle, directly against it. This may be independent of mentality, and purely constitutional. Mediums, by exhaustion, often temporarily fall into this state. For this reason there are times when the spirit-world is able to approach much nearer than at others. There is a flood and an ebb tide of inspiration. The fault is not of the spirit, but of its channel of intercourse.

The investigator, for the same reason, who expects least, usually receives most, and it is observable that the most astounding tests are received when least expected. Strong desire and ardent expectation defeat themselves by reaction on the conditions of passivity, which are absolutely essential. A harsh word, a suggestion of trickery disturbs the medium, while in a circle, far more than while in a normal condition, for he is, by his mediumship, thrown into the most susceptible state his organism will allow, and the least inharmonious jars with terrible force over his nerves.

A reasoning skepticism produces no ill result, but bigotry, sneering unbelief and rude curiosity can never be gratified with test communications. These, if they are able to communicate at all, will do so with spirits like themselves, and be led, by their unreliability, to repudiate the whole matter. Communications cannot be forced. They must come spontaneously, and be passively received. Neither understanding nor heeding this, investigators are prone to invoke intercourse when not the first condition of success has been complied with. Media themselves often attempt to communicate when they know, from their own feelings, that the result cannot be otherwise than unsatisfactory. The hours of perfect mediumship are few; those of imperfect, many; and far better not to receive any communication than one distorted and untruthful.

THE GREAT WORSHIP.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The harp at Nature's advent string,
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far;
The ocean looketh up to Heaven
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee;
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearls they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song and sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the mountain rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar-circles of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sobbs of pain;
The thunder-organ of the cloud,
The drooping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed,
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongue of Pentecost
From all its sunlit dreams.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air,
The music of its stately march
The chorus of its prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent fame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

A stranger from the country observing an ordinary roller rule on the table, took it up, and inquiring its use, was answered: "It was a rule for counting houses." Too well bred to ask unnecessary questions, he turned it over and over, and at last, in a paroxysm of baffled curiosity, inquired: "How in the name of wonder do you count houses with this?"

Self-denial is the most exalted pleasure, and the conquest of evil habits the most glorious triumph.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

ADDRESS, CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearths, angels that are to be,
Or may be left of us, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(LUCIA HUNT.)

(Original.)

THE HONEST BOY.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

"To-morrow, mother, I'll have just enough to get my new jacket, and won't it be in the nick of time? Look at this elbow—just through, and see this nap, it goes all ways of a Sunday, up and down and in the lady's chamber. But, hurrah! that last errand I did just finished up the six dollars and a quarter, and I've picked out the one I want; it's blue, with bright buttons."

All this Willie Grunery uttered as he came into his mother's room, his face all aglow with the effect of his run home in the fresh air and the pleasure he felt in at last possessing the last "quarter" that was to give him the long wished for jacket. He did not notice the sad look on his mother's face, but went on:

"And the very next thing is to be your new shawl, good mamma. I thought of getting that to-night and waiting for the jacket, but I was afraid Mr. Russell might hate to have a shabby boy in the office, and—"

"Oh, Willie," said Mrs. Grunery, "I must tell you: they sent to-day to have that old debt paid. It was only three dollars, and I was too proud to send them away again; and then the landlord came in just after and demanded the month's rent in advance. He has not done that before for months, and I was calculating on the whole month to pay him for; it took every cent of your money and mine for both purposes."

Willie's face fell. The long expected good had again gone from him just as he was about to seize it; and this was the third time. But he was a boy of courage, and soon began whistling a merry tune to prove to himself, if possible, that he did not care very much for the disappointment. "I wouldn't care at all," said Willie, "but I hate to be laughed at, and Dick said, only yesterday, as I came home, 'Taking a note to the Post-office' because he saw the hole in my elbow; and never mind! we'll fix it all right by-and-by, and with my new jacket and your new shawl we'll celebrate the coming spring in a good ride to Aunt Mary's, and we'll manage to carry the children some candy, if we are in muddy water just now!"

And he whistled again merrily, catching the strain he had left. There was no disposition in Willie to grumble over what could not be helped, and he whistled out many hopeful plans for the future. But it was not so with his mother. She was weary and troubled, and thought her life a toilsome journey. But she was proud of Willie and admired his cheerful courage.

"Do not be so gloomy, good mamma," said Willie. "You said yourself it was a long lane that had no turning. And I remember, too, that only yesterday you were telling me that as long as I did nothing to shame you, you would not be discouraged."

Willie looked out in the cold atmosphere of the next morning and renewed his wishes to be courageous and faithful and forget his disappointments. Something in the air gave token or omen, warm days coming, although it was now chill and disagreeable. There were no notes of the blue bird or robin to be heard, to tell of the beautiful summer coming; but still there were signs to be felt in the fresh air, and to be seen in the soft haze that seemed like a delicate veil soon to be lifted; just as beautiful spirits show themselves, when the ethereal veils are lifted, revealing a radiance like that of a glorious summer day.

Willie went to his office work with the same cheerfulness as usual. There was in his heart a trustful courage and a determination to do his best. As he went on his daily errand to the Post-office he looked at the many whom he met, and as the pleasant, benevolent face of some kind-hearted man smiled on him he longed to be rich and good, that he, too, might wish well to all the world and have the power to bless others.

As he passed through the Post-office his eye fell on two bank bills on the floor. They proved to be banknotes of fifty dollars each. He held them a moment with a gladness he had not felt for a long time. A hundred dollars in his hand! and he had the power to keep and spend it! What a blessing! What good fortune! But it was only for a moment that he thus rejoiced. That money was not his; he had not honorably earned it, and it rightfully belonged to some one else. As soon as these thoughts began to be felt Willie was himself again. His honest purpose was as strong as ever; his truthfulness and honor spoke out in his eye.

"Hallo, Bill!" said Dick Somers, "what sort of a glorification have you had now? You look as if all ready to sing the song of jubilee."

"I am in a little luck," said Willie, "that's certain; see here!" showing his two bank bills.

"Jemima!" said Dick, "when did my eyes ever behold such a sight? But tell a fellow how your good luck came?"

"Just picked them up in the Post-office," replied Willie. "They belong to some of the big-bugs no doubt."

"I reckon if I found them," said Dick, "they would belong to me. I'll not tell if you'll hand over two five's, and nobody else knows."

"Nobody wants money more than I just now," said Willie, "but not a red of that will I touch till I've tried to find the owner. I made up my mind for that in about two minutes."

"Pshaw! you're a fool! Of course you've a right to all you find. If any old fellows are so careless as to leave their tickets on the street corner you've a good right to make the best of their blunders."

"There's one thing I'm sure of," said Willie. "I've never done anything to prevent my holding my head up with the good people that I meet, and I never will, the good Lord helps me. I'm playfully poor, and it's a great trouble to be poor, but I'm honest."

"Oh, yes, yes," said Dick, "who said you was not; and some other folks can brag as well as you. But there are two ways of being honest. You won't steal and I won't, and that's being honest, I reckon. But I'll be snooked if I won't take what's put in my hands and ask no questions. It's like direct Providence to have things turn up after this fashion, and you'll be a fool if you do not make the most of it."

"Remember it," said Willie, "if it's the last words I ever say, 'I stick to it, Poor, but honest! So good-morning you.'"

"And you remember this, will you?" said Dick, "you're the greatest fool this side of Boston Harbor and I'll say so, too, when you return the bills and receive polite 'Thank ye.' One word more: How do you suppose the man that owned those bills will spend them? Like enough he'll

get a good dinner at Parker's, and take a drive with a fast team over the neck, and have a box in the theatre, and order his champagne supper. If you spend the money you'll get a new coat, and pay up old scores of rent, and buy your mother some fixings, and do a heap of good."

"I've thought of all that," said Willie, "and it didn't take me half a minute to go over all the ground. I even saw the shawl that I would buy my mother. But I tell you the money is not mine, and it's none of my business how people spend money that belongs to them. When I earn my money, I'll find a way to spend it in a decent manner."

"Well, I say again," said Dick, "that you're a fool, and I'll bet the best dozen of oranges in the market that you don't get the first cent reward." "Poor, but honest," repeated Willie, and he went on his way back to his employer's office. In his short walk he had time to reconsider what he had done. The urgent want that he felt for money was one weight in the balance; but the strong determination to do right was so much heavier that the scale turned toward honesty, and he held up his head with proud satisfaction at the strength of his resolve.

He went immediately to his employer and handed him the two bank notes, telling all the circumstances attending his finding them. In due time the loss was advertised in the papers, and Willie was sent with a note to the owner of the money. He felt such a consciousness of doing right that he whistled all the way, as if on the pleasant errand possible.

Having modestly returned the money, he received in return fifteen dollars. What a rich man he felt himself. The sum gained in that way seemed far more valuable than would the whole amount kept dishonestly.

"Hurrah!" said Willie, rushing into his mother's room, "now for the coat and the shawl, and the holiday, and a plum pudding, and roast ducks, and—"

"What is it Willie? what luck have you had?"

"Luck enough! Didn't I find the greenbacks lying around like so much paper?"

"Then they are not yours, Willie."

"Not mine? I'd like to know who has a better right. Not mine, when I found them?"

"But Willie, you know that it is not right to touch what is not ours, and that is not ours that another has lost. Don't you remember how I felt when I knew that some one picked up my handkerchief and wore it, without trying to find an owner? I always felt that I had a right to the handkerchief. It is just the same with money, if it is not marked."

"Now, good mamma, don't distress yourself. This is honest money, or I would not touch it. I wanted to see how much faith you had in me."

Willie then proceeded to narrate the history of the three five dollar bank bills. A proud woman was his mother as he told how Dick had tried to persuade him to keep the money.

"My room seems like a palace to-night," said she, "and you are its king. You are greater in my eyes than Sherman or Grant. You have conquered a temptation, which is greater than to conquer an enemy."

"Now the next thing to be done is to fix on the pattern of the shawl. The coat is all bargained for, and we'll have enough left for our excursion, and then we'll begin the world with a grand spring glorification. It will soon be Easter and I shall have my best bib and tucker all ready. Oh! oh!"

And Willie whistled again one of his merriest tunes. And his heart kept beating so merrily that his dreams were full of gladness.

"Well, old fellow," said Dick, the next morning, "hand over your dozen oranges, for I see in your eye that you found yourself as great a fool as I declared you to be."

"You see in my eye what is in your own," replied Willie, "for I was just preparing to request your honor to hand over the dozen, when I considered what a pity it was that you had to be disappointed."

"But you don't mean that you got a decent thank you, for your folly?"

"I got three five's, and as good a hand-shaking as I shall have when I get to be a big-bug myself. But I don't care so much for that, after all, as that I don't feel mean inside. There's nothing like that to put a fellow down. Folks may say what they please and think what they please, but if you are all right inside you can hold your head up among decent folks. I never saw a fellow yet who did a mean thing that didn't show that he knew it himself. I reckon I could do mean things myself if I didn't know it; but to know it, and to keep thinking that it was I that did it, that's what cuts a fellow down, till he gets all cased over with brass, and then he's no better than a great machine that has n't a soul at all."

"I don't know but you are half right, after all," said Dick. "It always sticks in my crop to do anything mean, but I manage somehow to swallow it down, but it don't set easy. I think sometimes I'd like to take an emetic and vomit up my meanness; but as I can't, I keep swallowing more. Who knows what I'll get down after a time?"

"That's just it," said Willie. "If you and I had kept that money, we should have been all ready to have done something else, perhaps, much worse. There's Hank, poor fellow, in the jail now, for doing no very bad thing, but just for getting found out in it, and he went on from little to little. I remember when he stole his first apple, and he offered to give me a taste. If I had taken that first bite, like enough I should have done something much worse by this time."

"I believe you are right, Will," said Dick, "particularly about feeling mean inside. I often wish I could forget what I do, but I can't, and that makes me lots of trouble. I was real angry 'cause you wouldn't keep that money, but now I begin to feel as glad as if I had done something good myself."

And so the boys parted, and Willie felt the satisfaction of an inward sense of right, and also of giving a noble example to an older boy. The same feeling of proud satisfaction will follow all those who resist temptation and strive to do right.

Answer to Charade.

Bridget, as I suppose, proceeds to pump;
By taking the pump handle up to do it,
Against pump-handle hits her head a thump,
And certainly, I think, has cause to rue it.

But this, my answer, is a homely thing,
And suits me not at all as I review it,
Yet by no art or mystery can I bring
The smallest atom of refinement to it!

Perhaps the trouble in the subject lies—
Bridget! pump-handle! basement! daily duty!
Why, if I seek refinement I must write,
Not of a Bridget, but some highborn beauty;

Where elegantly useless fingers fair,
Could not pick up her kerchief should she drop it;
On such a subject I might mount the air,
Did not Pegasus interfere to stop it.

S. L.

ITEMS BY THE WAY.

NUMBER THREE.

BY J. MADISON ALLYN.

I wish to acknowledge in these "Items," ere passing from the scene of my last communication, the earnest sympathy and most generous hospitality extended to me by Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Rogers, and, during a second engagement, by Mr. and Mrs. John Page. I would also tender sincere gratitude and respect to Mr. Josiah Brigham, who—together with his most estimable companion, now in spirit-life—received me so kindly and tenderly. I would fain pay an affectionate tribute to the memory of Mrs. B., but it has already been done by an abler pen than mine.

God and the angels will bless those who receive into their hearts and homes earnest, honest, way-worn workers in the various fields of reform. Though their names may not be emblazoned upon the scroll of fame, they shall live forever in the grateful remembrance of those who have experienced their generous hospitality and true brotherly and sisterly affection.

Two engagements at Malden, receiving, with my wife, hospitality and kindness in the family of George Vaughn, Mr. Barrett, and others whose names cannot now be recalled. There are a few earnest workers in Malden, and were there a few more like Bros. Vaughn, Barrett and Thompson, the cause would flourish there without lull or ebb. Let me here remark, by way of parenthesis, that there is reason to believe (those in the "secret" will understand) that the tragedy enacted in the bank at Malden, about which so much has been said, has been overruled for good to the cause of Spiritualism.

Two lectures in Chelsea. Pleasant home at George W. Libby's.

Lectured and visited with Mrs. Allyn at East Stoughton and Northwest Bridgewater. I would commend kindly to the Spiritualists of East Stoughton a little more zeal, unity and sacrificial spirit. Indeed, the same might properly be commended to nearly every community throughout the land. With the above "trinity" thoroughly incorporated into our creed, we should soon become a power in the land, little dreamed of as among the possibilities.

Gave one lecture in the beautiful but conservative town of Newton. A few days were spent very pleasantly at the home of Thomas Ranney, well known as one of the early and efficient pioneers in the Phnetonic Reform. He presented me with several valuable and rare works bearing upon Alphabetism, for which I would here publicly tender my thanks. They have aided me essentially in the application to various languages, with which I was previously unacquainted, of the Panophonic Alphabet.

From Newton to Quincy, and thence to Washington, D. C., where I gave a series of lectures and a large number of personal communications. The latter seemed to be in great demand, and would doubtless have furnished a constant source of remunerative labor, had I been able to remain. Found a home in the household of George A. Bacon, whose fine mind has frequently furnished thoughts to the readers of the Banner, some of them in commendation of the Panophonic movement. The appreciative kindness extended to me by Mr. and Mrs. Bacon, Julius H. Mott and wife, Col. Daniels, Dr. Rowland and others, is treasured as a precious memory.

The tide of spirituality and progressive reform which has set in throughout the whole free North within the past few years, has been felt even in Washington, as can scarcely be doubted in view of the fact that even the spirit of John Brown could express the fiery enthusiasm of his nature before an audience of Washingtonians, and be actually applauded.

Mr. Beecher's Sermon on Saul, the Witch of Endor, Spirits, Spiritism, and the Devil.

Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent sermon, talked very freely of the doctrine of spirit-existence and spirit-influence upon mortals, as ever having been common, and says that nothing Christ ever did or said, and nothing he finds in the Old or New Testament forbids the belief in the doctrine. He utters not one word of his own belief, but declares "the Bible forbids having anything to do with evil spirits."

So the Jews were forbidden to pick up sticks on the Sabbath, under penalty of death. But cannot even a Jew now pick up sticks enough to "boil a tea kettle" on Sunday without being stoned to death? "I guess" he could! At any rate, Mr. Beecher could, thank God! and so can a woman talk with Samuel, or Judas, or John Brown, without being "put to death," or "put away," or put anywhere—except out of the Church—or even being called a witch or devil, as Mr. Beecher calls the Witch of Endor. Thank God for that, too!

Mr. Beecher attempts to show, and does pretty well at it, that the Bible Generals were much greater warriors than the Generals of to-day, because "they sought knowledge from spiritual sources," and "information from the invisible sphere." Here he praises exactly what I understand him to say the Bible condemns.

Further comment is unnecessary; and if he has not preached the doctrine of the "anomalous development"—the title he gives Spiritism—then I can't see right. But I wish to ask how he can call the Witch of Endor "the Devil?"

The Witch of Endor has been more abused than any woman of Bible record. Readers, just review that old story and—see, if you can find a word to prove she was anything but a true woman, with a kind, sympathetic, generous heart, and at the same time a real sufferer. See how she sympathizes with the poor suffering King, He is hungry, She offers food. In his agony he refuses. But seeing the great necessity, she pleads with him with such force and eloquence, he is compelled to consent to eat. When she hastened to kill the fatted calf, to make bread, and to feed the poor God-forsaken Saul and his men—that beautiful picture of humanity! Has any painter ever done justice to that table scene?—that last supper of that mighty King, at that late hour of night, with that one lone woman for their table maid? It must have been a solemn occasion. I think it would do more good to witness such a scene than it would to attend an Essex street prayer-meeting caucus. Bro. Beecher, what a queer Devil! the Witch of Endor must have been. How would she compare with Rebecca, who is so often praised to the skies from the desk, when her whole history shows she was a selfish, mean and lying woman?

It is a blessed thing, Mr. Editor, that in these days we are permitted to search the Scriptures for ourselves, and see if these things are so. So let us do, in all honesty and humility, and not be afraid of the truth, let it lead us where it may. When Mr. Beecher really "takes ground" upon this "anomalous development," which he refuses to do "at present," he may give us something not quite so "mixed." "So much to be." PERIN.

Yours for the truth.

Many a can-not-see simple will-not.

The Spirit-World.

SKETCHES CONCERNING THE BORDER-LAND.

BY A. C. GRAY.

PART II.

Lingering in the distance, half-hidden at first, but within sound of the medium's voice, at one time, was seen a spirit with defiant and angry expression of countenance, who, as soon as he became aware that he was discovered, gesticulated violently, using horrible language and threats of injury to the medium. By kind words and promises of benefit to him, he was induced by slow degrees to listen to our teachings. At length he came a willing listener, and sought instruction. He was discovered to have been a German Catholic priest, ministering in the vicinity of our medium's home in the Fatherland. The medium had met him years previously, and knew him to have been notorious for profligacy and wickedness. I will finish up his history here, although it extended through several months' sittings, intermingled with other phenomena.

On one excursion of our medium into spirit-land, this priest tells him he has prayed to good spirits to assist him to do what he could not do alone—that is, to induce those whom he had led astray to become impressed with truth, light and wisdom, and that he was obliged, in explanation, to go back to the Church and his former haunts on earth, and that he now finds rest, and feels that he is in a state to progress in good. After this, he came many times, and finally became one of the lecturers, having a deep, logical mind.

Another unhappy spirit, led to us for improvement, was a Spaniard by birth, one having had authority and abused it. He was ruled by self-love, was continually in broils, and at last fell in a duel. When first brought up, he scowled, and, like the other, looked fierce and angry, but began to listen, and became interested. The guide told us, that being energetic in nature, this spirit would persevere in reform, and ere long he left us on the road to progress. The lesson given us by this was, "Those in the love of self must throw it off; no redemption without it. They have a great and hard work to do to find rest."

One pleasant feature of the medium's control, was that of coming into a condition of semi-trance at the close of those unconscious flights into spirit-land, when the room seemed almost palpably filled with spirit-friends and the gifts they brought us. With open eyes, but radiant with light belonging not to earth, and fingers pointing to their presence, he told us of our dear departed, whose loving hands caressed us, or crowned our heads with flowers. Often, too, a sweet bouquet from spirit-gardens floated gently down to us, sometimes bearing us symbolic messages, and sometimes regaling the medium with their odoriferous perfumes. One after another each of the five human senses of the medium were similarly unfolded to spirit perception.

I shall never forget the emotion he testified when his mother, many years in spirit-land, first came to him. No real meeting, after long separation between mother and son, could have been more vividly demonstrated. She was accompanied by music, and his earthly ear being very finely attuned, it was to him ecstatic. After his emotion somewhat subsided, he seated himself at the piano and reproduced it, as well as an earthly instrument was adapted to utter heavenly sounds. Frequently in this phase of waking trance, ignorant spirits would be seen just outside our circle, listening eagerly and with apparent delight to our conversation. From the many evidences given us, we have abundant proof that unseen beings ever linger near, whether we sit purposely to commune with them, or thoughtlessly pursue the common avocations of our lives, and catch our words and thoughts, whether of good or evil intent, and thus a double power is given us—that of aiding in the advancement of these beclouded minds, and at the same time fashioning our own future homes. Could the evidence of this truth be brought forcibly to all, would they not strive more continually to beautify those homes, and make glad these listening souls?

Some time after these communications were given us, I read Judge Edmonds's books descriptive of spirit-scenes, and found a strong resemblance in many points between them. We knew the medium to have been ignorant of this fact as well as ourselves, for not only had he read nothing upon the subject, but, as I said before, did not even believe in the Bible record of revelation, and thought, until our sittings, that this modern Spiritualism—of which he had heard but little—was some new jugglery, destined to be as evanescent as any other of the species called humbug.

This fact of corroborative testimony from remote parts of the country, and without the possibility of collusion between the parties in the thousands of instances since multiplied, is enough of itself to show us there is a peopled realm somewhere outside of any merely human knowledge. Somewhat akin to this general diffusion of the same ideas, I have frequently met in my own experience, giving glimmerings of a philosophy not heretofore laid down in books. Repeatedly within the last few years, after pursuing a train of thought in my own mind, sometimes embodying it in written form, but lying unpublished where no human eye, save my own, had seen it, some weeks or months maybe thereafter, upon taking up a paper, or magazine, my eye would light upon passages so similar, that did not one know of a certainty to the contrary, it might establish a very good claim to the charge of plagiarism. These fragmentary evidences, with many more not adduced, do, of a certainty, show to all reflective minds, that there are intelligences not tangible to the external senses, hovering over and around us, mingling in our affairs, and connecting in one continued chain all atoms throughout space.

Localities in spirit-land were materialized to this medium's vision, so that houses, gardens, and every variety of beautiful landscape were presented as real as upon earth; inhabited, too, by veritable beings clothed in costumes expressive of their conditions in spirit-life. As he approached one pair, seemingly engaged in pleasant discourse, they came out from the bower in which they were seated, greeting him in accents of grateful welcome, telling him they were of the number who had been instructed by him and brought out of degradation into this abode of beauty.

Once, standing seemingly upon a rock overlooking, as it were, a world beneath him, he saw something resembling a white cloud coming from the heavens above and floating downwards. When it approached the earth, he recognized it as a company of angel spirits come to minister in their several capacities. Some approached sick beds; some hovered over battlefields; some sped them to a vessel being wrecked at sea; others found wants to be supplied to those in health, thus giving us assurance that wherever distress calls for aid and sympathy, or a human being needs help beyond earth's supplies, these spirits, intent on

doing good, are our silent ministrants, commissioned of the Father to visit all his children.

The guide, in some of his teachings, discouraging upon the law of sympathy, said that by progressing in good desires and deeds, the virtue, as it were, flowed back and purified former misdeeds. Likewise, that different organisms and degrees of development required different localities, or stars, for homes; that as new conditions are developed, new stars are created. In illustration, he was led to visit the planetary system. Many clairvoyants, from Swedenborg to the present time, have claimed to visit other planets. Whether believed to be fact or not, the combined testimony of different individuals may not be without its value; therefore I subjoin a statement, given in brief, of this clairvoyant's experience in that department. He was taken to each of the planets in their order, as they form our solar system, in person, he thought at first, but learned soon that it was only by impression, through a connecting link of spirits. I will give his own relation, but much condensed, of the planet Mercury. It is more level than our earth; its inhabitants have large forms, full black hair, and black eyes, Roman noses, full cheeks, stately, measured tread, and full intellectual developments. Visited an assemblage; the speaker had great reasoning powers, very logical. They are very strict in government and religion. No amusements or music touching the heart and its affections. The atmosphere cold and chilling to one developed in the love or celestial sphere. Good buildings, with ample grounds well cultivated; caused a headache, the sphere was so intensely intellectual.

Venus, the star of beauty, physically and spiritually. Inhabitants more beautiful than any paintings he ever saw; beyond the ideals of Raphael, which words could not express. Very uniform in stature; about five feet. Black hair and eyes; not prominent foreheads, rather low; cheeks full, healthy red; small mouths, and small white teeth; not very intelligent looking, but smiling faces, feeling more in the heart. Love to travel; are given to pleasures of a moral kind; gay and joyous. Clear, thin atmosphere, much sunshine, rather level, small hills. Mercury gives to them some light; is about five times as large to them as to us. It exerts considerable influence on their atmospheric changes.

Examines the Moon. Says the opposite side to us is inhabited, but not our side, which is very mountainous and volcanic. We only see one side of the moon, because the centre is on one side. There was a time when it had a different atmosphere and another shape. It was then equal throughout, and appeared larger than it now does; but in a long course of time it became more concentrated and solid, therefore its diminished size. Its centre became displaced by volcanic disturbances. The earth has a strong positive influence over it. Its inhabitants are like their star, negative; very easily influenced by positive power, so that their spirits are affected by our earth, but they do not know whence it comes. In temperament they are phlegmatic. Their eyes look sleepy, and they have altogether a sleepy appearance. Hair a yellowish white, thick.

Within the last year, in reading an article on the Moon, by the astronomer, Haagen, I was struck with the coincidence of ideas, in one respect. He says: "The centre of gravity and figure are not coincident. Life may exist on the opposite side."

Written for the Banner of Light.
I LEFT HER WITH GOD.

BY MRS. J. A. FIELD.

Tears streamed unchecked down the mournful face
Of one oppressed because of Africa's race;
A rude, rough hand repeated blows had given,
And from her soul sweet faith in friendship given.
Had dire revenge within her bosom burned?
In anger had she on her chastener turned?
Her gentle nature sought no smiling rod,
But, sad and sorrowing, "left her with her God."

"Oh, noble child! thy skin, though like the night,
Enwraps interiors of a spotless white;
Star-jeweled thoughts illumine thy spirit's meek,
And from its depths forgiving angels speak,
While oft, amid the lily's, rose's bloom,
Hid beneath their beauty's veil a blackened tomb,
And pride and passion in their scorching tomb,
Till, weak and trembling, they are "left with God."

From thee, dark maiden, may we humbly learn
To check fierce passions ere they madly burn;
To breathe forgiveness to the maniac slave;
When temper-surge o'er our brother roll,
"I will requite," the Lord of Heaven hath said;
"Let those who err be to my presence led."
Then, tearful, hopeful, let us yield the rod,
And, strong in patience, "leave them with their God."

New Orleans, La.

"How to Find Gold."

Under this head, the article in the Banner of the 10th ult. suggests some thoughts, that may shed a few more rays of light, and lead to a more satisfactory answer to the question proposed to our Western associate.

This question has doubtless absorbed more thought than any other subject connected with human life. Why? Because it promises the greatest good in the present sphere. It has been said by an ancient writer that "the love of money is the root of all evil." While this may be true, no one will deny that the proper use of it is a source of great good, and a reasonable supply would prevent much crime. The question is often asked, Will the spirits of departed friends lead their aid to discover or develop the underground to see the best way to obtain all needed goods? Why should they not? It is highly probable they will, whenever they can find wisdom and benevolence enough manifested toward the suffering to make it useful in every respect.

Psychometry and clairvoyance are facts known to all earnest investigators. Why should they not be employed as aids to advance the science of geology? The fact of the existence of these faculties would seem to indicate that they have some mission connected with this sphere, or present state of existence.

Let it become a settled fact that mining for the production of the wealth in the earth can be made to pay legitimately, much will be done toward counteracting the demoralizing tendencies of trade as it now exists.

A little anecdote, perhaps, will illustrate the idea of the writer better than anything that can be said upon the subject. It is related of a distinguished New England clergyman, who became a "victim" to the truth of Spiritualism, and gave some very interesting and instructive lectures, that on one occasion he met with an old parishioner, who took occasion to tell him that he had great confidence and respect for his former views and opinions, adding that he considered Spiritualism a great humbug. Said the preacher, "This is very commendable frankness, sir; but do you know anything about it?" The answer was, "Yes; a young woman in my neighborhood professes to be a medium, and says that her deceased mother comes back and tells her how to make good bread, which seems to me to be very great nonsense." The preacher could not see it in that light. If the mother fails to teach her daughter how to make good bread, what could she do better than come back and do the important work left undone? A word to the wise is sufficient.

Correspondence.

Spiritualism and Spiritualist Workers in California.

Believing that the numerous readers of the Banner would be interested to learn something of the condition of Spiritualism and the spiritual agencies at work in California, as well as to place the matter conspicuously before the spiritual public and the world, induces me to trespass (for the first time, and perhaps the last) upon your columns.

Until within a very few years Spiritualism has had no public advocates on this coast. A few private mediums, with a very few men and women who had become convinced of its beautiful truths, were the rank and file of the spiritual army. Here and there, scattered along the mining towns, you would hear of some wonderful manifestations through the mediumship of some rough, hardy miner. Of course the manifestations would correspond with the moral and social status of the camp, yet they were truly marvelous, and no country in the world can boast of those more wonderful or powerful, through which many a miner, rough, yet honest, has learned that the "golden shores" of the spirit-land his loved ones yet live, and can return and communicate with him.

Gold was the all-absorbing theme of these adventures, and those manifestations failed to make a very deep impression. But as the processes of mining had become systematized, and machinery brought into more general requisition, giving the miner a little more profit, and with it more leisure, and meanwhile receiving news of the wonderful spiritual movements in the East, there became a desire to know something more of it, and its literature was brought into requisition, as that was deemed the best calculated to give the needed light, and the most potent among which stands the BANNER. In fact, it has been the chief worker here, and by its light the gloom with which the past ages enveloped the future to the minds of thousands, has been dispelled. Indeed, I have met scores who have told me that they never had heard a spiritual lecture, nor witnessed many manifestations, but they had become convinced by reading the Banner, and other spiritual papers and books. Through these agencies, the good seed was sown on these "golden shores," and it is taking deep root in the rich and spiritual soil, and promises at no distant future an abundant harvest. In this, as in other lands, workers are needed—active, energetic and practical workers—for this is an energetic and practical people. Happily there are a few just such workers on this coast at this time, and happily, too, through their labor Spiritualism is in a very prosperous condition.

Prominent among them as a medium stands Mrs. Ada H. Foye. Through her public and private sittings many have been forced to yield their skepticism. It may be interesting to her Eastern friends to learn that she has not married herself out of the spiritual field and out of usefulness, but more thoroughly, if possible, into it. Her husband is a highly intelligent and earnest Spiritualist, and it is his highest ambition to have her place the wonderful test facts peculiar to her mediumship before the people, and I understand she intends to devote her whole time to giving public sittings. She has given them in this city, to crowded houses, and they have created considerable excitement, calling down opposition from some of the press; but to their honor be it said, the majority have treated the subject fairly, giving correct reports of the manifestations, thus leaving the readers unprejudiced to investigate and judge for themselves. These sittings were conducted with great fairness, both by the medium and the committee, commanding universal satisfaction, and their success to the cause of spiritual truth and progress is very sensibly felt, creating a desire on the part of hundreds of the citizens of San Francisco to learn something more of this, to them, strange phenomenon.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy arrived in this city in the latter part of October, and has occupied the desk of the Friends of Progress every Sunday, (except when illness prevented,) since. She is a true and noble worker, and gives very general satisfaction. Her audiences have steadily increased, from the commencement. The Society before whom she lectures has had an existence as an organization a little over a year, and has, up to the time of her arrival, held regular meetings every Sunday—Conference in the morning, and lectures read by some one of the Society, or such local or other lecturers as from time to time they could procure, in the evening. Believing in the divinity of the cause they advocated, and the intelligence and generosity of the people of California, they determined to make these meetings free, a platform free for each to utter his or her highest convictions of truth, and seats free for all, of every grade, color or station. Thus the first Spiritualist Society on this coast have inaugurated free meetings—a precedent worthy of imitation by others. And this Society is now in a very prosperous condition, judging from the attendance and interest manifested in their meetings. Mrs. Cuppy was exceedingly fortunate in following the advice of her spirit guides, who undoubtedly had this Society's rostrum in view when they predicted for her a successful career on these golden shores, to find a free platform and a prosperous society ready to welcome her, as her triumphant success abundantly proves. The large attendance compelled the Society to procure a larger hall, and the audiences since have more than doubled.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe. This energetic and indefatigable worker, whose health had become much impaired by her excessive labors in the East, necessitating a journey to this coast overland, with the hope of improving it, settled with her family in the city of San José, in October, 1864, and although weary and feeble from the fatigues of the journey and an attack of the bilious fever contracted in the Sacramento Valley, she did not stop to rest, (for labor is rest with her,) but immediately went to work, not in the lecture field, but in a scarcely less laborious one, that of the exercise of her clairvoyant and healing powers.

Under the genial influence of a California climate, her health began to improve, and she then desired a larger field of action. A city of only four thousand inhabitants was too small for her active and ambitious mind; she extended her labors to San Francisco, taking rooms, practicing and lecturing there, and in San José, alternately. Last summer she took a tour over the mountains, in fulfillment of a promise she made to the friends of Susanville, while on her journey here, taking in her route, Oroville, Quincy, Indian Valley, and Taylorville, lecturing and practicing in each. Travelling unaccompanied, by steamboat, railroad and stage, day and night, and in the latter over roads that would appal many a man who had never traveled over these mountains, returning home, making the round trip of eight hundred miles in five weeks, somewhat "tanned" by exposure to the sun's scorching rays, but considerably improved in health and purse—for California pays liberally for that which interests them. In December last, her health being sufficiently im-

proved, she again obeyed the voice of the invisible, and entered the lecturing-field in good earnest, spending that month in Petaluma and vicinity; January in Sacramento, and this month (Feb.) in Nevada City.

Pioneering on this coast is quite a different thing from what it is in the Atlantic States. Lecturers must expect no assistance from friends, but must transact their own business. On entering a town, they must put up at the best hotel, hire the best hall, and advertise extensively (the prices for which are no small item), and if they succeed in interesting an audience, there is no kind of difficulty in getting good houses and ample remuneration, whether the lectures are free or otherwise.

At Petaluma, Mrs. Stowe was told by a leading Spiritualist, that there was but little use in trying to get out an audience to listen to the subject of Spiritualism. Any one less persevering would have been discouraged, but she engaged a hall and advertised. The result was crowded houses every Sunday, good satisfaction, and sufficient remuneration. At Sacramento, she found the few Spiritualists much divided, no organization, and no desire manifested for lectures; but nothing daunted, she determined to make an effort. Procuring a hall, advertising at her own expense, she commenced her labors, and was crowned with triumphant success—if a hall crowded with an appreciative audience is any indication. During her stay in the Capital city, she won the respect and esteem of all with whom she came in contact. The following affords some evidence of the appreciation which Californians have for her perseverance, her virtues, and her talent:

ASSEMBLY CHAMBER, State of California, Sacramento, Jan. 16, 1866.
Mrs. C. M. Stowe—Madam: I take pleasure in informing you that the Assembly on this day passed the following Resolution:
Resolved, That Mrs. C. M. Stowe be granted the use of Assembly Hall, on Sunday next, at 11 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of a public lecture.
Very respectfully,
M. D. DOWDICK,
Chief Clerk.

This was an unexpected appreciation, for neither she nor the Spiritualists of Sacramento had solicited the Assembly Hall; but she had been invited by several of the members to occupy it, and had agreed to do so, hence the resolution, which, she was informed, passed unanimously. During her stay in Sacramento, the Spiritualists organized, and are now a prosperous society.

I learn that she is giving the best of satisfaction this month at Nevada City, where, after spending a short time at Grass Valley, she goes to Virginia City, Nevada, for the months of March and April.

Mrs. Stowe is a true and noble woman, a most affectionate and devoted wife and mother—in fact, her devotion to her family is unbounded. She is blessed with a happy and hopeful disposition; is alike at home in the kitchen, parlor, rostrum, or the sick chamber, and many a one on these shores will long remember the smiling, happy face and helping hand, that raised and cheered their feeble bodies and desponding souls into health and happiness. All who know her admire and love her for her energy, her womanly devotion, and her kindly smiling cheerfulness.

Other workers there are, mediums scattered all over the country, doing their share in the great work. But I must not forget that true, pure, and unselfish worker, Robert S. Moore, for he has inaugurated on this coast the Children's Lyceum, the influence of which for the improvement of the race, will be more powerful than any other. Two of these progressive nurseries are in successful operation on this coast, as the result of Mr. Moore's labors; but ill-health prevents him from further prosecuting this noble work. We pray that this climate may soon restore him to health and usefulness.

The cause of Spiritualism was never in so prosperous a condition as now, and more laborers are needed. Can you not send along two or three? We will take good care of them—laborers like Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels, Lizzie Doten, Laura De Force Gordon, Moses Hull, J. G. Fish, Benjamin Todd, F. L. Wadsworth, and a host of other number one speakers. None other will do here at present. Send that old war horse, who wishes to be put into the front ranks—A. T. Foss—and we will put him through over these mountains. Able pioneers are wanted.

We are happy to learn that Benj. Todd intends to come soon—hope he will not disappoint us. There are a few here who are acquainted with his pioneer labors in the Northwest, and are anxious he should come. In this communication I have spoken only of workers now here. It is needless for me to speak of those noble workers, J. M. Peebles, J. V. Mansfield and Emma Harbridge, for the spiritualistic world have already been apprized of the great work they have done.

FRANK M. BROWN.

San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 27, 1866.

Notes from Dr. Fairfield.

As it is necessary for me to forward my appointments, I add a few lines that will be at your disposal. I have now been in this lively city some three weeks; have two more Sabbaths engaged here. Good, intelligent audiences greeted me every Sunday; and more, the Children's Progressive Lyceum is full of life and health, nursing at the fountainhead of all truth and beauty. Fathers and mothers, friends and neighbors, all join the Progressive Lyceum to learn the lessons of life and progress for the here and hereafter. God bless Brother Davis for the development and application of the spiritualizing Lyceums. Many will be the sparkling stars in his crown of earthly and heavenly life.

Last Monday I received a call to go out into what is called the Pennsylvania Settlement, about twenty miles from Rockford, to engage in a debate with two so-called ministers. I went, feeling that truth was all-powerful to the pulling down of theological guide-boards. Arrived about noon, and complied with the terms offered. Subject for discussion:

Resolved, That the spirit of man survives the death of the body, and can communicate with man.

The number of evenings to discuss this subject was not named. I affirmed, and led off, speaking the truths of our immortal nature, proving the same by the Bible, and the past and present experience of mankind. My opponents denied, and labored as well as men could without a foundation their allotted time. Thus we replied to each other until past eleven o'clock, the audience manifesting a good degree of pleasure. At this time one of my panting opponents proposed closing, while the voices of the people were heard saying, "Go on." But it was no go. So ended the discussion, for the ministerial gent who refused before the large audience to discuss the subject with me another evening, saying that they could not stay longer from home. So I gave notice that I would lecture at one and seven o'clock the next day, and a goodly number came out to hear the live Gospel of Spiritualism, for which their hearts yearned. There are some practical, spiritual-minded people in this little settlement, Mr. B. G. G. and Mr. O. Van Horn have the cause of reform at heart, and will keep it before the people in their vicinity.

Societies wishing to engage me to speak for them should notify me in advance. See lecturers' addresses in another column.

M. P. FAIRFIELD.
Rockford, Ill., March 10, 1866.

The Davenport Brothers in Glasgow.

The Davenport Brothers and Mr. Fay have been lately giving séances in Glasgow. The North British Mail, holding by the absurd idea of Jugglery, gives the following interesting account nevertheless:

"The phenomena," as they themselves phrase their performances, are, however, conscientiously placed before the spectators, in all their detail, and, judged merely as jugglery, the entertainment is truly an extraordinary one. The fact that the brothers tacitly affirm the presence of unseen powers, and have really not yet been satisfactorily 'exposed,' adds a vague sentiment of *diablerie* to the feelings with which the onlooker regards the said phenomena, that considerably heightens the charm of the séance.

The first part of the programme, the cabinet séance, was given in the City Hall. We need not enter into any detailed account of this séance, the intimations by Mr. Redmond and others being so far as the 'top tricks' concerned, widely known already to the public. Some strange facts cannot, however, be passed over. Not only did the Messrs. Davenport appear freed from the ropes that tied them with marvelous celerity, but times were heard being played upon the fiddle, with a tambourine and bell accompaniment, the doors were thrown open by the committee chosen from the audience, with the swiftness of a moment, and the Messrs. Davenport were found dead up as before. Hands appeared at the aperture, in front of the cabinet, several at a time, the doors were again flung open, and the brothers sat as impassable as ever. A bell and a brass horn were occasionally thrown through the aperture. One of the committee, thinking to grasp the hand that threw them, hastily thrust his own hand through the aperture, but had it seized and pinned against the cabinet till he shouted with pain. One of the gentlemen of the two that formed the committee, and who seemed well acquainted with the mysteries of rope-tying, tied one of the brothers with the *ne plus ultra* of untangle knots, known as the 'Tom-fool,' but without effect. At the request of Mr. Fay, both of them, in turn, entered the cabinet, and were tied to each of the Messrs. Davenport. A hurly-burly of sounds from banjo, tambourine, fiddle and bell were heard—the doors swiftly thrown open, and the gentlemen discovered sitting between the brothers, still tied, the various instruments resting on his head and shoulders. One of the two who entered, a homely Scotchman, emerging from the cabinet with a troubled look, said, 'They might take his word for it, he could just tell them what he felt, but his arm had been clutched by a hand, another had been placed on his brow, while the instruments were flying about above his head.'

The Messrs. Davenport, he was sure, had not moved, as he had a hand attached to each of them, and could have felt the slightest motion. The dark séance to follow, which was conducted by Mr. Fay, was undoubtedly the most wonderful of the two. A select circle of the audience assembled in one of the hall ante-rooms. Mr. Fay and one of the Messrs. Davenport were again tied, not in the cabinet, which was dispensed with, but to common deal chairs. The instruments were placed on a table between them, the lights put out, the company linked hands with each other, and the phenomena again instantly declared themselves. A strong wave of air passed swiftly over the faces of the circle, the violin jerked out a few notes, and then seemed to be thrown violently about the space that the company occupied; the guitar passed with a sound of tremulous music around the room, and finally rested at the foot of a lady in the company, who, in order to show the location of the instrument in the darkness, a few drops of phosphoric oil were put on the guitar and tambourine. The room was again totally darkened. The phosphoric glimmer of the tambourine was immediately seen flashing through the room, then floating up near the ceiling, and at one time resting above the heads of the circle.

The guitar passed with erratic speed round the front of the company, flashed back and forth striking against a lady, fell at her feet. That these movements could be directed by either of the brothers, by Mr. Fay, or any accomplice, seemed impossible. One of the brothers was held by the arm, linked to the company. Mr. Fay and the other Mr. Davenport sat tied to the chairs as before described, with their arms outstretched, and other precautions to check their slightest motion, and any collusion on the part of some one unknown that might be in the company was to some extent provided against by their sitting joined hand in hand. Several of those present, of spiritual inclination, seemed struck by the experiment. Manifestations of one of the gentlemen present began to phrase the performance in the words, 'A lady in a corner also pleaded that "they" meaning the spirits, we presume, "would not come near her." Others requested that hands should touch them, and had their wish gratified in one or two instances rather violently. The brothers, meanwhile, reluctant to a fault, remained silent amid the conversation, hazarding expression of neither opinion nor doubt on the scene in which they and Mr. Fay were the chief actors. The séance was altogether a curious affair, an inexplicable jugglery to any but the initiated, and beyond all exception, the cleverest of juggles. The Messrs. Davenport, any unprejudiced person who has once seen them will say, have been unjustly treated, and to some extent maligned. Let the readers with their own eyes, and ears, and their own hearts, judge for themselves. Each of the brothers, so far as we have seen or heard, neither to be approached nor imitated. The one obnoxious feature in the matter—a pretence to spiritual agency—may be placed aside as absurd, unworthy consideration, and the séance still enjoyed simply as an interesting jugglery. Every part of the séance, we may add, is conducted with quiet taste and decorum, on which no rowdiness is to be hoped, will, during their stay in this city, at all oblige.

The mediums, we believe, are now again on their way to London.

THE MALE AND FEMALE VOICE.—Nature alone has given the human being two distinct kinds of voice, that are again divided and sub-divided. We quote 'In order to make the cause of this clear, let us cast a glance at one of the simplest laws of vocal vibration. For example, we take a string of a certain length and strength, and give it a certain tension. If with the bow, or simply with the finger, we set it in motion, we shall perceive a tone, which we shall call C. Here is another string of the same length and tension, but only half the length of the last. We set it in motion, it also gives out the tone C—but not the same; it is finer, higher, more penetrating. If we now strike both strings, we perceive this difference more distinctly, and recognize that peculiar union which musicians term octaves. In order to give forth the high C, the short string is obliged to give out the same number of vibrations as the long, but in the same time. Without knowing or willing it, we obey the same laws of vibration. Ask a young girl to sing an air that has just been sung by a man, and in the same key; she will sing it an octave higher. The finer and more delicate voice of a woman makes more vibrations in the same time, than that of a man, and is higher from the cause. The tone of the octave—the half of the man. The good citizen, who call their wives their 'better halves,' are right, musically speaking. The octave exists through the might of the right divine. In the male and female voice there are, again, two principal sub-divisions—man sings *tenor*, or *bass*, woman *contralto* or *soprano*. The *contralto* is the octave of the *bass*; the *soprano* the octave of the *tenor*. Each of these voices has its own peculiar character, that does not depend merely on compass or on fullness, but rather on tone coloring."—Musical Review.

Lord Shaftesbury on one occasion was visiting a girls' school, and just as he was about to take leave, he addressed a girl somewhat older than the rest, and among other things he inquired, "Who made your gile body?" "Please, my lord," responded the unsophisticated girl, "Betsy Jones made my body, but I made the skirt myself."

Open an oyster, retain the liquor in the lower or deep shell, and if viewed through a microscope, it will be found to contain multitudes of small oysters covered with shell, and swimming nimbly about. The liquor also contains a variety of animalcules and myriads of worms.

Little drops of rain brighten the meadows, and little acts of kindness brighten the world.

New York and Vicinity.

Notes from W. B. B.

Rev. Henry Blanchard on Spiritualism.

It was my good fortune on Sunday morning last, to hear the Rev. Henry Blanchard speak before the "First Society of Spiritualists" of New York, who now hold their meetings at Dodworth's Hall, instead of Hope Chapel, as heretofore. This change, I think, will prove to be advantageous to the society, as Hope Chapel has become rusty, unsightly and dilapidated.

Mr. Blanchard read the 12th and 13th chapters of 1st Corinthians, and I think it would puzzle the most expert and accomplished scholar in our ranks to draw out the genuine Spiritualist contained in those words of that old learned scholar, but splendid medium, Paul, more thoroughly and completely than did Mr. Blanchard. It really seemed as though this instruction "concerning spiritual gifts" was written but yesterday, and designed for the special enlightenment and guidance of the mediums of the present time. But when he read those most memorable words which set forth so touchingly the worth, the power of Charity (or Love), I wish every Spiritualist in the land could have listened to it. "Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh not evil; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

Oh, if Spiritualists would only take hold of these words, and show by their daily lives that there is a meaning in them—a meaning that can and must show itself in our every-day life; then we shall have no more such painful exhibitions as those which occurred among the Spiritualists of Chicago during the Fair held there last summer.

But I am getting away from the subject I intended to write about; but this matter of the crying necessity for more spirituality among us, is something I think about not a little, and cannot prevent it from finding its way into these "notes."

Mr. Blanchard took no text, but said he came before them by invitation, more for the purpose of having a plain, familiar talk with them, than to give a formal or set discourse. He honored the bravery of those who would invite a speaker not of their faith and belief to come before them and discuss and criticize their opinions. He was not a Spiritualist, though he very much desired to be one. From reading the works of Judge Edmonds, Robert Dale Owen, S. B. Brittan, and others, he was profoundly impressed with the Philosophy, and could accept it; but not so with the ordinary phenomena of physical manifestations. For many of them, he thought, could be accounted for by other means than through the agency of spirit-power. But the Philosophy seems natural and more rational, and he believed that two-thirds of the ministers of the Universalist denomination were believers in it. Why they did not more of them come out publicly and acknowledge this, was owing to various reasons; but with many of them it was the same as with himself, they cannot accept all that is claimed for Spiritualism.

From a careful and thorough examination of the subject, he was convinced that Spiritualism has reached a large class who were either infidels, or without any religious belief, but especially those who could find no evidence which to them was at all satisfactory, of the immortality of the soul. The popular theology of the day drives men to infidelity, while Spiritualism arrests their attention, reclams and leads them up to God.

The greatest crimes against humanity have been committed under the guise, and sometimes under the special protection of modern theology.

He was exceedingly glad to acknowledge the great and good work Spiritualism had done in counteracting and removing the pernicious effects of the teachings of the theology of the present day.

He likes the spirit of universal brotherhood manifested by Spiritualists, especially as shown in the action of their late State and National Conventions.

He then criticized, and spoke of what he considered the bad effects resulting from the practical workings of Spiritualism, as shown by its believers. The effect, or the result of the practicing of mediumship is degrading, and more especially is this the case with the more common or lower order of manifestations.

But I think he should have added, that when Spiritualism becomes more spiritualized, when it has thrown off its swaddling bands, and reached a more mature and well-defined period in its rapid growth, these baleful results will disappear as surely and naturally as the dead flesh from the healed but once wounded limb.

He greatly deprecates the too common practice of trusting ourselves to be guided and controlled by directions given through mediums, in respect to the common affairs of life. In that direction lies the road which leads to endless troubles, and sometimes to insanity.

He estimates that there are four million* of Spiritualists in the United States, and earnestly desires that we should strive to unite with all the liberal and progressive men and women of whatever name, station or color, and form a grand army of Liberals, with Jesus of Nazareth as our pattern and leader. Separate organizations only serve to distract and weaken the practical working power. "In Union there is strength."

We can unite on the great truth of spiritual communion, or intercourse; that the conditions which will attend us in the next world are essentially the same as we find them here. He yearned and prayed with all his heart for such a union. This most interesting and instructive address was closed with an eloquent appeal for us to stand firmly and boldly for what we conceived to be the truth; that thousands all over the land were in active sympathy with us, and bidding us God-speed. I regret exceedingly my inability to do justice to Mr. Blanchard's effort. The impression upon his hearers was most favorable.

Mr. Blanchard is much like Rev. O. B. Frothingham in very many respects, but most unlike him in others. Both are intensely rationalistic and earnest advocates of progress and reform.

Frothingham is scholastic and brilliant; Blanchard, though a thorough student and an eloquent speaker, aims more to practical results. One is by interest and education an aristocrat; the other is through a democrat as ever breathed the free air of heaven.

Frothingham would prefer the select and costly audience; Blanchard would rather look into the honest faces and sturdy hearts of men from the shop, the plow, and the loom. Each is doing his allotted work and doing it well.

I hope to get a complete and full report of Mr. Blanchard's address to print in the Banner.

Brooklyn, N. Y., April 3, 1886. W. B. B.

*There are over six million of Spiritualists in the United States.

Ebbitt Hall, New York.

Miss Lizzie Doleen has again favored the people of New York with an engagement to lecture at

this hall five Sundays. Last Sunday she gave the first two lectures of the course, to a very full house morning and evening. Both were very good, practical discourses.

Children's Lyceum in New York.

The Third Annual Celebration of the New York Lyceum in the great hall of Cooper Institute was a splendid affair. It is estimated that nearly two thousand persons were present. The marching, the singing, the tableaux, the declamations, the gymnastics, the "Old Folks' Concert," etc., were applauded with enthusiasm. Mrs. Adams, her two talented daughters, and Prof. J. J. Watson, the remarkable violinist, received hearty applause. The treasury of the Lyceum was greatly replenished. Heaven's blessings rest on the Lyceums.

Newark.

In a place like Newark, it is remarkable that lectures on Spiritualism can be at all sustained; but under the management of Mr. Stewart, who also lectures occasionally, they are doing very well. Arrangements are being made to organize a Children's Progressive Lyceum, which will probably be done when Mr. Davis returns from Troy.

Williamsburg.

The meetings here are progressing finely, with Mrs. Bullen as leading speaker. She is one of the very best lecturers in the field. The house is always full.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1886.

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WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

All letters and communications intended for the Editorial Department 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, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It is 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.

Dipping and Sprinkling.

A very lively, and very ridiculous, controversy is going on in New York, decidedly personal and passionate in its character, between two extremely "reverend" doctors of divinity, as to the intrinsic merits of baptism by sprinkling and immersion. It appears that these two divines—Dr. Armitage and Dr. Vernilyea—were at sword's points on this identical subject years ago; and so warm did they wax over what they consider to be an essential point in their religion, that they parted company in anger and positively refused to hold any intercourse with one another thereafter. If the idea of it were not so pitiful, the whole matter would be indescribably ridiculous.

To make it still more curious, and even laughable, these two gentlemen have been again brought together through the agency of the Christian Union Association, within which are to be found men of all religious denominations. The feeling seemed to have died down, if not died out altogether, with the lapse of time, and circumstances apparently conspired to make the healing of a breach between two such men a full compensation and balance for the misfortune of the falling out. Matters worked admirably in the way of pacification for a time, until suddenly the old question came up again, and the old wound was reopened. Fraternization had gone so far as that Dr. Vernilyea had permitted Dr. Armitage to preach from his pulpit, and the latter had done so. Dr. Armitage, too, had invited his old friend to preach in his pulpit likewise. Just as the latter was all ready to respond in acceptance, the sprinkling and dipping controversy breaks out. Dr. Vernilyea at once sends word to Dr. Armitage, in a pet, that he will not preach in his pulpit, and sends a sly letter in his place! It is feared that even the excellent offices of the Christian Union Association will not avail to bring about a second reconciliation. The last state of their minds must be a good deal worse than the first.

The peculiarity of the affair suggests to the New York Herald a little story; which, as it is so very pat to the case, we cannot excuse ourselves to the readers of the Banner for withholding:

There is a very comical story current concerning two neighbors, whom we will call Smith and Jones. Riding past Smith's house one morning, Mr. Jones remarked, "I say, neighbor Smith, you'd better place where you might have a disphoid, if you wanted to." Mr. Smith instantly retorted, "But I don't want to." "Well," returned Jones, "I didn't say you did; but if you did—there's no if about it," shouted Smith, "for I don't want to!" In this state the controversy raged for half an hour, when the two neighbors separated, vowing never to speak to each other again. They kept their resolutions for ten years; but at last, by the intercessions of mutual friends, they were brought together amicably. After shaking hands and napping up, and exchanging the compliments of the season, Mr. Jones observed, "But I say, Smith, I really don't see how you could have misunderstood me. I didn't say that you wanted a disphoid. All that I said was, that if you did want to." "But I didn't want it," interrupted Smith, growing very red in the face; and at it the two neighbors went again, hammer and tongs, refusing to be reconciled, and becoming more bitter enemies than ever.

Following this "first-rate notice" from the Herald, are the moral reflections, with applications of the same, which were to have been expected from a sheet so notoriously pious and respectable. Nevertheless the advice the Herald gives these quarrelsome doctors of divinity is excellent, and a good deal more worthy of their own pulpits than some things they have said there themselves. What a mockery it is indeed, for old men, who have been preaching the precepts of Christ all their days, to go off into such a passion one with another as to call down upon themselves the pity and the ridicule of those whom they should wish to be almost revered by! When such is the conduct of the public teachers, what are they to expect of the followers?

Here are two gentlemen, now, of experience and education, who are quarrelling over whether a person will "go to heaven" straighter by dipping than by merely sprinkling the water on. They would undoubtedly think "table-dipping" and "rapping" far below the dignity of their faith, as instruments in proclaiming the truth. Yet they open their guns upon one another, from their pulpits and in public, because one holds that salvation may be secured with a considerably less amount of water than the other one. Rapping and dipping are base tricks; sprinkling and dipping are all-important in the salvation of a person's soul!

But these outbreaks serve a good turn, after all. They undeceive the people, who have hitherto put

such implicit confidence in the divinity doctors, and they break the rein of that superstitious tyranny from which it has been desirable to free men's minds this many a year. Seeing these immaculate and exalted clergy with their robes off, shows the people how closely they resemble human beings everywhere. Hence they are most timely and efficient agents in dissipating the bondage in which the popular mind is held.

Another Legal Decision.

Spiritualism has made a triumph in the attempt to persecute Dr. Fitzgibbon while in Washington, which is a full offset to the famous (or rather infamous) Colchester Buffalo case. Dr. Fitzgibbon was arrested for "giving exhibitions of jugglery," &c., without a license. The case was brought up for trial, and was postponed from day to day, to give the prosecution and the justice an opportunity to examine the manifestations. At the first trial, Bro. T. Gales Forster addressed the Court at the request of Asbury Lloyd, Esq., the counsel for the defence, and at the close Judge Waters ordered the release of the Doctor, having witnessed the phenomena, and being fully satisfied that neither necromancy nor jugglery was practiced. The case created a great deal of interest, and the Spiritualists stood squarely up in defence of Dr. Fitzgibbon, asking a fair investigation. The result is before the world.

A complaint was also made against the Doctor, by the U. S. Collector of Internal Revenue, for not taking out a license; but after an examination by the Collector, he was released. Mr. Clegham, the Collector, deciding that the whole affair came under the head of public lectures.

Now here are two very grave and important decisions made in favor of Spiritualism; points of decision affecting the whole body politic, as well as of Spiritualists proper; decisions made by men in high authority—and yet the secular press dares to allude to the matter. How different from the course when Mr. Colchester was convicted! Then, nothing could be said too strong to prejudice the public against the whole body of Spiritualists through Mr. Colchester. This shows a mendaciousness unworthy the press of a free country, in this boasted age of free thought. But whether the press does us justice or not, at present, matters but little; the decision above recorded has been made, and it is only to be regretted that the press is so much under the control of bigotry as to be afraid of reporting it, from fear of displeasing the intolerant Church, which body, if it had the power, would be more malignant than it was in the times of Cotton Mather.

Progress of Spiritualism in California.

It gives us great pleasure to announce that our beautiful Philosophy is sinking down deep into the hearts of the people of California. Every steamer that arrives brings us the cheering intelligence that our cause is making rapid progress in the Golden State.

By reference to the Call in another column, it will be seen that our friends are to have a State Convention in San José in May; Children's Lyceums have been organized in different parts of the State; a loud call has been made for our best speakers, and several have responded with a will, and are about leaving us for a new field of operations. Truly our glorious cause is flourishing beyond the most sanguine expectations of its friends. We indeed have reason to be grateful to our spirit-friends, through whose cooperation humanity is being redeemed.

SAN JOSE.—The Convention is called to meet at San José on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of May. The people in that section are fully awake to the subject of Spiritualism. They procured the services of Mrs. Laura Cuppy (who is speaking regularly at San Francisco) for two lectures on the evenings of Feb. 28th and March 1st, and she was greeted by crowded audiences on both occasions. The Mercury alludes to her address thus: "She spoke in defence of that philosophy which claims to give us indubitable evidence of spiritual existence after death—a theory which, we believe, is now mainly opposed by those who believe in such spiritual existence without tangible evidence of the same. Infidels and Atheists, as a general rule, care but little about the matter, either way; though on the whole we incline to the opinion that the idea of being snuffed out of existence at death, is not as palatable to them as they would have us believe. Mrs. Cuppy is a very entertaining speaker, and deals in much hard logic. She seems not at all masculine, or out of place on the rostrum. Her last discourse was listened to with marked attention and interest."

The Convention will no doubt create a more general interest in that section, and command the attention of many who have not yet given the subject of Spiritualism any examination.

A Good Test.

Several weeks ago Mrs. S. C. Whall received information from a spirit through the mediumship of Mrs. M. A. Hall, of Chelsea, regarding her son, who was then on a voyage at sea, which afterwards proved to be a remarkably reliable test of spirit-power. The substance of the spirit-message was this: The medium being in a trance or clairvoyant state, said to Mrs. W. that she saw a ship at sea, homeward bound; there was such a commotion on board; the crew were launching the life-boat; the sea was very rough, and the boat appeared to be in great danger of being stove, or swamped; saw them bailing out water; saw a young man in great peril. Not wishing to alarm the mother, she did not tell her who it was, but merely remarked that he would be saved.

In course of time a ship arrived at this port, on board of which was Mrs. Whall's only child, a young man yet in his teens. From him and the officers of the ship, she learned that her son, at the time the medium clairvoyantly saw the transaction, was thrown from the yard-arm, during a severe gale, and fell into the sea. By almost superhuman efforts he was rescued from drowning; but not, however, until he had been in the water one hour and ten minutes. The sea was so rough that the first boat swamped, and before the young man was found and rescued, the ship had drifted four miles from him. He could not be seen any great distance from the boat, but only traced by the sound of his voice. He had divested himself of all clothing, so as to better control his motions and keep himself afloat; but was almost exhausted and chilled when picked up.

The young man is quite medumistic, as well as his mother, and his invisible guardians were thus enabled to sustain him in his imminent peril until he was rescued.

The above narration is substantially true, and can easily be corroborated. The incident was seen and imparted, as far as it was prudent to do so, to the mother, long before the ship arrived in port. The chance for a skeptic to quibble at the genuineness of the revelation made by the spirit, is very slim. Perhaps some may cry out, in their ignorance, "Mind reading!"

Dr. F. L. H. Willis is not engaged to lecture during July and August, and will answer calls for that time.

Physical Manifestations.

Laura V. Ellis, the young medium, has been giving séances for cabinet manifestations, in this city, for the past week, with the most complete success. Each evening a thorough investigation and rigid scrutiny was had by a committee appointed for that purpose by the audience. Invariably they reported entire satisfaction, assuring the audiences that they did not believe the medium practiced any deception. After the medium had been securely and satisfactorily tied, and then secured to staples in the cabinet, the manifestations would take place, according to the time kept by several persons, in two seconds sometimes; varying in time in accordance with what was done, from two to eleven seconds.

The séance on Thursday night was a splendid success. The room was crowded with ladies and gentlemen of good common sense and discrimination—skeptics as well as believers—which we cannot say has very often been the case in public circles for physical manifestations in this city for several years past. Dr. (we did not hear his full name), a skeptic, was chosen to act as committee. The usual tests were given satisfactorily, when (as previously arranged) a police officer was announced, who desired to place upon the wrists of the medium a pair of patent English steel handcuffs. The young Miss submitted to this ordeal with much self-complacency. After being seated in the cabinet, and the door closed, to the wonder and surprise of many present musical instruments were heard, violent thumping against the sides of the cabinet, etc., etc. When the door was opened, there sat the medium in precisely the same position as when she took her seat, still handcuffed, of course, as the officer in attendance had deposited the key in his vest pocket. The committee reported that "it was all a mystery to him. He came to the circle expecting to see humbug; but he should go away with an entirely reverse opinion."

The most rigid scrutiny did not detect the slightest attempt at deception. We consider the medium perfectly reliable and truthful. Below we give the statement of Mr. Lee, a gentleman of strict integrity, who was on the committee Wednesday evening:

I have always been a disbeliever as to the spirituality of the cabinet manifestations, as exhibited by the Davenport Brothers and the Eddy Family, and as a disbeliever I attended the entertainment given by Mr. Ellis and his daughter, on Wednesday evening. Much to my surprise, I was chosen as one of the committee to examine the medium and watch the manifestations, and determined, if possible, to detect the trick. I critically examined the cabinet and appurtenances, but failed to discover any "trap doors," "sliding bars," "movable panels," wires or springs, and was satisfied that the cabinet is what it purports to be, viz: a plain wooden box, having a seat for the medium, and a bench to lay the properties on.

I witnessed the tying of the medium, and saw the knots securely sewed by the lady member of the committee.

After the medium was tied to the ring inside the cabinet, I tested the knots, and then sewed them and the slack ends of the bandage together. The manifestations soon commenced.

After each manifestation, I carefully examined the knots and bandages, and found them intact; and instead of slackening, I think they were tighter toward the close than at the beginning, owing to the swelling of the medium's flesh under the bandages. A small trombone was played upon with considerable skill, and at the suggestion of one of the audience I placed a block of hard wood one and a quarter inches square in the medium's mouth; the instrument was sounded as soon as the door was shut, and when it was again opened I found the block as I had left it.

The question was asked whether Mr. Ellis was a ventriloquist and produced the voice. As an answer, he held the block in his mouth and faced the audience, while I conversed with Miss Ellis and the "intelligences." The result satisfied the audience that ventriloquism had nothing to do with the voices. I afterward held the block in my mouth, and must say that I should not care to hold it there as long time as the medium is required to do, its size and shape producing a painful sensation in the jaws. While holding it in my mouth, I endeavored to speak, but could only produce some inarticulate sounds, and the effect was the same when the medium held it in her mouth, and the door open; but with the door closed, the "voice" was heard clear and distinct as before, and upon again opening the door the block was found in the medium's mouth. I am satisfied that she did not remove or displace it.

In conclusion, I would say that I am satisfied there was no collusion between Mr. Ellis and his daughter; that I believe, nay, I know that no mortals present assisted in producing the manifestations; that I know the medium did not release her hands from the bandages, and that I am convinced the manifestations were produced by an "intelligence" to us invisible.

WILLIAM H. LEE.

Spiritualists Everywhere.

If numbers are a source of inspiration to any soul, then the believers in Spiritualism have every reason to feel strong in their faith by reason of the numerical power with which they are supported. Go where you will, you may find Spiritualists. Take up any literary work, and our faith and philosophy betrays itself in many an expression on many a page. In the churches the Spiritualists are to be found on all sides. Some are such under another name, disguising the real truth without being aware of it. Where men and women meet together to pray, they throw their very petitions into a set of forms that imply the interposition of immortal spirits out of the body, as necessary to the fulfillment and perfecting of the wishes preferred. But the open and unequivocal number of Spiritualists is rapidly increasing. It is becoming popular to write books, not to discuss or denounce belief in Spiritualism, but to introduce Spiritualism as an important and a leading element in the conduct and character of the story.

The tide is turning visibly. Once make a thing fashionable, and it will go alone. But then, on the other hand, comes its trial; so severe a test generally, that men have wished again and again that they had always been doomed to be in a minority, and sighed, on looking back, for the primitive and simple days when existence for a faith was to be had only by a struggle that gave stimulus and zest. The ranks of Spiritualists are filling up with remarkable rapidity. Even those who denounce it as a delusion, lay less stress on its being positively a delusion than they used to do. There are evidences in plenty that no sect will, in a short time, be able to compete in point of number with the Spiritualists of the United States.

Personal.

A. J. Davis has been engaged by the Spiritualists of Troy, N. Y., during May, to organize a Children's Progressive Lyceum in that city.

The Flag of the Union.

This expressive symbol of our nationality is the result of a suggestion derived from the terrestrial heavens. There are the blue depths studded with stars, each star representing a State, and the whole symbolizing the Union established by our fathers. For the preservation of that Union we have offered a fresh and noble sacrifice on the national altar.

But there is something more in this silent but eloquent suggestion. The heavenly bodies are kept in their respective places by virtue of a central attractive force. If it were possible to neutralize that attraction, they would wander off; or, like transient meteors, fall, explode, and disappear in darkness. In like manner the stars in our political firmament are upheld and kept in their right relations by their gravitation toward a common centre. Destroy the influence of the general Government—in other words, suspend the principle of political cohesion, and their fall is rendered inevitable.

Suppose that one of those orbs that illuminate the heavens at night, should suddenly leap from its orbit and rush through the trackless void. It might occupy a wider sphere; it might exhibit a larger freedom; it might possibly give more light whilst scattering its burning elements on the world below; but we had rather see it up there where it belongs, moving on from age to age, making the azure fields glorious by its presence, and lifting our thoughts above the world by its impressive illustration of that sublime order, which is—

—Heaven's first law.

The temporary suspension of this central attraction, or the loss of its power over several of the States of this Union, led to fearful consequences. Star after star lost its integrity, broke away from the common centre, and fell from the political heavens. And now scathed by fierce lightnings of war; battle-scarred and blasted as with volcanic fires, they are seen beneath in a state of lurid eclipse. They fell in consequence of a monstrous political heresy—a theory of government that is forever incompatible with the stability of our institutions. If the centripetal force is indispensable to the grand harmony of the universe, we may not hope to preserve this political association of States in the absence of the common bond of union which has its centre in the national authority.

The notion that the States are sovereign in an individual capacity, irresponsible to each other, and hence owing no allegiance to the national authority, tends to the destruction of all government. States derive their authority from the people, and this political heresy, in the last analysis, resolves itself into the absolute sovereignty of the individual man. This is the end of government, in any sense that is compatible with democracy, and in every form that is known to civilized society. Here is the termination of all law; even here is the beginning of the process of social disintegration and the reign of universal anarchy.

But the national ensign has a further significance. Those whose treason eclipsed the stars of the Southern Constellation, have been made to realize that its stripes are painfully suggestive. Whilst the beautiful symbol of our nationality shall hereafter be the emblem of hope to all the enslaved of every nation, clime and color, it shall also be a fearful warning to the enemies of popular liberty throughout the world.

Industrial.

The work of war has naturally excited attention again to the needs of peace. So much destruction has been wrought, that industry is now appealed to, to make good the deficit thus caused, hence labor is on all sides in active request. Agriculture wants it badly. The mechanic arts will need a strong force at their elbow. Railroads are to be constructed again, all over the Southern States in particular. Commerce will need all the hands it can secure, to help move the great bulk of products from one point to another, and enable them to reach the markets where they are in leading request. A great number of men, the active laborers and producers of the country, were killed during the continuance of the war—a great many more were crippled by casualties, and made permanently useless. Hence the dearth of labor tends to make an active demand for it; and if to this be added the fact that there is a scarcity of everything which labor produces, wrought by the destructive agency of war—we get some idea of the actual state of the case.

This is, therefore, the time for labor to review the ground, revise its laws and regulations, and look thoughtfully after its own interests. There is comparative leisure now for that very work. The relations between Labor and Capital, so long in dispute, if not capable of being bodily recast and reformed, may at least be made both more pleasant and profitable. Hours of work, wages, social privileges, sharing in substantial advantages, cooperative schemes—all these may be attended to now, and so thoroughly overhauled as to become an almost entirely new thing. There is great need of a revival of these matters by the admissions of all sides.

Napoleon's Tunnel.

The Emperor of the French has a peculiar knack of keeping his people amused and diverted, so as to suppress all tendencies to disgust and revolt. The Grand Exposition of 1867 goes a great ways in that direction. His last piece of ingenuity is a plan for running a tunnel under the English Channel, so as to connect Dover and Calais. Should such an enterprise be carried out, it will be but a descent of a flight of stone stairs, the stepping into a railway car, and a brisk half-hour's ride underground, for a distance of twenty-six miles—England is reached. What the fishes overhead will think of it, is not mentioned. The mermals will probably do up their hair without stopping to coil it, as the trains go thundering and shrieking beneath them. This Channel Tunnel will be worthy of the Mount Cenis fair, or the Suez Canal.

Lower Prices.

Next to the announcement that Spring is at the door, that of the decline of dry goods and other commodities is particularly welcome. Cotton goods have receded fully one half, and dress fabrics generally from a quarter to a third. Coal is down in New York to seven and seven and a half dollars. And other things are falling in proportion. But while import duties continue as high as they do, it will hardly be expected that foreign goods will give way so much as our own home productions. At any rate, there is a much better look for a man than there has been in three years. We cannot omit to congratulate our readers on a tendency which is to result in such a consummation. It will give us pleasure to enlarge the Banner's subscription list under favor of so welcome a change.

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Miss Doten's Lectures in New York.

Miss Doten is engaged to lecture in Ebbitt Hall, during this month. She also spoke there during the month of January last, previous to her visit to St. Louis. The New York correspondent of the R. P. Journal at that time spoke of her in the following complimentary strain:

"Miss Doten is doing a great work here. Her discourses during her present engagement at Hope Chapel and at Ebbitt Hall, have steadily increased in power and interest with the crowds who flock to hear, and who hang breathlessly upon her divinely-inspired utterances, as given from time to time by her. Miss Doten is one of the most effective speakers it has ever been my privilege to hear. Her statements are clearly made and argued with a logic and fervor that never fails to carry conviction to her listeners. She rests her transcendentalism (if, indeed, she ever indulges in them) upon solid earth. She stands upon the known, and goes out as far as she can convey her audience with her into the unknown. It is next to the miraculous that she can make a fragile body stand a strain fit for a giant. For one I feel a regret words cannot express, that she is about to leave us for a time, and I believe I but speak the sentiments of all here who have been favored, as I have been, in hearing her. However, it is a comfort to know that if our loss is great, you of the great West are to be gainers, as it is understood, I believe, that she next ministers to the people of St. Louis. Wherever she goes, may God bless her, and may His best-bowed angels have charge over her—comfort, sustain and uphold her at all times and in all places."

At the commencement of her present engagement there, a price was charged at the door, but in the evening, a sufficient sum was subscribed to carry on the meetings free for another year. This is as it should be, and speaks well for the liberality of the Society.

Our friends in this community will be pleased to hear that she is engaged to speak before the Society of Spiritualists, in the Melodeon, during the month of May.

Emma Hardinge.

The English Leader newspaper states positively that Miss Emma Hardinge, now lecturing in England, is none other than "Belle Poole," the famous Confederate agent, whose unscrupulous and bitter career, and her adventures, were oftentimes the topic of the papers during the American war. This will be news—the very latest—to our readers this side the Atlantic. The good, whole-souled, energetic, talented lecturer, EMMA HARDINGE, whom nearly everybody in America knows, either personally or by reputation, is, according to the Leader, the notorious spy, Belle Poole! Out upon such arrant nonsense! This class of libels against our Spiritualist lecturers, excites only a smile of contempt upon the countenances of all high-minded, worthy people.

The London Spiritual Times of March 24th, says that Miss Hardinge answered questions with surprising readiness on Monday evening at the Harley-street Rooms. We have only space to say that her answers *apropos* to the subjects of "Death," "The Fall," "The Difference between Hysteria and Mediumship," and her remarks on "Insanity" were magical in their effects upon her auditors.

Senator Foot's Departure.

It appears from the account of those who were with Senator Foot during his last earthly hours, that before he passed on, his spirit vision was opened to the transcendent beauty of the spirit-world. Among other things he said, "The mercy of God has been very great to me in this sickness; I have so many kind friends, so many angelic visitants around me, it seems as though a company of angels were all about me to bear up my sinking spirit." And they were around him, ready to welcome his spirit to its eternal home. Again: "God reigns over all; there can be no doubt of that; we do not come into the world by chance; we are not creatures of accident; we are born to an eternal life." Then, folding his wife to his heart in a last fond embrace, he looked up and exclaimed: "What can this be death?" and, shortly after, a look of ecstasy came over his face, and he whispered, "I see it! I see it! The gates are wide open! Beautiful! beautiful!" and immediately ceased to breathe.

Meetings in the Melodeon.

Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook has spoken before the Society of Spiritualists in this city for two Sundays. Her four discourses were listened to by large audiences, and all seemed to be well pleased with the sound and progressive ideas of the speaker. She is a good lecturer, and her services are in constant demand.

Next Sunday Rev. Andrew T. Foss, of Manchester, N. H., well known in nearly all the free States as an orator and able speaker, will give his views of the Spiritual Philosophy in contradistinction to the teachings of theology. He has, within a few years, become entirely convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, and is now doing good service in drawing the attention of the people to the subject, and enlightening their minds, as he is abundantly able to do.

The Eight Hour System.

A majority of the special committee of the Massachusetts Legislature have determined to report in favor of so amending the statute relative to the hours and conditions of labor, as to establish eight hours for a day's work, when not otherwise agreed on between the parties interested. The same proposition has been defeated in the New York Legislature, but adopted by that of Ohio. There are signs of its becoming popular as a system. At any rate, there is not as much objection to trying it as there was. Legislators are opening their eyes to the fact that the wealth of a nation consists in its labor; nothing is convertible into wealth except by application of labor. The laboring classes, therefore, not having hitherto had control of the legislatures, need protection, and we are heartily glad they are about to secure it.

Europe in Danger.

A very small spark might suffice at almost any day to set all Europe in flames. Prussia is in trouble, within and without. Austria is weak, but hates Prussia's overbearing conduct. Italy is in debt deeply, and the Papal Government also. Belgium is divided against itself. There is great apprehension in France about the Mexican question. Turkey is in a bother over the Principality of Hungary. Russia looks wishfully toward the South, for an outlet to India. Denmark submits silently to the spoliation of her territory. Spain has her hands more than full in South American affairs. And, last, but not least, England never was more completely ploughed than she is to-day with the Fenian business. She hardly knows which way to turn. The continental field is really an interesting one to contemplate.

Convention in Corry, Pa.

We are requested to call the attention of speakers to the call, in another column, for a Mass Convention, to be held in Corry, Pa., on Friday, Aug. 31st, and the two following days; and, also, to the series of meetings being held there the first day of each month.

New Publications.

CHRIST AND THE PEOPLE. By A. B. Child, author of "Whatever is, is Right," "A B C of Life," etc. Boston: William White & Co.

It is unnecessary to commend a new volume from Dr. Child to the Spiritualists. He comes before the public, groaning, so to speak, with his free thoughts, which he states, illustrates and enforces with all the power of his soul. This is an advance on his former ground. He has taken hold of a connected series of topics, and evoked from each of them a meaning and expression which superficial and hasty thinkers never thought they contained. The sections of the Book are as follows: Changes, Sacrifices, Justice and Charity, The Laws of Man, Experiences, The Necessity of Sin and its Uses, and A Lecture, inculcating the necessity of not relating evil.

The style is that with which all of Dr. Child's thousands of readers are familiar. In fact, it shows signs of greater care and polish than in his earlier works, which is a proof that thought and expression are coming nearer together than ever before—a necessary consummation for impressive and successful authorship. No one can read these pages down, one with another, and not yield himself to the power of the thinker. He is full of benevolence and charity; looking at life on its divine side; a hater of war and strife, anger and jealousy; anxious that his fellow-men should get out of the encrustations of forms, and search for the meaning of things; a preacher of scorn for the cheats of the world, of pity for its empty vanities, and of love for all of God's children. We predict that "Christ and the People" will be called for by progressive readers by the thousands, as we know its beneficent and elevating influence will be commensurate with its popularity.

We have on our table the first number of a publication, called The Practical Philosopher and True Senator, edited by R. J. Wright, A. M. It is printed in Philadelphia, and its design is to discuss Government and politics, on the basis of principle instead of passion and prejudice. It will be published either monthly or quarterly.

No. 8 of The Radical is the first number we have seen. It is able and trenchant, rests stoutly on its own views, enjoys the favor of a corps of strong contributors, and looks as if it had touched success. It is neatly printed and bound, and for sale by A. Williams & Co.

Col. Frank E. Howe sends us the Final Reports of the Superintendent and Treasurer of the N. E. Soldiers' Relief Association, 191 Broadway, N. Y. This institution was founded in New York by resident sons of New England, on the 3d of April, 1862. No association, within its sphere, has done more real good during the war, and thousands will bear it gratefully in their memory to their last days.

Wm. White & Co. have just published in neat pamphlet form, and as convenient as it is neat, a lecture delivered by Caleb S. Weeks, at Ebbitt Hall, New York, on Sunday evening, Nov. 26, 1865, on "Christianity, its Influence on Civilization, and its Relation to Nature's Religion." It is well worth careful perusal.

Clark's Clarion of Health.

The first number of this very neatly printed Quarterly, edited by Dr. Uriah Clark—a new cure magazine—has just been received. It treats upon cholera, and other diseases; healing by miracle-workers; physical training, etc., etc. The leading article, "Why the Clarion of Health is Published," is a production of much merit. In it Dr. Clark says, popular, readable, racy, reliable, eclectic, optimistic, cheerful, fraternal, humanitarian, free, frank, fearless." Here the reader has the whole story in a nutshell. Price: Fifty cents per year; single numbers, fifteen cents. Orders, by mail, or otherwise, received at 18 Chauncy street.

Benj. Todd.

We stated last week that Mr. Todd would sail for California the 11th of May; but he has now decided to go as early as the 21st inst., on account of an engagement to attend the Spiritual Convention which meets at San Jose on the 25th of May. Consequently his missionary labors in this State will cease next week. He will be missed here, but he is going where his services will yield an abundant harvest. The spiritual field of California is ready for just such a pioneer worker as Mr. Todd. Success is sure to attend his efforts.

Message Department.

The Questions and Answers in our Message Department, last week, were considered of more than usual interest by many of our readers, discussing, as they did, subjects of vital interest to the community at large. The matter upon the sixth page of the BANNER this week, will also prove equally interesting, we hope.

In the Banner two weeks since we discredited the story published in the Cincinnati Commercial in regard to a deceased soldier returning in spirit and placing a bag of gold on the coffin of his child, and that the post-master of Indianapolis (where the occurrence was said to have taken place), endorsed the statement. We have before us a letter from the postmaster there which corroborates the correctness of our suspicions that the whole story was a hoax. He says, "The original publication in the Commercial was a contemptible hoax in every sense of the word, and was simply gotten up for that purpose. It is false in every particular."

A St. Paul paper, says the Boston Herald, records a scandal which has been for some time rife at the tea-parties of that place. It runs that a "professionally pious person, who is a Church member, and has a large and respectable family, has formed a guilty attachment for a woman who has been the Caucasian wife of a respectable gentleman of African extraction; that the intimacy originated years ago in Illinois; that she followed her paramour to St. Paul, where they have ever since violated all the laws of decency and decorum; and that he has at last run away, leaving her to discharge the partnership liabilities.

LAUGHABLE.—Unitarian ministers lecturing before Spiritualist Societies on faith! Why, gentlemen, knowledge entirely surpasses faith! Spiritualists have positive evidence that their spirit-friends can and do commune with them. Preach SPIRITUALISM, then. Why will ye loiter by the way?

Mrs. Fannie B. Felton will accompany her husband to Colorado Territory the latter part of this month; consequently she has withdrawn her engagements to lecture in New England.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Mrs. A. A. Currier, says the St. Louis Democrat of a recent date, delivered an eloquent lecture in St. Louis for the benefit of the Lincoln Monument, in compliance with an invitation from a committee of fifty gentlemen. The address gave great satisfaction.

The Union Republican ticket prevailed at the recent election in Connecticut, and Gen. Hawley was elected Governor. The same in Rhode Island, and where Gen. Burnside was elected Governor.

The President has issued a Proclamation declaring that "the insurrection which heretofore existed in Southern States is at an end, and henceforth to be so regarded."

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has denied the prayer of Edward W. Green for a writ of error, and decided that the penalty of the law must be inflicted. The time fixed for his execution is Friday, the 13th inst.

A member of the Washington Cabinet has received a telegram from an army officer stationed in Richmond, which says: "The celebration by the colored people to-day of the anniversary of their emancipation has passed off quietly and without the slightest disturbance. Over twenty-five thousand participated in the procession, and the display was really very imposing. Gen. Terry did not in any way interfere with the display."

PIETY AND PROFIT.—A Southern minister, who, it is boasted, can out-preach the ablest divines, is making a great fortune in New York, in the Wall street gold and brokerage business, says the Haverrill Tri-Weekly Publisher. Probably this able divine thinks, with Pope, that "Whatever is is right."

In the complicated and marvelous machinery of circumstances, it is absolutely impossible to decide what would have happened, as to some events, if the slightest disturbance had taken place in the march of those that preceded them.

There are about three thousand colored people in this city, most of whom are quiet and industrious. Several are worth fifty thousand dollars apiece.

The city of Lynn is thriving rapidly. New buildings are in process of erection which will cost six hundred thousand dollars.

India has a new sensation. Widows, instead of burning themselves on the funeral piles of their husbands, are, like sensible women, marrying again. Who says civilization is not advancing?

"Cato, what do you suppose is the reason that the sun goes to the South in the winter?" "Well, I don't know, massa, unless he no stand do clemency of the north, and so am obliged to go to do souf, where he speriences warmer longitude."

Be always at leisure to do a good action; never make business an excuse for avoiding offices of humanity.

The noblest question in the world is, What good can I do in it?

A few years ago the manufacturing perfumers of Europe derived an immense revenue from this country. Now the entire annual amount of their toilet extracts imported does not equal one month's consumption of Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus," the most popular scent extant. Sold everywhere.

Business Matters.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers good letters, at 122 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

COPPER TIPS protect the toes of children's shoes. One pair will outwear three without tips. Sold everywhere.

L. L. FARNSWORTH, Medium for Answering Sealed Letters. Address, Box 1671, Boston, Mass. Terms, \$5.00 and five three-cent stamps.

HONESTY is the best policy in medicine as well as in other things. AYER'S SASSAPARILLA is a genuine preparation of that unequalled spring medicine and blood purifier, decidedly superior to the poor imitations heretofore in the market. Trial proves it.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

C. E. W., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—We will insert the obituary in our next. The poetry does not possess sufficient merit to print.

C. B. STUBBS.—Your sealed question has been answered. We will send it to you when we learn your address.

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, CAMBERWELL LONDON, ENO.

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



FOR COUGHS, COLDS, &c., DAVIN'S PAIN KILLER.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP WITH P. T. BABBITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH, or READY SOAP MAKER. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or lye in market. Put up in cases 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 time is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.

B. T. BABBITT, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, New York. Oct. 14—ly

PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. Chloasma, or Mothpox, (also Liverpox), and Lentigo, or Freckles, are often very annoying, particularly in light complexion, for the discolored spots show more plainly on the face of a blonde than a brunette; but they greatly mar the beauty of either; and any preparation that will effectually remove them without hurting the texture or color of the skin, is certainly a desideratum. Dr. R. O. PERRY, who has made diseases of the skin a specialty, has discovered a remedy for these discolorations, which is at once prompt, infallible and harmless.

Prepared only by B. O. PERRY, Dermatologist, No. 48 Bond street, New York, and for sale by all druggists. Price \$2.00 per bottle. Call for PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.

Sold by all Druggists everywhere. 6m—Nov. 11.

Notice to Subscribers.—Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper or wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires; i. e., the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume sent you, you may be sure that the number of your subscription for which you have paid has expired. The adoption of this method renders it unnecessary for us to send receipts. Those who desire the paper continued should send their subscriptions at least three weeks before the receipt-figure corresponds with those at the left and right of the date.

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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 the Banner can be procured, or any of our works published in this country, which are not out of print.

ALL SPIRITUAL WORKS, and other LIBERAL or REFORM PUBLICATIONS constantly on hand, and will be sold at the lowest current rates.

The BANNER can always be obtained at retail at the New York Branch Office; but it 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 grand 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.

J. B. LOGGINS, who superintends our New York Branch Office, has also, and connected with the former conductors of that office, and will promptly and faithfully attend to all orders sent to him.

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

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CHRIST AND THE PEOPLE.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

PRICE, 61CS.—POSTAGE 16 CENTS.

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CHAPTER III.—"The Laws of Men."
CHAPTER IV.—"Justice and Charity."
CHAPTER V.—"Experiences."
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This book should be in the way of every family. The views of the book are new and startling, but its position is fundamental, and will doubtless be maintained when assailed, as it must be, by those who yet live in the sphere of selfishness and bigotry.

Its liberality reaches the very shores of infinity. It is born of the most earnest presentation of the duty of the present moral and religious systems of the land of any book yet written. It is free from fault-finding; but its truthful descriptions of self-conceived goodness 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, 159 Washington street, Boston, and at the Branch Office, 274 Canal street, New York.

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SINGLE COPY per year, 50 cents, in advance. Five copies to one address, \$2. Specimen numbers mailed free on the receipt of 15 cents in stamps or postal currency.

Published by Dr. J. Clark, 181 Chauncy street, Boston. Room 10 A, to 1 P. M.—at 18 Chauncy street, Boston. Room for Invalids, at the old Brimfield homestead, Salem street, Malden, Mass.

Send for CLARION OF HEALTH, and you will get details. Address all orders and letters of inquiry at his risk, DR. J. CLARK, 181 Chauncy street, Boston, Mass. 1st—April 14.

DIME DISCUSSION.

Let those wishing to investigate the Pros and Cons of the evidences of the Divinity of the Bible, will do well to subscribe to the DIME DISCUSSION, as a discussion of that question commences in the May number of that journal, and continues through twelve numbers. Those wishing to subscribe will address, MRS. E. H. MITCHELL, Milwaukee, Wis. Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year; single number sent by address, on receipt of 20 cents. April 14.

CEDAR CAMPHOR.

FOR RHEUMATISM. Use it early, and you gain money while you sleep, for you save by destroying worms yet unborn. C. C. is sold by all Druggists. HARRIS & CHAPMAN, Boston. April 14—1w

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MRS. ANNIE OETHELLE, has removed to 115 Court St. Her success is wonderful in treating chronic diseases, as hundreds can testify. Both mental and physical disturbances are treated in a manner which restores harmony to the mind, and gives life and vigor to the system. No charge for advice. Hours from 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. Boston, Mass. 1st—April 14.

DR. JEBEL W. STEWART.

MAGNETIC HEALING PHYSICIAN, will be in LOCK HAVEN, PA., at White Hotel, until April 14th. Will try and be in Georgetown, Ky., by the last of April. April 14—2

MRS. MURRAY, M. D. (formerly Mrs. Taylor), CLAIRVOYANT, and MEDIUM, examines diseased conditions, and restores health by her magnetic power, with lock of hair, and procures successfully in curable cases, Cures, 81 and stamp. The same for an examination, and advice in writing, sent by mail, on receipt of a sealed letter. 82: locating an old well, 82. Satisfaction warranted. Address, MRS. L. E. MURRAY, M. D., Detroit, Mich. Drawer 302. 1st—April 14.

MADAM GALE, Clairvoyant and Test Medium, 65 Lowell street, Boston. Sees spirits and describes absent friends; delineates character. Letters enclosing 81, with photograph or lock of hair, answered promptly. Three questions answered for 30 cents and two 3-cent stamps. April 14.

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OF THE BEST QUALITY, and WARRANTED in every particular to be the best made instruments in the country. They are fully endorsed by the Musical Profession. Our Pianos vary in price from \$250 to \$500, according to style of finish. All our instruments are made by hand, and are invited to call and examine our stock before purchasing.

OFFICE, 159 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3.

N. B. Spiritualist Societies in want of Harmoniums or Melodeons for their meetings, are respectfully invited to call and examine before purchasing. April 7.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

I AM anxious to employ women who are willing to revere in an honorable occupation, with means of making a splendid income. One wanted in every town and county in the United States. Address, with stamp, for particulars, J. G. ARTHUR, Hartford, Conn. 1st—April 14.

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ITS INFLUENCE ON CIVILIZATION, and its Relation to Nature's Religion; also "Harmonies" or Universal Philosophy. A Lecture delivered at Ebbitt Hall, New York, on Sunday evening, Nov. 26, 1865. By CALAN S. WEEKS. Price, 25 CENTS. For sale at this Office, 159 Washington street, Boston, and at our Branch Office, 274 Canal street, New York. April 7.

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BEAUTIFUL IN STYLE; Superior in Finish; Anti-Corrosive; and Unsurpassed in Quality. Sent by mail, on receipt of 25 CENTS. For sale at this Office, 159 Washington street, Boston, and at our Branch Office, 274 Canal street, New York. 1st—April 14.

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Roots, Herbs, Extracts, Oils, Tinctures, Concentrated Medicines, Pure Vinegars and Liquors, Proprietary and Popular Medicines, warranted pure and genuine. The Anti-Serum, Venereal, Mother's Cord, Uterine Extract, Cherry Tonic, &c., are Medicines prepared by himself, and unsurpassed by any other preparations. S. B.—Particular attention paid to putting up Syringas and other Protrudings. June 1st—ly

The Children's Progressive Lyceum.

FOURTH EDITION—JUST ISSUED.

A MANUAL, with directions for the ORGANIZATION AND MANAGEMENT OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS, adapted to the Bible and the needs of the young. By ASHLEY JACKSON DAVIS. Price, per copy, 80 cents, and 8 cents postage, sent by mail, for 12 copies, \$8.40; for 100 copies, \$81.40; per copy, 1.00. Address, J. B. LOGGINS, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 1st—Dec. 2.

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BY

MRS. SPENCE'S

POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

Grafton, N. H., Feb. 4, 1866.

DR. SPENCE—Dear Sir: Your Positive Powders have been a great benefit to my mother, and we are willing that you should make public use of the following statement of her case:

My mother, Mrs. Hetsy Adams, is now sixty-four years old. Prone to using your Powders, she had been troubled with the Rheumatism for about twenty years. She was unable to find any relief, and grew worse from year to year, until she became almost helpless, so much so that she could not lie down nor get up alone; and it was not safe to leave her alone any length of time, as she was liable to fall down, if she attempted to walk.

My mother commenced taking your Positive Powders last September, and has rapidly improved under their use; so that she is now able to sit up all day, and do considerable work, and before the cold weather and the snow prevented it, she could walk quite a distance. I know it is not faith that has made the cure; for she had no faith in your Powders, as anything else, would do her any good. Yours truly,

MRS. M. B. CHANDLER.

Keithsburg, Mercer Co., Ill., Feb. 13, 1866.

DR. SPENCE—Dear Sir: It gives me real pleasure to add mine to the many favorable testimonies which you have already received respecting the great work which your Powders have done. I have used your Positive and Negative Powders in "Deafness, Croup, Erysipelas, Fever and Ague, and Toothache with the most astonishing and gratifying results."

I firmly believe that your Positive and Negative Powders are as near an infallible remedy as it is safe or desirable that depraved humanity should possess.

My husband never lets pass an opportunity to expatiate on the merits of the Powders, which he calls "The greatest medicine in the world." Very respectfully,

SUSAN D. MITCHELL.

See in the Banner of last week (March 31st), and also of week before last (March 24th), fifth page, Dr. L. Hake's report of cases of Paralysis, Black Jaundice, and Pulmonary Disease, which he cured by means of Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders.

Diseases of all kinds rapidly yield to the magic influence of Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders.

See advertisement in another column.

Circulars with fuller lists of diseases, and complete explanations and directions, sent free post-paid. Those who prefer special directions as to which kind of the Powders to use, and how to use them, will please send a brief description of their disease when they send for the Powders.

Liberal Terms to Agents, Druggists and Physicians.

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Box 6817, New York City.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit who gave it, and is published by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Circle Room.

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

Mrs. CONANT gives no private sittings, and receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock p. m.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED IN OUR NEXT.

Tuesday, Jan. 30.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Frances Davis, of Richmond, Va., to Southern friends; James Reardon, of the 9th Mass. Reg., to his sister Olive, and friends; Ada Richardson, to Josiah Richardson, of Troy.

Thursday, Feb. 1.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Joseph A. Warner, 3rd Mass. Reg., to his sister Olive, and friends; Josiah Davis, of the 1st Conn. Reg., to his wife, Hannah Davis; Teddy Jones, of Nashville, Tenn., to his mother; Amelia Thornton, daughter of Stephen A. Thornton, of Montgomery, Ala., to her father and friends.

Invocation.

Our Father and our Mother, too, thou who art the source of the sunbeam and the soul; thou whose life permeates every atom; thou who numberest all our thoughts, and giveth each its portion and place; thou for whom suns shed their radiance, and stars twinkle at night; thou for whom creation ever chants its hymn of praise; thou God, thou Spirit, thou Eternity, we worship thee for thy holiness and thy greatness; we praise thee for thy goodness and thy love. Looking out upon the various races of human intelligence, we are led to exclaim with one of other days, "Of one blood thou hast created all nations." It is life, simply life; and because it is thine own life, it proclaims itself to be good, very good. Oh God, thou Perfect Life, we ever turn to thee with thanksgiving. We have learned of the sunshine, of the flowers, of little children, to praise thee. We praise thee for the ocean; for the dry land; for day and for night; for life, and what men mistook death; for all these are the manifestations of thy wondrous life. Oh God, may we be enabled to teach thy children, who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land, that they are all dear in thy sight; that black and white, red and copper-colored, are all thy children, and precious to thee; that inasmuch as we scorn the least one of these, we scorn thee; inasmuch as we refuse our friendship to one of these, we turn our backs upon thee, and endeavor by our acts to wander from thee. But we cannot, for thou art in us, and we in thee. And, oh God, we praise thee that no separation can ever take place between thee and thy creations. Oh thou Sun of Life, shed thy radiance upon all thy children. Make their souls glow with its radiance. Make their outer lives holy, perfect and divine representatives of that Divine Spirit of Truth, that dwells within every soul. Oh our Father, thou who art in Heaven and on earth, we praise thee to-day, and we know that through all Eternity we shall thus praise thee. Jan. 23.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—By M. S. L.: Spirits frequently speak of the loss of their bodies. Is the casting off of the body a loss or a relief?

Ans.—To some it is a loss, to others it is not a loss. There are some who have entered the spirit-world, so-called, who feel that they would rather have dwelt for a time longer in their physical body, than be as they find themselves. They regret having passed out of the conditions and circumstances attending physical life. To such it is a loss. There are others who, perhaps for the first time in all their conscious existence, breathe the air freely, feel they are indeed in truth free, who would not return, and take possession of a physical form, permanently, if they could. To such, it is no loss, but rather a gain. They have laid aside the imperfections, physical ills, the so-called physical ailments, with the casting off of the flesh. They feel to rejoice. Therefore they will not tell you that they have lost anything. They will rather tell you they have gained freedom, by laying aside the old crust.

Q.—Please explain the meaning of this text: "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness."—Genesis 1:26.

A.—The passage, in our opinion, has been wrongly rendered. It should read thus: And man said, Let us make God in our own image. Are not all humans to-day proving the mistake of the record? Are they not all perpetually saying in actual life, Let us make God in our own image? and are they not actually creating, each for themselves, God in their own image? Each distinctive life has its own ideal Deity; and you might as well instruct a well developed Anglo-Saxon, one thoroughly Christianized, to bow down and worship a Heathen Deity, as to expect the heathen to worship the God of the Anglo-Saxon. They will each worship the God that corresponds to their own highest ideal. Every one has an ideal Deity that they worship. The ideal always far exceeds the external, the real, the actual, and why? we cannot tell, except that in the order of wisdom's providences, it has been permitted that this ideal may constantly be out of the reach of human minds, always in advance of them, so that they may strive to reach it, but never do. We think, as we before stated, that this passage in the so-called Holy Writ, has been wrongly rendered, as have been many others. Reason, your every-day experiences, teach you that you are all perpetually fashioning your God to suit your ideal. I might not be able to worship your God in all his various proportions; you might not be able to worship mine. I might see my God, in all his divine glory and beauty, in the child; you might see your God manifested in the starry heavens, and so on, through all the various category of human intelligences. Every one has their own God. This is a truth, a fundamental fact, in intelligence, that all will sooner or later embrace.

Q.—Please explain this passage: "And the Lord God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil. And now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat and live forever."—Gen. 3:22.

It seems to me to imply that man is not to know good from evil; and also not to live forever.

A.—The ruling intelligences who stood at the head of whatever religious sect they represented, were by the ancients called God, the something to be worshipped. The God, or the intelligence representing the life of that particular religion under which the ancients at that time existed, seeing the march of intelligence, and feeling that the common people were beginning to under-

stand the various secret rites and ceremonies—those ceremonies that had been endowed as sacred, those ceremonies that had received the blessing of the head of the Church—these the common people were beginning to see into somewhat; and that which had been thoroughly mysterious, they now began to understand. The shades of mysticism were beginning to pass away. The sun of reason was going higher in the heavens, and shedding his rays down upon these mysticisms. And the priests, seeing this, declared they must change their devices, for these common people were growing as wise as themselves. We must devise something new, strange, more mysterious, they said, for these common people, by-and-by, will take the rule out of our hands. From these ancient facts you have received the words that are inscribed in your so-called Holy Record. It could have come from nothing else; and do not charge us with blasphemy, when we say that nine-tenths of all that is contained therein may be traced to just such sources. Jan. 23.

Christopher Kenderfield.

I was a strange old man here. The world did not understand me half as well as I understood it. When the blessed Angel of Death entered my garret and told me I was to go with him, I was alone; no bodies like my own were with me, nor had there been for days. The last one was the Inspector of the District, whose business it was to look after the poor there. But when the Death Angel was near to me, on the very day I went away with him, came the Rector of the Church of that District, sent, no doubt, by the Inspector. He asked, Would I receive the sacrament, and die under the blessing of the church? "No," I said, "I go under the blessing of the God, and that is greater. I told him to take his symbols away, and, if he chose, he could talk reasonably to me—I would hear him. 'Old man,' he said, 'you're soon to be in the presence of God. Reflect; you may regret the course you now take.' 'Priest,' I said, 'I am now in the presence of God; I can never be more so.' 'Who taught you this doctrine, old man?' 'It was God taught that to me, through his angels.' I then told him the angels had talked to me by day and night. They had told me they would take care of me. They had looked out for me many years, and I had walked with the angels, and had been as- sisted by the world of mortals; called strange, wild, weird, and something altogether unnatural. Money I had none. When pressed by the necessities of the body I went forth, and never returned empty. My garret was always warm, my limbs were always clothed, my stomach was never wanting for food. Who gave it me? for I was past the power to labor. God, through his angels.

This I told the man of God, as he called himself. "You believe in this great delusion of the age—Spiritualism." "Call it what you will," said I; "I believe in the communion of those who have died—left their mortal bodies." "Old man," he says, "I charge you to renounce your belief." "Priest," said I, "so said Satan to our Saviour long ago; and I say to you, as he did to him, get thee behind me, Satan, for I will have nothing to do with you. And furthermore," I said, "Priest, I will return to you after death. I will turn the warmer. I will return from yonder bright world, come from over the waters, and that sheet called the Banner of Light, and speak to you through it."

Old Christopher Kenderfield, from the garret in Chesham, comes to the priest who visited him when the beautiful angel was waiting to take him to his loved ones.

Oh, Priest, I charge you to renounce your belief, for by-and-by you will stand naked, and poor, and starving, while I shall have robes of purple and fine linen. But I'll fold you to my heart even then, as the Great God, through his angels, has given me a place in his loving heart. Farewell. Eighteen months since this very day, I went home. That is proof enough. Farewell. Jan. 23.

Olive Guyzer.

Like the parting of day, my spirit went forth to its home with the angels. My friends have sorrowed because they did not know how I passed on, whether or not I was happy and reconciled. I come to tell them I was happy. I died peacefully and calmly.

Three years before the war, I married, and went South, and was then identified with Southern interests externally, but not internally. I should have returned to my friends at the North, but I knew that they were surrounded by those who were kind and true to them. I knew that they had facilities for comfort that my friends at the South could not possibly have, and I felt that such as I was needed at almost every step. Then I stayed because I felt it my duty. I felt then, as I do now, that both sides were at fault, both were mistaken in each other. It was very hard for me to draw a line between that which was right and that which was wrong in the matter.

I was twenty-two years of age. My name before marriage, Olive Andrews; my name after marriage, Olive Guyzer.

My friends here have heard, no doubt, that my husband was killed in what I believe was called by you the battle of the Seven Pines. If they have not that information, why then I am the first to furnish it. But I presume they have it ere this. They need not fear to go to Richmond to find out about my death. I was taken down with fever, and after struggling fearfully for weeks, I died among those I loved at the South. They were kind, and I received all the attention that I needed. The absence of my dear friends was the only source of sorrow, real sorrow. But even in that, I felt a calmness, for somehow I felt I should meet them sometime. Then I could tell them what I knew they would be so anxious to hear.

Now that the way is open, now that the bridge between the two worlds is completed, now that everything seems to beckon the approach of the two worlds unto each other's spheres, why should they not seek to commune with friends?

They say, Oh, if I could know this or that concerning my dear friend that is gone! and yet they in their ignorance, refuse to hear the voice calling them from over the water, asking them to give heed. By-and-by, I trust, their ignorance will give place to wisdom.

Say, good sir, I am happy, would not return, would not have had one condition in life changed, if I could have had it by asking for it. Farewell, sir. [Where do your Northern friends live?] Well, sir, in New York. [City?] Yes. Jan. 23.

James Flynn.

Well, sir, it is comforting to hear somebody say they are satisfied with what they've got. Somehow or other, there are some what never seem to be satisfied. Maybe I was one of the kind that was always wishing for something I could not get.

I lived an honest life, I lived up to all the requirements of the Church, but for all that I'm not contented now. That is it; that is the way it is; I don't know how it is; I'm wrongly made up; yes, sir, I'm wrongly made up. [Were you

wrongly educated?] I do not know, sir; it may be that. Well, now, I'm no more contented than when I was tailoring here. Then I was uneasy, and would want to get out of that. Once in about eight or nine weeks I would want a change. I was always wanting something, you know. I was uneasy and restless, so I'd go off on a spree, then I'd lose me place.

So when the war came, I said to myself like this: I will lay down the breeches and the coat, and shoulder the gun, and see what I can do for this country. Oh, I had a good jolly time of it. Sometimes I had a hard time of it; then was the time when I wished myself out of it. I suppose if any of the chaps I know should hear that James Flynn had come back here, they would ask if he is any more contented than when he lived here. No, I am not at all; no, sir, I do not like it; I'm as uneasy as a fish out of water. I thought if I could come here and just say a few words to me friends I'd be satisfied; but now I have the chance, I want to go further. Yes, sir, I do; I do not want to stop there. I think me mother was so before I was born. I don't know; I have thought so.

Well, you see, I went down in New Jersey; there enlisted in the 32d New Jersey, because I knew some of the boys in it. Now the most of 'em got out safe and went home. They're getting along pretty well, and here I am no better off than when I was on earth. I tell you what it is: if a party of us went on a time, it was always me that got broke first—yes, it was; and if there was anybody got work it was others, but I must go around kicking for a job when I got on a spree. I'm come back, anyway. They said I would. I'd like the chaps what know me, to form one of these things around the table and let me come to them. Oh, I can! Oh, Lord bless you! why not as well as here? I'm not afraid of anybody! It was I that grabbed the flag and held it up to the rebels, and said, "Shoot and be damned!" [Where?] That was in the battle of Cedar Mountain. [Did you get shot?] Did not I get shot, riddled through and through, until I was lying? I held the flag up until I fell to the ground. I was no coward. No, sir! I'd show them whether one Southerner could whip five Yankees or not. I'd show them that one Irishman with one hand could lick a dozen of them. Oh, they're not all so smart, although there's some smart ones among them.

Well, I'm James Flynn now, the same as I always was. I lived in New York, the Paris of America—that's the place where the tailors go to get good jobs. Oh, well, I am Flynn, anyway; I can't get out of that. [You would not want to be any one else.] Yes, I would, for maybe I'd be aisy. [You can't run away from yourself.] No, I can't, that's what makes me mad.

Now say to Cornelius O'Brien—he's a pretty sensible kind of a fellow—I believe when you get out of purgatory you'll understand this thing. The devil! perhaps I'm in it but I'm on aisy. I can't be like that old man and lady who were here before me. Oh, it did me good when I stood here and heard them talk. I'm myself, and they are themselves, I suppose.

I like it in the army? Yes, sir, I never feel better than when I was on the wing, was moving; and when the call came, "Fall in, boys!" oh, I was anybody but James Flynn—I was never so happy. Well, good-by, sir. [Come again, and we'll try content you.] Oh, then I'll come; you'll press me—is that it? [We won't press you into any service you don't wish to engage in.] I thought you meant to press me as I used to press a coat. [We'll smooth you in a different way.] Well, I'll take it, anyway, if it's with a whiskey punch. Oh, I'm in for any sort of a good time, you see. Do not take me for the worst fellow that ever was. Jan. 23.

Ada Corey.

I am Ada Corey, daughter of William Corey, of Chesham, Tennessee. I'm come to say as how I can come. I was nine years old. Had I stayed a little while here more I should have been ten. I got to learn the way here fast when I sees others come so straight. My uncle, Alexander Corey, from the District of Columbia, was with me when I first come; I don't know as he be here now. But he was, and said to me, "Ada, say to your father I would like to come to him."

I thought it was so strange first, when I was in the spirit-land. I did not know I was dead; I did not know so till I tried to move myself, and I see myself, too, on the bed, and I tried to move myself, and I did not have no way to. I could not. I had lost myself, and I did not know I was dead then. But pretty quick somebody told me I was, and I was feeling bad until the folks got done feeling bad; then I did not. [Did their feelings reach you?] Oh, yes, I felt them awfully hard. Good-by. [Is that all you wish to say?] Yes, only I wish for my father to know I can come, and I want to—to him—[Want him to find you a medium?] Yes, sir, I'm going now. Jan. 23.

The circle was closed by Theodore Parker.

Invocation.

Oh God, thou perfect Soul of all souls; thou whose cadences of melody roll eternally through Creation's vast cathedral; thou whose love and wisdom beam in upon us through sun and shade, through day and night, through sickness and sorrow, through joy and gladness; thou who art everywhere, present, our Father, we praise thee. Oh God, for as much as we have gained in the earthly life, we praise thee. For what we have gained in the spheres beyond earth, we praise thee. For every step in life, with its thorns and its roses, its joys and its sorrows, we praise thee. Oh God, we thank thee for all thoughts of the ages; for the unwritten and written records of men's minds; for all those glowing lights that have been handed down to the children of this day. We praise thee for war and for peace; for all conditions of life, we praise thee, and turn to thee, knowing there is need of them; knowing that the sun shines at thy command, the rain falls by the same power, that all the changes of life come in obedience to thy law. Therefore it is, that, looking into our inner lives, we find naught but praises. We gather the bright illu-buds of Truth. We lay them upon the altar of this hour, thanking thee, oh God, most fervently for them. Amen. Jan. 23.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—By H. R. Parke: Is the Rev. T. L. Harris right in predicting a universal development of all our internal senses, so as to see as all are seen, and know as we are known, within one hundred years?

Ans.—This prophecy may not be applied to all; on the contrary, it can only be applied to a portion of human life. It has been said that as mind unfolds, as it passes through the experiences of its life, it becomes a mirror unto itself, in which it is perfectly reflected; and not only a mirror unto itself, but a mirror, so far as itself is concerned, to all who would gaze thereon.

It has been said by an ancient writer, that, as mind progresses, it loses the desire to deceive, to appear what it is not. We are not sure that

this writer is not in part right. For as we come to know that we are inseparably bound to all the atoms composing life, life everywhere, life in the past, life in the present and in the future, we shall begin to feel the necessity of our being true to our higher lives, our inner existences; for that is the better portion; is the most comely, that is the truest. We all aspire; that is our nature. We all set our standard in advance of us. Give us heaven to-day, and we ask for a greater, a more perfect heaven to-morrow. We are ever unsatisfied. This is a law of our being, and so we perpetually unfold by this same natural law. T. L. Harris has been educated, or led in many of the intricate ways of life that seem to be behind the curtain—that seem to be in the future life that stretches on so far that ordinary intelligence cannot reach it; and because he is thus blest, he has learned many of life's truths. Being sensitive, and open to receive inspiration, he has caught these beams of sunshine, and has transmitted them as perfectly as he might be able to through his organism. Thus he tells you that after a certain time you will have advanced so you will know as you are known, so that this mirror of your lives will stand out in perfectness. But this, as we said before, applies to special cases; to the individual—not to the masses. It is true in this sense, but not in the sense you suppose it is.

Q.—How does the belief or unbelief in a Supreme Being and a future life affect human morals in this life, or our conditions and happiness in the next?

A.—We believe it affects each one believing it differently. Some who have no belief in a Supreme Intelligence that governs all life, are morally high. They are guided ever by a distinct line of morality that amounts to religion. Many who have no belief in a Supreme Intelligence, as they pass on from this sphere of action, when they find themselves surrounded by the same—almost the same conditions of life that they were surrounded by prior to the change—when they see they have taken but one step in the great stairway of life, and are able to look behind them, and to a certain extent, before and around them, they begin oftentimes to doubt that they have not doubted before, namely, non-belief in the guiding power of life. And so it produces with them unrest—a state of dissatisfaction. They turn this way and that, to know the right way, having suddenly found themselves like mariners on the sea without a compass.

Q.—What are either Thomas Jefferson's, Henry Clay's, George Washington's, or Abraham Lincoln's views of negro suffrage?

A.—Your speaker believes they are all as one man in favor of negro suffrage, knowing it is right.

Q.—Will the pestilence affecting people and cattle in England, also reach the United States this year, or shall we escape the plague on cattle and men?

A.—We see no reason why you should suffer to any great extent from this calamity.

Q.—By T. J. L.: Cannot the spirits of the persons represented in the Old and the New Testaments, manifest themselves through mediums wholly or partially developed, as readily as any spirit that has recently left the form?

A.—They have need of perfect conditions, as every other spirit has; but should they come declaring themselves to be Paul, or Luke, or John, or Matthew, do you suppose you would recognize them by the accounts you have of them in Holy Writ? Verily, we tell you, you would not.

Q.—By W. C. B., of Lansing, Mich.: If Jesus and his apostles were highly developed spirit-mediums, and progressive development be true, why did not Spiritualism continue to increase and spread, and be as familiar to the people generally during the last nineteen hundred years, as at the present time? Did not the desire exist so strongly during all that time on the part of spirits to give, and their friends in the form to receive communications from them as now, and if so, why were they not permitted to do so, or did they do so, and the record of it has been lost to us of the present day?

A.—There never has been a time since the dawning of intelligence when so-called departed spirits have not returned and held communion with earthly friends. Mark us, there never was a time when this special inspiration was withheld. In the present you are receiving a large influx of spiritual light—and why? Because you yourselves are more ready to receive it, and because the earth is in a condition to generate that atmospheric life that is absolutely necessary to the manifestation of spirit. In coming to you that inhabit physical life, it is absolutely necessary that atmospheric conditions be, to a certain extent, spiritually rarefied, if we may so express ourselves. This could not have taken place to so great an extent at any other time of the earth's existence as now; at any rate, that we have record of. Yet there always have been times and seasons when the spirits of the departed have made very great efforts to overcome these atmospheric conditions, and establish perfect communication with earth friends. But at all these times, and under all these circumstances, these shadowy intelligences have come among you, have talked with your inner lives, have ever and anon manifested themselves to your external lives, have been with you, not away from you. Spiritualism is not a child of to-day, but of all eternity. Jan. 23.

Katy Connelly.

I was told would I come here, I could send some word to me mother, who is in New York.

Me name was Katy Connelly, and I have been dead nigh meast a year. Me father was killed in the war, and me mother is left with me little brother, now; that is all there is. And I was coming to her two nights ago, and she's very unhappy, and thinks because I come, I am to take me little brother; and that's what brings me here, to say 'tis not so; but to show her that I was a medium myself, and that I could come to her; that is it. And she's making herself unhappy because of it, and not doing her work at all, because he's the last, and is going. He's not going. He will stay on the earth for all I can do, for I got no way to take him. You'll understand, sir, that me mother thinks because I come, I was come to take him.

We have no way to pay for these things, and me mother has no way; what will I do? [You are welcome here—free to say what you please.]

Me mother has had the washing for most of the folks at the Bowery Theatre, and that's what takes care of her. Since I show myself to her, she's not worked much; she's not; she's thinking she'll not do anything, and don't care what becomes of her. [Do you want us to write her a letter?] Oh, I like it printed. She can read printed. [It will be some time before your letter is printed.] Well, what will I do? [We [referring to a spirit] says now I have come here I can go there and tell me mother that I have come, that she'll know all about it when it's me turn to have me letter printed. [You'll tell her.] Yes, sir, that's it. [You can show yourself to-night.] Yes, sir, I will.

When I was here, I was selling all such wares as I could get to sell to help me mother, so she'd not have to work so hard. And now I don't know how I'll help her at all, only that I can let her know what she is—she's a medium, too—so she can do something for herself; yes, sir, that's it, that's what I want.

And me father sends all the blessings he can think of to her and little Johnnie; so she'll not think he's anywhere else, only near her most of the time. But he cannot do like as I can, show himself to her; may be he will be able to sometime.

Oh I be much obliged to you if you will print it as you do the other ones. [What was your age?] I was most fourteen, sir, I was.

When I was here, sir, oh sometimes when I was on a chair—sitting on a chair—it would go away from me, or when sitting round the table, sometimes it would hop right up. [You were a medium.] Yes, sir; that's what I was. [Did it you feel frightened?] No, sir; we did not know what it was; thought it was some kind of wind what did it; we never thought it was dead folks. Now I know, I want to tell me mother what it was, what was the meaning—that's what I want—so she'll know, you know.

I'd give you anything for pay, if I had it. [We want only your good-will.] I give that, and the Lord bless you all the time. Catherine was the name I was christened by, but I was called Katy. Jan. 23.

William Leighton.

How do you do? William Leighton, sir, color-bearer, in the 9th New Hampshire.

I'm very happy to be able to come round this way and give my friends a call. I assure you they are not at all posted in this post mortem art; but I'll do just the best I can to send a little bit of a telegram home to my friends.

I am happy; that's the first thing they generally want to know when one comes back. I am satisfied I'm alive, and I'm hearing the colors of the regiment of Truth. When the emblem of Liberty and Justice dropped from my hand, and my spirit ascended to meet those who had gone before me, the first thing I saw on the other side, waving in the sunlight, was the colors. 'Twas the most glorious sight I ever beheld. And I thought I was in some place where all the Union armies were congregated, and were having a grand jubilee. That's the first heaven I was introduced to, and I tell you I was one of the happiest boys you ever saw. I shouted for the old flag on the other side, as I did shouting for it here.

Now send word home to my folks in Concord, New Hampshire, that I'm all right, happy, gloriously happy, and I'm, flag in hand, on the other side. Jan. 23.

Charles K. Watkins.

I am Charles K. Watkins, of the 1st Virginia Cavalry.

I was on picket duty when I was shot by some one from your side, with whom I've not got acquainted as yet. It has been said, that all such stray shots came from our side; but I can assure you of one that came from yours.

I was out on the line toward Contreville; had been stationed as an outside picket about one hour, when I was made acquainted with Yankee lead, and went home. Our forces and yours were then on the eve of one of the most terrible engagements that either army was called to participate in during the whole term of the war. I regretted very much not being able to take a part in that contest; for like every other true soldier, I was anxious to engage in the fight, because I had a hope of victory.

As I was found, my body was returned to our lines, but not sent to my friends. Because it was not, they have been constantly disturbed with the idea that I was taken prisoner and roughly used. They heard very strange, and perhaps untruthful stories of folks on your side. I say they were troubled, because they feared this might be so, notwithstanding they were told by those who brought my body in and buried it, that they did so. In view of their sadness, I thought it might be best to avail myself of this great highway of return, for the purpose of showing the thing in its true light, and of assuring them that I am excellently well satisfied with the conditions of this new life. I would not return if I had the power to; would not again become a permanent resident of earth, not if I could be made possessor of all its wealth.

I have lost all my enmity against you Yankees. I have seen many things since I have been in the spirit-world that I did not see when here. I have learned much I knew nothing of when here.

Oh, I am very glad that I was able to be sacrificed for something higher than the mere opinion of any party, for I believe that involved in this great civil contest was a principle, higher, grander and of more value than either you or our folks have ever thought of.

If George L. Vance is on the earth—and I presume he is—he was one of my comrades, was acquainted with those who knew me here; my friends, my relatives and all I held dear—and I have been informed that he is somewhat acquainted with these things—so I ask, should he receive my letter, will he be kind enough to forward it, with due explanation, to all my friends.

I may be able to do something more than thank him for this. I may be able to assist him, even before he comes where I am. At any rate, he may feel that he has granted a favor for a friend, and that should be pay enough.

My years on the earth numbered twenty-eight. I thank you, sir. Jan. 23.

Willie T. Demarest.

I have been here before. I am Willie T. Demarest from No. 11 King street, New York; and I come here to say if my father will go to that lady who lives not far from him, I'll come. I will. [I'll come—I'll speak, so they'll know it's me. [Did your parents get your letter?] Yes, sir; and did not believe it. They thought it was somebody what knew him, me, knew us.]

Let's forget, will you? Won't you please to send the paper to No. 11 King street, New York, and charge it to me? What'll he do to you for sending it to him? They say here, let that gentleman carry it what carried it before, and not you send it. Well, you can charge it to me for coming. And, that gentleman what takes it can charge it to me, too. Good-by, Mister. Jan. 23.

Circle closed by John Longley.

A Spirit-Message—Springtime.

It is the time to sow and plant, for the trees to bud, and vegetation to spring forth with all its glory and fragrance to beautify the earth; the forests that have withstood the winter blasts, stretch forth the stalwart arm, that may become beautiful in the garden Nature has provided for it. Here, then, is a lesson for man. Arise, O man! come forth with the beauty of the Spring; reconsider the obligations you owe to yourself, and to your God, and every living being, to do unto the garden in which the Lord has placed you. Make to yourself a mansion this, amid the grave, that, when you put on the robes of immortality, you may say your work is done, and will do. Lafayette, Ind., March 1, 1866. F. B.

Mediums in Boston.

AT NO. 1 DAVIS STREET, BOSTON.

THOSE requiring examinations by letter will please
close 811, and return postage stamp, and
address, and state sex and age. April 7

MRS. R. COLLINS
STILL continues to heal the sick, at No. 19 Pine street
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DR. WILLIAM B. WHITE, Sympathetic, Clairvoyant, Magnetic and Electric Physician, cures all diseases
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removed. Advice free; operations, \$1.00. No. 4 JEFFERSON
PLACE (leading from South Bennett street), Boston. April 7

DR. PRESCOOTT will be found at his Room at
129 Pleasant street, by the power of God cure of all diseases that
arise from the impurities of the blood. 14-March 3

MRS. M. E. BEALS Test, Clairvoyant and
Business Medium, 492 Washington street, Room No. 1

Monday and Friday evenings. 44-3 March 22.

D. R. W. MORRILL, Jn. Healing Medium, by the Laying on of Hands. Will receive 1454 Washington Street, Room No. 7, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. The cures without medicine with good success. 44-3 Mar. 22.

MISS NELLIE STARKWEATHER, Writing Medium. Test Medium, No. 7 Indiana street, near Harrison A. Hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Circle Thursday evenings. 44-3

MRS. SPAFFORD, Trance Test Medium, No. 14 E. 4th St. Cleveland street, Boston. Hours for sitting trials from 4 P. M. to 6 P. M. 44-3 Mar 18.

MRS. A. J. KENISON, Test, Business and Healing Medium. Hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. No. 13 Hudson street, Boston, Mass. 44-3 March 18.

MRS. T. H. PEABODY, Successor to the late
Mrs. M. S. Pike, clairvoyant Physician, 12 Davis street,
Boston. Hours from 10 till 2 p. m. 3rd Jan. - Jan. 2.

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

MRS. C. A. KIRKHAM, Test and Personalities
Medium, rear of 1009 Washington St. Hours from
12 m. and 2 to 5. 13th - March 1.

MRS. L. PARKLEEF, Medical and Burial
Clairvoyant, 1175 Washington St., Boston. 13w-Fy

MISS FANNIE REMICK, Trance Medium,
No. 13 LaGrange street, Boston. March fo

SAMUEL GROVER HEALING MEDIUM,
13 DIX PLACE, (opposite Harvard street.) April

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LEOMO

MRS. J. E. WISE, Clairvoyant Physician
 Rest Medium, will practice in New Philadelphia
 through the month of April; in Urbicksville, O., during 2
 in Magnolia, Mo. during June, 1892.

DR. J. VALENTINE, at present residing in Ohio, is meeting with great success in curing diseases the laying on of hands. 4w*—March

MRS. J. W. FOSTER, Healing Medium, removed from West Danville, Me., to Hailston Spa, March 24.—4w*

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