

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED ON BEING CALLED AN INFIDEL.

BY B. J. F.

"An Infidel!" how easy said;
But wherefore comes the name?
What is "an Infidel," I ask,
And is it cause for shame?

Is it to take for Truth and Right
What Reason has weighed high?
To "prove all things," hold fast the good?
Then am I "Infidel!"

Is it to trust with fearless faith
The God within the soul;
Heeding the voice that speaks therein,
Spurning all false control—

Trusting in Inspiration past,
In Inspiration now;
Selecting wheat from out the chaff,
Where'er it comes, or how—

Believing Heaven oft fills our souls
With promptings pure and high?
If this—"all this be 'Infidel,'"
Then "Infidel," am I!

Unflinchingly I face the scorn,
Freely accept the shame;
For if "an Infidel" mean this,
I glory in the name!

With angel-breathings round me oft,
With hopes most bright to cheer,
With earnest soul-pants after Truth,
I cannot stoop to fear.

Though oft I meet with those I deem
Fast bound in Error's thrall,
I pray that charity be mine,
For we are erring—all.

With love to God, and love to man,
To Justice, Truth and Right—
Heaven grant I ne'er be "Infidel!"
To past or present light!

To creed-bound dogmas, false though old,
I've bid a last adieu—
Your fetters ne'er can bind my soul,
I'm "Infidel!" to you!

Written for the Banner of Light.

CRIMSON AND GREEN.

BY MARIE LOUISE HAYDEN.

"Let the dress be crimson and green, mamma. I wish it to be done by to-morrow evening, for on the morning of the next day Lieut. Avery will call for me to ride with him—you know I have particular reasons for wishing to appear well in his eyes—and crimson and green are perfectly adapted to my complexion and style. Some people would consider it in very bad taste, I suppose, and for some ladies it would be so; but you see, dear mamma, that after one has passed her rosy youth, as I have, at twenty-five one needs to study colors a little, to hide any little lack of coloring that time has failed to supply."

"I will see that Miss Alstien has your riding-habit finished at the appointed time, my daughter, though your remarks about fading charms are entirely uncalled for; for believe me, Isabel, you never looked half so charming as you have ever since Lieut. Avery has been a constant visitor at our house."

"Ah! but you see with partial eyes, dear mamma, though perhaps the excitement of angling for a husband does lend additional life to the expression, and I am determined to secure Lieut. Avery, if possible. Such another match may not present itself until I am left in the shade by the flight of time."

"The task seems easy now, for, judging from appearances, I should say that he was as anxious to win you for his wife as you are to secure him for a husband. I hope you will succeed, for he is a splendid man, and very wealthy, too; besides, his family are very aristocratic. I only hope you may succeed."

"How pleasant it is to have a dear, kind mother like you to talk to so freely, as I do to you. I always tell you all my plans and thoughts."

"Yes, yes," replied the old lady, half absently, "But I wish I knew if Lieut. Avery was a church member, and of what persuasion he was. I do hope he is a Unitarian, for they are the only true believers."

"Well, I do not feel like a religious discussion; and so while I go to the garden for strawberries, you will hasten the preparations for the completion of my new riding-habit, please."

Mrs. Vane withdrew to the little back parlor, where Miss Alstien was usually to be found busily engaged with the family sewing. Miss Amy Alstien was a distant cousin of Isabel Vane, she had been left homeless at the age of fourteen, and Mrs. Vane had kindly offered her a home with her; but as she grew older, year by year, she had become more perfectly the slave of the beautiful but proud Isabel. She preferred this life of silent unhappiness to a struggle with the world, such as orphan girls usually have to meet. And now, when Isabel was twenty-five, her Cousin Amy was eighteen, and a more perfect contrast in seldom seen than that presented by those two girls. Isabel was tall, elegant in figure, with large, expressive dark eyes and heavy black hair, while her complexion was pure white and red. She was, in fact, an elegant-looking woman. In disposition she was haughty, proud, and willful, loving only her mother. Amy was a little pale, blue-eyed, rosy-lipped darling, with a slender, well-proportioned figure, and such glossy brown curls—abundant, wavy, and always nicely dressed! Her eyes were of that peculiar shade of

blue that reminds one of a cloudless summer sky—so clear, so pure, was their expression. She was very affectionate, and even loved her cousin Isabel, who had always treated her as a dependent, and never allowed her to share her pleasures. On this particular morning Amy had been deeply engaged in reading a very interesting treatise on the needs of the spiritual life, and of late she had become deeply interested in all that pertained to the new and beautiful theory that had instinctively crept into her heart. She was as yet unconscious of its power, and unable to analyze her own feelings; but every word or letter that threw light upon her own convictions of right was eagerly accepted.

When Mrs. Vane entered the back parlor, she was surprised at finding Amy so deeply interested in the pages of a book as to be unconscious of her entrance. She crept noiselessly to her side, and uttered an exclamation of horror as she glanced at the title of the book.

"Amy Alstien! You, you so deeply engaged in this work of Satan! Why, the very next thing I know, I shall have the spirits turning my house upside down. Throw that detestable book from the window into the street, and never touch it again."

"I cannot. It was lent me by a friend."

"Then return it as quickly as possible, and never again seek to inquire into the theory of this new doctrine."

Amy closed the book, and commenced the work ordered by Mrs. Alstien; but it was a weary task, with that bewildering book within reach of her hand! Later in the day Mrs. Vane and Isabel went away into the country to ride, and Amy, usually so faithful to her work, threw aside the costly fabric of crimson and green, and taking the bewitching book, softly stole into the parlor to read it, thinking that she could make up for lost time by later work in the evening. She was soon so deeply absorbed in its pages that she did not hear the sharp ring at the bell, nor heed the entrance into the room of Lieut. Avery. But when he spoke, she started suddenly, and hid her book beneath her apron like a frightened child.

"Pardon me, Miss Alstien; I have intruded. Learning from the servant that Mrs. Vane would soon be at home, I, with the privilege of an intimate friend, came to the parlor to await her return; but if I disturb you, I will take my leave."

"Oh, no! I must go into the back parlor immediately, and resume my sewing. I have a dress to finish for Miss Isabel, and Mrs. Vane told me to hurry to get it done; but I did so wish to read a few pages of this book, and as I read, I forgot everything but the words contained there; and now it is almost time for them to be home again."

"You can mention to your aunt that you have been reading; surely she will excuse you."

"Ah! but she forbade me to read another word of this book."

"Please let me look at it."

She timidly extended it, and when he saw the title page he smiled, and said:

"I am pleased to find you so deeply interested. I wrote that book myself."

"Did you? Then you must tell me all about this beautiful belief. I so long to learn of it!"

"I will; but first I have something else to say to you."

He then told her how he had been drawn to that house, day after day, by her sweet self; Mrs. Vane and her daughter thinking Isabel the attraction all the while. He could only now and then get a glimpse of her, but he determined to persevere; and when he found Mrs. Vane and Isabel to be absent that day, he entered, trusting to chance to bring Amy to him. He had found her, and would not let the opportunity pass without declaring his love for her, and asking her to be his wife. Isabel had manoeuvred until he had asked her to ride to the grove in the morning, to attend a picnic to be held there. Would Amy object to his fulfillment of the engagement?

"Certainly not!"

He drew her closely to him, and whispered words of tenderness common to young lovers, while she nestled fondly in his arms, blushing confessing that she had secretly loved him, even while she considered him to be her cousin Isabel's intended husband. They were engaged, and Lieut. Avery said he would define her position to the family on his return from the picnic on the following day.

When Mrs. Vane and Isabel returned, they went immediately to the little room where Amy sat sewing, having scarcely commenced the work left for her to do. Mrs. Vane scolded her in quite an unladylike manner, and Isabel said:

"What have you been doing all the morning, you lazy thing? Reading that infernal book, I suppose. Here—I'll take it."

She seized the book, and as Amy sprang forward to take it from her, fearful of its receiving injury, the fair Isabel struck her a heavy blow with it, in her anger, and then dashed from the room, angrily exclaiming:

"I shall not be able to wear my new riding-habit to-morrow. Such a splendid thing, too—dark green, with crimson trimmings. Nothing else will become my complexion like that. The lazy thing! Why didn't you stay at home and see to it yourself, mamma?"

"There now, my dear, don't give way to your temper. I will make her sit up to-night until it is done, and I will help her to-morrow. So rest easy; you shall have the dress for to-morrow."

The spoiled beauty was somewhat pacified by this, and still retaining the book, she sought her chamber. The servant met her on the stairs and announced the arrival of Lieut. Avery, when she immediately retraced her steps. She met the gentleman with a smiling face, quite unaware that he had heard her loud talk in the hall, and was mentally congratulating himself on his fortunate selection of the gentle Amy in preference to the high-toned beauty before him. He observed the book in her hand, and remarked:

"You sometimes read of Spiritualism, then?"

"Ma! No indeed! This book I picked up accidentally, not observing its title even."

"Have you read any of it?"

"I never desire to read such nonsense as that contains. I have heard enough of Spiritualism without reading of it."

"We shall hear a lecture of that kind at the grove to-morrow, if we remain long enough."

"Lieut. Avery, do you believe in this new doctrine?"

"Most assuredly I do! And I wish you would study into its truths; you are prejudiced now."

"If it is your wish, I will learn all of it that is possible."

She excused herself from the room soon after, and going to her mother's room, said:

"Now what do you think, mamma? Lieut. Avery is a Spiritualist!"

"Impossible!"

"He is. He has just told me so himself, and wished me to become interested in its truths. I think there is no truth about it, but shall have to pretend to believe it, I suppose. He is too good a catch to lose for a little matter of opinion that I can soon remedy after I am his wife."

"You are right, my love. Go down now and question him about the 'beautiful truths.' He will tell you, and perhaps in explaining to you this religion he will hasten his proposal."

But Mrs. Vane and Isabel were disappointed. Lieut. Avery never went beyond the bounds of friendly politeness, and on this occasion he seemed to be absent-minded, often calling her Amy instead of Isabel. She was vexed, and observed:

"I should think your mind was filled with some Amy to-day."

"It is; and to-morrow I will tell you something that may surprise you."

Isabel blushed, thinking he intended to tell her of his love and ask her to be his wife; and she was more than ever determined to have the new dress of crimson and green to wear on that occasion.

As soon as Lieut. Avery left the house, Isabel went to the sewing-room, where she found Amy alone, with a purple bruise upon her forehead. She asked how it came there.

"You very well know, Isabel. It was caused by that blow I received from your hand, with the book I should be glad to have you return. You have always treated me as a slave, Isabel. I have borne your injustice, but now I will not be so. I have just read of the new doctrine, and I have blown it into your face."

"As much as you please, fair heroine of the purple bump," tauntingly returned Isabel.

Amy only wept in silence, and thought of the morrow.

Isabel awoke early, and on going to the little parlor found Amy asleep in her chair. She had not gone to bed, but when the last stitch was taken in the garment which Isabel was to wear at the picnic, she had closed her eyes and leaned back in her chair to dream of the tender words of her promised husband, and had fallen asleep.

Isabel was angry with her for having remained in her chair after the dress was finished, and was also annoyed at the purple mark upon her forehead. She shook her rudely, saying:

"Why don't you go to bed, Amy?"

Amy opened her clear, blue eyes, and answered:

"I have slept two hours or more. I shall not sleep more until night."

And she thought of the explanation Lieut. Avery had promised to make Mrs. Vane and Isabel, wondering if they would be angry, and half dreading the interview, yet wishing it was over.

After breakfast Lieut. Avery called for Isabel, who, not being quite ready, sent a message for him to wait in the parlor until she came down. He went into the sewing-room, where he knew he should find Amy, and, bending low to kiss her pale forehead, observed the purple mark.

"Amy, darling, what is this?"

"Only the result of an unfortunate accident."

"I am sorry. You will be in the parlor when we return, please. I wish you were going. After to-day, darling, no woman but you ever goes with me. I wonder if Isabel would consent to your going with us to-day?"

"No indeed! Nor do I wish to go. I should be sorry to spoil her last day of enjoyment with you."

"And you are not a bit jealous?"

"Of you? Never."

"One more good-bye kiss, and I must be gone. I shall speak at the grove this morning, and then hasten our return."

He entered the parlor, and in a few moments Isabel joined him, resplendent in her new dark green riding-habit. The crimson trimmings added just color enough to suit her complexion. The dark plume of her hat swept the pink-tinted cheek, and truly she never looked more lovely than at that moment. But Lieut. Avery had no eyes for her dark beauty. His heart was with the little blue-eyed Amy in Mrs. Vane's back parlor, and he wove bright dreams of the change his love should make in her fortunes, as he rode beside Isabel toward the grove. She thought him unusually silent, but decided it was in consequence of that something he had promised to tell her.

When they reached the grove Lieut. Avery procured her a fine seat in the shade, near the stand erected for the speakers, and telling her that the duties of the day would keep him away from her for an hour, he ascended the platform, where the speakers were already seated, and, to her surprise, opened the exercises, afterward making a powerful speech, which was warmly applauded by the people assembled. Isabel was proud of him, and more determined than ever to secure him.

After numerous speakers had addressed the audience, all dispersed to seek the refreshments so bountifully provided, and Isabel expressed a wish to return home. She wished the quiet of her cool parlor, to give Lieut. Avery an opportunity to tell her what he had hinted at the day previous. He asked her into the saddle, and

they were soon at home. While Isabel had gone to her room to exchange her riding-habit for a home dress, Amy stole into the parlor, and Lieut. Avery rose to meet her. He pressed her for a moment to his heart, and then led her to a seat beside him on the sofa. Mrs. Vane and Isabel were both surprised when they came into the room a few moments afterward, to see the modest Amy sitting beside the latter's intended. But they were still more so when he said:

"Mrs. Vane, I have a favor to ask of you: I wish to remove your niece to my own home as soon as the necessary preparations can be made. Do you consent?"

"I do not quite understand. Did you say my niece?"

"Your niece, Miss Amy Alstien, who is my betrothed bride."

Then turning to Isabel he said:

"You remember I told you I should surprise you to-day?"

Mrs. Vane quickly recovered herself, and said she was very happy that Amy had found so desirable a companion, and her consent was gladly given. Isabel also offered her congratulations, and the two baffled women concealed their real feelings so well that Lieut. Avery thought he had wrought them when he suspected them of designs upon his fortune for Isabel. After he had gone, promising to come again in the evening, Mrs. Vane and Isabel were quite altered in their manner toward Amy. She was their "dear friend," and Isabel even asked her to forgive her hasty temper and its consequences, and made her promise not to tell her intended husband about the cruel blow she had received, the traces of which were rapidly disappearing.

A month after the Spiritualist picnic Lieut. Avery bore to his elegant home the orphan girl, now a happy wife. Isabel Vane was first bridesmaid, and is a frequent visitor at the house of her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Avery, of —. She has become softened toward the new religion—as all unbelievers will in time—but has not accepted the faith yet; perhaps she is waiting a convenient season.

The Lecture Room.

LECTURE BY HON. JUDGE EDMONDS.

The newly organized Society known as the "Williamsbrough Spiritualist Society," held its first meeting Wednesday evening, May 1st, in Continental Hall, Fourth street, Williamsbrough, N. Y., to hear a lecture on Spiritualism by Hon. Judge Edmonds, of New York.

The hall, says the Brooklyn Daily Times, from which we copy the Judge's remarks, was much crowded, not alone by Spiritualists, but by others drawn thither by the fame of the lecturer.

Mr. Henry Wilt, in introducing the speaker, said he had rented the hall and engaged to provide speakers for every meeting for one year, and pay all expenses, upon condition that fifty members would agree to pay five dollars each in advance, and twenty-five cents per month thereafter, or such sums as would be equivalent thereto, empowering him at the same time to choose an advisory associate committee to assist him in the performance of the serious duties the position required. This proposition was accepted by a perfectly unanimous vote, and the meetings will hereafter continue every Wednesday evening.

JUDGE EDMONDS'S ADDRESS.

It is not often of late I have spoken on Spiritualism to a large congregation. I once lectured through the whole country, but lately I have lectured on it but seldom. I do it now because an effort is being made here to have the truth spoken once a week. Next Sunday I shall speak on the subject of a hall in New York. I only speak occasionally. Such organizations as this are advantageous. We have no desire to build up a sect or party. It has been objected that our aim is to create a sect or party; also that our tenets are antagonistic to Christianity. These are erroneous ideas. About twenty years ago Spiritualism became noticed. It manifested itself at first in a humble way. The Rochester knockings caused much notoriety. The spread of the doctrine of Spiritualism since then is perfectly wonderful. These manifestations were at first rude. Tables would move, &c. Then mental manifestations came. Persons spoke, inspired and impelled by some independent of themselves. So wide-spread has it become, that I am justified in saying that nothing in the history of man can compare with it. Already the Spiritualists in the United States outnumber the Catholics and Protestants together. At the meeting of the Roman Catholic Bishops at Baltimore recently, the first object was to ascertain the religious condition of the people, and it was found that Catholics and Protestants numbered less than nine millions, but that the Spiritualists numbered between ten and eleven millions, and have more than fifty thousand mediums. This statement comes from those who are not friendly to Spiritualism. I have seen it in politics. Twelve years ago I told a man, who is now a distinguished member of Congress, to advocate the Anti-Slavery cause; that when the people got a chance they would lay their hand upon slavery and kill it. This was twelve years ago. Nearly three months ago, a clergyman came to me and wanted to know why he should not abandon his priesthood and college and preach Spiritualism. Many, like Nicodemus, have come to me in the night and asked how can these things be?

A few weeks ago, a writer says I said there were five millions of Spiritualists. He could not believe it, and he thought it was extravagant of me to say so. I did say it five or six years ago. Our minister to Japan has told me he has read the Catholic and Protestant numbers less than nine millions. I have heard of my books being found in whole ships, etc. I know they have been translated into the Russian, and I am in receipt of letters from all parts of the world. Last year I received from London a book by a lady traveling, who said that there was no town or city of any magnitude in Europe, where there were not Spiritualists; she had heard of them in nine different languages. Three hundred years after the birth of Christ, Christianity had not made the progress made by Spiritualism in the same length of time. In various languages the truth is being preached to men. What is it? That is the great question. We have duty to perform. It is not proselytism. Our duty is to tell the truth as it

comes to us; to give it free to man as it is given free to us, and let it work. I found it a source of happiness to me, but it is no consequence to me whether any one received it or not. We do not want to thrust it on any one. But what is it that is in our midst and imposes this duty? It is generally supposed to be antagonistic to Christianity, and many persons therefore reject it. I once lectured in Dayton, Ohio. Every newspaper there was busy and every clergyman was busy trying to keep the people from going to hear me. They even said I was not Judge Edmonds. Not succeeding by these means they got up a false alarm of fire, and that cleared the room. Yet, in spite of all this, the thing has gone on. It moves as Galileo said of the earth, when he was under the ban of the Inquisition. What is the Christian religion? It is comprehended in the few words, *Love God and your neighbor*. There is in Spiritualism nothing but what tends to sanctify and enforce these obligations. Nothing in it conflicts with Christianity. The grand doctrine taught to many centuries hence, and years ago, have been trampled by the contraction of men's minds; but the time comes when men's minds will be free and unfettered. Freedom of heart and conscience is that which Spiritualism teaches. Let every man work out his own salvation; let every man be responsible for his own fate. The Pagans long ago worshipped fire, and the sun as the Great Creator. The instinct of worship is implanted in every soul. Devotion is the badge of the Divine Spirit that is within us. Centuries ago it showed itself in the worship of images; then of the deities, &c. As the world advanced men found something beyond those, and then came what the Greeks called *Logos* or the Word, and the Romans, *Vato*. They were conscious of beings superior to themselves, and called them their gods. Some four thousand years ago there came a revelation to man, not through the instrumentality of Nature, who but

And half conceals the truth within.

Nature never could satisfy man. The revelation which was the Revelation of our God, came from beyond the grave. Then came the revelation of existence beyond the grave. Through Plato, Pythagoras, Confucius, Zoroaster and Jesus, came that revelation. It culminated in Jesus.

Various sects have arisen in the world, but all believe in existence beyond the grave. Two revelations had come: that of the existence of a Supreme Ruler and of existence beyond the grave. What is the future life, and how is man to be prepared for it? The Jewish religion tells nothing of these things. Some four thousand years ago man got ready to receive the revelation of the existence of a Supreme Being, and two thousand years afterward the revelation of existence after death. And now comes the revelation of the nature of this existence. It is now five or six hundred years since the attempt was first made to teach us what this existence is. The revelation can only come by and through intelligences. No operation of God takes place, except through some of the new revelation, and we are to receive instrumentalities that do not terrify us. Can you receive revelation from the earthquake or the thunder, rather than from your wife or your child? One speaks to the heart and the other to the fear. The terrible miracles wrought in Egypt made no converts. About five hundred or six hundred years ago the effort was made, and the Pope issued his bull against what was called the hammer of witchcraft, and in the name of witchcraft five or six millions of people were sacrificed, martyrs to truth. The world not being ready to receive the revelation, destroyed the instrumentalities. In this country, too, people were sacrificed. Never until within the last quarter of a century and in a portion of that time has the world been so free. Now freedom is now found in the neighborhood of Boston than elsewhere. Now in Europe and elsewhere men are ten or twelve years behind us in the character of their development—are where we were about twelve years ago. They are bothering themselves about table-moving. The first thing was to establish the fact of communication with the spirits of the departed. I was fifty years old and all my life had been engaged in intellectual pursuits. I considered myself intellectually strong; I could not believe in any absurdities I heard preached; I cannot believe what I cannot understand. Believing is not volition with me. I was converted by intelligence conveyed by rapping. The intelligence conveyed was a transcript of my secret thoughts. Here was a strong man converted from infidelity by an intelligence which spoke his inmost thoughts. When the spirit says to me "I lived with you in terms of enduring affection for thirty years," and stated what none but she and I knew together—I knew what she said was true. If she says, "it is me," my conclusion, What is there in nature outside of such an instrumentality as this, which can convey this revelation? If there is such a thing as life beyond the grave, no matter what the instrumentality, if I am only satisfied there is a communication between those here and the intelligences beyond the grave, it follows that the intelligence is immortal. Then if they can speak to us they can tell us what the future existence is. What are the three scores years here, when compared to eternity? We are in the contemplation of eternity. Now comes the revelation what the immortality is: all the three revelations are as simple as the command, *Love God and one another*. Men say it is profane to pry into the mysteries of God. And is it possible that God has given us reason and capacity and not the liberty to use them? No; there is nothing that God has created but we may inquire into as far as we have the capacity to do so.

The miracles revealing to man his immortality. But the inanimate matter, moving without human agency, are but instrumentalities to carry out the purpose, because men are now ready to receive it. Men and women who once made these manifestations two hundred and fifty years ago, were slain; so in Europe, and indeed throughout Christendom. In this country the human mind is more free than elsewhere, and therefore the manifestations came to us by apparent preference. I would not belong to any congregation, sect or party; but where two or three are gathered together, the spirit is in the midst. It is in the private circle the manifestation occurs—in the family where a bereavement has taken place. There spirits of the departed manifest themselves. There is no objection to any sect; we build up no sect; make no war upon Christianity. We ask for no sect, party or power. All we ask from man, is what we have from God, protection; and every one is free to act according to his own conviction of what is right. If knowing in some churches persons find things that are offensive; our meetings offer an acceptable substitute, and let every one bear in mind that there can be no atonement for sin, except in himself. [With emphasis.] We are to work out our own salvation to prepare ourselves for this existence, the nature of which is revealed to us. This is the object of Spiritualism.

Thanks be to God that He has rolled away the stone from the sepulchre and illumined the grave with light from on high. To Him be all glory and honor, forever and ever.

When is a tombstone like a rushlight? When it is set up for a late husband.

The New York Evening Gazette tells you ladies what to beware of if they would have fresh, healthy and youthful appearance: "Late hours, large crinoline, tight corsets, confections not bread, cold draughts, pastry, decolette dress, modern novels, furnace registers, easy carriage seats, suppers, thin shoes, fear of knowledge, nibbling between meals, ill temper, haste to marry, dread of growing old."

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 39,
Station D, New York City.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearths, angels that are to be,
Or may be they will, and we grope
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(Lionel Hunt.)

(Original.)

BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS.

Narcissus.

This spring flower is nodding its head in many a garden, and looking up with its clear eye to the heavens. The Daffodil, the Jonquil, the Polyanthus are all species of the genus Narcissus. But the poet's Narcissus is a white flower with a purple centre, and it has a pretty story of its own, which is well worth knowing.

Like the other flowers that have found a name from some imaginary history, this one takes us back to the days of Grecian mythology, and we can learn in its story what men thought and believed two thousand years ago.

There was said to have been a beautiful nymph who haunted the woods and hills, and sported in the beautiful places by streams. Her name was Echo. But like many fair maidens she had one great fault. She loved gossip, and she would have the last word.

One day Jupiter was amusing himself with the nymphs, and Juno was displeased, so Echo undertook to detain Juno, by chatting with her until the nymphs should have time to leave Jupiter alone. This she did, but Juno discovered her cunning and determined to punish Echo; and a severe punishment she gave her.

"You shall no more use your tongue except to reply. You shall always have the last word." Was not this a hard fate, never to be able to speak, but forever to wait, and to answer back only another's words?

Narcissus was a beautiful youth who loved hunting, and followed the chase into the mountains. Echo saw him, and his noble manner and his fine countenance seemed to her like the realization of all her dreams. She felt lonely, and longed for companionship, and she desired to speak to the youth, but she had no power. He lost his way and shouted, and Echo repeated his words. "Who's here?" said Narcissus. "Here," responded Echo. "Come," said the youth. "Come," answered Echo.

Thus he called and Echo answered, until she really began to think that he desired her presence, and she went to him with a thrill of joy, thinking how blessed it would be at last to have sweet companionship.

But Narcissus was not only cold, he was rude; he even pushed her away, and what was most mortifying, as he said, "I would rather die than you should have me," she repeated, "Have me." She was so humiliated and so grieved, that she retired at once to solitary places, and frequented caves and mountain cliffs. At last she so pined away, that her flesh disappeared, and her bones were changed into rocks, and only her voice remained, which forever haunts the loved places of her grief, and repeats the last word.

Is not this a poetic fancy to account for the reflection of sound, which science now tells us is caused by some obstacle which interposes itself and sends the sound back again, so that the words we speak are repeated, and sometimes re-repeated?

But this was not the end of the cruel but handsome Narcissus. Another fair maiden was charmed with him, but he repelled her with scorn, and the maiden prayed earnestly to the avenging goddess that Narcissus might love some one and meet no return of love.

A most singular revenge was granted by the goddess. As Narcissus was hunting one day, he came to a beautiful fountain. It was as clear as silver, and was sheltered by the rocks, and on its borders grew the fresh green grass. Narcissus stooped to drink, and saw his own image reflected therein. He thought it was some fair maiden, some water-spirit, whose home was the fountain. The maiden's prayer was answered. He loved the image of himself. As he stooped to kiss what he believed to be another's beautiful face, the lips disappeared, and the waters gave back only troubled ripples.

But he haunted the fountain, he talked with the imaginary being, he pined and sickened, his tears dropped upon and disturbed the beautiful image. Echo heard all, and as he sighed she repeated with real feeling his latest sigh. Poor Narcissus found no solace, and at last he died. The nymphs mourned for him, and prepared to burn his body, but as they sought it, it was nowhere to be found, but in its place was a new and beautiful flower, with white petals and purple heart, and forever does it bear the sweet name and tell the pitiful story.

Such is the Grecian history of this pretty flower. Many poets have celebrated the story or alluded to it in verse—Milton, Cowper, Goldsmith—and every one can feel the poetry of the flower. It seems that the ancients thought it a sad fate to be in love with one's own self. There was no help for poor Narcissus, when he once felt the full power of loving his own beauty.

And just as true is it to-day. The moment one begins to bow down and admire himself, from that moment he becomes a useless being. I don't think he could even expect that a sweet flower would arise from the ashes of his buried usefulness.

Can you not imagine how the Grecian mothers told this story to their pretty daughters, warning them not to become charmed by their own looks, but to seek higher and nobler objects of love in the cultivation of their minds and their hearts?

Poor Echo, too, no doubt, was used as a warning to those busy tongues that could not be still long enough for any serious thinking, and for those willful little ones that wanted the last word.

Perhaps there may be some in our day whom the Grecian Fable will serve; for two thousand years have not made handsome young men and women free from vanity, or made girls and boys always willing to listen to the wise words of others.

(Original.)

HOW BIRDS MADE A BISHOP.

A Bishop had for his coat of arms two birds called fieldfares, with the motto, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing." The reason for this device will be found in the following true story:

A little boy, whose parents were poor, lived in a small village on the banks of the Danube. As soon as he was old enough to find the way home, he was sent out to gather fags to burn, and when a little older he was compelled to pick juniper berries, that they might be sold to a distiller near by, and thus a little money be added for the family necessities.

The little boy trudged off daily to his task, and as he went toward the trees—the fruit from which

his little hands were to convert into solid comfort for his home, in the shape of bread and a new suit of clothes—he was obliged to pass by the village school.

The windows were open, and he could hear the boys reciting their lessons, and he longed to enter and be among them; but he well knew that there was no use in asking his father to send him to school, for he was too poor to pay for his instruction. But as he picked his berries he kept thinking, and wondering if he could not find some way to become one of the scholars. These thoughts sometimes filled his mind all day, so that he could find no real pleasure in the sights and sounds about him. The birds that came to share the juniper berries became familiar to him, but their cunning ways could not charm him from his one great desire to learn to read. The wishes of his soul became a constant prayer, which the Providence of his life stood ready to answer.

As he was walking sadly home one day, he saw two of the boys of the school trying to catch some fieldfares. He asked them what they were doing, and they told him that their teacher was very fond of them, and that they were seeking to please him by catching them.

"And will he not be pleased if I carry some to him?" said the boy to himself; "and if he is pleased, perhaps he will teach me."

These little birds were in the habit of frequenting the juniper wood, and the next day he had no trouble in catching two in a basket. He tied an old handkerchief over the basket and went to the house of the schoolmaster and presented his gift.

As he stood before the master barefooted and ragged, he thought, "This boy expects to be paid for this work, and sadly he needs a little money."

"Tell me your price, my boy, and I will pay you."

"But if you please, I will give them to you," said the boy.

"But you don't look as if you could afford to make presents; set your price on the birds. Don't be afraid that I won't pay it."

"But, sir, I like best to give them to you."

"What a strange boy! Then tell me what I can do for you; surely there is something that I can give you."

"Yes, sir, there is something I want more than anything in the world—more than the new clothes my father has promised to me when I have earned them picking juniper berries."

"What is it you want?"

"Oh, sir, teach me to read," and the boy fell on his knees, repeating, "teach me to read."

The teacher was a kind man, and readily promised, and the boy came every leisure hour he could get to learn, for he was not able to give up his occupation of juniper gathering.

His progress was very rapid, for he loved every task which the schoolmaster gave him, and learned with a hearty will and an earnest purpose. His progress so pleased the teacher that he recommended him to a nobleman as one deserving better opportunities than he could find by his father's means.

The gentleman sent the boy to school, where he rose so rapidly that he soon became distinguished. He went from rank to rank of scholarship, graduated, and was made Bishop.

But he did not forget his two fieldfares, the little birds that led him to his first lesson. He honored them as best he could by taking them upon his escutcheon, and bearing them as his watchword to remind him of the Power that in caring for the field sparrow will never forget the poor but earnest spirit, but lead it through its own efforts to the good it seeks.

But there are some that are thus led that forget the steps by which they traveled, and despise the small beginning of their better days and wish to forget it and keep it from the world. In this respect, the Bishop was a noble example, being willing to tell from whence he sprang and by what little ways he came to his honors and his wealth.

(Original.)

AMBER—ITS ORIGIN.

This gem is at present considered very fashionable. It is imitated in many forms, and enters into the stylish attire of many a young lady, who, perhaps, would like to know something about the real gem.

It is found in North America, China, Siberia, Sicily, &c. There is no doubt but it is the petrified resin of a tree. It is found in numerous fragments, lying between the trunks of amber trees. It is probable that the large masses flowed from the trunk, and the smaller fragments from the branches.

A great quantity of amber is thrown up by the Baltic Sea. This is probably owing to the existence of a considerable bed which was probably once a forest on some island.

It is a beautiful gem, but not very generally worn, and is believed to have great magnetic power, and to be of great service when worn about the throat in any weakness of that organ.

It has been celebrated by poets, and who has not read or sung Moore's "Araby's Daughter," in which he makes amber to be the crystallized tears of the sea-bird?

LITTLE DANDELION.

Gay little Dandelion

Lights up the meads,

Swings on her slender foot,

Telleth her beads.

List to the robin's note

Poured from above;

Wise little Dandelion

Asks not for love.

Cold lie the daisy banks,

Cold and in green,

Where in the days ago

Bright hues were seen.

Wild pinks are slumbering,

Violets delay;

True little Dandelion

Greeteth the May.

Brave little Dandelion!

Fast falls the snow,

Denseth the daffodil's

Haughty head low.

Under that fleecy tent,

Careless of cold,

Blithe little Dandelion

Counteth her gold.

Meek little Dandelion

Groweth more fair

Till dries the amber dew

Out from her hair.

High rides the thirteenth sun

Pierceth and high;

Faint little Dandelion

Closeth her eye!

Pale little Dandelion,

In her white shroud,

Heareth the angel breeze

Chill from the cloud!

Tiny plumes fluttering,

Make no delay;

Little winged Dandelion

Southward away!

Hymns for Mothers and Children.

An exchange, in speaking of the magical strains

of a hand-organ, says: "When he played 'Old

Dog Tray,' we noticed eleven pairs sitting in front

of the machine on their haunches, brushing the

tears from their eyes with their fore paws."

Written for the Banner of Light.

RESIGNATION.

BY DR. HELEN.

Sitting alone in the twilight,
And hearing the tread of feet,
With the tones of changing voices
Below, in the busy street,
Heeding them not, only thinking
How the days are drifting by,
Like leaves on the breath of autumn,
Like clouds in a stormy sky;
Drifting away with the treasures
That I vainly sought to hold,
Counting them over and over,
As a miser counts his gold;
Saying, "I crave but little;
Let all things else depart,
So these I safely folded
Within my passionate heart.
Alas for the worldly wisdom
Prompting the weak desire
To keep any earthly blessing
From Time's refining fire.
Let them go, though Life's deep music
In its sweetest tone be stayed,
And the heart in its bereavement
Refuseth all human aid,
And turns with a thrill of anguish
To take up the broken thread;
Not even discerning dimly
The light gleaming far ahead—
The very light that is needed
To answer our wild demands,
And give us strength to finish
The work in our nerveless hands.
Why brood over lost heart-treasures
With such deep, regretful pain?
They filled their beautiful mission,
So came to us not in vain.
From the soul's unswollen fountain
They have called forth latent powers,
And left in their wake a fragrance
As sweet as the breath of flowers.
Des Moines, Ia., April 25, 1887.

Reply to Dr. Horton.

BY JOHN ELLIS.

"THIS IS THE QUESTION: THIS IS THE OUSCURING CLOUD." What? "Matter can and does think—that is to say, matter organized by Deity; that the mind, soul or spirit commenced to be formed in early life, through the medium of the senses; that the soul had not a previous state of existence; or if it had, we, in our present state, had no consciousness of such existence; and therefore it was no concern of ours."

The Doctor thinks it a legitimate deduction to say that

"That which had a beginning must have an end; that when the body ceased to exist, as an active, organized being, the soul, consequently, which had its beginning with the body and was dependent on it, must also cease to exist."

I glory in such thinking men as Dr. Horton. Continue, to think, my dear sir, and you will as surely think into your own full satisfaction, as you are now satisfied of night and day.

MAN NEVER DIES! This is a knowledge I possess, my dear sir, and not a faith. Now if it be fact and knowledge we seek for, we must fly at once to God's immutable laws as manifest in all Nature. And what do we find here as proof of man's immortality? Let us see. A law in vegetable physiology proves to me and all men, if the practical mechanical operation be performed of fecundating two varieties of the same species the progeny is an organized body—a seed. Shall we say this seed did not exist before? It was seed before the sexual union was effected; the only apparent change is in the external form. The union of the seeds in sexuality is merely to convey or carry on the life principle, the spirit, the never-dying power, the preservation power. How do I know this? Because I find that in the organized seed, the cotyledons hold this, and retain this same preservation power until the germ, the embodiment of the prior seeds sexualized, absorb it therefrom. This spiritual essence, the life support to all germs in all seeds, ever accompanies them; it never falls, nor ever leaves the plant! The germ that has absorbed from the cotyledons this wonderful and mighty God-power, the moment it enters into a new world of Earth and Air, leaves behind it the body organism of its previous part self, and there stands glorifying God for the wonderful change He has wrought in its plant organism—standing, living and growing in a new world in its own positive identity with a new body absorbed from an old one, for there is the old husk or shell I came from—the cotyledon! Seed I was, seed I am. Who can tell when I was begun, and who will say when I shall end? Who shall dare say that I, a majestic oak as you now please to call me, shall cease to exist after a hundred years are gone, and all this mighty organism lies mouldering in the dust? By what law do you arrive at such conclusions? I, oak as I am, know better, for, think ye, the God who brought me and my mighty present organism out of that puny body cotyledon—out of such an insignificant body—and has endowed my identity with such wonderful properties to become what I now am, from the law of analogy, my present organism must of necessity contain properties that shall clothe my identity with a still more beautiful form. My identity existed when I was pollen, and passing through a law of sexuality never altered my identity; it gave me another organic form, consequently I never had a beginning, and if the law of analogy be a truth, shall never have an end.

Identity seems to be stamped on the never-dying principle; we may call the latter, spirit or soul. I understand the terms as the same. It is not here necessary to show or prove from whence came the first tree or plant, as part proof in this illustration of God's works; for it seems that Dr. Horton believes already in "beginnings," and "ends."

Do we not seem to forget that spirit, or soul, is increased prior to, and as well as organized bodies? Do not let us confound the terms spirit and life. Life is the element sustaining body corporeal, and spirit or soul is supplied, developed, and perfected from, and by, the refined elements of this human body. The external of all seeds are preserved and fed by surrounding external elements; the cotyledons are preserved and power given them to move and expand through the agency of heat and moisture, the spirit germ of positive identity then immediately feeds, and absorbs from this body until it abstracts all the constituent elements contained in that body necessary to its germ spirit development into this world of earth, air, heat, light and moisture. The husk body returning to earth, for earth it is. This is the natural law as I find it in the vegetable world.

By this never-deviating law of God, we not only see that the spirit or soul of things is fed and developed from an anterior body, but we see also that the spiritual part is endowed with properties that will and do extract the constituent elements from the old organism into which a new or-

ganism is made and most wonderfully perfected! Who would believe it possible, were it not within our power to prove it, that from the eggs of butterflies come these seemingly detestable caterpillars? yet within their bodies are contained all the elements embryotic of the most beautiful butterfly. All we know of this is that at a certain period of their life they crawl away to hide in seclusion, and when handled seem half dead; then in a little while we find a chrysalis—a body produced from the previous one, and the old shell often beside of it. Then again we find that this chrysalis body produces still another body—the body of the beautifully painted butterfly.

I presume there is not a man in the world that could be made to believe this merely from a philosophical argument. We cannot see this wonderful change, neither have we reasoning faculties comprehensive enough to understand it, but there are the bodies—the shell one left behind to return to earth, and the living beautiful one starting up in the face—God's positive evidence that bodies do produce in upward and onward progression (through the powers endowed by the never-dying spirit) living organisms of identity, sublimated somewhat, in each change, and at the same time more beautiful.

This law of God, as I see it established through the whole of the vegetable and animal worlds, is worth more to man than all the riches the world is able to produce. For if God in His loving goodness produces the beautiful body of the butterfly from such a body as a caterpillar, is it reasonable to suppose that God—who has produced this wonderful body of man, and who has instituted the LAW of developing one body from the other—shall leave this greatest and highest work of His whole creation destitute of the very attributes He has endowed the caterpillar with? Never! It is illegitimate to suppose such a thing, when so much natural law and evidence is staring us in the face.

How can we say that "soul or spirit" is "commenced to be formed in early life." Is it not evident that spirit, or soul, is increased and multiplied by a law analogous to that which increases and multiplies the human, and all other animal bodies? Most certainly, to my mind. The one is not increased without the other. Matter and spirit are never separate. The manifestation, or the variation in human countenances, is the development of human constituents and not the variation of spirit or soul; neither does it follow that because souls or spirits are increased, that when an increase is effected that that is the moment of its origination. Not at all. All spirit is of God, part and particle are our souls of Him.

The blackest man-demon on this earth has wrapped up in his depravity the same God, soul or spirit as may at this moment be shining forth from the most holy and perfect spirit in that beautiful Summer-Land where we are all traveling. No variation to spirit, no beginning to spirit, nor no end of spirit.

The natural law governing man's external, is precisely the same in the vegetable as animal worlds. The manifestations of the law are the same, the only difference is in the forms given to bodies. We have shown how identity and spirit are transmitted and propagated in the vegetable world, also how the vegetable body is produced, and how the constituents of one body are extracted by the spirit to clothe itself with still another and more perfected body. It is exactly so with man. In sexuality, spirit or soul is transmitted (connected with matter of course) to, and in an embryotic body (egg). The never-varying properties of the spirit transmitted instantly begin to clothe themselves with a new body, which is then called fetus, and so continue until they have absorbed all the constituents from the body egg, and the moment this is effected, the infant man leaves this body and bursts forth into a new world! The old shell is left behind to go to earth just like the husk of the caterpillar. This first body of man is called placenta by physiologists.

Here, then, we see that in both the vegetable and animal worlds new bodies are being constantly produced from the constituent elements of the old ones, and seeing this fact and knowing also that it is effected through the peculiar endowments of our spirit or soul nature—what natural law is there in existence that will rob our spirits of these God-given properties, so that the soul must become defunct at that period of time we call the death of the body?

There is no such law, and to say so is to lie in the face of our Maker!

"That the mind, soul or spirit commenced to be formed in early life through the medium of the senses."

What senses are there in the liquid brain of the fetus infant on which the soul must be dependent?

"That the soul had not a previous state of existence; or if it had, we, in our present state, had no consciousness of such existence; and therefore it was no concern of ours."

As well may the butterfly contend that it had no previous existence, that it never had any other body than the one it carries about now sipping honey-dews with from flower to flower, but, because the butterfly is unconscious of its previous existence, is that proof that it never existed before? The superior intelligence to the butterfly smiles at its illogical reasoning, for it is known that this butterfly did exist before, and did have, and was produced from, an inferior organism.

Now suppose we waive the question of the existence of the soul previous to its incorporation with the body, and say the question as far as concerns ourselves is immaterial; immortality or a life hereafter is all that concerns us now, for we want to be immortal whether we own it or not. Here, then, we have illustrated the positive fact, as established in natural law, that from one body another is produced, and from the law of analogy it is legitimate to assert that when man's body ceases to be, a most glorious body shall be produced from it, and that we shall inhabit it in another and more beautiful world. For that world must and does contain in spirit form all that ever was and all that ever will be in this. Thanks be to our loving Father for His infinite goodness.

THIS IS THE QUESTION: THIS IS "NOT" THE OUSCURING CLOUD.
White Plains, N. Y.

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

The monarch, glittering with the pomp of state,
Wears the same flesh as those that die of hunger;

Like them, the worm shall be the loathsome mate,
When he resigns his glory to a younger.

The beauty, worshipped by the limner's eye,
On whom a hundred suitors gaze adoring,
Is sister to the hag, deformed, awry,
Who gathers in the road her scanty fring.

The scholar, glorying in the stamp of mind,
Master of all the wisdom time hath hoarded,
Is brother to the lamplight, untaught hind,
Whose vulgar name shall perish unrecorded.

Therefore, let human sympathies be strong,
Let each man share his welfare with his neighbor;
To the whole race heaven's bounteous gifts belong,
None may live idly while his fellow labors.

Letter from Henry T. Child, M. D.

LECTURES IN PHILADELPHIA.

During the past season we have had a very able course of lectures. Our audiences have been uniformly large and intelligent. Every one who has attended these lectures for a number of years has noticed that the audiences change each season and with each speaker. The course, which opened in September last by Bro. Randolph, was concluded in May. Time will not permit me to refer to all the able and instructive lectures that have been given on our rostrum this winter by the gentlemen above mentioned and Brothers Ballou, Fish, Peabody, Hayford and Davis, and Sisters Bullene, Hardinge, Townsend and Brigham, each of these having acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of our audiences.

Mrs. Nellie Temple Brigham was a stranger to us all, and, though quite young, holds a very high position as an inspirational speaker, and improvisatrice, giving at the close of each lecture an original poem.

I regret that some of these lectures and poems were not reported. I have taken a few notes, and, with your permission, will give them to your readers.

She said, "There are a great many persons in the church who will admit all the facts of modern Spiritualism, but exclaim with pious horror, 'They are all evil spirits that come back.' Now these people believe that God is the Shepherd and we are the sheep; and if the Shepherd leaves the door of the fold open so that ravening wolves come in and devour the sheep, who is most to blame?" Again:

Every sorrow is a beautiful key, which, if we take properly into our hands, will enable us to unlock a door which leads into a beautiful storehouse of blessings."

"You look upon the great snow-drifts in our Northern country, and think how cold and dreary they are, and suppose no good can come from them; but when you come to understand them better you will see that they are only the warm blanket which Mother Nature spreads tenderly and lovingly over her children, to protect them, and when the summer sunshine comes to melt them away, you will find greener grass and more beautiful flowers."

Through paths of intolerance and persecution we have come up to the glorious light of to-day."

"Man plays his part in the drama of life, and then steps behind the green curtain of the grave, when the Angel of Death reads its proclamation of emancipation to the soul and sets it free."

"Labor never degraded any human being, but our thoughts ought always to be above our labors."

"Who goes into a garden to look for withered leaves and unsightly bugs, will always find these, but those who seek beautiful buds and flowers will find these."

"This world seems like a great mirror, and as we stand up before it we make faces at it; it sends them back to us."

"We should never complain of the spirit-world until we cease to send the refuse of earth there."

"Things change; the ill was not always as pure and white as it is now; it grew out of the dark earth, and its green leaves pressed this soil, and its stem rose to catch sunbeams and the dew of heaven."

"The pasture of old theology is very old. It is a small place with a high wall around it, and the flocks that are in it have eaten the short dry grass for a long time. The shepherds that have been attending these do not often dare to come out and meet us on the plane of reason. They know that there are places where the walls are broken down and many of the sheep have got over, but they are afraid to leave the ninety and nine and go after these, for if they were to come out the whole flock would come after them, and having once tasted the green pastures of reason and walked by the still waters of revelation, they could never be taken back into the old, narrow fold and fed upon the dry grass and husks that are there."

"There is no such thing as total depravity. If you sink a shaft down deep into the most depraved human being, and take the lamp of love down there, you will always find a gleaming vein of pure gold which is beautiful amid its dark surroundings."

"A person once said: If I believed as you do, that there is no hell of fire and brimstone and no devil, I would go out and steal and lie and perhaps commit murder, because I should be forgiven. The reply was: Well, God knows that you would do these things, and so he lets you believe in a hell and a devil to restrain you. When you grow out of these conditions he will let you out of your present belief."

"Many persons take religion just as they do a life-preserver when they go on a journey, never wear it until the storm comes, and then expect to be saved by putting it on."

"The New Jerusalem is near us, but the tall oaks of our pride and selfishness stand between us and it, and unless we are willing to cut down these and let the beautiful flowers of charity and love and good works grow there, we cannot see it."

"Do not like to see a man in a boat on the ice well attempt to take the ice upon the river by throwing sharp hail-stones upon it; the more you throw upon it the thicker the ice will become."

"There is an infinite variety in Nature. She has never made anything yet that she believed to be perfect enough to repeat."

I have many more of these gems of thought, but this is enough for the present.

Matters in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1867.

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All letters and communications intended for the Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to Luther Colby.

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

Discussing the Indians.

The case of the Red Men is at length getting fairly discussed. When we set the ball a-rolling in the columns of the BANNER, a few designed to glance at the subject, as if it were of but mean importance; some papers sneered and jeered at us, among which was an obscure print out in Kansas, who thought we knew nothing about the Indian, and most were silent, content to let the matter take care of itself. But now we witness a general eruption of serious talk on the subject of Indian wars and the general treatment of the Indians, which promises to lead to the best results. For ourselves, we took hold of this discussion because it was an act of justice to see that a down-trodden race had their wrongs righted. We are conscious of being moved thereto by no other motive or consideration whatever. And we shall be rejoiced beyond measure if it turns out, as we predicted it would, that public attention has finally been aroused to that pitch where it is possible no longer to permit such proceedings as have disgraced us as a nation.

Gen. Sherman now sends word from the far West that we can have an Indian war or not, just as we choose; but he rather thinks we shall not have one. Now that is a pretty way for a general officer of the Government to handle a matter of such importance to the red men, if not to the white ones. Who ever before heard such a subject spoken of by public dignitaries in so indifferent, if not positively cold-blooded a strain? We have already noticed the visit of Gen. Hancock and a circle of officers to the different tribes, to find out, if possible, where the trouble lies, that it may be corrected. The speech of San-tan-ta, the Big Chief of the Kiowas, has been duly reported and commented on by the papers. He talks the thing right out, laying the blame where it belongs—on the dishonest and treacherous agents of the Government who keep back the regular annuities. As for the complaints made against the Cheyennes, he says they did not burn one of the overland stations, as charged, until they had first suffered by the burning of one of their own villages. But what was an Indian village burned for? a reader may ask. For no reason in the world but because the Indians declined to allow the soldiers to visit their camp, among their women and children. The whole trouble now is in consequence of dishonesty on the part of regularly appointed agents. And behind them stand greedy traders, with stocks of worthless goods, which they are ready to peddle out at an enormous profit to a poor class of beings who are powerless, but in the way of war, to help themselves.

The New York World says "there can be no doubt that San-tan-ta, unconsciously, perhaps, thus stated the cause of all our troubles with the Indians." And it adds with perfect truth and justice: "The policy of the Government toward them has been most reprehensible, in that it has afforded dishonest white men opportunities to enrich themselves at the expense of the red men; and when any of the latter, in turn, have ventured to take the matter of redress into their own hands, the result has been a wholesale slaughter of the poor wretches and the destruction of their homes." In these views the Tribune, Herald and Times all coincide. It is time the Indian was dealt by justly.

The Season's Promises.

Almost every one has been going through a long book of lamentations, of late, over the excessively wet spell of weather that has prevailed for fully a month past; but there is a compensation in the fact that grass and the trees never before looked so finely, and nature never seemed so full of lusty vigor and life. From the great grain-bearing sections of the country, the reports of the new products are full to overflowing with promise. Unless unforeseen occurrences hinder, we are to have gathered into our national granaries next fall such an amount of corn and rye and wheat as never gladdened the heart of husbandman before. It is ennobling to the feelings to think of it. After so much scarcity of flour everywhere, and actual famine, extending through one section of the land, it is reviving indeed to hear it said that grain will be raised this year on an unparalleled scale. May heaven continue to bless the labors of the husbandman to the fulfillment of the harvest.

Peace in Europe.

The Luxembourg trouble is at an end. The chief parties to it have regularly signed the treaty drawn up at the assembly of the powers in London, and for the present certainly there will be no war. The Czar of Russia and the King of Prussia are going to Paris to attend the Exhibition, for whose coming extensive preparations are making. Thus may this grand show prove a pledge of peace, after all. How much better it is for the people of Europe, that they go through the present summer in the pursuit of their usual avocations, than killing and maiming one another because their rulers so willed it! This driving men into wars from which they turn themselves with fear and detestation, is one of the very wickedest practices followed by civilized rulers. It is not civilization—it is rank barbarism.

Robert Dale Owen.

We understand that this distinguished author and lecturer is to visit Boston, Anniversary Week, and will speak upon the subject of Spiritualism before the radical wing of the Unitarians in Horticultural Hall, on Thursday evening.

It is expected that Mr. Owen will lecture in Music Hall next Sunday afternoon, at quarter to 3 o'clock.

Do not fail to read the exquisitely beautiful poem in another column, by Lizzie Doten. It does our heart good to drink in such soul-inspiring sentiments, so delicately expressed in the choicest rhyme. We pray continually that the circle alluded to in this poem may be completed, that shall make perfect our love for all human-kind.

Letter from Judge Edmonds.

New York, May 17, 1867.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

I have lately had occasion at several times to speak of the spread and prevalence of Spiritualism throughout the world, and what I have said has been so questioned or misreported, that I have to ask you to let me speak for myself through your columns.

In a discourse which I recently delivered in this vicinity, I spoke of the number in this country as being at least ten millions. I was reported in the newspapers as having said we numbered "four millions in the universe."

In a recent letter to the London Spiritual Magazine I made the same statement, and they pronounced it an "exaggeration."

Now will you be so good as to give a place in your paper to the enclosed copy of a more recent letter to that Magazine, that the world may see what is my real opinion on the subject, and upon what basis it rests?

Yours &c.,
J. W. EDMONDS.

[Copy.]

New York, May 4, 1867.

To the Spiritual Magazine of London:

I have for some time observed that our friends in England do not correctly appreciate the condition of Spiritualism in the United States; and I have lately noticed particularly an article in your number for April, from your correspondent "A. L.," under the heading of "Notes on Spiritualism and Spiritualists in the United States in 1866." In that article your correspondent says, "Only the other day I heard it asserted by a well informed legal gentleman, that Judge Edmonds had estimated the number of Spiritualists in the United States at five millions," &c., and he questions the accuracy of the statement.

Upon that subject it is that I desire to say something.

It is easy for us here to see at once, from the tenor of your correspondent's remarks, what class of Spiritualists he fell among in this country; and as a consequence, how exceedingly limited were his means of observation. His associations here would afford him very little chance of seeing, knowing, or even hearing of the eighty thousand or one hundred thousand Spiritualists in this city alone, and afford him none whatever of knowing anything about the vast numbers that are known to exist in our interior towns, and our extended rural districts. I am therefore not surprised that he should have fallen into the error.

It is true that I did estimate the number in 1866 at between five and six millions; but I am now satisfied that I was mistaken, and am persuaded that the number is twice as large as my estimate.

Let me give you my reasons for this opinion, that your readers may judge whether my estimate is well founded, or is the product of a sanguine imagination.

I. In 1854 I devoted several months to lecturing on this subject in different parts of the country, through a territory extending from Boston, on the Atlantic shore, to St. Louis, on the Mississippi, going as far South as Cincinnati, on the Ohio River, and as far North as Milwaukee, on Lake Michigan—embracing an area of some twelve hundred miles long, by two hundred miles wide, and that the most populous and best educated part of the nation. I delivered some seventy discourses, and at my public meetings and in social and private intercourse saw many thousands of the people.

The conclusion I came to was, that we were then (in 1854) some three millions in this country. So thorough was my conviction of the accuracy of my estimate, that I told a gentleman, who is now a conspicuous member of our Congress, from one of our Western States, that if he was ambitious of political distinction he must take the anti-slavery side in politics, for I had seen enough to assure me that every Spiritualist would vote on the anti-slavery side whenever an opportunity should be afforded—that we were already so numerous as nearly to hold the balance of power, and were increasing so fast that we should ultimately hold it completely. I then belonged to the dominant Democratic party, and my prophecy as to its overthrow has been verified by subsequent events. In 1860 the anti-slavery candidate for the Presidency came very near being elected, and in 1860 was elected.

II. Some two or three years before the death of Theodore Parker, whose popularity as a public speaker took him to all parts of the country, he told his congregation that at least two-thirds of all the people of New England were Spiritualists. He was no Spiritualist himself, and uttered this as a warning.

III. Some six or eight years ago, I bought me a country place in the wild and romantic region of Lake George, and spend my summers there. Governor Marcy, who had been Secretary at War and Secretary of State, spent his summers at Ballston Spa, about forty miles from me, and there he died. He was no Spiritualist, but said that he saw almost all the people were Spiritualists in that vicinity, because I had located there. He was right as to the fact, but wrong as to the cause of it, for I had had no hand in their conversion, but had found such a state of things when I went there.

IV. My correspondence has been very voluminous. For now some ten or fifteen years letters have poured in upon me by the hundreds from all parts of the country, telling me of the spread of our belief in places and among people of whom I had no previous information.

V. Wherever I go, and in my daily intercourse with people, I am spoken to by persons of whose belief in Spiritualism I had no conception. They speak to me more freely than they would to a stranger, or even to their ordinary acquaintances, because I am so openly an avowed Spiritualist.

VI. From all these sources, and from the information which I get from our public speakers and newspapers, I can form something of an idea of the spread of our doctrine, and therefore it was that I estimated that we were some five or six millions.

VII. The churches (so-called) or religious sects are professedly hostile to us, yet bear strong testimony to our increase. Several instances have come to my knowledge where the preachers have freely denounced our heresy; yet after doing so have been waited upon by their hearers, and have been assured, much to their surprise, that the most of their congregations were believers. The effect generally has been to cause such attacks to cease; but in one case—that of the most popular preacher in the country—it was followed by an open avowal of belief on his part. Many priests of different denominations have called on me to consult on the subject—avowing their belief, and some of them asking of me whether it was not their duty to abandon their position, and enter upon the task of preaching Spiritualism.

VIII. But above all comes to me this information. Within the last two or three months there has been at Baltimore a convocation of the Roman Catholic Bishops and Archbishops of his country. One of the most interesting sub-

jects for their consideration was the statistical religious condition of our people. Each Diocese brought its information, and the result was that while Romanism and Protestantism combined numbered from eight to nine millions, with some forty-five thousand preachers, Spiritualism numbered between ten and eleven millions, with fifty thousand mediums.

Recollect now that this estimate comes not from us, but from our opponents—is not the product of our imaginations, but the result of the severe scrutiny of those who have no sympathy with us. I confess, however, that I believe it to be accurate; all my information goes to confirm it; and my error was in estimating the number too low, lest I might be accused of exaggeration.

But you, your readers, and your correspondents, will very naturally ask, Why does not this thing show itself publicly, so that everybody can see it? I will tell you why.

For centuries past the great curse upon Christianity has been sectarianism, whereby men were required to combine together to advance certain dogmas, to form societies for the furtherance of whose views the most intense selfishness should be invoked; and such has been the effect, that at the time of the advent among us of spiritual manifestations, so great had been the dislike of the theology of the day, that at least four-fifths of all the educated classes in Christendom were actually unbelievers in the Christian religion.

We were early taught by the unseen intelligence which was guiding this movement, to avoid this rock on which modern Christianity had become shipwrecked. Hence our effort has been to defeat, and not encourage attempts at forming societies, getting up conventions, and establishing a sectarian press whereby a hierarchy might be established, and a control created in a few over the individual opinions of the many. We have been for years true to that principle, and have taught priesthood and laity to worship where they pleased, and how they pleased, but to keep ever in view the very foundation of our faith, namely, to love God and one another, and work out their own salvation. Hence when priests came to us, avowed their belief, and asked if they ought not to abandon their callings and preach Spiritualism—and such instances have not been unfrequent—our answer was, "No. Continue as you are, so long as your congregations object not; let there be no concealment as to your belief, but preach the doctrines of Christianity—not the dogma of a sect." When laymen came and asked where they should worship, the answer was, "Wherever the good of your soul prompts you. If you love the forms and ceremonies of the Catholic Church, go there. If you prefer the simplicity of the Quakers, or the enthusiasm of the Methodists, as best calculated to encourage or gratify in you the spirit of devotion, go there." And so when men would come to us avowing their belief, and asking if they ought not to make a public avowal of it, they would be asked, "Why should you? Each man's belief is a matter between God and himself, and it matters not to the world what he believes; his duty is to give to others the truth as freely as it has been given to him, but to proselyte is none of his business." And when in reply to this people have said to me, "But you made a public avowal of your belief," my answer has been, "Ay; but my position was such as to demand it, for the sake of the truth. If you are thus situated, make the avowal; but beware lest in doing so you may be governed by the selfish desire for martyrdom which has governed so many in all ages of the world."

The effect of all this line of conduct has been that few have known who even of their own neighbors were believers. I can illustrate this by one instance: A gentleman who had been a member of Congress, and one of our foreign ambassadors, was a correspondent of mine on the subject, and in one of his letters said to me that he did not know of another believer in his State, and he was surprised when in reply I informed him that the Governor of his State, the Chancellor of his State, one of his State's Senators in Congress and his brother, and a former Governor of his State were all believers and correspondents of mine; and I have known instances where members of the same family were believers, without its being known to each other.

Now a stranger, a mere casual traveler among us, would see nothing of all this, would know nothing of it, unless he fell among those who did know it; and not even then, perhaps, unless he made particular inquiries; and he would miserably misjudge, who, like your correspondent, would infer that this universally prevailing reticence was the product of fear.

On the other hand, our cardinal rule of action has been build up no party, create no sect, cultivate no spirit of proselytism, make no parade of your faith, but let it enter your soul and govern your life. Not by selfishly withdrawing yourself from association with your fellowmen and erecting something for your own exclusive gratification, but by carrying the spirit of God abroad with you into the world, help to leaven the whole mass with its influence.

This principle of action has now been predominant among us for years, and the consequence has been that while a few who could find no other congenial place of worship have united together in forming societies, not one out of ten true believers ever attend their meetings.

No man will probably question my belief in Spiritualism. Yet, unless when I occasionally lecture, I scarcely ever attend those meetings. My daughter, who gave herself up for several years to her duties as a medium, never attends, but worships in her own, the Catholic Church. The "Mr. L." of whom your correspondent speaks, I have never met at any of our meetings. And I have not seen "Dr. Gray," who is my most esteemed and intimate friend, at any of them in five or six years. And very many in this city whom I know to be unquestionable believers, I have never seen there upon any occasion, and they never attend at all.

And why should they—as long as we would seek to build up no party nor sect, and crave no power over others, or among men? What is there to require a public demonstration of belief that would attract the attention of a stranger, or give to a casual observer anything like an adequate idea of the wide-spread prevalence of our faith? We who live in its midst see it—know it—recognize it as a power in our land, ready to speak whenever the emergency may demand. We see it everywhere—in politics, in religion, in literature, and in social life, leavening everything where it goes; and what more is demanded of it? We say nothing more is asked—and we are content.

This is certain: that not only is its existence among us recognized and respected on all hands, but it is at this moment spreading with a rapidity far surpassing anything heretofore known. But this would not be apparent to a stranger, for it makes no public exhibition of its progress. During our rebellion its progress was very much impeded. A stranger would not have observed that.

Since the war ended its progress has been greatly accelerated; but a stranger would not observe it.

I, however, can see it, and know it to be so. And I am almost breathless in my astonishment at the speed with which it is moving, through the land.

Let then our friends in England be well assured as to the onward progress which our glorious faith is making in this country, and as to the fact that under no circumstances will any sect be built up out of Spiritualism by believers withdrawing themselves into selfish associations, and away from an intimate connection with their fellowmen into whatever condition, Catholic or Protestant, Established Church or Dissenters, they may choose to place themselves for. Ours is a religion for all men, diffusing itself into every relation in life, and spreading among mankind in this country and throughout the earth with a celerity and a universality that no human power could produce.

I have thrown together these remarks thus hastily, amid the pressure of my other avocations, because it seemed to me that the views entertained by your correspondent, if suffered to go unnoticed, would be calculated to engender a feeling of despondency which the real facts of the case would by no means warrant.

I am respectfully yours,
J. W. EDMONDS.

Miss Doten's Lectures.

Mercantile Hall was again crowded to overflowing on Sunday afternoon, May 19th, to hear the invisible, through Miss Doten, discuss the question, "Who are Christians?"

After the discussion she gave the following very beautiful poem, in which is embodied the gems of thought gathered from the discussion:

THE ALL IN ALL.

AN INSPIRATIONAL POEM BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

[Reported for the Banner of Light by H. F. Gardner, M. D.]

How beautiful the roses bloom,
Around the portals of the tomb!
How fair the meek white lilies grow,
From elements of death below!
How tender and serenely bright
The stars light up the depths of night!

Thus beauty unto ruin clings,
And light from deepest darkness springs;
The soul its noblest strength must gain,
Through ministries of grief and pain;
Great victories only come through strife,
And death is but the gate of life.

The ocean waves that darkly flow,
Sweep over priceless pearls below;
The tempest cloud, when wild winds rest,
Builds up the rainbow on its breast,
And truths, unseen when all is bright,
Shine like the stars in sorrow's night.

Oh Thou, in whom the vine bears fruit!
In whom the violets take their root,
For these the summer roses blow;
For these the fair white lilies grow;
And human nature, from thy heart
Derives its life's immortal part.

Oh when the circle, made complete,
Shall in thy boundless being meet,
We feel, we know that we shall be
Made perfect in our love to Thee;
That good will triumph in that hour,
And weakness be exchanged for power.

Another Spiritual Song.

"WITH ROSEBUDS IN MY HAND; OR, BIRDIE'S SPIRIT-SONG." J. P. Ordway, M. D., has produced a very sweet and touching melody for that gem of a poem, composed in spirit-life by Anna Cora Wilson (dedicated to her parents), and rendered by Miss Lizzie Doten, which Ditson & Co. have just published, as a song and chorus, in fine style, with a beautiful title-page representing a female figure floating amid snowy clouds, holding rosebuds in her hand, emblematical of the words:

With rosebuds in my hand,
Fresh from the Summer-Land,
Father, I come and stand
Close by your side.
You cannot see me here,
Or feel my presence near,
And yet you're "Birdie's" dear
Never has died.

In this instance Dr. Ordway, who is one of the most popular musical authors of the day, has furnished a composition fully equal to any of his other favorite airs, and we doubt not it will receive a like welcome among all lovers of music, especially those who appreciate our beautiful philosophy respecting spirit-life. Being arranged with a chorus, it can be sung by a quartet as well as a single voice, and is just what is needed in our spiritual meetings, and Children's Lyceums in particular. It was sung in Music Hall, last Sunday, at Miss Doten's meeting.

Fred. E. H. Willis, M. D.

It gives us much pleasure to announce that our talented friend and co-laborer DR. WILLIS has opened a medical office at 29 West Fourth street, (near Broadway), New York city. He will give especial attention to the treatment of pulmonary consumption, local and general debility, every variety of chronic and nervous disorders, and all morbid conditions affecting the vital and functional action of the system. Dr. Willis is Professor of Materia Medica in the "New York Medical College for Women," which fact in itself is strong evidence that he is well qualified for the profession he has adopted. The Doctor is clairvoyant, which enables him to readily locate disease and understandingly prescribe the proper remedies to effect an early cure.

It will no doubt be gratifying to Dr. Willis's numerous friends in New York to know that he intends to be permanently located there, having entered into a business connection with J. Winchester, manufacturer of "Winchester's Preparations of the Hypophosphites" and other "Specific Remedies." We sincerely hope that all the friends of our cause, of which Dr. Willis is so worthy a disciple, will patronize him themselves, and send him patients, whenever medical treatment is required.

Eleven Million Spiritualists.

Judge Edmonds, in another column, says the papers have wrongly reported him as saying in a recent lecture that the Spiritualists in the United States number four millions. What he did say was, that they numbered between ten and eleven millions. Will the papers who copied the erroneous paragraph be generous enough to make the correction?

Meetings in Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Spiritualists of Pittsburgh have organized a society, and elected the following officers: President, D. C. Wiley; Vice President, O. M. Dake; Secretary, D. C. Dake; Treasurer, J. K. Lemon; Trustees, Edward Jones, George Rhodes, Simon Hardy. Meetings are regularly held every Sunday.

Personal.

Andrew Jackson Davis is in town, and will probably remain here through Anniversary Week. He has just returned from Maine, where he and Mrs. Davis have been engaged in the noble work of organizing Children's Lyceums. Mrs. Davis accompanied her husband to this city, but was obliged to leave for home last week. All correspondence for A. J. or M. F. Davis, on Lyceum or other business, should be sent to their permanent address, "Orange, N. J.," it will thence be forwarded to them wherever they may be engaged.

J. M. Peebles will speak in Washington Hall, Charlestown, during June.

Warren Chase will be in this city next week, and will lecture, if desired, on Sunday, June 9th, in the vicinity of Boston.

Mr. B. J. Butts, of Hopedale, Mass., a good thinker, has prepared a lecture, which is designed to answer the objections to a reduction of the hours of labor, and will deliver it wherever desired.

Dr. J. P. Bryant is still in California, doing a successful work in healing the sick. At last accounts he was at Sacramento, and was to visit Marysville, Grass Valley, Virginia City, Nevada, and Portland, Oregon.

The Emperor Napoleon was fifty-nine years of age on the 20th of April.

The King of Greece (Alfred, Victoria's second son) has gone to St. Petersburg, to be betrothed to the daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine.

The Viceroy of Egypt is the richest man in the world. He owns a fourth of the entire soil of the country. He has received the title of King from the Sultan of Turkey.

Lord Monck will probably be the first Viceroy of the "Dominion" of Canada.

John Stuart Mill is soon to publish the third volume of his "Dissertations and Discussions, Political, Philosophical and Historical."

Dr. Jubilee Smith has become associate editor with L. F. W. Andrews, Esq., of the "Georgia Citizen," published at Americus, Ga. It is one of the best papers in the South. The yearly subscription is \$3.

Dr. M. Henry Houghton created quite an interest in Hudson, Mass., recently, where he has been lecturing on Spiritualism. He speaks there again during June. It is the Doctor's intention soon to make a tour through Vermont, lecturing and healing. This young man has been in the lecturing field but about two years, yet we hear him spoken of very highly, and he is liked much as a speaker wherever he goes. Give him a good reception, friends.

Dr. U. Clark will lecture in Saratoga, N. Y., on Tuesday evening, June 4th, on the subject of healing. He will treat the sick and teach his mode of cure, the three following days.

Wilde Collins, the novelist, is dying of consumption.

Rosa Bonheur writes to the Paris papers an indignant contradiction of the story recently set afloat that she had become insane.

Queen Victoria was forty-eight years of age May 24, 1867.

The Empress Eugenia was forty-one years of age May 5, 1867.

The value of Queen Victoria's portrait presented by her to Mr. Peabody is seventy thousand dollars.

New Publications.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for June is full of really excellent things, and as attractive as excellent. Dr. Holmes continues his Guardian Angel, at which we observe the Boston "Watchman and Reflector" takes exception because "its teachings tend to undermine Orthodoxy." Parton discourses on St. Louis in a descriptive way. Whipple treats us to an analysis of Shakespeare as a "Man and Dramatist." Francis Parkman opens a most picturesque historical scene in regard to the personal traits and conduct of the "Founders of Montreal"; and there are numerous tales, sketches, essays, poems, and criticisms, which the reader will devour at this season with unmistakable zest.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for June offers a nice engraving for a frontispiece, with a fine colored fashion plate, containing numerous figures freshly robed in latest Paris attire; patterns in profusion, and all of them excellent and tasteful as well as convenient; receipts at the end of the number, which all will find useful and handy; besides a quantity of fresh reading matter from practiced and popular pens. It is a fine number of a favorite magazine, and may be found on nearly all the ladies' tables of the land.

For sale by A. Williams & Co.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for June has a leading article on Over the Plains to Colorado; The Dodge Club; My Second Childhood, a humorous sketch; The Virginians in Texas, concluded; Art and Auctions; American Women and French Fashions; and A Maiden Lady's Heart Romance. The editorial essays and notes are extremely fresh and readable. Harper this month is light and airy, and fuller than usual of tales and humor. A. Williams & Co. have it at their counter.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE is out for June, with engraving, colored fashion plate, patterns, receipts, and exquisite letter-press. It is a fresh number, and well worthy of the month of June. The ladies esteem it a favorite, and will certainly say that the present number is a beauty.

For sale by Williams & Co.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for June invites the youthful people into reading pleasures very different from those of the winter just ended. The articles are very varied, from favorite pens, and generously and felicitously illustrated. We need not commend a magazine for young people that is already in the hands of the whole of them.

Charlie Young.

[The following message was received at our Free Circle, May 21st, through Mrs. Conant, with a request that it be published in this issue.]

To make a long story short, I am Charlie Young, and I come here to ask my mother to go to Dr. Newton. And I ask Dr. Newton to treat her without charge, except what he charges me, and I'll be sure to pay him in some way. I can't exactly say how. I have all confidence that he will do it.

I had some doubts about being able to come here to-day. But my mother is very feeble, and suffering a great deal, and I know Dr. Newton can help her, and I want her to go to him. And if she can't, will be asking too much for him to go to her, at least then, I'll go and direct him how to go. He's a medium, one of these folks.

The New England Anti-Slavery Convention is to be held in this city, at the Music Hall, on Wednesday, May 29th, at 10 o'clock A. M.

1 of about four thousand. # This is also on the right

BOSTON.

Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT.

J. M. PEARL, Editor.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT. Letters and papers intended for us, or communications for publication in this Department, etc., should be directed to J. M. PEARL, Editor, 100 North Main Street, Boston, Mass. Contributions for the Western Department, will please to be sent to Boston, Mass., care of the Editor.

Editor's Address.

Direct all letters and correspondence designed for us, during the remainder of this and next month, to the BANNER OF LIGHT Office, Boston, Mass.

ARE THERE EVIL SPIRITS?

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

If reference is made to the popular idea of one grand, absolute evil spirit, or of many such, we say no, emphatically, because there is no source of absolute evil, and it is absurd to suppose a stream can be higher than its fountain or source. Evil is not perfection, and men and spirits are progressive beings, then there must be imperfect men and spirits, and the question is at an end.

There have been various theories of evil. One of the most ancient, and perhaps as near the truth as any other, was that the universe was composed of matter and spirit, and that in the struggle of spirit or force to control and mold matter into the various forms which it exhibits, the obstacles which it presented were called evil. This was natural evil, and in the case of moral evil, the pervasiveness of man was the result of similar causes. The spirit being unable to develop proper physical conditions, acted in violation of the moral law. But, says the superficial observer, if matter be the cause of evil, then the question is settled that there can be no evil spirits; because when we leave these bodies we leave all material things. Then comes the grave question, what is spirit? The church, clinging to the absurd idea that their God made this world in six days out of nothing, have very little difficulty in supposing that spirit or force, which is the grand reality, is also nothing. We have long since abandoned this idea, and believe that the spirit-world, spirits and God himself are material; not gross and tangible matter which is perceptible to our external senses, but refined, sublimated and all-powerful matter. And we take the position that nothing but matter can ever move matter.

If spirits have material bodies, then the same laws which produce evil by the struggle of the spirit to control matter, must continue in the after-life. If it is the imperfect body that restrains the spirit and prevents its unfolding here, the same conditions of the spirit body produce evil in the after-life. So much for the argument, but we have a solid and substantial foundation of facts. Logic and argument are like the arches of a bridge, while facts and realities are the abutments and piers on which these arches must rest before it is safe for us to walk over it.

These facts are received from the spirits through inspiration and trance mediums, and by all the manifestations which spirits make, and especially are they explained and elucidated by clairvoyance. The uniform testimony of the spirits through thousands of well attested communications all over this and other countries, is that the change at death is purely external; that in a large number of instances, perhaps a majority, the spirit experiences so little change that it is uncertain whether death has taken place. But I need only refer to these; they form the mass of the communications from the inner life, published in the BANNER and in all the spiritual literature of the last twenty years.

A few words upon the revelations of clairvoyance or spiritual vision. For ten years past I have been accustomed to seeing spirits in the form and out of it, and there are certain similarities in and around all these which mark their moral conditions. The cattle-fish, with its power of darkening the waters around it in order to escape its pursuers, gives an illustration of the power of evil spirits, both in and out of the form, and I know no difference; it is the spirit in both cases that acts to conceal its movements. Having seen and conversed with many spirits in different conditions, the facts are as clear to me as they can be, that the after-life and this are subject to progression, and that from a pure standpoint of excellence in which there is no evil tendency, but from whatever condition the spirit may be in, I have yet to find a spirit who does not feel that progression and growth are synonymous, and it ever means a reaching forward to something better and leaving something that is evil. Death is nothing more than an incident in the continuous life line of humanity, changing the surroundings but leaving the interior just as it was.

With this experience I know there are evil spirits, spirits who, like men, may delight in mischief and perverseness, who have not realized their own rights sufficient to respect the rights of others, and my reason touches me just now that these facts have demonstrated to me. Seeing evil all around us, I see also the beautiful spiral pathway of progress, which is ever leading us up out of these conditions, and thus rendering us happy; and the labor of our lives is to help ourselves and others to walk in this pathway, and by ceasing "to do evil learn to do well."

COMMENTS.

We cheerfully give place to this excellent article from the pen of Dr. H. T. Child, because written from the plane of clairvoyance and an extensive inner-life experience, rather than the more theoretic and speculative.

Bro. Loveland's article, published a few weeks since in the BANNER, called for no direct reply. Introducing nothing new, it was a substantial re-assertion of what he had previously said in the Spiritual Republic, and well said. His complaint, however, of being "misrepresented" and "misunderstood" was not necessary. Spiritualists are generally readers, investigators, thinkers, understanding men and their motives. It is because he was understood, bating the after modifications, that his theory of "no evil spirits" fell as dead as that put forth a few years since to establish the non-immortality of infants.

If words have any legitimate purpose they are to convey, not conceal ideas. The sound and logical, saying nothing of the masses, are not quite clear, however, as to how "cataclysmic strikes" can work such effectual moral miracles; how the vicious, the vindictive, the deceptive, lying, thieving, robbing, the piratical and the murderous, by passing through a "cataclysmic" operation, can come out in the twinkling of an eye on the "other side of Jordan" all dripping in blessedness and glittering with glory! That is the necessary deduction from the theory. For perverses, depraved, evil-minded men die such; that is admitted, and yet, there are "no evil spirits"! The selfish loves, desires, tendencies changed—the entire current turned in a moment by a "cataclysm." It would be truly a "prodigious stride." How many would know themselves? Is there no correlation between the two states of existence? Furthermore, how much stress shall we lay upon his former positions where he says, "How could any of the multitudinous sufferings of the race exist unless evil or sin existed? And if they were not-existent, then where were our joys? How then can we say evil is not necessary?" In a reported Molodion lecture, he spoke of the "true and the good, the false and evil in the realm of mind." But all this "sin," this "false and evil in the realm of mind," is to be magically disposed of by a single "cataclysmic" death-plunge! If this is not a rebash of old-fashioned Universalism, we never understood it. Emerson, by the way, called it the "dirt philosophy."

Bro. Loveland positively affirms that he was never so "addled" in his logical consciousness as to accept the "absurdities" of Whittemore's Universalism, summed up in the salvation of all men through death and the resurrection. No, no; not he—but just enough "addled" to accept and preach Methodism, with its Jewish God, personal devil, Trinity, vicarious atonement and endless hell torments. Why, our brother is just getting out of the theologic slime pool of Methodism on to the rocky hill-side of the most foggy phase of Universalism. The mountain-tops of truth are yet before him in the distance. The "fox," "goat," "gorilla," &c., brought out on exhibition, are no part of our "menagerie." It is ours to deal with conscious, thinking, ay, a morally responsible humanity.

But we took the pen not for controversy; rather as transferred to another plane a corollary, bearing a certain relation to Bro. H. T. Child's article, showing how Universalists view the positions of Bro. Loveland. The Rev. T. H. Taber, writing of Bro. Loveland's article in the New Covenant, says:

"The believers in modern Spiritualism have had much to say, in the past, about the superiority of their theory over all others known on earth. They have said to us, Universalism is well enough as far as it goes, but then, it does not go far enough to meet and satisfy the wants of the world. Nothing but Spiritualism does, or can do that. And still we have not been able to believe in modern Spiritualism, and one of the principal reasons why we could not, was because we could not subscribe to their commonly received doctrine of evil spirits. It has seemed much more objectionable to us than the Orthodox doctrine of a personal devil," &c.

Then, quoting largely from said article, he adds the following:

"In the above statement, Mr. Loveland has given utterance to one of the strongest objections that we have ever heard made against Spiritualism, and a sufficient answer to the oft repeated assertion, that Spiritualism is better than Universalism."

Relative to his severe hit at mediums, commencing thus: "There are but very few instances of genuine trance, though plenty of pretence thereto," this Universalist writer, with a common clerical assurance, bears the following testimony:

"With the acknowledged existence of all these sources of deception, on the part of prominent Spiritualists, it need not be thought strange if we too, continue to believe that the spirit-world is the 'home of love and truth,' and that Universalism is much more desirable than all the revelations of modern times."

Another Universalist writer ("E. L. R.") assures us that he (Loveland) "Takes the Bible view of the matter. The Scriptures plainly teach that all souls are made 'equal to the angels of God in Heaven,' through the resurrection at the sounding of the last trumpet. His position, therefore, of an immediate change from sinfulness to holiness, is all the concession to supernaturalism that our blessed faith requires."

The purposed point is now made, based upon the old school Whittemorean Universalists themselves. Our brother's good impulses to get souls into glory, or glory into souls, not by a washing in the "blood of the Lamb" exactly, but through some "cataclysmic" method, are infinitely lovelier than his positions are tenable or logical. The whole groundwork of this theory seems to us an assumption without proof, a system without demonstration, a baseless fabric devised a single fact, as well as a setting at defiance the historic testimony of the past, the long-established chain of facts, with their legitimate value from the seers of all ages, and the media of the present, and the positive knowledge, too, of thousands of clairvoyants. The direct declaration of Dr. H. T. Child, "I know there are evil spirits," with that of hundreds and thousands of others, clairaudient and clairvoyant, outweighs, in our estimation, all the negative testimony, all the subtle theorizing that could be uttered through sterility!

Acknowledging no oracled power, no ecclesiastical authority or dictatorship, the following sentiments are almost universally accepted by the Spiritualists of this country:

I. The Divine Existence—the Infinite Life-Principle of the universe, Soul of all things, termed God.

II. The common brotherhood of all races and nations, coupled with the conservative purpose to engage in the best methods of reform.

III. A continuous, universal and over-shadowing inspiration.

IV. The eternal progression of all souls, through effort, aspiration, discipline and evolution, toward the absolute and Infinite Perfection.

V. A present, conscious intercommunion between the inhabitants of earth and those that have "put on immortality," to use an apostolic phrase.

VI. Death is the door—the sunset-gateway introducing man, a responsible being—all men—into the next state of existence, with better facilities for growth and grander methods for the expansion and harmonization of all the soul's possibilities.

VII. That the conscious individualized life of man is unitive and endless; that as infancy relates to youth, youth has a bearing on manhood, and manhood upon old age; so this whole mortal life, with the resultant actions consequent upon the conjunction of essential spirit with more materialized or spiritual forms, together with memory, perverted powers and willfully vicious acts, all have an important bearing upon the immortal existence, each and all commencing "over there," mentally and spiritually, as relates to knowledge, loves, tendencies and purposes, precisely where they left this life.

VIII. That God, the same spiritual laws governing mental and spiritual natures, must be the same in all states of existence; and that inasmuch as absolute, essential spirit exists hereafter, in conjunction with more material yet spiritual bodies, as means for manifestation, there must necessarily be in the spirit-world imperfection, error, sordid purposes, selfish aims, disciplines, defects and victories, gradations, good and evil spirits, and yet all are our immortal brothers and sisters, the subjects of endless progression.

IX. That penalty and pain follow the violation of Deific laws as natural consequences; that obedience, purity of purpose and purity of life are indispensable to happiness in all states of existence, and that, desiring the renovation and redemption of humanity, all genuine Spiritualists must, to be consistent, be reformers in word and practice, accepting the voiced expression of the National Convention of Spiritualists: "No question of general human well-being is foreign to the idea, spirit or genius of the great spiritual movement."

The Worcester Meetings.

Pleasant was our two weeks' sojourn in this stirring, thriving New England city. The meetings were large and enthusiastic, the singing excellent; but the Lyceum was not as large in numbers or fully attended by parents and friends as we hoped to see. In fact, there seems not to be that inter-fellowship of feeling between the society and the Lyceum there should be. Not understanding the causes, we pronounce no judgments. We recommend the Lyceum friends, however, to meet in the afternoon (or morning, as the case

may be) prior to the regular lecture. It will certainly secure a better attendance of both children and parents.

Where to be Held?

As Secretary of the Michigan State Association of Spiritualists, we are anxiously awaiting an invitation from some suitable locality, or at least correspondence, relative to the place of its next meeting. Where shall it be held?

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

ROSTON.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 544 Washington street, at 3 and 7 P. M. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. The People's Meeting—The Progressive Bible Society hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. of Free discussion on all subjects, regular service, at 10 A. M. Lecture, followed by conference or circle, at 8 and 7 P. M. Miss Phelps, regular lecturer. The public invited.

EAST ROSTON.—Meetings are held in Temperance Hall, No. 544 Washington street, every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. The People's Meeting—The Progressive Bible Society hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. of Free discussion on all subjects, regular service, at 10 A. M. Lecture, followed by conference or circle, at 8 and 7 P. M. Miss Phelps, regular lecturer. The public invited.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Children's Lyceum connected with the First Spiritual Society of Charlestown hold regular sessions at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. The People's Meeting—The Progressive Bible Society hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. of Free discussion on all subjects, regular service, at 10 A. M. Lecture, followed by conference or circle, at 8 and 7 P. M. Miss Phelps, regular lecturer. The public invited.

THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday in Westminster Division Hall, Chelsea, at 3 and 7 P. M. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. The People's Meeting—The Progressive Bible Society hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. of Free discussion on all subjects, regular service, at 10 A. M. Lecture, followed by conference or circle, at 8 and 7 P. M. Miss Phelps, regular lecturer. The public invited.

LOWELL.—Spiritual meetings are held in Leestreet Church, afternoon and evening. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. The People's Meeting—The Progressive Bible Society hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. of Free discussion on all subjects, regular service, at 10 A. M. Lecture, followed by conference or circle, at 8 and 7 P. M. Miss Phelps, regular lecturer. The public invited.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.—Meetings are held in Washington Hall, Spiller street, every Sunday, June 22 and 29.

NEWTON CORNER, MASS.—The Spiritualists and friends of progress hold meetings in Middlesex Hall, Sundays, at 2 and 7 P. M.

HAVERHILL, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Haverhill hold meetings in Middlesex Hall, every Sunday, June 22 and 29.

LYNN, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Lynn hold meetings in the Children's Progressive Lyceum, every Sunday, June 22 and 29.

WINTHROP, MASS.—Meetings are held in the Children's Progressive Lyceum, every Sunday, June 22 and 29.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—The Fraternity of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. The People's Meeting—The Progressive Bible Society hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. of Free discussion on all subjects, regular service, at 10 A. M. Lecture, followed by conference or circle, at 8 and 7 P. M. Miss Phelps, regular lecturer. The public invited.

FRINGHAM, MASS.—Meetings are held in the Children's Progressive Lyceum, every Sunday, June 22 and 29.

FOXBORO, MASS.—Meetings in Town Hall, Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. The People's Meeting—The Progressive Bible Society hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. of Free discussion on all subjects, regular service, at 10 A. M. Lecture, followed by conference or circle, at 8 and 7 P. M. Miss Phelps, regular lecturer. The public invited.

QUINCY, MASS.—Meetings at 2 and 7 o'clock P. M. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. The People's Meeting—The Progressive Bible Society hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. of Free discussion on all subjects, regular service, at 10 A. M. Lecture, followed by conference or circle, at 8 and 7 P. M. Miss Phelps, regular lecturer. The public invited.

SOUTH DAVENPORT, MASS.—Meetings in Town Hall every Sunday, at 2 and 7 o'clock P. M.

TAUNTON, MASS.—Meetings are held regularly every Sunday in Concert Hall.

LYNN, MASS.—Spiritualists of Lynn hold meetings every Sunday, afternoon and evening, at Essex Hall.

SALEM, MASS.—Meetings are held in Lyceum Hall regularly every Sunday afternoon and evening, free to all.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, every Sunday, afternoon and evening, at 2 and 7 o'clock P. M. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. The People's Meeting—The Progressive Bible Society hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. of Free discussion on all subjects, regular service, at 10 A. M. Lecture, followed by conference or circle, at 8 and 7 P. M. Miss Phelps, regular lecturer. The public invited.

PORTLAND, ME.—Meetings are held every Sunday in Temperance Hall, every Sunday, June 22 and 29.

BANGOR, ME.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Pioneer Church every Sunday, afternoon and evening. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. The People's Meeting—The Progressive Bible Society hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. of Free discussion on all subjects, regular service, at 10 A. M. Lecture, followed by conference or circle, at 8 and 7 P. M. Miss Phelps, regular lecturer. The public invited.

BOONVILLE, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold meetings at Cumberland street, every Sunday, June 22 and 29.

NEWARK, N. J.—Spiritualists and Friends of Progress hold meetings in Music Hall, No. 4 Bank street, at 2 and 7 P. M. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. The People's Meeting—The Progressive Bible Society hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. of Free discussion on all subjects, regular service, at 10 A. M. Lecture, followed by conference or circle, at 8 and 7 P. M. Miss Phelps, regular lecturer. The public invited.

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BALTIMORE, MD.—The First Spiritualist Congregation of Baltimore hold meetings in the new hall in Mechanics' Institute, Post street, between Montgomery and Kearney. Admission free.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—The Spiritualists of Louisville commence their meetings the first Sunday in November, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M., in Temperance Hall, Market street, between 4th and 5th streets.

SAFRANCO, CAL.—Mrs. Laura Cuddy will lecture every Sunday at the new hall in Mechanics' Institute, Post street, between Montgomery and Kearney. Admission free.

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Mrs. HARRIS CLARK, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture on the 22nd of June, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in the new hall in Mechanics' Institute, Post street, between Montgomery and Kearney. Admission free.

Mrs. CLARK, M. D., will answer calls to lecture on the 22nd of June, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in the new hall in Mechanics' Institute, Post street, between Montgomery and Kearney. Admission free.

Mrs. D. CHADWICK, trance speaker, will lecture, hold sances, give tests, and prescribe for the sick. Address, box 272, Vineland, N. J.

Mrs. J. CAMPBELL, M. D., the seer and healer, will receive calls to lecture and attend evening meetings and funerals. Address, Cincinnati, O.

Dr. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, Mo., will take subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Mrs. MARY F. COOPER, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address, Hampton, N. H., care of N. P. Cross.

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