

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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A VOICE TO THE PEOPLE.

[An inspirational poem, given by Miss Lizzie Doten at the close of her lecture on Jeff. Davis and his present relations to the American people, in Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, May 26, 1867.]

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

Oh ye who watch with anxious eyes
The evil omen of the hour,
See how the foes of freedom rise,
And struggle upward into power.
Stand, freemen, firm at duty's post,
For lo, your work has just begun;
Not yet has "right come uppermost,"
Not yet, alas! is "justice done."

Oh little thought the "boys in blue,"
Who fell upon the battle plain—
The loyal hearted and the true—
Their sacrifice would seem so vain.
That this great nation's sacred faith,
Would be by traitors bought and sold,
And those who sought to blight and scathe,
Would come like wolves into the fold.

All bruised, and scarred, and battle worn,
Your loyal sons for justice wait,
While he who caused this land to mourn,
Is richly fed and served in state.
Is freedom then so little worth,
That they who scorn her righteous laws,
Should be more glorified of earth,
Than those who suffer in her cause?

Speak out, oh Libby and Bellisle!
And tell your tales of woe once more,
That loyal hearts may feel awhile
The righteous anger felt before.
Tell of the cells whose narrow walls
Shut out the heaven's reviving breath,
Where, crowded like the beasts in stalls,
Brave hearts found no relief save death.

Tell of the fixed and vacant stare,
The flesh all wasted to the bone,
The settled look of dull despair,
The pale, pinched lips, the dying moan.
Alas! can we forget so soon
The wounds of those who dying lay
Beneath the heavens at night and noon,
Until the life-tide ebbed away?

Not blood for blood should man award,
Or with a fiendish hate pursue,
"Vengeance belongs unto the Lord,"
But justice he demands of you.
The justice that with power sublime
Will hold the traitor's heart in awe;
That teaches treason to be crime,
And vindicates the outraged law.

A shame to those throughout the land,
Who sink the nation's pride so low!
Who clasp the blood-stained traitor's hand,
And fawn like dogs upon the foe.
Who weakly court the breath of fame,
And with a servile homage wait,
And then, to glorify their shame,
Call this magnanimous and great.

Magnanimous! we hurl it back,
And give the vain pretence the lie;
'Tis but the shameless, sinful lack
Of moral power for duties high.
The flimsy veil will not conceal
The politician's reckless game,
Where human hearts, and human weal,
Are staked for power and worldly fame.

Rise up, oh Jackson! from the shades
Of hero souls of long ago,
Who never sheathed their battle blades,
To bow before a conquered foe.
Return, oh spirit! brave and pure,
Of our immortal Washington,
And teach us wisely to secure
The blessed fruit of victories won.

Oh Lincoln! justify once more
The blood of heroes, bravely shed;
Answer from that eternal shore,
Where thine immortal soul hath fled.
Lo! from the heavens of starry blue—
That flag o'er every nation thrown—
Of every kindred, tongue and hue—
The answer comes with thrilling tone.

"Quit you like men, be brave, be strong,
And wisely use the victor's might.
Freedom and favor to the wrong,
Is base injustice to the right.
Remember, ye are men, not slaves,
And now, if ever, is the hour
For rulers false and traitor knaves
To feel the people's moral power."

Amen! Amen! so let it be;
We only serve a higher will.
Roll on, ye wheels of destiny,
His mighty purpose to fulfill.
His hand, with an unerring might,
At length will strike the balance true;
Our duty is to know the right,
And knowing it, that right to do.

HENRY WARD BEECHER says in his new story: "Is Nature more phenomena? or is it God's phenomena, meant to convey something deeper than the body catches—something for the soul? Why, then, should you, a minister of God, hunt through books for God, and stand in pity of me, who use the Bible as I would a Botany—which does not contain living plants, but only word-descriptions of them? If I would see the plant itself, I must go out of the book to Nature. And the Bible cannot contain the truth itself, only the word-forms, the lettered symbols of truth. God does not live in a book; man does not live in a book. Love, Faith, Joy, Hope, do not, cannot live in a book. For the living truth we must go outside of the Bible, which is but to religion what Botany is to gardens, meadows, and all their flowers!"

The Lecture Room.

THE TRUE NOBILITY OF LIFE.

A Lecture delivered by Mrs. Nellie J. Temple Brigham, of Massachusetts, at the City Assembly Rooms, Philadelphia, Pa., May 14th, 1867.

[Phonographically Reported for the Banner of Light by Henry T. Child, M. D.]

Heretofore, when we have spoken of nobility, many persons have had their minds carried back to by-gone days, and they have imagined that we referred to something derived from titles and family distinctions, and they have believed that greatness and honor belonged to certain families who stood above the masses and claimed the proud position of human respect on account of ancestral names and power. But to-day, as the world has grown more free and independent in its institutions, we find that nobility does not belong to mere names or titles, or anything of the past, but that it is developed in individuals in the form of true greatness, which alone can rightly command the respect and homage of the world. It does not now belong to wealth or position, but to the development of the faculties which Nature has given us. It comes from the unfoldment of our own peculiar powers. There is nobility of thought, of speech, and of action. There are those who do not understand this, because they look only upon the external, and never see beneath the surface of things.

We know that, as life is presented to us in the outward, we see but little of its true meaning. We must not look upon the outside for that which moves and shapes the destinies of individuals or of nations. That which acts and speaks from the interior is the real source of their development.

The world, looking upon the external, believes it can read and understand human life; but we see that it is the shallowest streams that have the most bubbles upon their surfaces, and the truest and purest forms of nobility can only be found in the deeper streams of human life. How often, in the search after wealth and fame, do persons attach more importance to position than they do to principle.

But we ask you to seek for greater strength and light to-day, so that in looking beneath this outside or surface life, you may understand the springs of human thought and action which are too often concealed from the superficial observation of mankind. We would have you know how the world moves, how true greatness comes forth, culminating in one condition, then going down, retrograding, as people say, then rising into greater brilliancy at another time.

People, when they look upon this outside life, when they see the struggles and conflicts through which nations and individuals alike are called to pass, see only in these things the destructive element. They do not see the power of God that is continually upbuilding. When we talk of destruction we talk of a thing that does not really exist. Looking even upon the outside world, we can see that this is so. The mountain that sends forth from its summit the molten tide of lava that sweeps down into the valley, bearing destruction, as the people say, does not really do this, for these waves are changed by the slow growth and progression of time, and in their changes the mass becomes converted into soil, and the sides of the mountain are the most fruitful vineyards. And out of this apparent destruction come more beautiful conditions. So, also, out of national conflicts comes forth the spirit of a higher development, and through trials do we see the cultivation of humanity in which there is the truest unfolding.

Looking into the history of nations, in their various conflicts, even when the lava tide of war has been poured over them, we may see what these things have worked out for them—how, through slow growth and changes, nations become beautified. If we look into the times of their severest trials, we shall find that after the struggles they gave forth greater brilliancy and exhibited higher nobility of human nature. The very times of conflict have developed the grandest souls. Looking back to the old revolutionary times of our country, we see what glorious minds were called forth; and against the dark background of that fearful picture how bright and beautiful are the noble minds of that period. So in the day of the nation's trial, through which we have just passed, if we look beneath the surface of life, we shall see how true nobility is unfolding itself, and he who lives to see the coming years shall find a grandeur of mind, called out by these circumstances and the present conflict, brighter than anything that we have heretofore witnessed.

We look upon these changes as the stormy seed-time, the springtime of the year. You know that in the days when the seeds are given to the soil, we have rains and dark skies and rolling thunder, and the soil is upturned; yet after all these we see Nature coming forth beautified. And in the conflicts of nations there are the stormy springtimes, when the seeds of true nobility are planted, and after a time they are manifested.

So with individual lives. These same storms beautify and develop us, and call out the inherent greatness that may be slumbering there. When we go down into the minds of the present time, we can see how humanity has progressed; and as the deepest valleys are always between the highest mountains, so in this age of great events, of noble actions, we find these great weaknesses, which characterize some who occupy prominent positions before the world.

When we study the present picture of human life, we look both on the surface and beneath it also, and thus see what are the prevailing ideas in reference to the subject we hold before you. We shall show you how unconsciously human minds are being uplifted toward that which is beyond themselves, unfolded just as the flowers

are unconsciously by the sunshine that lays its warm hands upon their closed leaves and with a silent benediction bids them expand and give forth their beauty.

Looking at the surface-life we find that the ideas of many are that they can attain true nobility by winning the applause of the people. There are many who delight in these things; and if they can become popular, it is all they ask. To do this they will ignore their own identity and turn in any direction, losing sight of principle.

At the present time, in this surface-life there are thousands of persons living and laboring constantly to win this applause, who would be willing to have their souls measured by the length of their purses. These people never can know what happiness or true nobility is, until they learn the secrets of harmony, until they learn to be self-reliant and independent, trusting in themselves, and yet united with the good and true around them. If we give up our opinions to another, if we try to shape our thoughts and feelings by the thoughts and feelings of another, we lose the beautiful character which the Great Father of Nature intended every human soul should have.

We find these people that are trying to shape their lives by others, leaning upon the opinions of others, and growing lower and lower, until, groveling in the dust, the grand ideal of their nature is lost sight of.

Looking into the society of the present day, into the young life growing up around us in the fashionable world, we find that the majority have very little self-reliance. They trust in their parents, in the good name of the family, in the results of the labors of their father and mother; and thus losing this independence of nature, they are not fitted for the life that awaits them.

The grandest trees that grow are those that feel the force of the tempest; and the tempest, instead of snapping them and taking out their strength, gives them vigor. So these people that are always sheltered, that are not taught the lesson of self-reliance, become weak in their natures, and instead of growing into true nobility, the grand ideal of their nature is almost lost sight of. Why, there are people to-day, young men and women, who look upon the labors of their parents as disgraceful, and claim their friends among the ranks of those who have lost this independence, this self-reliance that makes the grandeur and true nobility of men and women.

These young men, growing up in society in this way, may imagine they are great, and that their path is the best one that can be taken.

We have seen something in Nature that illustrates their condition precisely. We have seen an apple tree that had not been taken good care of, and all around the roots the little suckers grow up. Now you never saw one of these bearing an apple, or even a blossom. The life they get is from the old tree, and even if this is cut down they will not bear any fruit, for all the life they have depends upon another.

These people in society who are living upon the surface-life of the present day, reaching back to their ancestors, and forgetting the great lesson of self-reliance and their true nobility—the lesson that teaches them to stand alone, reaching out for their sustenance—are like these suckers. They draw their subsistence from the paternal money box, and family reputation, and have no grandeur or nobility developed in themselves.

When we look into this surface-life of society, we find that these people do not understand the glorious teachings of harmony. They do not realize the secret of happiness, which can only be revealed to us as we go deeper down into our natures. Here we discover that we have not only a body, but also a spirit, and we are not to disregard either. The body is to be cared for, and when it is in its purest and best condition, then the soul has the capacity to give forth its purest and most beautiful results; and so in caring for the body we learn to labor, and it is necessary that the labor of soul and body should be properly divided.

Nature teaches that labor has never degraded any one, but people have very often degraded their labor; for when they bring their minds down to their toil, desiring nothing beyond this, dreaming of nothing higher, it becomes a yoke of bondage, a chain of oppression, and the soul becomes shriveled and dwarfed. But when our labor is equally divided, and we have a healthful exercise of the spiritual and the physical alike, we find a condition of harmony that gives the purest mental and physical health.

Caring thus for the physical, we turn next to the intellectual. We find in society that people at the present day are beginning to appreciate education; but how many people there are whose education has done them very little good. Many of them can only say they studied certain things, and committed them to memory. There are people who come forth from the universities and colleges in this country, with but few more ideas in their minds than they had when they entered those institutions. They can repeat the words that have been taught them, but in their souls very few ideas have taken root and are growing.

There are others who understand what the intellect is for, and who seek education that it may cultivate the power they possess; that it may give them not alone a passport into popular society, but that it may give them light in the world of science and philosophy; for without proper teaching in this direction, when they go out into this world of ours it is like the blind man groping among the trees and flowers. He presses the grasses with his feet, but he sees not their greenness, nor that of the waving branches of the trees. But when light comes to him, he sees all these things and appreciates them more truly.

In this life we have faculties, but we find that the cultivation of them can alone enable us to see the light. By the aid of education we receive that which guides us in the true path of life; and when we understand this properly, we can go forth into life with our souls brightened and pur-

fied by the teachings we have gathered from external things.

We have spoken of self-reliance, but by this we do not mean that every soul stands isolated from all others, or that it is complete in itself.

Remember a beautiful lesson that Nature teaches us at all times. If we are purely selfish, and would seek for our own happiness, there is only one way to act, and that is by seeking for the happiness of others. There is only one way in which we can have freedom, and that is in giving freedom to others. The moment we go forth and walk in the path of another's rights, we have taken from our own freedom, and given our souls license instead of liberty, and the result of this is evil.

Therefore he who teaches his intellect, and who unfolds his mind by his own efforts, by studying Nature and asking why and how these things are so, that soul gathers light into itself, and finds its own nature expanded. In response to its prayers there come light and peace and happiness. There is, therefore, an education of the physical, the intellectual and the spiritual, for man has this trinity in his nature. In the education of all these, we understand that he lives the most noble life and reaches the purest and happiest conditions.

The true nobility of life is to be found in the most perfect unfolding of the physical system, in which the body draws from Nature around it all the elements and forces that are essential to bring out its highest development, and the intellect, freed from the trammels of ignorance, bigotry, and all authority save that of truth, scans and comprehends the workings of many of the divine laws that govern mind and matter; and the soul, expanded in all its capacities, as the magnificent flower of humanity receives the dews of heaven and the golden sunlight of the spiritual, and thus manifests its beauty and pours out its rich fragrance, not only for the individual who exhibits these high attributes of true nobility, but also for all who come within the sphere of its influence.

We know very well that the teachings of theology would not bear us out in this, for they tell us that there is a difference between morality and religion; and when we say that the grand aim of every soul should be to be most noble, and that we can only reach this proud position by being most true and pure and upright in ourselves, these people tell us that it is not within ourselves that we should seek to develop our spiritual natures, but they would have us turn aside from morality and not depend upon it. In respect to this, we find that people have separated the intellectual from the spiritual; that they have made a great river of sophistry to run between the two; they have brought forth false arguments, saying that the spiritual and the intellectual were widely separated, and that the only way to heaven was to walk in the path of the spiritual, ignoring the intellectual. In other words, these people have said that science and philosophy stand as barriers in the pathway of religion. And they say that you must seek the straight and narrow path that leadeth unto eternal life by ignoring the intellectual, for the moral man is worse than the wickedest man—because he does not believe as they do. Now when they talk of this wide difference, we should really imagine that in their view there was such a thing, for they talk against their ministers mingling politics and religion—against their introducing politics into the pulpit.

In the way affairs have been managed in this country and in others, we should say that politics and religion were exceedingly far apart. But we say to-day, if we could we would carry religion everywhere in the country—in politics, in business, and in social life.

There are people who would exclude the intellectual and cultivate the spiritual, and they say the only purity that can come to the soul or be developed in it comes by the influence of religion.

There are people who perhaps might admire a great river, and they might labor, if they could do it, to make its channels so wide and deep that it would hold all the waters of this continent, and they would make it run between two banks and empty into a certain gulf. But the Great Spirit of Nature orders these things differently; and although a great river runs through our entire continent, yet there are other great rivers, and lakes, and small streamlets, and little brooks, and fountains, and springs; and there is no mountain so wild and dreary and high, but climbing up its sides, we shall find here and there the clearest crystal springs, answering in their musical voices the prayer of our thirsting nature. We see it is not so with our religion. We cannot make a channel for it to run in. We cannot dig out a tunnel and make it exactly deep enough and wide enough for all religions, and give it the name of Baptism, or Methodist, or Presbyterian, or even Spiritualist. We cannot give it any name and say, "All the religion in the universe that is good for anything flows here," for we find that the true spirit of religion flows everywhere. True Spiritualism, if we may term it so, showing itself in true religion, is found not alone in the church, not alone in the acquisition of knowledge, but wherever there is a human being rising up in his grandeur like the hills and the mountains; though they are rugged and lonely, perhaps the clearest springs of true religion are found in them. In one nature it exists in its spirituality, in another in its morality. We find none of these principles of purity and right in their full development, but there shall be an answer to our prayer, for when we thirst after righteousness, seeking for the truth, our thirst shall be quenched. When our minds are acting thus harmoniously, no barriers of fear shall keep them back, and happiness grows up as the result. With the light of reason we can see the right path and walk in it, and with the aid of science we are guided and directed in that path.

There are persons who say to us there is a great deal of evil in human nature, so they show us

what they call a sinful world, and tell us that we deserve eternal torture. And they tell us that there is a way to escape from this. But we say that if we were truly honest and felt that we deserved punishment, we should be ashamed to ask for anything but what we merited. No honest person can pray for anything which he does not deserve; and if we make ourselves worthy of any condition, then we have answered our own prayer.

But these persons are continually talking of the sinfulness of humanity and its degradation and depravity, and they try to show us that there is no beauty, no harmony, no goodness in man, nothing original, except original sin. Now they read in the Bible that "except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Now if there is depravity it must show itself in childhood; but if the Bible is true, this original condition must be one of purity and innocence. And when we become innocent and teachable, willing to receive that which comes to us as right—when we throw off worldly pride and bigotry and superstition, then we have entered the right path, and we need not wait for the kingdom of heaven for it shall be with us and in us here.

When they talk to us of total depravity, we say we do not believe in any such thing. We tell them that these words are improperly united, and if it were in our power, though we are not in favor of divorces, except where they are absolutely necessary, we would divorce these two words, for their marriage is not a legal one, though they were made by priests and confirmed by bishops. There is no such thing in nature as total depravity.

We have spoken of some of the destructive elements. We have never seen anything that works purely and entirely for destruction. We find development resulting from all changes, even those which appear the most destructive. In all things there is something like truth, and it is always mighty and will prevail, while error is short-lived and will die.

We see some extremely radical people who are dashing against everything. They find sharp corners everywhere—and there are many of these in their own natures; but instead of breaking or destroying the truth, they break and wear off these sharp corners in their own natures, and thus become rounded out into beautiful and harmonious completeness.

People are everywhere growing in spiritual things, and are beginning to see that religion and morality are united; that they are the purest and holiest development of the powers that God has given us, making our natures kind and loving and harmonious, and at all times ready to resist evil and seek for good, and this is all the true religion there is in the world. He who seeks good seeks God; he who seeks for the light of the Christian life, seeks the spirit recognized as the spirit of Christ. And in the spirit of purest morality we find the essence of all true religion, and in looking for the true nobility of life we must always seek for this. There are many persons who think they are very free; but when we ask them to investigate any new subject they are afraid to go very far, lest it might interfere with some of their ideas. In the investigation of modern Spiritualism, though the Bible tells us "to try the spirits and see whether they are good," and to "prove all things and hold fast that which is good"—yet how many people there are who are urged by the voice of their own uplifting souls to investigate it who are held back by their fears and prejudices.

When this subject first came before the public, it met with the severest opposition; people looked upon it with amazement. At first the churches sent forth storms of the bitterest denunciation, but afterwards they concluded that the only way to conquer Spiritualism was to examine into it, and so they sent forth persons to investigate the subject; not, however, in a fair and candid manner, but clothed in the armor of bigotry and prejudice. At first they thought to kill it by firing Bible texts at it; but as they examined some of the phenomena they became convinced that the spirits were really in it, and many of the ministers admitted this. But then they said they were demons, evil spirits, and so they came before the world with this sublime conclusion, after the most deliberate consideration. But they went into the investigation of this as thousands of persons go to the Bible to find particular texts after they have started a favorite theory and are seeking for something to sustain it. They find a text here and another there, and they patch them together to make a covering for their theory, and bring it out before the world.

But this theory of evil spirits would not be accepted by thousands of persons who had received communications and tests from their fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, and little children whom they knew were not evil here, and could not be evil spirits in the angel-world. The ministers say, Certainly; we have arrived at these conclusions by our researches! Now we say to you, you believe in a God of love? Yes. You believe that God is the great Shepherd? Yes. And we are the sheep belonging to this great master? Yes, they believe all this. Now we ask, do you believe that the great Shepherd would open the door of the infernal regions, and take off the cover of the bottomless pit, and let these demons out upon the people? And if He did so, who would be most to blame, if the ravenous wolves came and devoured the sheep?

We have never yet found a poison without there being an antidote for it. So when we find night, the day follows it; when the storm comes, the sunshine follows it; and when the white snows of winter have rested upon the earth, the summer follows it with its wealth of flowers, and if what is called evil comes to us, good comes also. As like always attracts like, when we free our souls from evil conditions we shall be free from evil companions.

So we say in regard to Spiritualism, or theology,

or anything else, if we go into the investigation, seeking for truth everywhere, and remembering that a truth found in the Koran is just as much a truth as if it were found in our most sacred books; just as a rose, that blooms and grows in the desert sands, would be just as much a rose as it would be if it grew in our gardens among our fruits and vines, though we may make it grow more beautifully by improving its surroundings. And so we may get more truth as we make better conditions for its reception.

The true nobility of life can only be realized as we are thus prepared to receive truth from all sources; and when this is the case, our nobility will wear a crown of its own, consisting of noble thoughts and deeds, and the brightness of our souls shall not be reflected from the titles of those who have lived before us. We say to you, if you would be truly noble, be truly free. If you would be truly happy in this life, live harmoniously, respect the rights of others, respect the interests and sympathies of others. And with the holy law of Christian love to guide you, the law of love that seeketh ever for the highest good of its object, your souls shall be blessed and purified and uplifted on earth, and earth itself shall be as a heaven.

Whenever you seek for the truth do it openly and freely, and not like some who go to the Bible to find that which they can see together to make a garment for their favorite idea. Neither go into the search like a timid child, who goes through a long, dark hall with his hands on both sides of his head lest he might see some ghost.

There are thousands of people who go into the investigation of truth just in this way. They shut out the light, and then look amazed and ask why they can see only darkness. Just as if a person should go into a room and shut the doors and windows, and then wonder why he don't have more light.

There is no subject that we need be afraid to investigate, but we must remember that our reason is one of the greatest gifts that we have. It is this which elevates us above the brute creation. This is the crown and soul of the spiritual nature. Having this reason, what are you going to do with it? Will you say, as some have, it is a dangerous gift, and so wrap it in a napkin and bury it in the ground? or are you going to use it upon all objects, trusting to the power of reason and conscience, twin stars as they are, pointing the way to heaven over the troubled ocean of earth-life? When you do this, light and truth shall reign, and the soul shall ever proclaim its true nobility.

In the charities and sympathies of this life, we find this true nobility of soul all through the works of greatness in the past and in the present, coming forth in public and in private; we see how the soul grows and uplifts itself in all conditions of society, until its expressions are recognized as grand and truly noble.

In all life's sorrows there is a kind of nobility in bearing them that commands our respect. There are persons who look upon their lives as peculiarly shadowed; but every heart knows its own bitterness, and when the hours are dark and friends are few, how prone we are to grow weak and murmur against our fate. It is the surface, however, that bears the bubbles in the ocean, and the waves may roll high when the storm is over you; but when you get down into the deep, dark waters, you will find that the depths are always unmoved, untroubled. The storm sweeps over the surface and marks the shallowest waters, but the depths are always calm; and so in this life of ours we should keep ourselves pure, so that when troubles come they will only ripple the wave on the surface, while deep down in our souls the nobility of truth, of reason and interior harmony shall ever give us their calm.

When we feel that we have true harmony in our souls, though troubles may come to us, and the jarring discords of every-day life, yet we can bear all these things, and they shall brighten and beautify our natures. It is the grandest thing in all this life to be in harmony with ourselves. If you search for the secret of discord, you will find that people are first dissatisfied with themselves, and then they are dissatisfied with everything, else. If our natures condemn them, then all life around looks dark when they look out of their own natures. It is like looking out of some of the old church windows; looking out through the colored glass we see the landscape, and it is beautiful. The trees have their natural symmetry and the flowers are in their natural shapes, but their colors are changed.

If we look through another pane of glass which happens to be uneven and out of harmony, the trees are dreadfully twisted and distorted, and Nature itself is not beautiful. When we look through the blue pane of glass, even the sky has a dismal blue, and the trees and flowers are deeply but not beautifully blue. So when our natures are pure and clear, and we are not out of harmony with ourselves, we look at people around us, and at Nature, and everything is beautiful, for the heaven within always makes a heaven without.

Now in this life let us simply become natural. There is nothing that makes Nature look so beautiful as the clear light of day, the sunshine. If you look at Nature through colored glass it is not as beautiful; but look at it through clear glass, and you will find the trees are green and the flowers have their own hues, the stars are clear and the sky is blue.

So let us strive to be purely natural, and not to be dwarfed and thrown out of shape by inharmonies and discords, but developed into the purest and most harmonious conditions, so that life shall become radiant and fair; and death, which has been dreaded and feared by man, shall only be a door that sad mortals with fearful eyes hang with craps on this side; and angels in the realms of sunbeams hang with unfading flowers on the other.

In our life's cares and sorrows, when our friends leave us, we often look upon life and see it only as a dream, only as a cloud, a vain and empty show. But life is something grander than this: it is real. We find while living in it our souls most earnestly labor; and in our sorrows let us call upon our reason, our intellectual and our spiritual natures, and by blending these, by bringing out their perfect beauty, we shall see clearly the light and radiance that shine on every side. When we look at death aright, we see it is only one link in this great chain of immortality; it is the link that binds us to heaven, and with the clearer seeing vision of our interior natures we see that death has nothing of dread or fear for us, and the graves of our loved ones, that have seemed as waves on the sea of life's troubles, shall no more be so to us, but from these mounds we shall see the nodding wild flowers of the spring, and hear the whisper of the grasses and the violets in their fragrant breath of inspiration, that teaches us the lesson that after the winter cometh the springtime, after sorrow cometh joy, and after death comes life's unfading bloom.

So in this life of ours we would teach you not how to die, for this time will never come. There is no annihilation, no loss of life. We would

teach you how to live, how to walk out of this realm of shadows into the eternal land of sunbeams.

He who has the true nobility, the most harmonious development of his entire nature, has the best foundation to build upon hereafter.

Therefore upon our present the future depends. In our present labor we shall have our reward, but not our whole reward; for rising up from the present grows a flower whose breath of fragrance makes up the atmosphere of heaven.

Now when we mourn our friends, let us remember in the midst of our sorrows, in the midst of our earthly weeping, that there is a land where weeping is unknown and where farewells are never more spoken. We may grieve when our friends pass away—grief is natural; but we should never fear or despair when we leave our bodies. It is very much like leaving an old home; we may have lived in one particular house, and all the rooms are beautiful and sacred to us. In one, perhaps, a mother may have rocked in her chair in the twilight and sung to us, her little children, songs that are as sweet to us as the music of the angels in heaven. That mother's voice may be heard no more on earth, but the room hallowed by her dear presence is dear to us forevermore.

And that house, with its tender associations, its pleasant memories, making the old walls beautiful, is dear to us; and yet the house grows very old, the wind blows through and the rain beats in, and we cannot live there any longer; and so, dropping tears, every tear holding in its prism a rainbow of hope, dropping tears because we must leave it, we go out forever from its doors and seek for another dwelling. We are glad we have made the change, and yet we sorrow for the dear old home; so when we leave the body, when our friends leave us, we sorrow just in this way, not because they leave the form, but because the memory of it is pleasant to us. We do not believe this is all of life; this is only a temporary dwelling-place of the soul, and yet the body eventually becomes dust and comes up in the blue of the violet and the white of the lily, and the hand we have clasped in the days that have gone, when we have felt its thrilling pressure, as the spirit appeared to us through the body, is gone from us forever. When we lay away that form we will sigh and mourn over it, but not with despair, not with agony that knows no ray of hope, for we know that the soul that made it beautiful has gone out into a heavenly dwelling, a mansion not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; and in that land whose immortal flowers are ever blooming we shall meet our loved one, where no tears flow and farewells are never spoken.

We have seen persons who walk out in the dark, and seeing in the distance some white object imagine it to be a ghost; but, gathering up courage, they approach it, and find it is not a spirit, but only a shrub loaded down with the purest and whitest blossoms. Now the fear of death frightens persons in the same way; walking through the dark, they tremble at its shadow, and fear that it is a ghost; but, coming nearer to it and recognizing it, behold, it is the tree of everlasting life, laden with its fragrant blossoms of immortal beauty and angelic loveliness.

Thus is the shadow taken away from death, and we learn that our duty lies with life.

"There is no death! what seems so is transition; This life of mortal being is but a passing scene, Is but a suburb of the life elysian, Whose portal we call death."

So the body tells us, and our souls respond. In parting we would say these words to you: Live true and noble lives; remember that life is to blossom with its true nobility; that we do not live on the surface alone; there are depths to our nature. Now let the sunbeams of noble thoughts, of pure principles and true uprightness go down into the depths and carry the light with them, and when these sunbeams quicken our natures, we shall find that in all things we are to do the best we can in all the paths of life; we are to develop our souls as best we may, so that we need not look beyond the earth for angels, but in the true nobility of life, for we shall see the angelic development of our brothers and sisters, and feel it within ourselves.

(Original.) TO "DANCING WATER."

BY PINKIE.

Dear "Dancing Water,"
I bring an offering for your heart,
From our glad "Land of Flowers,"
And every rose within the wreath
Was culled from Heaven's bowers;
And though some bloomed on mountains high,
And some in valleys lowly,
Down in the heart of every one
Lies hid a "promise" holy.

We feel no pang when Daylight fair,
Dim shadows o'er her creeping,
Goes down the golden sunset slopes
Unto her silent sleeping;
And be the night so long and dark,
We patient bide the dawning,
For well we know that light and song
Will waken in the morning.

But when the rayless night of grief
Around us darkly closes,
We only feel the "crown of thorns,"
We cannot see the roses.
But still, behind the shadows dark,
There's a sunshine, light and gladness,
And ye should wait in patient trust,
Not in despairing sadness.

The sleeping day dons robes of light
To chase away night's shadows,
And birds of song sweet, joyous notes
Awaken in the meadows.
All Nature wakens every morn
From darkness and dejection;
And to the earth each springtime seems
A kind of resurrection.

And when I see you ill with pain,
And know your faint heart falters,
I long to whisper in your ear:
"I love you, 'Dancing Water!'"
Then hope, and meekly, patient wait,
Faith to your bosom taking;
Though dark the night and long the sleep,
There is a morn and waking.
New York, March 11, 1867.

New Boston, Ill.

This place partakes largely of the liberal, progressive element of Spiritualism. It is a fine little city, located on the banks of the grand Mississippi river, which imparts one with the idea of progress in its majestic flow, bearing on its surface the representatives of human art, power and skill. Everything thrives in New Boston but old Theology. There is but one church in the city, and that is sickly, and would die if the infidels did not feed it. In all of my travels, I never saw a city before where Churchdom had so little influence. Spiritualism is the ruling principle for good here. Yesterday the friends commenced the work of organization, and soon there will be a Children's Lyceum. Thus the good work goes on, and the heart of the true reformer is made glad in his labors for suffering humanity.

By F. FAIRFIELD.
New Boston, Ill., May 20th, 1867.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE N. 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
Our hearts, angels that are to be,
May be if they will, and we prepare
Our souls and cure to meet in happy air."
(LIONEL HORT.)

(Original.) BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS.

The Violet.

This familiar little flower seems to belong to us by some nearer and dearer relationship than that of a mere plant. It seems almost as if it sprung out of our hearts, and knew all about our hidden life—our thoughts and feelings. A little friend said of some pansies, "See! how wise they look!" and it would seem as if every variety of this precious flower had a sort of human look, as if it would speak to us, sometimes in pity, sometimes in reproach.

There are many species of the order Viola, but they all closely resemble each other in form and feature, each species having the same tender eyes, and the same tranquil expression.

Far down in the green meadows where few people ever tread, half hidden under some shady cover, an old stump, a rock, or some more thrifty leaves, you will find one delicate variety that is an emblem of modesty. These are too frail to gather to carry any distance, for they wither at a harsh breath.

Another variety you will find in the woods, beautiful some decayed log, and peeping out from the side of a little clump of moss, as if knowing just how to seem most beautiful, and to make everything else seem so.

Another species likes dry places, and you will find luxurious clusters on hillsides and among savin or pine trees. These have most delicate tints, and vary in color, from white through all the shades of violet to deep, rich purple.

It is a pleasure worth going far to gain, to find a patch of these flowers, and to look into their still, beautifully fair faces, and feel all the glory and wonder of the life that sends them up from the barren soil and bids them testify of the All-Beneficial.

Like many little children I know are these fair flowers, and they seem, too, like those sweet, holy thoughts that spring out of the harsh, hard soil, in which our paths are winding up the mountains of progress.

Such beautiful blooming came from the hard life of little Petie Ames, and violets of purity and love sprung up from her troubles and trials, as luxuriantly as they come forth from our barren hill up here, that to look at one would say could only bring forth barberries and cedars.

Petie was one of those names that come from some strange mixture of several names, and belongs to no one but the one that bears it. Petie's mother's name was Betsey, and her grandmother's Patience, and out of these came the name Petie, and very nicely it fitted the little girl that bore it, for a little thing she was, but full of life and spirits and pretty ways of her own.

She was born up among the mountains, in a dreary, desolate spot, and her father, who was a thrifless man, got a miserable subsistence by tending the herds or by cultivating a little patch of ground around his house. For the reason that her father was so lacking in energy, perhaps it was that there was woven into Petie's life so much of brightness and decision.

When she was only three years old her mother died and her brother Frank, and there was no one to take care of her but her father. Petie could not remember her mother's face, but she could remember how much she wanted her, and a sense of something gone that she needed always remained with her. But she grew up in a pitiful sort of way, sometimes being taken care of by an ill-natured sister of her father, whom she called Aunt Nancy, and sometimes staying at home in the forlorn little house that she called home.

When Petie got to be old enough to begin to feel and think, her father got into bad ways, and went often two miles away to the tavern for rum, and came back either stupid or cross. Once or twice he had been like a madman, and had taken poor Petie and beaten her cruelly.

Things grew no better for Petie as she grew older. When she was ten years old she thought to herself, "I wonder what I was made for," and thinking so she went out by herself under the shadow of the hill. She saw the fresh green leaves fluttering in the summer air, and the glimmering shadows, and heard the chirp of the birds. Petie had never been taught to reason or to think, and what truth came to her came in bright flashes, as if sent to her directly from some higher mind. And no doubt it was, and that Petie had good and excellent teachers about her, although she could not see or hear them.

In all this beauty and freshness Petie stood, and for the first time in her life she seemed to feel it all its wonder. Somehow it seemed to be an answer to her question, and she felt as if somehow she was made for all that beauty, instead of the miserable poverty in the hut she called home.

As this thought came to her—more as an inspiration than a thought—it seemed to give her a new purpose, and something like a resolve filled her. She had been to Aunt Nancy's home and knew how she lived, with everything neat and comfortable about her, except in her spirit, which surely was in confusion and turmoil enough. And Petie, looking at the thrifty grass and the tidy trees, ran toward home and began to brush up the rooms. Her little hands toiled all day, and she was astonished at the change she was able to bring in the dreary place. What with sweeping and dusting, and some freshly gathered branches of hemlock, she quite transformed the house, so that when her father came home he opened his stupid eyes and sat himself down with a contented look, but without a word of praise. And Petie did not need any. A new gladness had come to her life, and from that day her little brisk figure flitted about the old rooms bringing some fresh tidiness to them.

"Laws sakes me," said Aunt Nancy, "if some folks ain't fixin' up 'mazin' nice. I'llers know you could work if you only would."

Petie opened wide her eyes, for she had toiled many a day until her little limbs were all tired to run for her aunt, who always paid her by a good scolding, to which Petie had submitted quite patiently.

"Come over here to have you come over and do a job for me," said Aunt Nancy. Now Petie had always submitted to Aunt Nancy's wish as if it was a necessity; but somehow the consciousness of her own rights had dawned upon her, as she had for the first time wakened up to a sense of the importance of what she had to do.

"Gusses I can't," said Petie; "I have the rooms to clean and the garden to weed."

Aunt Nancy threatened, scolded, even reached

forward to shake Petie, as she had often done, but the little figure stood firm, and the eye did not quail, and Aunt Nancy changed her tactics.

"Come now, I say, I 'se got my soap all a goin', and I'll give you some, and two new pennies besides."

Petie needed soap, and she had never had for her own so much money. She yielded and went, and worked with a will, and went home at night a happier and wiser girl than she had ever been before. She had learned that she could earn money, and with money she could get many things she needed. From this time she began to devise means of helping to gain some of the comforts they so greatly needed. She coaxed her father into the garden to work, while she went out to gather berries, which she readily sold for a few pennies. In this way she earned the first new dress she had ever had, for she had always been fitted from Aunt Nancy's cast-off garments, and the full value of her labors became known to her.

One day her father brought home a book with a few rude pictures in it. Petie looked it over and wondered what they meant, and looked with longing at the words. "Why not understand them?" she said to herself.

This one thought, like her others, seemed like a turning point in her life. She resolved to learn to read, and with this resolve she trudged off a mile and a half to the little brown school-house.

There was not another girl or boy there of her age but could read well, and at first the scholars were inclined to laugh at her ignorance; but she showed so much briskness and so much determination that none laughed long, and her good nature soon won for her very many friends.

From this school-life there opened a great wide path of beauty for Petie. She seemed to be in a new world. New thoughts came to her every day, and new desires. She did not think at all that her way was a hard, toilsome one, but she looked ever forward to the beauty that she was seeking to win.

The little home had, by means of her toil, and the coaxings that she had used upon her father, become a snug little place, and her dress was tidy and her manners lady-like, for with her efforts had come a certain feeling of independence that had taken from her all awkwardness.

It was then that little Petie toiled up the mountain of her difficulties until she came to the place of bloom and beauty, the patch of violets that grew like a transfer of heaven out of her everyday life.

There was still one great trouble left: her father would go to that dreadful place, the country tavern, and getting besotted he would bring a great woe to her heart.

Petie lay and thought about this at night, and she studied over it by day harder than she did over her multiplication table. She wondered if she should threaten to run away if he would do better, or if she should stop getting breakfast and dinner, and not try to please him. But she could not plan any way to help him out of this great trouble, and so she left it awhile longer.

And a fearful sickness came to her. Her little life seemed just going away, and she thought, "It is just as well—I am not afraid," but in that hour she took her father's hand and said, "I can go or stay. Promise me that you will drink no more at that dreadful place, and I will stay; but if you don't promise I am going, going way up with the rest—mother and grandmother and all."

And he promised, and Petie coaxed back the life again and got well. But she saw her father's irresolute face and the timid look to his eye, and she wondered again what she should do.

Just then she heard of some one who wanted a girl to work and a man as gardener, and she resolved that they should both go. It was a hard thing to shut up the little home, now pleasant in its neatness, but there was something harder, and so she did it, and she took her place as servant in a family that had been used to employing those who had no ambition above the wash tub.

It was very hard for Petie at first. It seemed almost as bad as Aunt Nancy's rule, but as she saw her father growing daily happier and stronger in the right, she did not fret or complain, but went at her work with a will and a resolution that were sure in time to bring her friends who would appreciate her and her labor.

And all this time there were growing up in her heart better and nobler purposes, and she was gaining through her toil some excellent experiences. As she washed dishes she could not stay her thoughts, but sent them out of the open window, searching for the beauty of the earth and sky. As she swept and dusted she recounted the lessons of the school-room, and daily added some new ideas to her stock, for here she found books and papers ready to her hand.

Her little nimble figure busied itself about the housekeeping, but her busier brain was at work gaining some knowledge. She thought of her little home far away, and longed for its quiet and independent peace; but she did not wish to return to it until the one purpose of her life was gained, and she knew her father to be strong in the right.

And thus we will leave little Petie, as we leave the violets on the hill, knowing that they can bring forth nothing but beauty and sweetness; but we will find her again when we talk about the Lily of the Valley.

SWEDISH MOTHER'S HYMN.

BY FREDRIKA BREMER. TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

There sitteth a dove, so white and fair,
All on the lily spray,
And she listeneth how to Jesus Christ
The little children pray.
Lightly she spreads her friendly wings
And to heaven's gate hath sped,
And unto the Father in heaven she bears
The prayers which the children have said.

And back she comes from heaven's gate
And brings—(that dove so mild)—
From the Father in heaven who hears her speak
A blessing on every child.
Then, children, lift up a pious prayer;
It hears whatever you say,
That heavenly dove, so white and fair,
All on the lily spray.

THE TRUE STORY OF CINDERELLA.

The story of Cinderella is familiar to every one, and yet there are few that treasure it up in any respect true. But it has a foundation and a reality that really needs no fairy god-mother, with her pumpkin and her rats, to make an entertaining tale. It is as follows:

In about the year 1730 a French actor by the name of Thevenard lived in Paris. He was rich and talented, but he had no wife, and we may believe he had never loved any one, but gave all his affection to those ideal characters that he could represent so finely on the stage.

One day as he was walking leisurely along the streets of Paris he came upon a cobbler's stand, and his eye was attracted by a dainty little shoe which lay there waiting repairs. His imagination began immediately to form the little foot that

must fit such a neat little shoe. He examined it well, but only to admire it more and more.

On going to his own house he seemed haunted by the little shoe. He fancied it tripping over his floors, he could hear the music of its tread—in fact, there was nothing among all his rich and elegant treasures that seemed to him half so beautiful.

He dreamed of the shoe, and wakened to resolve to find its owner. There was a magnetic thread of life coiled up in that little bit of leather that was strong enough to hold him fast.

He went to the stall of the cobbler again, but could learn nothing in regard to the owner of the shoe. This only increased his eagerness, and made him more determined to know to whom it belonged. Day by day he was disappointed, but he was not discouraged. He waited, and sought; all the time he was framing more and more an imaginary life that grew out of the thoughts that circled about the cobbler's bench.

At last the little foot needed the little shoe, and Thevenard met the owner, a poor girl whose parents belonged to the humblest class. But the ardent actor thought not of caste or family. His heart had already pronounced the little one his wife, and he was brave and good enough to heed what his heart said.

He married the girl with no question of what people would say, and felt joy enough in hearing the tread of the light, nimble feet through his silent rooms, to pay him for the sacrifice of other people's approval.

This is the true story of Cinderella, and from which the child-romance sprang.

GRATITUDE.

BY CORA WILBURN.

We are vehemently grateful for being aided in some great emergency; we call him a benefactor who rescues us from the coils of poverty, who saves us from impending danger or financial ruin. We are profuse in our expressions of gratitude toward those who have lent us the material, helping hand, in our time of sorest need; we feel eternally indebted to the brave heart that snatched us from the encircling flames, that saved our burning home, and restored to us our loved ones, all unharmed. The gallant swimmer who risked his own life for ours—can we ever forget his act of daring heroism? The true friend, who interposed his own body between our defenceless, and terror-stricken one, in face of the unseen enemy or prowling assassin—how can we ever repay the obligation incurred? how sufficiently render thanks for the life—been renewed by that faithful hand? For all these things, to the glory of human nature be it said, there is the returning heart-glow of a changeless gratitude. It is so sweet to owe life and prosperity to some loving, daring soul. But for other services rendered unto an unresponsive world, there is, alas! too often, the unmerited return of the darkest ingratitude.

The world's reformers have ever been persecuted, aspersed by misrepresentation and malignity, treated to stones in lieu of bread. Are we grateful for the unrelenting efforts of the self-sacrificing ones? Do we acknowledge the debt we have incurred toward those who by spiritual counsel and the mighty example of pure, true lives, have striven to lead us heavenward? Do we call them our physical and moral Saviours, who, through the benign teachings of Nature and the spirit-world, seek to lead us out of the labyrinths of the flesh, the darkness of olden superstitions, unto the life of purity, the religion of love? Or do we, with the hastily condemning multitude, call these preachers of the Beautiful by the scornful names the world attaches to all reformers—dreamers, transcendentalists, fanatics, radicals?

If enthusiasm in the noble cause of freedom be deemed fanaticism by the cold-blooded Mammon-worshippers, none the less may such fanaticism thrive and spread until the starry flag of our country waves over a nation of freemen indeed! If to touch upon the natural and sacred functions of our nature be deemed immorality by a squeamish few or many, we say, all hail to the defenders of purity, to the champions of woman's holy rights of motherhood. Only by perversion to animalism have the God-given senses been outraged, and the angel nature degraded; by elevating our standard of physical purity, we enable the character; and teaching upon this point is much needed at the present time. The very fact that reform in this particular is so loudly declaimed against, proves its supreme necessity. It is the sore spot of society; therefore the members of society writhe and groan in what they deem holy horror, when touched in that most vulnerable point.

A deeper gratitude is due to the teacher who would lead us from groveling sensuousness up to loftiest heights of spirit culture, than is due to him who leads us with the riches of this world. He who saves us from transgression is a braver and a truer ally than he who drags us from the engulfing waves, or the encircling flames. He or she who teaches us "the way and the life" of absolute purity, of goodness, justice, loving endeavor, is our best benefactor. Yet how seldom is mankind grateful for spiritual truths imparted; for timely warnings given; for loving admonition, and heavenly counsel adapted to the comprehension of earth! How few receive the gospel of life and holiness—how many reject its gracious ministrations of love!

Rochester, Pa.

We make the following extracts from a letter written by Mrs. L. M. Patterson of Rochester, Pa., which are of general interest: "We have no meetings near Lyceum near, as the few Spiritualists here, with one or two exceptions, have not means to spare, in these times of expensive living, from supplying their daily needs, to content great the sectarian element that predominates so thoroughly that even scientific lecturers scarcely receive encouragement to labor among us. Last winter Dr. Putnam was with us, and although he had a very fine cabinet, and all the necessities for illustrating his lectures on the important subject of physiology, he could not obtain School Hall, in New Brighton, for a price that would warrant him in staying, although his first lecture was to be free."

In April, 1866, Mrs. Walkbrook gave four lectures in this vicinity. In fact, she gave the only one ever given in Rochester, and although she made a very good impression she did not receive enough to pay the expense of the hall. And yet there are many inquiring minds that would investigate if opportunity offered "without money and without price."

All other religious denominations consider their religion of sufficient importance to make it free, hence their prosperity. The Catholics everywhere are doubling their diligence to make proselytes; but Spiritualists as yet do not provide their glorious truths for the needy souls who are famishing for this "bread of life," that they are incompetent to furnish for themselves.

I was much pleased with the suggestion in the BANNER to furnish a salary for A. J. and Mary E. Davis, and send them as missionaries among the heathen of our own country, to establish Lyceums, and inspire the weak and timid with strength and confidence to carry on the work. The East is abundantly blessed with test mediums and speakers, while in some localities of the West the people are ignorant of the meaning of the word medium, in the sense employed by the Spiritualists. But the cause of progress is surely on the track, with a propelling power that cannot be stayed."

Spiritual Phenomena.

Spiritual Manifestations through Charles H. Foster.

Sunday evening, April 28th, by invitation of Mr. Joseph Dixon, of Jersey City, Mr. Charles H. Foster visited his hall, and, considering the conditions, gave one of the most extraordinary séances in his experience. The circle was composed of seventeen members, all strangers to Mr. Foster, while a large audience who had come to hear the usual lecture filled the seats and observed the manifestations.

The séance began by Mr. Foster handing each member of the circle a slip of paper whereon to write the name of any person they wished, either in the form or spirit. He then gathered them in, mixed them thoroughly, and selected one, which he handed to a gentleman, saying the spirit whose name was thereon written wished to communicate. The gentleman stated that he himself could not have selected his own from the rest, yet Mr. Foster not only selected it, but produced the name to correspond in the recognized handwriting of the spirit, which he (Mr. F.) could not possibly have written, his hands being held by gentlemen at his side, thus showing it to have been produced entirely by spiritual agency.

After several similar tests a gentleman at the table asked Mr. Foster if he could get anything for him. Receiving an affirmative reply, he wrote ten or fifteen names, saying the name of the individual he wished to hear from was among them. Mr. Foster immediately selected the true one, giving the middle initial of the name written, which the gentleman had omitted. This was accepted by the audience as a most satisfactory test. Upon being asked if the person was in or out of the form, Mr. F. replied that he was in the form, and living in Illinois; that he (the gentleman present) would hear from him soon; that he was carefully watched and guarded by a spirit giving her name as Agnes Humphrey, mother to the gentleman present, and grandmother to the object of search, whose name was Robert K. Humphrey, and whose whereabouts were unknown to his anxious father. The majority of the audience being acquainted with these facts, and believing Mr. Foster a stranger in Jersey City, were obliged to accept it as most extraordinary.

More than fifty satisfactory tests were given to the audience, more than half of whom had never before seen the first approach to spirit-manifestation. They departed with a general feeling of interest and intention to further investigate. We have reason to believe that the tests of that one evening, given by Mr. Foster, will do more to strengthen the belief in immortality than five hundred Orthodox sermons.

At the close of the séance Mr. Dixon made a few remarks upon the manifestations just witnessed, stating that he had received additional evidence of the great fact of spirit-intercourse, and that he felt sure it would soon be accepted as truth by his audience. FRANK W. BALDWIN.

A Good Test.

Evidence of the ability to return of those who have passed from this sphere of existence to that of the next, occurred in the family of Joseph A. Rowe, Esq., of Andover, N. H., a few months since, of more than ordinary significance. Mr. Rowe is a gentleman of probity, intelligence and respectability, and well known in this vicinity. His son, Frank Pierce Rowe, had had a photograph of himself taken, and not being satisfied with it, had put it away out of sight and knowledge of all but himself. Subsequently he was taken sick, and in the progress of the disease the symptoms becoming alarming, his parents, fearing he might not recover, requested him to tell them where they could find the photograph. He however declined, saying it was not a good likeness of him, and that he did not care to have his memory connected with so imperfect a representation of his lineaments. As he gradually grew worse, and the prospect of his recovery became fainter day after day, the request was repeated with still more solicitude, but nothing could induce him to reveal the place where he had so securely placed the likeness. At length the earthly infirmity was cast aside, and his spirit was robed in garments woven from the sunlight of immortal life. Some months after his death, or rather near birth, Mr. Alvin Walker, a seer medium residing in the neighborhood, informed the parents that Frank had frequently appeared to him, sometimes when he was about his work in the field; that he had conversed with him familiarly on various subjects, and at one time said to him, "I have concluded to let our folks know where I put that photograph. I perceive they really desire it, and though it is an imperfect likeness, yet it is probably better than any they can otherwise obtain. Tell them to look in the bottom of the clock, and there beneath every other article they will find a key I used to carry in my pocket, and the photograph." The clock is an old style long one, reaching from floor to ceiling. The mother with much solicitude proceeded to examine the clock. She found the key, but not the photograph. With much sorrow she informed Mr. Walker of her disappointment. The latter replied that he had known Frank well, and had had much conversation with him, both as a mortal and a spirit, and that his statement in this respect was so natural and direct that he could not, without further examination, believe it to be incorrect; accordingly Mr. Walker was permitted to make search himself, and after a careful and thorough examination he found, to the great joy of the family, the identical photograph. Though the family have long been Spiritualists, it was pleasant and satisfactory to them to receive a test so direct and of such marked significance from their son, who is not lost but advanced to a higher plane of existence. D. G.

Franklin, N. H., 1867.

Prevision.

In the spring of 1862, having been busily employed during the day in visiting the sick in the city and country, and returning home late in the evening, considerably fatigued by the labors of the day, I threw myself down on the lounge to rest. I soon fell asleep, and dreamed the following

DREAM:

I was apparently in bed in my own room, when I was aroused by a loud voice at the front door. Getting out of bed and raising the front window of my own room, I asked, "Who's there?" or "What's wanting?" A gentleman was at the door, who with a German accent replied, "I have three children very sick; I want you to come right away." I arose quickly, and followed the man (who, by the way, was a stranger to me) to his house, where I saw two ladies of my acquaintance. One of them, Mrs. G., said to me, "Doctor, you will have plenty of business to-night; here are three very sick children." I proceeded at once to examine the condition of my patients, whose disease I soon ascertained to be diphtheria. One case, the youngest child, proved to be in a

very critical condition. I pronounced it incurable, and remarked that it could not live many hours. I prescribed for the other two, stating that they would recover. I asked who had been attending the children, and the reply was, "Dr. F." Other conversation occurred relative to the condition of the little sufferers.

I awoke, and found Mrs. Pace by my side, engaged in sewing. I related my dream to her, remarking how real it seemed, and in a few moments I retired to bed and fell asleep. After having been in bed an hour or two, I was aroused the second time (this time in reality) by a loud noise at the front door, Mrs. P. remarking at the same time, "I guess your German friend has come." I raised the window, and asked, "Who's there?" and sure enough the voice I had heard in my dream three hours and a half before answered, "I have three children very sick; I want you to come right away."

I arose, dressed myself, and followed the man to his house. I there found the three sick children, and the two ladies mentioned above. Mrs. G. addressed me in precisely the same words she used in my dream. The position of the furniture in the room, the number of persons present, &c., all corresponded with what I had seen in my vision. I examined my patients, pronounced the youngest incurable, and prescribed for the other two. The youngest died that night; and the others recovered, under my treatment.

There are some things connected with this dream which I cannot explain satisfactorily to myself. That spirits of departed human beings were the prime movers in this scene, I have not the least doubt; in fact, I have the most positive assurance that they were; but the *modus operandi*—how they became possessed of this knowledge, how they knew what Mrs. G. would say to me three hours and a half before she said it, and what part of the room she would occupy at the time of my arrival, is what I cannot understand. That I should have had a clairvoyant vision, showing me the condition of my patients at a distance, is nothing remarkable, as such things are of daily occurrence in my practice; but that spirits should be able to unveil the future, and show with such accuracy and minuteness of detail what would transpire, what would be said and done, I was unprepared previous to the date of this vision to believe. But like Paul, after receiving this ocular demonstration I have changed my views somewhat, notwithstanding my total inability to explain the matter.

Respectfully yours, DR. S. D. PACE.

Port Huron, Mich., 1867.

A New Physical Medium.

A correspondent informs us that Miss Rose Howard, a young lady residing in Belleville, O., has been developed as a physical medium, and that some striking manifestations take place at her dark séances, a few of which we will mention. After a circle has been formed around a table, upon which are placed tambourines, trumpets, a triangle, bells, &c., the instruments are played upon simultaneously, sometimes while floating in the air, and keeping time to singing by members of the circle. The spirits frequently join in the singing, and upon the company stopping, will continue on alone and finish the song, and sometimes sing pieces that are unknown to any of the company present. The medium is also entranced upon some occasions, and placed on a high table, together with the chair in which she is sitting.

Written for the Banner of Light.

WRECKED ON THE SHADY ISLANDS!

BY J. BOMBER, JR.

Wall! wall for the dead!
A stout vessel at morning
Sailed over the seas, with bright hopes adorning
Each soul of her crew. On sped she—returning
No more to her port, or to fond bosoms yearning.
Wall! wall for the dead!

Wall! wall for the dead!
'Neath the waves of the ocean,
By the Fortunate Isles, resting free from commotion
In a shadowy cave of the deep, evermore
Lies that ship, now tossed by the storms nevermore.

Wall! wall for the dead!
Memory's roses are blooming,
The breath of their fragrance the heart is perfuming;
Yet the harp of Time's sorrowing minstrel is moaning,
Breathing sighs for the ship in the Far Away
roaming—
Wailing woes for the dead!

Wall not for the dead!
Thank God for the dawning
Of light, born of love! For lo! with the morning
Come carrier-doves from yon Shady Islands,
Cooling—"Safe is the crew on the shores of the High-lands!"

Wall not! Wall not for the dead!"

Wall not for the dead!
The tear-drops of sorrow
Into pearls of great price may be turned to-morrow,
And gloomily loom through the vista of ages
The musty old tomes of the ghoully old sages,
Wailing—"Woe to the dead!"

Wall not for the dead!
Sweet voices are chiming
From the Vales of the Blest in soft, musical rhyming;
And Eternity's bells all are joyfully ringing
Glad tidings of love to humanity—bringing
No walls for the dead!

Wall not for the dead!
See! our beaming Ideal,
As fair as the morn in the Land of the Real,
Stands waving her hand by the mystical ocean,
Sending love-notes to Love, by Undying Devotion!

Love-notes from the dead!

Wall not for the dead!
The angels are waiting
To welcome our bark from Life's tempest escap-
ing;
And sweetly their smiles beaming far o'er the
billow,
Cast the Rainbow of Peace over each weeping
willow,
Wailing walls for the dead!

St. Albans, Vt.

There were 364,298 marriages last year in the United States.

HOW I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

NUMBER SIX.

BY H. SCOTT, M. D.

WHAT GOOD IS TO COME OUT OF SPIRITUALISM? REPLIED TO, AND OTHER OBJECTIONS MET.

This question has been asked of me many hundreds of times by the misinformed, and objections proposed, which I will briefly reply to.

Spiritualism has satisfied me that man is immortal; that he will live on when his body dissolves away. It has afforded the same consolation to thousands of others, the evidence of which was nowhere else to be found. The Bible never taught me that I should live eternally. Job's assurance that he should see God in his flesh, (modern translations render it spirit), was strong; and Christ said, "This day shall thou be with me in Paradise;" but I don't know how either of them understood it. Spiritualism teaches the universal brotherhood of man, and the highest standard of morals. It invites to the largest freedom of thought, and the untrammelled use of reason. It disenthalls man from bigotry and superstition, by teaching a rational and practical religion, and shows him his true relation to God, his fellow-man and himself. It informs him that his departed friends live and sympathize with and care for him. It insists upon the practical observance of the golden rule, and all the Christian virtues, and neutralizes the fear of death, by showing that to leave the body is but to enter into life everlasting.

"Has Spiritualism taught anything new?" Yes, it has taught the naturalness of religion, by divesting it of the mysterious rites and ceremonies with which it has been enshrouded by priests, and reconciled it with science. This is something new, and worth more to us than all the altars and sacrifices the world has ever known. It is, further, something new to be informed that heaven, or the home of disembodied spirits, is a state or condition, instead of, according to Orthodoxy, a place, a gold-paved city, somewhere up above the clouds, which idea is a burlesque on common sense when enlightened by science.

"But Spiritualism conflicts with itself, by teaching a multiplicity of opposite doctrines." If I were Orthodox, very shame would restrain me from raising this objection. The objection should be replied to thus: Bible believers teach several hundred conflicting interpretations of the same Scriptures, therefore Christianity is false. Shame and pity both for such silly quibbles.

"One of the abominations of the heresy is, that it recognizes free-love, and separates those whom God has joined together." This charge is at once false and devilish, as well as manifesting a dearth of resources. When a party is planned to the wall, the legitimate resort is to slander and falsehood. It is known that there are fallible people in all classes; but the fact proves nothing against a cause. If I were to say that because a great many ministers of the Gospel have been libertines, have prostituted girls, and been the instruments in separating those whom God had joined together, and that such vices were too common among laymen, it would not therefore follow that because my statements were true, the body was all corrupt, and the whole Christian system an error. Let sheets be balanced, and this objection dropped.

"Spiritualism sets people mad, and fills the insane asylums." The official report of the officers of the Central Lunatic Asylum of Ohio, for the twenty-seven years ending with December, 1865, gives, in the table of causes of insanity, three hundred and seventy-five under the head of religious excitement, and one from Spiritualism. I have seen similar reports from other insane asylums. Do the three hundred and seventy-five cases from religious excitement demonstrate that the Christian religion is peculiarly characterized by destroying the equilibrium of the human mind? Persons of excitable minds may and do become unbalanced by great mental disturbances, from whatever cause. But I know of none that would seem to be more potent in producing that lamentable state, than the fear of endless torment in a hell of fire after death, in the companionship of devils, damned spirits and fiery dragons. Is there anything in spirit-teachings that would be likely in a peculiar manner to induce insanity? It takes away the terrors of death, and promises a happy reunion on the other side of the river, of those who loved here, and has no endless hell in its conceptions.

But tell me, candid skeptic, think you there are no distracting thoughts in the theological idea of an eternal separation at death of dear friends? Can you imagine fond parents parting at the judgment seat from their loved offspring, who are to go away into everlasting darkness, while they are to wing their way to the throne of God, there to sing hallelujahs forever and ever, and back in ineffable ecstasies of delight? or that, if the case were reversed, the children would be happy while their parents, or brothers, or sisters, were burning, as endless ages were onward rolling? Are you human, and fall to realize that such heart-rending thoughts, acting upon human loves and sensibilities inherent in every breast while life and being endure here below, would be transcendently qualified to disturb and unsettle reason, and fill the asylums for the insane? Do you imagine you could be happy in heaven while you knew, or believed, that the wife of your bosom, or the child that had imprinted the warm kiss of innocence and love on your cheek were tormented by devils? And yet all this is embodied in the doctrines you have consented to, and profess belief in, if you are a member of any of the existing church organizations. Can you think of such disposition of the souls of any of your family or friends after death, on account of their beliefs while here? beliefs which they had neither the power to receive or reject, of themselves, because forced upon them by conditions which they could neither change nor control? Can you, I repeat, think of such destinies and not feel your brain turn on the confines of distraction? Perhaps you are a Calvinist, and believe that God unalterably fixed the eternal states of all souls before the foundations of the world! Does that belief ease your mind? Can you bless and adore such a God, and complacently consign bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh to the lake of fire, because it is for the glory of God? Can you contemplate such a destiny and still bless a just God, and go on with a calm and well balanced intellect? But the subject sickens me, and I desist.

"You will damage your reputation and your business if you avow your belief in Spiritualism." That objection you seem to understand. You remember how Christians have slaughtered one another, the rack and the faggot, and bigots and incarnate devils employ the means left to them to check or silence the voice of reason. If you can't use the thumb-screw, or the wheel, or the stake, destroy one's good name; attack his business; anything to get revenge, because his conditions have impelled him to think differently from yourself. If contempt could find justification, it would be

toward mere time-serving, money-getting Christians, who can find no more charity in their natures than that which allows them to destroy a fellow being for difference of opinion in religious matters.

"Spiritualists do not believe in the Bible." Do Orthodox professors believe in the Bible? Then why do they believe so many diverging ways? If this charge is to be considered, then Calvinists say Arminians do not believe in the Bible, and Arminians say Calvinists do not believe in the Bible; and so on throughout the entire divisions and multiplied subdivisions of the sects, who all believe in the Bible, if their sincerity is to be credited, and yet not two of them believe alike clear through. If I have understood Spiritualism on the Bible, it retains and believes all its truth and reason, and discards all its falsehoods and absurdities. No sane mind can do otherwise. If Spiritualists teach all the good there is in the pages of that strange book, and repudiate its abominations and ignorance, then I fall to see wherein their course is to hurt, or how they can fall to benefit the world. For myself, I do not believe that all of the Bible is true, or that, as a whole, it is an invaluable book; and I am glad to know that Spiritualists, in the main, hold similar views. Lancaster, O.

"FOREIGN MISSIONS" AGAIN.

In the BANNER of May 18th there is an article headed "Foreign Missions," which commences thus: "There is an immense amount of humbug about the foreign mission business," and by this sentence I am reminded of a missionary meeting which I attended between twenty and thirty years ago. As it proved to be the last missionary meeting I ever attended, it has left a strong impression upon my mind.

Notice had been given that a rich treat might be expected, and the church was crowded when the missionaries ascended the platform. If I remember correctly, there were to be seven speakers, and those poorly and well dressed gentlemen took their seats with the admiring and reverential gaze of the large audience fixed steadily upon them.

It was cold weather, and they wore broadcloth cloaks, then in fashion, full enough to wrap several times around them. The cloaks were of the finest cloth, lined with silk velvet, (I sat very near them,) and trimmed with heavy silk cords and tassels.

On their plump white fingers they wore rings which sparkled like diamonds, which they probably were—diamonds purchased by contributions for the salvation of God's heathen!—and on their faces they wore their full feeding, their comfort, prosperity, confidence and self-righteousness, which last they immediately began to exercise, by telling us of the sufferings they had endured in their efforts for the good of perishing souls.

I had carried a silver half-dollar (I was poor) tied in the corner of my handkerchief, so that I need make no noise or stir in offering my contribution; and when these pampered men told with their tongues the story of their suffering and sacrifice, a story to which all the rest of their generous proportions gave the lie direct, I untied the half-dollar and put it in my pocket, and it proved to be the last money which I have ever even intended to give for missionary purposes. God must take care of his heathen if he can without me.

After these elegant martyrs had finished their moans and their appeals, they rested the case, and the pastor of the church took it up. His Reverence remarked to us that those gentlemen had sacrificed their worldly prosperity and all other considerations for the sake of perishing souls, and he thought it was our duty to sustain them in their efforts. He did not see why they were not entitled to as much assistance as they might have acquired by remaining at home and engaging in lucrative business which would have secured it to them, and then he united his appeal to our pockets to those which had preceded it, and the contribution box went round, gathering apparently plenty of money to feed, clothe and ornament missionaries (I forgot to speak of their magnificent gold watches), and some doubtless toward building missionary houses, furnishing them with libraries, &c.

That missionary meeting gave me an opportunity to judge for myself of the "missionary enterprise," and thousands of others must have been similarly enlightened then and since, but we live an artificial life, and many think it for their interest to sustain its artificiality. M. S.

Correspondence.

Our Public Speakers—An Appeal to Spiritualists.

There is a subject on my mind so fraught with interest that I cannot conscientiously forbear laying it before the readers of the BANNER. Line upon line and precept upon precept have been upon us, and need more, and more, feeling on the subject of the slight compensation awarded to our public speakers, who have poverty to contend with, besides the poverty of spirit on the part of many would-be supporters. How little the latter know of the struggles of the former to furnish sustenance and clothing sufficient to keep themselves and those dependent on them from absolute suffering—laboring with the hands when not serving the public as a missionary; heeding calls from far and near, and sometimes not so much as a "thank you," and oftener hardly sufficient to pay expenses. Who but those imbued with the spirit of love toward our common humanity would thus labor on year after year with no prospect of compensation sufficient to supply their physical needs?

Spiritualists of this free and enlightened republic, it is time to arouse from the sleep which is so nearly proving fatal to the vitality of the Christian principle which has been so freely showered down upon us from the angel world, by the withholding on our part, its professed recipients, of its nourishment, love. How can we, who steadily listen to the many words of love and wisdom given us through earth's children who we know are dependent on the labors of their hands for the means of subsistence, go to our homes rejoicing in the truths to which we have listened, knowing that the laborer is not fully compensated in things material? When we can learn that it is more blessed to give than to receive, then will this order of things be reversed. Let us take this home to our hearts, sifting the love of self and worldly pride from the pure gold of love of which we have imbibed, feeling that we are too proud to listen to this spiritual food while withholding the temporal. The best way to do this is to picture to ourselves one of these poor speakers, fully imbued with love to all, and anxious to bestow this great boon as freely as has been given, when a call for his services has been received, feeling poverty's hand so sorely pinching as to necessitate the wearing of garments not only threadbare, but oftentimes much worse, and with the knowledge that the little motherless ones must suffer for warmth and food in his absence.

We who understand somewhat the Spiritual Philosophy, ought to realize that our true influences are extremely susceptible to outside influences; and it becomes us, as avowed recipients of this great boon of love to God and man, to cherish these needy ones, not only by words of sympathy, but by proofs of our sincerity by doing what little we may toward relieving their temporal necessities, making glad the heart, causing it to respond to the music of the heavenly spheres.

Now I wish to make a personal application of my subject in behalf of a friend, whose name stands among the list of lecturers in the BANNER,

and whose sufferings during the last ten or twelve years have far exceeded any delineation here given. But circumstances have now changed somewhat, he having taken to himself a worthy companion, with two fatherless daughters, each giving of their love and care to each, and the raising of children; but in a pecuniary point of view nothing bettered, the expenses of the united families using all the means which the greatest industry on the part of both can command. And all this after having been the one through whom, as an instrument, the first impetus to Spiritualism was given in the city of Oswego, years ago. He then lived eight miles from the city, walking the distance to meet his appointments on Saturday afternoon, after a week of hard labor, speaking twice on Sunday, and often walking home after eleven o'clock at night to attend to his motherless ones, who for five years had no one to care for them but their father, both out doors and in. Besides all this, he answered calls to attend circles from three to five evenings in a week for three years, and has also a great deal since.

These particulars are given without any solicitation on the part of this friend, in order to let those true and noble hearts who are possessed of ample means, know on whom they can bestow a tithe, and know it is not bestowed unworthily. He during all his heart trials has never solicited aid in any way, preferring to sacrifice the comforts of life rather than solicit charity; but in behalf of himself, his family, and the beautiful philosophy which we so much love, I feel it my duty to lay this case before your readers, asking if some plan cannot be devised by which to meet the demands of such families, and let the imprisoned one go free in the spiritual field, sowing new seed, and gathering in the harvest from that same year ago. As a lecturer, he is a privilege secured, usually giving the audience the privilege of choosing the subject, and handling it scientifically. He is also celebrated for improvising poetry on any and every subject, proving to all who may wish to question, from motives of either candor or ridicule, that he is possessed of great ability, or else has help from the spirit-world. That any one wishing to add their mite in this case may know whom to address, I will venture to give the information. Mr. Warren Woolson, Hastings, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Hoping this appeal may not be in vain, I close. Yours in the true bonds of Christian unity, MRS. HARRIET H. CLARK.

Mexico, N. Y., April 27, 1867.

Spiritualism and the Spirit-World.

From evidences abundantly manifest on every side, Spiritualism is steadily gaining ground in the Northwest and West. What is especially needed among those old in the faith, is the frequent appearance of readable works like Hudson Tuttle's "Life in the Spheres; or Scenes in the Spirit-World." To those firmly grounded in the belief of Spiritualism, those who never experience the shadow of a doubt of its reality, the frequent examples from the unseen realm come like *respite* to the weary. As the heart craves sympathy, so *belly* seeks reassurance.

There is nothing so deeply interesting to mortals who inwardly sigh for the rest of the summer-land, as the reception of revelations concerning the employments of the great throng who have passed on to the higher life. It may be the impossibility of comprehending incident to outward life, but I have never yet gleaned from any source of spirit-revelation, the true, exegesis of "what and where is the spirit-world," whether the localities of that world are fixed and unchangeable, and seen alike by all, or whether the celestial scenery is a correspondence of the spirit's subjective conception? Hudson Tuttle's second volume of Arcana distinctly asserts the former predicate, while Thomas Paine, in his "Philosophy of Creation," as positively affirms the latter. It seems this contrariety need not be. If it is a thing absolutely inconceivable to mortal conception, it would seem a simple thing for spirits to so state, which would abate further queries on the subject. We know that no description of colors to one who never saw the light would avail to give a blind person a conception of shades and hues; and, doubtless, our own conception as to what constitutes the scenery of the spirit-world is no less at fault.

The communication in the BANNER of May 18, from N. P. Willis, on the subject of the reality of spirit-life, was replete with interest, though deficient in definiteness, as is usual with communications.

I think many Spiritualists would respond to the desire for the frequent publication of pamphlets and books descriptive of spirit-life, and I sincerely hope that the wish may meet with frequent gratification. V. C. TAYLOR.

From Washington.

The good work still goes bravely on here, and from the many new faces seen in our audiences, we feel assured that the interest is growing deeper, but how could it be? Hereafter, after the beautiful teachings of last winter?

Our gifted sister, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, spoke to us with the eloquence of a true and noble spirit, sending forth beautiful thoughts that inspired all who heard them with the divinity of their origin. God bless her in her labors of love!

A. B. Whiting gave us intellectual treats. His words were full of promise to man in the future, and he has created an additional attraction to our gatherings by his beautiful songs.

Thomas Gales Foster has just closed a series of lectures, in which he has shaken old theology to its very life-centre, and with his towering intellect has raised humanity from the ashes of the past and brought them into the light of inspired truth.

Dr. Mayhew will speak the present month.

We have just closed our social gatherings at Major Chorpennings'. They are powerful allies in disseminating truth, and many will look back with joy to the assurance to the glowing of a truer life. May the good angels protect Bro. and Sister Chorpennings, that their lives may be long and blessed. In the Summer-Land they will gather the incense of grateful hearts.

Ever yours, M. J. LANSTON.

Washington, D. C., 1867.

Matters in Louisville, Ky.

Our lecturing season has just closed, and notwithstanding all the obstacles we have had to contend against, our glorious cause has prospered here far beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. Last night Mrs. Alcinous Wilhelm gave a lecture on "Wages for Marriage" for the benefit of our Society, the proceeds of which put us entirely out of debt. Mrs. W. was only engaged to lecture for us one month, but every-body was so delighted with her discourses that we persuaded her to remain two Sundays in May. She is a noble-hearted woman; her whole soul is in the work. Many tears will be shed when she takes her leave of us.

We had the pleasure of Emma Hardinge's company last Friday on her way from New Albany to Cincinnati, for which we feel very grateful, having heard and read so much about her. We shall never forget her smiling face, and the delightful atmosphere surrounding her. God bless her.

Our Lyceum will continue all summer. Louisville, Ky., May 20. HENRY TURNER.

[Another correspondent, writing under same data, informs us that N. Frank White preceded Mrs. Wilhelm, and was very much liked.]

J. B. was a stinging old creature, eager for money, but he was a zealous member of a church, and ostentatious in his religious exercises. "John," said Catharine to her brother, "what could have made that stingy old wretch a Christian?" "I can tell you," said John; "he has heard that the streets of the New Jerusalem are paved with gold, and he is determined to get there."

A chemist of Marseilles, France, professes to have invented a new preparation of Greek fire, which he feels confident will put an end to all war. With this terrible agent of destruction the inventor claims that he could envelop in flames an army of 100,000 men, or a navy, from a distance of 1000 yards, within less than five minutes.

A lady took her little boy to church for the first time. Upon hearing the organ he was on his feet instantly. "Sit down," said the mother. "I won't," he shouted, "I want to see the monkey."

Massachusetts Spiritualist Association.

Agreeably with the requirements of the Constitution of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association, which makes it incumbent upon the agents to send a general account of their missionary labors at the end of each month to the Corresponding Secretary, Bro. Wheeler forwards the subjoined statement for April. As this is of the nature of an excellent campaign document, I take the liberty to request its publication in the BANNER, with the hope that it may meet the eye and interest in an especial manner, every Spiritualist in the State. Massachusetts, true to her old traditional fame, is the first State to organize systematic efforts to carry the evangel of Spiritualism into every family within her borders. In order to do this even approximately, funds are absolutely necessary. Now it is greatly to be preferred that these pecuniary means shall be forthcoming from time to time in a purely voluntary manner rather than by any attempts at special pleading. A word to the wise is sufficient.

GEORGE A. BACON,
Corresponding Secretary.

MASSACHUSETTS SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.

REPORT OF EDWARD S. WHEELER, AGENT, FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL, 1867.

To George A. Bacon, Cor. Sec. M. S. A.:
RESPECTED FRIEND—My report for the past month will be found of interest, for its record shows the commencement of systematic labor.

After the close of February and March, the election of Mrs. S. A. Horton as a speaker, accompanied by Mrs. Lucy L. Carrier as a test medium, compelled the consideration of methodical arrangements. Upon consultation with the ladies whose co-worker I had the honor to become, it seemed the spirit-world had prepared us for fraternal labor and harmonious action.

It was thought expedient I should journey over the ground which I had in part visited before, and where an interest was developed which warranted further efforts. A quantity of posters and handbills were struck off, and a route commenced by the way of the South Shore Railroad. After considerable trouble, a series of engagements were made, notice of which appeared in the BANNER OF LIGHT. I was welcomed in every place, though in some no encouragement was given. Meetings and circles were appointed in nearly every town along the route, and in some large ones, in two localities. No attention was given to the reported lack of interest in any place, but wherever a single friend could be found, arrangements were perfected. Some four or five lectures and as many circles were proposed for each week. Any circumstantial account of my journey would render this report much too bulky; I can only say that everywhere I traveled I have left friends whose kindly words and generous acts of cooperation will never be forgotten. As an agent of the Association, I have been received and treated with consideration out of all proportion to my deserving as an individual.

The labor of arranging a connected route, stopping at convenient intervals and suitable places, as trivial as it may appear when accomplished, was not without perplexity and delay. According to the directions given me by the Executive Committee, the places where meetings were held were omitted.

Though employed in distributing the notices of Mrs. Horton during the days of the week, I spoke upon different Sundays in East Abington, Middleboro' and Randolph. A good audience and close attention was secured in these places. Returning to Boston, an appointment for Sunday lecturing was made and filled in Lawrence, before a crowded house. I proposed to continue work along the Dighton and Somerset Railroad, crossing over to New Bedford, and "going down the Cape," returning to Mansfield, and following the Boston and Providence track into Boston; thus completely and thoroughly itinerating all the southeastern portion of the State.

Some little difficulty occurred in learning the names of friends in all places, and yet it is thought such information has been gained as will insure a response from the places it is proposed to visit, and notice is to be given through the BANNER OF LIGHT of proposed meetings. I am encouraged by the experiences of the weeks which have passed since I last addressed you. All the reasons for confidence and hope cannot be embodied here, but I have found them among the people. I wrote in a former communication that the Association would succeed, with the cooperation of the people. I am strongly impressed now that the people will cooperate with the Association, if I remain true to itself and its work. It must prove its character by its action, and recommend itself by its evident usefulness.

It will take some time to develop the full measure of its capacities for good, but I feel confident, from what I have seen and heard, that wise management and earnest action are all that is requisite to interest the Spiritualists of the State in such a degree that they will see to it that there shall be no lack of means to carry forward the work, until in every town in the State the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism have a presentation, thus diffusing the light of truth and the glory of natural religion to thousands of those who are anxious for improvement.

I have to acknowledge the following receipts: Collection in Randolph, \$7.00; Azel Washburn, Middleboro', \$1.00; Anna S. Washburn, \$1.00; Hatie Washburn, \$1.00; S. Loring, \$1.00; Ann C. Loring, \$1.00; Abbie K. S. Rouensville, \$1.00; friends in Lawrence, \$2.00.

No special efforts to raise funds have been made by me beyond leaving the documents of the Association in hands of interested parties for circulation. This was in part because I had no time; and again, I think that unless the Spiritualists of Massachusetts can and will support the organization spontaneously when once aware of its purpose and effectiveness, no great good will be done by laborious efforts at systematic begging. I see more than ever the need of our action, and think that many others are now aware of the importance of enlarged effort. Much has to be done and said before a full conception and understanding of the Association can become popular. Some look with distrust upon all organic effort, and others are critical from a desire perhaps to prove their own acuteness; but there is no reason to be discouraged, on the contrary, the signs are auspicious. I look hopefully forward to see the enterprise of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association fully carried out. In several places where I have spoken, local organizations have been effected, and Lyceums are to be established, and everywhere a power has seemed to go with and aid me.

Sincerely yours,

E. S. WHEELER.

Encyclical Letter from Spirit Popes.

[The following communication was given through Dr. Fisher, of this city, Feb. 2, 1867, by Leo X., for himself and ten other Popes, and also Catholic Bishops present, in all about forty, the late Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston being for the number; some of them having been Jesuits.]

Progression is the universal order of all things. The past ages have been scenes of error, crime and blood, as recorded in the annals of the Roman Church and those of all other powers. The time is now come to annul this deleterious influence. The power of this rule is now being abolished with all its dogmas. Its hold upon the consciences of men is loosened, and the political powers now dare to enroach upon the power and temporal rule of the Popes. Pius Ninth's encyclical epistle against all political and civil authorities, instead of renovating that of the Roman Pontiff, precipitates its downfall, and he will eventually find himself in solitary darkness, and his appeal to the Catholic world for help to restore his temporal power back to him, and sustain his acts against concurrences, will be all in vain; for the power of Popes is coming to an end ere long. All who have been enslaved in mind shall be free to act for themselves. All slavery of body and mind shall be abolished throughout the earth, and all shall conscientiously worship and appeal to the Great Spirit. Lasting peace and good-will shall come to mankind, for God declares it through the spiritual agencies, and the world shall rest in becoming glory. LEO X., and others.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1867.

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WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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-communication and influx: it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous divine inspiration in man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe, 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.*

A Free Religion.

The recurrence of the Anniversary Week in this city has called up again a good many memories of the past. We see progress in one direction, at all events, and that is toward liberality. Even where the sentiments themselves still remain tinged with bigotry, it is found to be policy to so far keep abreast with the age as to comply with the forms of a larger frame of feeling; and this habit is sure finally to lead to the very object desired. The New York Tribune spoke editorially of a new feature in this week of ours, characterizing it as a "sign of the times," which is its appropriate designation. It is the Free Religious Meeting, at which, in the Tribune's language, "the various radical sects which have existed outside of organized denominations" appeared, in the persons of their representatives, to give voice to their peculiar ideas; to "make confessions, compare notes, inquire how far their faiths proceed from common centres and run in parallel lines, and consider the practicability and expediency of forming a loose working fellowship for ends purely moral and spiritual."

This is no new proposal, or project, by any means. It has many times before been entertained, although never perhaps in so distinct and definite a way. The present scheme, however, the same journal adds, "merits special attention, as being produced under the auspices of men who are not merely accredited members of the Christian church, but ordained preachers in Christian pulpits, and affiliated with Christian denominations—men, that is, who occupy officially the conservative attitude in religion. Being persuaded, however, that there is religious life outside of their denomination, and even outside of the Christian fold; believing that this religious life, wherever found, is composed of substantially the same elements, and turns toward essentially the same ends; believing, too, that it can be made useful for common purposes, they open a hall at whose doors it may flow in. The Spiritualist is invited, the Come Outer, the Progressive Friend, the Progressive Jew, the Transcendentalist, the Rationalist, the Scientist, the lover of the largest liberty of thought and speech." In the writer's opinion, the idea of such a Conference will probably be worth more than the Conference itself. He expresses himself as not expecting any large results, either of permanent organization or immediate practical action, and he thinks it may be as well thus; since premature attempts at organization might frighten away a great many, and frustrate the very objects of the call. And he adds, that "people who have been running away from religious organizations as fast as their legs would carry them, will be hard to catch inside of a new association."

It is a good deal to find these matters, which the BANNER has been preaching and illustrating and inculcating for many years, now brought out into practical prominence in the columns of the secular press. It shows, first, that the public is taking its religion, under God, into its own hands, determined to do away with the middlemen called the clergy, and go direct to the living fountain for the life it feels so fully the need of. It proves, next, that there is vastly more real religion afloat, than is to be seen in the hearts of the people, than has been credited to them by the class who get their living by preaching up God's selfish and revengeful partiality as by special commission from him. But in good time all these anxious souls who are earnestly seeking for the truth—not having been able to find it in the creeds or teachings of theological authority—will accept the truths of Spiritualism, and find peace and joy in the knowledge it imparts of the life beyond. All these movements are but preliminary. What is in the air, as people say, was first moving in their thoughts; and when thought begins to embody itself in action, it is certain that tangible results are at hand. This meeting of independent thinkers in Boston during Anniversary Week is an earnest of the things that are to come, and come speedily.

The Eddy Fund.

In answer to our call for material aid wherewith to defend the suit pending in court against the Eddy mediums, who were arrested as "jugglers," a few generous Spiritualists responded. Before the case came to trial, the U. S. attorney for the government, in pursuance of instructions from Washington, *not pro'd* it, as it became evident the action could not be legally sustained. Under these circumstances, only part of the money in our hands was used. The balance we still hold, subject to the order of the donors. We notified them to this effect some time since, asking what disposition should be made of the funds on hand. Only two have responded. As we desire to deal justly in this matter, we again ask, What shall we do with the funds? Should no response be made within four weeks, we shall forward the whole amount to Mr. J. Forsyth, who volunteered to act as agent for the mediums in their tribulation, for him to pay over to them, as they were, we understand, subjected to an expense of several hundred dollars in consequence of the prosecution, or persecution, we should say, for it was nothing else. Those interested will govern themselves accordingly.

Maximilian a Captive.

There can be little doubt of the truth of the report which now announces that the Mexican Liberals have taken possession of the city of Queretaro, and that they number among their captives Maximilian, Miramon, Mejia and others. Mexican news is generally of such a doubtful character we hesitate before giving it credence, but in this case the antecedent probabilities are all in favor of the truth of this dispatch, which announces the fall of the city and capture of the would-be Emperor, with his most prominent followers, and there is tolerable safety in concluding that the imperial career of Maximilian in Mexico is at an end.

Robert Dale Owen with the Radical Unitarians.

This eminent gentleman, formerly American Minister to Naples, Member of Congress, author of "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," and an avowed Spiritualist, was invited by the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, of New York, in behalf of the Come-outers from Unitarianism, to make before their body in session a full statement of the belief and the aims of the Spiritualists of this country.

It was our good fortune to listen to his candid and impassioned address. In style it was almost faultless, in spirit catholic, in statement clear, and in conception broad and high-purposed. He characterized Spiritualism as a *fact-religion*, as something susceptible of tangible demonstration, strengthening the doubting in regard to immortality, and affording the richest hopes and divinest consolations in all the conditions of human life. He spoke grandly of its blended phenomena and philosophy, as corresponding to the outer and innermost senses—both indispensable. He was listened to throughout in almost breathless silence. On the rostrum with him were Ralph Waldo Emerson, Lucetta Mott, Dr. Bartol, Rev. D. A. Wasson, Rev. T. W. Higginson, Rev. H. Blanchard, and other eminent speakers; in front were many of the most literary minds of Boston and vicinity, all anxious to hear this statement of belief and purpose.

Mr. Owen acquitted himself with great honor, planting his feet firmly upon the rock of Spiritualism, and using great plainness of speech. At the conclusion he was roundly cheered by the audience.

Rev. John Weiss followed. This gentleman, in touching upon Spiritualism, evinced a peevish ignorance of its scope and purpose only excused by his impudent denial of its million-phased facts. Andrew Jackson Davis scathingly criticized Mr. Weiss and the movement generally, the same afternoon, before the large assemblage of Spiritualists in the Melancon.

This body of radicals perfected an organization, and after some discussion adopted a platform. This is its expressed object:

"To promote the interests of pure religion; to encourage the scientific study of theology, and to increase fellowship of spirit—and to this end all persons interested in these objects are cordially invited to its membership."

This is sublimely indefinite so far as any theological affirmations are concerned, or expressed purpose to engage in the reform movements of the age. It bears the same relation to Spiritualism that a part bears to the whole. It is good what there is of it. Spiritualists are glad of this onward movement. We welcome it and its projectors as a step from the old toward the New Jerusalem—the Spiritualism of the nineteenth century.

Spiritualism is universally conceded a power in the land. It will soon be a thoroughly systematized power. It is the synonym of all truth, the animus of all the reforms, and as A. J. Davis eloquently said, "the hope of the world." Spiritualists will take no backward steps—onward, upward is their motto; and with a charity as broad as giving, they extend hands of fellowship to these formerly sectarian religionists who have come out—but do not know where to go.

We hope to lay before our readers the whole of Mr. Owen's address in a few weeks.

Rev. Mr. Winkley on Spiritualism.

In the Gloucester Advertiser of May 3d we find the following remarks in relation to a discourse delivered in that place by Rev. Mr. Winkley on Spiritualism. How much more sensible and candid is the course of Mr. Winkley, than that of the narrow creeds who aim to hide the truth and give instead false impressions in regard to the Spiritual Philosophy.

St. John's Church was filled to repletion last Sabbath evening, to listen to the lecture on Spiritualism, by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Winkley. This gentleman is the only clergyman in town, that we know of, who has ever expressed his views publicly on this subject. The reason why, we know not; but certain it is, from what we have observed the matter is attracting considerable attention among all classes throughout the country. There is a spirit of inquiry and investigation abroad, and the public are becoming more and more interested. Mr. Winkley treated it entirely from the Bible standpoint, and using this for his guide and chart, he was prepared to believe and did believe that spiritism is a fact, and held communion with their earthly friends. This he proved from the Bible, and cited several instances to maintain his opinions. He believed in good and evil spirit influences, and recommended a close analysis of everything purporting to emanate from such sources, by the Bible, and on that blessed word of God it must be accepted or rejected. He believed in investigation, and would divest from the doctrine of Spiritualism all superstition and impurities, thereby receiving the good which it was intended to bestow upon the world. The lecture was very interesting, and the subject was handled in a candid and earnest manner, which proved that the speaker had given it close attention.

Public Bathing Houses.

The public houses in this city, this season, will be increased by six, making twelve in all, four of which will be for the exclusive use of women and girls at all hours of the day and evening. This will greatly contribute to the comfort of working-women, a class not sufficiently accommodated last year. These establishments are located at Warren Bridge, Sectional Dock at East Boston, foot of Broadway at South Boston, and Dover street bridge. The additional houses for males will be at Crangle's and Mt. Washington avenue bridges. The women's baths will be under the superintendence of women, and will be made attractive to the most fastidious. Last year parties of ladies in carriages from distant sections of the city regularly visited the South Boston beach establishment, and this season the number of such bathers will doubtless be increased. Everything is now in readiness for the opening of the baths.

An Awakening Interest in Maine.

From the eastern part of Maine we have good accounts of the increasing interest which is being manifested to learn more of the truths of Spiritualism. Mrs. Fuller, writing from Stockton, says, "Our cause never looked more prosperous here than at the present time. There are many noble souls among us, who appreciate the beautiful truths of our glorious philosophy. The Spiritualists meet this evening to arrange matters preparatory to the inauguration of a Children's Progressive Lyceum. They have a fine hall, in every way adapted to meetings of Lyceums. While the dear old BANNER floats its graceful folds over the field of Progress, we feel we must keep step to the music it inspires."

As evidence of the truth of the above extract, we will mention that Mrs. F. forwarded us a goodly list of new subscribers.

The Next National Convention.

Where shall it be held? This question the friends are continually asking. Some have named Washington, some St. Louis, while others prefer Cleveland or Buffalo. Our opinion is that the Executive Committee should name the time and place soon.

The Spiritualist Convention.

In answer to the call issued by Dr. Gardner, the Spiritualists held a Two Days' Convention in the Melancon, in this city, on Thursday and Friday, May 30th and 31st. The meeting organized by the choice of Andrew T. Foss as President; Rufus Elmer of Springfield, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, East Cambridge, and Isaac O. Ray of New Bedford, Vice Presidents; L. B. Wilson and Geo. A. Bacon, Secretaries; John Welcher, Treasurer.

Dr. Gardner was first nominated as Chairman, but declined, for the reason that he did not wish to take any prominent position in the Convention. He had done his duty in calling the meeting, and was perfectly willing that others should manage it.

The hall was crowded day and evening, and the proceedings were characterized by complete harmony and deep, earnest feeling. Men and women were present whose souls were asking for nourishing spiritual food, for they were famishing on the gorgeously served husks of old theology. In the mighty but plain and simple truths of Spiritualism can they only find that which will satisfy their cravings.

Many excellent speeches were made, which were appreciated, each speaker seeming to be inspired to give just what was most needed. Mrs. S. A. Willis, of Lawrence, N. S. Greenleaf, Mr. Foss, Mr. Elmer and Mr. Toohy were among the earnest speakers. The remarks of A. J. Davis and J. M. Peebles were particularly acceptable. Miss Lizzie Doten made a most touching speech. She commenced by paying a just tribute to the memory of her dear friend, Miss Sarah A. Southworth, who that day had taken her flight to the higher realms. She then beautifully portrayed the beauties of Spiritualism, and how fully it supplied the needs and wants of humanity.

Dr. R. T. Hallock, of New York, made his first appearance in this city before a spiritual audience, and most agreeably surprised all who listened to his profound and brilliant thoughts as they flowed forth clearly and lucidly, showing him to be one of the best thinkers of the age. He held Spiritualism to be the fundamental basis of all truth. In alluding to the "free religious movement" inaugurated by the radical Unitarians and Universalists, he considered it a perfect failure. It culminated in coming out, but was neither affirmative in purpose nor constructive in tendency. It did not touch that great soul-want relating to immortality, nor the moral and spiritual inter-relations between this life and the future. The speakers were intellectualists, glistening like icebergs, and quite as cold. They passed unheeded the phenomenal, the affectional, the soul of things, resting upon the glittering shell that to-day is to-morrow is not. The spiritual was the real-spirit and form—phenomena and philosophy were the right and left hands of the Infinite.

As we go to press before the Convention is over, we have not time or space for a further report.

A. J. Davis and the Radicals.

Mr. Davis addressed the Convention of Spiritualists at the Melancon, in this city, Thursday afternoon. He said he had listened to the very able, lucid and candid exposition of the principles and philosophy of Spiritualism, by Robert Dale Owen, in the forenoon, before the Unitarian Radicals and Come-outers, and was much edified and pleased with the manner in which Mr. Owen treated the subject. He then spoke of the Radical Convention as a failure, as far as producing any practical results, for they had no basis to stand upon. He said that as soon as Mr. Owen had closed his address, the Rev. Mr. Weiss arose and in the most presumptuous manner denied all the facts advanced by Mr. Owen, notwithstanding the latter gentleman had stated that he had spent twelve years in investigating the subject of modern Spiritualism and had obtained sufficient knowledge to convince him that all he stated was truth, while Mr. Weiss knows comparatively little or nothing of the subject. Mr. Davis closed his remarks with the emphatic assertion that SPIRITUALISM was the hope of the world.

Movements of Lecturers.

A. E. Carpenter passed through this city last week on his way to Connecticut, after a very successful lecturing engagement in Maine.

Warren Chase will speak in the vicinity of Boston, on Sunday, June 9th, if wanted.

Mrs. C. F. Taber, trance medium, will lecture in Portsmouth, N. H., June 9th and 10th.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield, who visited Massachusetts last winter with the intention of speaking awhile in New England, was obliged to yield to the demands for his services West, and has returned there and resumed his labors in the lecturing field. At last accounts he was in New Boston, Ill.

Dr. P. B. Randolph lectured in Worcester, May 19th. A correspondent informs us that he gave two "thrilling discourses" in his peculiarly gifted style of eloquence, much to the gratification of all who heard him. His services can be secured for Sundays, to speak anywhere within fifty or a hundred miles of Boston.

Rev. S. C. Hayford will be in this city in August, and would like engagements to speak the last three Sundays of the month anywhere in this vicinity. His address is at Bangor, Me. Keep him at work, friends.

George A. Peirce contemplates visiting the eastern part of Maine on a lecturing tour in a few weeks. He is also said to be a good healing medium. See his announcement in the lecturers' column.

J. G. Fish, the able and eloquent lecturer on the Spiritual Philosophy, has removed to Hammon, N. J., where he can be addressed by those who desire his services.

G. W. Stebbins, of Rochester, will speak in the church at Gasport, N. Y., on Sunday, June 10th, at half past ten A. M.; and at two o'clock P. M. in the Christian Church at Orangeport, about a mile and a half from the former place.

J. S. Loveland lectures in Beloit, Wis., during this month.

Mrs. H. T. Stearns will lecture in Geneva, O., on Sunday, June 9th. Mrs. S. has been speaking with excellent effect in Pennsylvania and Ohio, during the past winter, giving over sixty lectures, many of them free, in places where no spiritual lecturer has been before. Her husband, Professor Stearns, accompanies her, and entertains the public with his invaluable lectures on Psychology.

Decease of Miss Sarah A. Southworth.

Just as we were going to press, we received the "unwelcome intelligence" that the young and talented authoress, Miss Sarah A. Southworth, passed to the higher life, very suddenly, from her father's residence in Quincy, Mass., on Thursday forenoon, May 30th. Miss S. possessed remarkable literary abilities for one of her age. Our readers have often been regaled with choice stories from her pen. She was a finely developed medium, and her faith in the Spiritual Philosophy was unshakable. We shall allude to her again in our next issue.

New Publications.

MAN, AND THE CONDITIONS that surround him. New York: Carleton & Co. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

The whole scheme of man's existence on the earth is presented and elucidated in this book, giving the reader what is really a comprehensive view of life and its meaning. The past and present of man's conditions are considered, as well as the limits which are set to his present perfection, and the capacity with which he is gifted for individual improvement and progress. His dependence on surrounding conditions and influences is likewise discussed; so are his religious systems and the conflicts they create; his diversities of race and varied degrees and forms of civilization; his fluctuations through social, national and race influences; his individual and collective agencies; the laws of his progress and decline; and his subjection to the unbending laws of the universe. Such treatment of such a theme is certain to command the attention of all reflecting readers.

THE BISHOP'S SON. By Alice Cary. New York: Carleton & Co. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

Miss Alice Cary has written many a pleasant story before, as well as much verse that is to live in American literature. This, however, is her first professed novel. We do not intend to forestall the certain interest of our readers by revealing to them the plot, or a sketch of its characters and scenes; they will look into those matters for themselves. Miss Cary has shown true genius before, and she shows it here. "The Bishop's Son" has real power in it, and is rich in places and veins of true poetry. It is printed very neatly by the enterprising publishers, who will receive the approval of the reading world for their pains. We welcome the authoress to the new field which we feel confident she is to shine in. When a poet is a good novelist too, the combination works desirable results for the reader.

BEATRICE BAYLIE. By "Ouida," author of "Strathmore," "Chandos," &c. New York: Carleton & Co. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

This is a very high flavored novel of society, from a pen that is luxuriant with fancies, satire, and racy descriptions. It is really a taking book. "Ouida" has succeeded so far in velling herself—under her very suggestive pseudonym, but many more such books as this will expose her hiding-place to the gaze of an inquisitive world of readers. There is finish and grace in her performance, sparkling wit, airy humor, pungent penetration, and a quick sight for the passing and fading phases of human life. We could hardly praise a writer's talent more, were we to pen a whole page in the same vein.

The Spirit's paper, entitled "NEWS FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD," came to us last week enlarged and greatly improved in appearance. It is printed monthly in Chicago, Ill., at the Central Publishing House, by Mrs. A. Buffum; price \$1.00 per year, or ten cents per copy. The paper is filled with messages from the spirit-life, diversified in character, and some of them very lengthy. Mrs. B. avers that she was compelled to start the paper, when she had no faith in the enterprise. Afterwards she was told by the invisibles to enlarge it, and they would see that it was supported. Acting in accordance with the wishes of her spirit friends, Mrs. Buffum now issues the first number of the regular series.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, by Dickens, takes its turn in the "Diamond Edition" of Ticknor & Fields, and is in typographical style the peer of its popular predecessors. The illustrations are extremely happy, and well executed after the designer's conception. Nicholas Nickleby is a wonderful production of the human imagination, and will hold its place for all time. Of the increasing attractiveness and value of this exquisite, convenient and cheap edition of the great modern romance of common life, all our readers are abundantly satisfied for themselves.

BEADLE'S MONTHLY for June is an excellent number, full of choice, spicy, readable matter, and finely illustrated. We regret to learn from a note by its publishers, that it ceases with the present issue, not having met with sufficient encouragement to warrant its further continuance. The magazine was worthy of a long life. Advance subscribers will have their money refunded.

Bela Marsh, of this city, publishes the Eighth Edition of "THE MAGIC STAFF" of A. J. Davis, which is significant of its merited and permanent popularity. It is a handsome volume, and full of wisdom. Those who possess it, own a library. We need not further commend a book of such intrinsic value to all Spiritualists.

From the same publisher likewise comes the Third Edition of the "ABRIDGED CHILDREN'S LYCEUM MANUAL," for Progressive Lyceums, by Andrew Jackson Davis. This little work is having a great run throughout the country, and helps wonderfully in the good missionary service so much needed by Spiritualism.

A. Williams & Co. have for sale a paper covered little tale, said to be from the pen of Charles Dickens's daughter, entitled, "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE." It is from the press of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, and is a crisp and pretty story.

Miss Doten in Music Hall.

The closing lecture of Miss Doten's three months' engagement in this city, was given in Music Hall, on Sunday, May 26th, to a large audience. The speaker reviewed the new position of the Government in regard to Jefferson Davis, in a pretty severe manner. At the close, a poem, in keeping with the main idea of the discourse, was given, which will be found on our first page.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Spiritualists of Pittsburgh, Pa., who have recently resumed meetings, and engaged Ashland Hall, Wylie street, for one year, are about to inaugurate a Children's Progressive Lyceum. There is much interest prevailing there on the subject of Spiritualism. The Society are anxious to make engagements with good speakers. Dr. D. C. Dake, 253 Penn street, is chairman.

Robert Dale Owen.

We understand Mr. Owen is to speak in Dodworth's Hall, New York, on Sunday evening, June 9th, before the First Society of Spiritualists. He will repeat the address given in this city on Thursday evening last.

Dr. J. H. Newton.

The success which has attended the labors of Dr. Newton in healing the sick in this city has induced him to remain some time longer, and devote every day in the week here, except Saturday and Sunday, which he spends in Newport, R. I.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

For New York advertisements see seventh page.

The reader will find in another column a report of the doings for the month of April of Mr. Edward S. Wheeler, the agent of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association. It is indeed gratifying to know that the great work of thoroughly canvassing the State has been so auspiciously inaugurated. Funds are needed, in order to carry the good cause on energetically, and we earnestly call upon all those who are able to contribute, to forward donations to Mr. George A. Bacon, the Corresponding Secretary of the Association, Boylston Market, Boston.

We have received a subscription for the BANNER from Chamols, Mo., but no name accompanies it.

Caleb A. Pond wants our paper sent to "Hopkinton, box 72." Will he send as the name of the State?

Mrs. Andrew Akin wishes us to send her a specimen copy of the BANNER, but does not name the town or State. We shall be happy to comply with the request when the necessary directions reach us.

It is to be regretted that our co-workers, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Davis, are obliged to announce their withdrawal from the "missionary field" of labor so soon, in consequence of inadequate compensation. We hope and trust that measures will be adopted at once by the friends to raise the necessary funds to keep them in the field for the benefit of the little ones.

The Boston Daily Advertiser contains a grand article in behalf of the Indians. It is indeed gratifying to find that the daily press—although tardy—has taken up and is discussing this important question, thereby molding public mind in the right direction.

Our friends in California must sustain Dr. Bryant in his efforts to spread the Gospel of Truth in their midst. See to it that the credulous persecutors do not harm him. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

We have received the London Spiritual Magazine for May, and the Radical for June, and can supply customers.

Ira Aldridge, the colored actor, is in France, performing very successfully the character of Hamlet.

It is stated by a London paper that George William Curtis and Edgar A. Poe are the best known and most admired of American writers in English Universities.

The Emperor of Austria has promulgated a decree favoring the Protestant inhabitants of Austria.

The President has appointed George Bancroft, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Berlin, vice Joseph A. Wright, and he has accepted the appointment.

A boy in Montreal put two fire crackers into his nostrils and fired them to see the effect. He now knows he has no nose.

Maine is destined to become the greatest of the ship-building States. She has still fourteen million acres of forests, which are rich in pine, cedar, beech, birch and hemlock timber.

A gentleman once asked, "What is woman?" when a married man replied: "She is an essay on grace, in one volume, elegantly bound. Although it may be dear, every man should have a copy of it."

Ossian E. Dodge, the celebrated vocalist and humorist, was married on the 4th inst., to Miss Fannie Pratt, of St. Paul.

Nearly three thousand emigrants from Liverpool and Bremen arrived at New York last week.

If you are an editor or proprietor of a newspaper, you ought to be willing to do anybody a favor; and verily, verily I say unto you, *gratias* you reward.

LAMENTABLE SUICIDE.—We learn from the *Progressive Age* that, on Monday night last, Miss Jennie Rider, a young lady living in the family of Col. H. B. Humphrey, in Thomaston, Me., committed suicide by throwing herself into the river from Tucker's wharf. Col. Humphrey's family was absent, and a sister of the unfortunate girl was staying with her at the time, whom she left asleep when she stole away to commit the fatal act. She left a note giving information of her intention to take her life, and some indication of the cause which led to this determination. Miss Rider had very recently made a profession of religion, and joined the Baptist church, and it is reported that religious excitement produced the state of mind in which she took her life. —*Boston Journal*.

The ship *Golconda* sailed from Charleston, S. C., last week, taking out three hundred negroes to Liberia.

A quantity of seed of what is called upland rice has been received from Panama, and is going to be tried in Maine this year. It ripens in ninety days.

The Amesbury Villager chronicles the demise of Mr. Samuel Healey, aged 23 years; and says "he was probably the tallest person in this section," his height being *seven feet and four inches*. We guess he was.

The Spiritualists of Gowanda, N. Y., will hold a Convention on Saturday and Sunday, June 8th and 9th. Excellent speakers are engaged for the occasion.

Hard drinking makes soft brains.

A young lady being engaged to be married, and getting sick of the bargain, applied to a friend to help her untie the knot before it was too late. "Oh, certainly," he replied. "It's very easy to untie it now it's a bean."

Ten thousand snails are daily consumed in Paris.

As Mrs. Betsey King, wife of Lemuel King of Sunderland, Vt., was sitting near a window of her kitchen one day recently, she noted that one of her shoe strings was untied, and stooped over to tie it, and at that instant a rifle ball passed through the window and also through the stove pipe, lodging in the wall of the room. Had Mrs. King been sitting in an upright position the ball would have passed through her head.

Bishop Whitehouse estimates that fifty thousand Swedes will emigrate to America this year.

The Home Journal says: "We were ushered into a pew on Good Friday, in one of our up-town 'high churches', and taking from the rack a book of 'Common Prayer' we opened it, and, to our great surprise, found inserted on the inner side of the cover a looking-glass! This arrangement, we presume, enables the fair owner to admire herself and adjust her chin during the service."

The bill before the Massachusetts Legislature for the annexation of the city of Roxbury to Boston, has passed by a large majority.

The territorial acquisitions of the United States are among the landmarks of our history. In 1803 Louisiana, embracing the valley of the Mississippi, was acquired from France for fifteen million dollars. In 1810 Florida was acquired from Spain for three million dollars. In 1845 Texas was annexed without any purchase, but subsequently her debt was assumed to the amount of seven and a half million dollars. In 1848 California, New Mexico and Utah were acquired from Mexico after war, and on payment of fifteen million dollars. In 1854 Arizona was acquired from Mexico for ten million dollars. And now Russian America has been added, at a cost of seven million two hundred thousand dollars.

Our friends in Vermont hold a Quarterly Convention at Stowe, on the 7th, 8th and 9th of this month. See official call in another column.

MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS.—It is very seldom that any business furnishes so good an example of true enterprise as the manufacture of the above celebrated instrument, conducted by Messrs. Mason & Hamlin, of Boston, Mass. It seems but yesterday that the mention of a reed instrument suggested naught but snarling, fine-tooth-comb music, and yet such a vast improvement has been made that the quality of tone is now hardly recognizable as coming from a reed. If our musical readers will personally examine it, they will agree with us that the Cabinet Organ will fully bear out all that is said of it. —*Louisville Journal*.

Each member of Spurgeon's church, which numbers thirty-eight hundred, is provided with tickets, which are given in at each communion. Three absences lead to a visit from one of the elders.

The expenses of the Baldwin Place Home for Little Wanderers, for the two years it has been in existence, including the purchase of the building, have been about \$100,000. Last year's expenses were \$24,054. During the past two years one thousand three hundred and fifty-one children have been received at the institution. Of that number seven hundred and sixty-nine have been adopted in families, and the others have been otherwise provided for. The number of children now at the Home is ninety-eight, thirty of whom have homes secured for them in the West, whither they will be sent during this month.

Bad thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers.

Lydia Bliven put out one of her eyes at Lenox, Mass., last week, while attempting to untie her shoestring with a fork.

Meeting and Lyceum in Chelsea.

Once more, before we close our meetings for the season, do we desire to say a word in the BANNER respecting the cause of truth and progress in our midst. We have been refreshed the past month by a bountiful flow of inspiration, through the mediumship of Isaac P. Greenleaf, and we trust that the seed so well sown has not fallen on barren ground, but on fertile soil, where it will take deep root and spring forth to bless the cred-bound and blinded gropers in the dark. He is a fearless champion of our humanitarian philosophy, whose whole energies and life are consecrated to this work.

Mrs. H. E. Wilson speaks for us the first three Sundays in June, and Mrs. C. Fannie Allen the last two, when we are to close for two months.

Our Lyceum gave an exhibition at Library Hall on Wednesday evening, May 23d, which was a success in every respect, (save in attendance by the public,) who are either blind to everything that is not going to revert to themselves in some immediate pecuniary benefit, or help to establish their peculiar ideas; or else it is the general apathy prevailing in regard to matters of a progressive nature, which keeps the people away from such beautiful scenes and exhibitions of our children. But we expect for some time to come to do our own work unaided, save by the smiles of the angels. Our little ones on this occasion recited dialogues, single pieces, and the silver chain, accompanied with beautiful music and songs. Carefully prepared questions and answers were rendered in creditable shape. And last, though by no means least, a little girl from the Charlestown Lyceum school stepped upon the platform and greeted us in a well-timed speech, during which she uttered a fervent prayer for all the officers and dear children present, and closed by presenting a basket of choice and sweetly perfumed flowers to the school, through the conductor, Mr. Dodge, who responded briefly and with much feeling. These are some of the happy times we have in Lyceums, and it needs no Aladdin's lamp to light, or magician's wand to point the way these things tend, in the great undeveloped future. —*J. H. C.*

The Kingdom of Canada.

Her Majesty the Queen has issued her royal proclamation declaring the union of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick under one government, to be called the Dominion of Canada. Appended to the proclamation is a list of the Senators appointed by the Queen to the Upper House of the new Canadian Legislature, in accordance with the provisions of the bill for Confederation recently passed by the British Parliament.

New Music.

G. D. Russell & Co., 126 Tremont street, have just issued the following choice musical compositions: "Maggie Mitchell's songs and dances, No. 3 and No. 6," "Evening Prayer," and "Savoyard's Farewell Song," music by F. Suck. The title-page bears an excellent likeness of Maggie. Also, two songs written by Dr. Dexter Smith, Jr.: "Sing me the song you used to sing," music by Ernest Leslie; and "The Old Cottage," music by George Dana.

Pleasant Excursion from Philadelphia.

Pleasant excursion of the Children's Progressive Lyceum and Spiritualists of Philadelphia, on Thursday, June 6th, 1867, to Shiloh Grove. Cars will leave the West Chester Depot, 31st and Market streets, at 7 and 11 A. M., and 2 P. M. Tickets for adults, 75 cents; for minors, 40 cents. Music, dancing, games, speaking, and such amusements as contribute to the enjoyment of the company, will constitute the programme.

Dr. R. T. Hallock, New York.

We were gratified in receiving a call, during an anniversary week, from this well-known and faithful Spiritualist. He became identified with the movement in its first stages, and with the ability and integrity that becomes the true man, has ever defended its principles in both private and public life.

Salem, Illinois.

A correspondent writing from Salem, Ill., says Mrs. Emma Hardinge, on her way East, stopped there and gave two lectures, which were received with great satisfaction. "The Ministry of Angels" and "The Spirit-World," were just the subjects the people wished to hear her speak upon, and much good will result from her efforts.

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE,
544 BROADWAY,
(Opposite the American Museum.)
WARREN CHASE,.....LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT.

Our Book Trade.

Complete works of A. J. Davis, comprising twenty volumes, seventeen cloth, three in paper. Nature's Divine Revelations, 5th edition, just out. 5 vols. Great Harmonies, each complete—Physician, Teacher, Seer, Reformer and Thinker. Magic Man, an Autobiography of the author. Penetrator: Harbinger of Health, Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions. Moral Lectures (2 vols.) History and Philosophy of Evil. Philosophy of Spirit Intercourse. Philosophy of Spiritualism. Harmonious Man. Free Thoughts Concerning the Reformation and Inner Sanctification. Approaching Christ. Health and After Life. Children's Progressive Lyceum Manual—July, 1867.

Popular Medicines.

Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, Dr. R. H. Storer's preparation of Dodd's Nerve and the Neurophosphoric Acid, and Dr. J. C. Smith's Family Medicine, which deserve a better share of patronage than they receive.

Evil Spirits.

We notice much controversy among Spiritualists, and a variety of opinions on the subject of evil and evil spirits, and to us it seems not so much philosophy and sound reason as logic and argument. It is really much like an argument about darkness and the dark. Science cannot find it, but the eye can; to science it is not; to the senses it is. Both are right, because it is a condition, and not a substance; is real, and not material. The same, to our mind, is true of evil, and wrong, and sin (not sin against God, for we do not believe in such.) It is a condition we are sometimes in, and one that is sometimes in us, and certainly is real, if not material; and as it is not one that the senses take cognizance of, as of cold and heat, light and darkness, but one that the soul, or spirit, and inner self, contains and is dealing with—a condition of the soul, or one the soul is in—therefore it seems to us to belong as much to the soul world as to this, and to come from and go to that world with the soul as thought, feeling, passion, aspiration and emotion do. It does not seem to us that what we call evil is, like darkness and coldness, confined to the senses and the outer or material world; and if not, there certainly may as well be evil spirits as evil men and women here, for spirits are only men and women. If the body, and not the soul, contains what is called evil, then surely the real man and woman has none of it here, as it is like scrofula, or the itch, which we are supposed to escape from at death, and which in life do not hurt the morals of a person. A very large experience with mediums, and spirits through them, has long since convinced us that spirits have all the variety of character and dispositions we have, or that they had before their separation from the body. Whether there is really any positive evil that is eternal, we are not discussing here, but only this point: are spirits the same in variety and disposition after as before death? To us, they certainly seem to be so, and to be as changeable and progressive as we are here.

We are satisfied from evidence received that even Christian sects exist there with as much hatred and bitterness against us as they had here, and even against each other. Tyrants and fawning sycophants, hypocrites and liars, all go there, or nowhere; and some of them, if made over, so as to take away all of what we term evil, would have so little left of the original as not to be identified by their most intimate friends, and some would not even know themselves, or that they had ever lived here. It would be almost or quite a new creation in some souls to take all the evil desires and experiences out of them, and fill up the quantity with that which the person never did experience, so as to make a man or woman in quantity of mentality.

We recognize evil and wrong to and in the soul, as cold and darkness are to the body and to the outer world; and yet our dealings with spirits have been far more pleasant, agreeable and reliable than with mortals, but we have known them to act from motives that are called evil here, and to do what in us is called wrong.

The Cause.

We have a large number of nurses and guardians and doctors and protectors of our cause, each in his or her way prescribing and forbidding this, that or the other course and conduct as injurious or destructive to the cause, like the clown under the oak, who knew "some things were wrongly contrived and he could set them right." Acorus should grow on pumpkin vines, and pumpkins on the oak. So these doctors of the cause think they can set things right, and at least make the angels act respectable. Howbeit, the cause has contrived to grow and spread all the time, in spite of these harts, as fast and as firmly as its most sanguine friends could wish and be reasonable. The complainants have suffered, and the cause goes bravely on. We have long since concluded that intelligence superior to these doctors manages this work, and that we are all more or less instruments in its hands, willing or unwilling, to carry it forward. Nature's law is superior to the clown's judgment, and angels' wisdom superior to the prejudices of selfish and egotistic mortals, full, as most of us are, of envy, jealousy, pride or selfishness. Often in our own experience have events occurred which were deplored at the time by many as injurious or destructive to the cause, which have greatly contributed to its advancement and been blessings in disguise, often foreseen and designed by the best friends of the cause in the other life. Such seem to us to have been some of the pretended exposures of tricks and cheating mediums, which have often raised a great commotion and discussion, and sent back the weak-kneed and timid-hearted and selfish sycophants to public opinion to their flesh-pots of popular favor, where they could be fed awhile longer, to come out again more nearly fledge for the soaring in that higher life and truth and beauty of our new and glorious gospel. The cause is in wiser hands than ours, or it would have been ruined before now, by these very doctors who express so much concern for its safety.

Rents.

At no time since our acquaintance in this city have there been so many offices and rooms to let in the business part of New York, especially in Broadway, as at present. The enormous prices asked for rooms, have driven many business houses out of the best places to back streets or up town, or out of town (as they call it). There is said to be a point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue. That point has evidently been reached with the tenants in some parts of New York. They have borne the constant rise or increase of rent with remarkable fortitude, till none but eating-houses, saloons, exhibitions, fancy stores, drug-gists and a few others can charge profit enough to pay the rent, consequently most

of the staple and better branches of business are retreating to back streets, and building up old rotten parts of the city. So a good deal will come out of it at last, and rents in Broadway must and will come down; for certainly the best part of the city will not long have one-fourth or one-eighth of its rooms unoccupied.

To Our Friends.

To the numerous friends scattered over the large territory in which we have labored many years, whose richly laden letters of congratulation, compliment, friendship and love are constantly reaching us, we return in this our sincere thanks, and ask their indulgence and pardon for our seeming neglect—no answers, delayed answers, or short answers—of them. We are engaged in business now, and it has been a rule of life with us to attend to business first and last, early and late, till it was done, and leave all personal pleasures and enjoyments for leisure hours. This arrangement will be strictly carried out in our office, and all business promptly and faithfully attended to that belongs to the office. Book orders are filled out immediately, if we have the books; if not, as soon as we can get them. An order from Cuba for twenty volumes was received a few days since, and in less than sixty minutes the package, complete, was delivered to the mate of the Havana steamer, over two miles from our office. A precious letter from a dear friend may lie unanswered for weeks, unless business allows us earlier time for it. We hope, however, they will not stop writing us.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, formerly Mrs. E. D. Simmons, Clairvoyant, Magnetic and Electric Physician, has removed from 1249 to 1162 Broadway, New York.

Progressive Lyceum Missionary Fund.

IN ACCOUNT WITH A. J. AND M. F. DAVIS.

STATEMENT FOR MAY.	
May 1. To balance due from April.....	\$36.00
" " To railroad fares from Bridgeport to Boston.....	11.00
" " Tickets by railroad from Boston to Bangor.....	11.00
" " Fare from Bangor to Portland.....	8.00
" " Hotel expenses in Portland.....	8.00
" " Railroad fares from Portland to Bangor.....	8.00
" " To salary for two Sundays in May (no charges for meals for balance of the month.) at \$25 per Sunday.....	50.00
May 10. Cr. Cash from William R. Prince, of Flushing, N. Y.....	\$122.50
" " 15. Received from the Bangor Progressive Lyceum.....	28.36
June 1. Balance due.....	\$79.14

REMARKS.

It is evident from the foregoing that we cannot longer continue in the "Missionary field." We are not disappointed; only "sorry" that we may not work for the benefit of the little ones. We are deeply thankful to the individuals who have testified substantially their interest. And we are even more grateful for the "good" we have been permitted to accomplish. Perhaps the missionary work proposed can be brought before the next National Spiritualist Convention, and made the subject of special debate and action. There are already several of our traveling lecturers who, we think, are qualified to explain and organize Children's Lyceums, and we trust they will be commissioned by the Convention to labor every Sunday in a cause so holy and just. We cannot understand why "nearly eleven millions of Spiritualists" may not raise a few hundreds of dollars per annum, to advance the civilizing work of true education. One of these days there must be realized a large sum from what in the Washington Treasury Department is known as "Conscience money," when Spiritualists begin to feel the heavy punishment which surely follow their neglect of "golden opportunities." If independent societies desire our services in the Lyceum cause, we may possibly be at liberty to visit them.

Fraternally,

A. J. AND M. F. DAVIS.

Orange, N. J., June 1, 1867.

A Generous Donation.

Dr. Calvin Hall, of Williamstown, Conn., has generously placed in our hands the sum of one thousand dollars to aid in circulating the BANNER OF LIGHT in families where it does not now go, by defraying half its yearly subscription price for persons who cannot pay the full price (\$3.00). Therefore, to all such who will remit to us \$1.50, with evidence of their inability to pay more, we will send the BANNER OF LIGHT for one year.

Our good brother Hall seems upon the rich fruits of Spiritualism, and is desirous to help others to a like blessing.

We have scarcely a subscriber who does not know of some one or more who are deserving of the above generous offer, and we hope they will find pleasure in assisting such to avail themselves of this offer at once, as the amount is limited.

Write plainly the name, town, county and State, and address letters to WM. WHITE & CO., BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.

Two Days Meeting.

There will be a Two Days' Meeting of the friends of progress and free thought held at the Free Church in Sturges, Mich., on the 23d and 24th of June. Services to commence at 9 o'clock A. M. All are invited to attend and participate. By order of the Executive Committee.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

Dr. H. P. F., New Boston, Ill.—\$1.50 received.

Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles.

Received from	
D. J. Barber, Ballston Spa, N. Y.....	\$ 50
W. H. Leavitt, Bradford, Vt.....	50
E. C. Reynolds, West Pembroke, Me.....	50
Friends, Stafford, Conn.....	1.00

Donations to the Jackson Fund.

To aid the poor and aged parents of the late Geo. M. Jackson.

Received from

Friend, Cincinnati, Ohio.....	\$ 50
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Donations in aid of the Poor.

Received from	
Herman Ehle, Utica, N. Y.....	\$1.00
Jane Green, Tonawanda, Ohio.....	1.00
Friend, Bangor, Me.....	50

Business Matters.

THE RADICAL for June is for sale at this office. Price 30 cents.

COUSIN BENJA'S POEMS, just issued in book form. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 16th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

Dr. L. K. COONLEY, healing medium. Will examine by letter or look of hair from persons at a distance. Address, Vinland, N. J.

IT IS VERY MANIFEST, from the many testimonials on record, that DR. TURNER'S TIC-DOULEUX or UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL has done wonders in curing the most extraordinary cases of NEURALGIA, nerve-ache, and other painful nervous diseases, also headache and hysterical affections. APOTHECARIES HAVE IT. Principal depot, 120 THOMSON STREET, BOSTON, MASS. Price \$1 per package; by mail, two postage stamps extra.

Special Notices.

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

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

Instantly. Any trouble occasioned by eating cucumbers or water fruit will disappear instantly if the sufferer will take one swallow of Cox's Dyspepsia Cure. It is perfectly harmless.

Notice to Subscribers.—Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper or wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires. The adoption of this method renders it unnecessary for us to send receipts. Those who desire the paper continued, should renew their subscriptions at least three weeks before their subscription expires, with those at the left and right of the date.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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SPECIAL NOTICE TO PATENTS.

Occasional treatment and advice at this Institute will insure to your children a healthy and luxuriant growth of hair during life. CONSULTATIONS FREE. 3m-June 8.

MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

THE NEXT TERM begins on September 24. The Faculty of instruction consists of four resident and four non-resident Professors, and a Tutor. The object is to educate young men for the Christian ministry. Theological and literary studies are given. The tuition, use of text-books and library are free to all. A majority of the Trustees and Professors are of the Unitarian denomination. The school is open to all who believe in the divine origin of Christianity. The Library consists of nine thousand and four hundred volumes. Application may be made to Rev. A. A. LIVINGMORE, President of the Board of Instruction, Meadville, Pa. June 8.

MRS. JENNETTE J. CLARK.

THIS FAITHFUL and noble-souled woman has labored many years for the good of her kindred, and her gifts, which have convinced thousands of the great fact that the spiritual world is being blended with ours. She examines and prescribes for the sick, and also administers the OXYGENATED AIR, the peculiar virtues of which have been proved, and proved a success. Residence on Grand street, New York. June 8.—1w

MRS. ABBY M. LAFIN FERRIS.

GIVES PSYCHOMETRIC READINGS for \$1. Directly from the spirit world, and also from the spirit world. Address (enclosing two red stamps), P. O. Box 43, Washington, D. C. June 8.

DR. J. L. TURNER, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN.

Office, No. 68, Mark's Place, Eighth street, New York. All Acute and Chronic diseases treated with or without medicine; also functional disorders of the nervous system. Persons at a distance can be treated by letter. Address as above. June 8.

WANTED—AGENTS—\$75 to \$200 per month.

and family to sell the GENTLE LAMPS. COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. Address, June 8.—4w

J. A. MICHENER, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.

341 Pine street, Philadelphia, to No. 12, West 44th street, New York. Her home is now open for company and patients. June 8.

MRS. MYERS, CLAIRVOYANT and TEST MEDIUM.

medium—very reliable—566 Third Avenue, New York. Ladies \$1, Gent 50c. June 8.

MRS. H. A. CASWELL, CLAIRVOYANT.

No. 1 Harrison avenue, corner of Oak street, Boston. June 8.—2w

MRS. L. A. SARGENT helps the sick by laying on of hands.

28 Bedford street, Boston, Mass. June 8.

MRS. S. J. YOUNG, CLAIRVOYANT and TEST MEDIUM.

Business Medium, 56 Pleasant street, Boston, Mass. June 8.—3m

PIANOFORTES.

FOR SALE, a large stock of second-hand Pianofortes of various prices, various makers, at very low prices for cash. Each Pianoforte is warranted satisfactory to the purchaser. A. H. LEA & CO., 293 Washington street, Boston. May 4.—

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

The questions propounded at these circles by mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names.

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

The Circle Room.

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

Mrs. CONANT receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

All proper questions sent to our Free Circles for answer by the invisibles, are duly attended to, and will be published.

Invocation.

Our Father, we bring unto thee eternal altar the gifts of Time. True, they are but shells which we have gathered upon the shore, yet we call them our thoughts, and these thoughts are divided into hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, prayers and praises. But because thy divine life hath been breathed upon them, they are of thee. Therefore when we lay them upon thine eternal altar, we know they will be inevitably received into thy bosom.

We thank thee for this day of sunshine. It is a teacher unto human life, portraying thy power, thy love, and thy wisdom. We know that thy life moveth through all Nature; that the breath of thy divine wisdom animateth all forms. There is no life outside of thy life. Every thought of thee, and sooner or later must return to thee. All universes are born of thy wondrous power, and all souls.

Thou art all great and mighty, yet all merciful and humble. Thou art ever teaching us through countless sources. We are ever ascending step by step up to thy high courts of wisdom. Thou art our Father, thou art our Mother, thou art our Sister, thou art our Brother; and thy perfect life, oh Spirit Divine, unfoldeth our imperfect life.

Oh we thank thee that everywhere thy smile beamed in upon us. We thank thee that all through the darkness of mortal graves thy love does not fail to shine in upon us. We thank thee that there is no sorrow so dark, so deep and terrible, that it is devoid of thee. Thou art everywhere, and the soul, we know, may trust thee, and rest secure in thy loving embrace. "It is only our ignorance that makes us fear thee, only our littleness that makes us fail to comprehend thy greatness, only our puny strength that fails to comprehend thy wondrous power."

Our Father, we will read the alphabet of life, and ascend the ladder round by round, thanking thee for all things, and murmuring against thee for nothing. Amen. April 11.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are ready, Mr. Chairman, to conform to your usual custom of answering questions.

Q.—We would inquire in regard to magnetic currents—If there be any special benefit received from them by sleeping with the head to the north in preference to the south, east or west?

A.—Scientific men have determined that it is best to repose with the head turned toward the north. There are two distinctive poles to the brain, north and south; and it is presumed by placing the head northward during the time of repose, that the natural functions or animal forces recuperate much faster than when placed in any other position, from the fact that the position is to the physical body the most natural one. Whatever is most natural, you move in with the least inharmonious. If you in ignorance trample upon the laws of your nature, inharmonious, warfare, is inevitably the result. But when you place yourselves in harmony with the laws of Nature, harmony and peace is the result. It is believed by many scientific men that did the human race understand themselves and their connection with natural laws by which they are governed, they would enjoy almost perfect health. Your speaker believes this himself. Diseases can but be the result of ignorance, which is but imperfect growth. As you grow into a knowledge of yourselves and the laws by which you are surrounded, you will grow out of a condition of disease into a condition of health. But as all progress moves by slow processes, so this thing will be accomplished very slowly; and thousands of years must elapse ere disease shall be swept away from the face of the earth, and love and wisdom become twin in the flesh.

Q.—Has the "General Assembly" which you declare to exist in spirit-life, any specific, positive scheme or plan of action, that they are seeking to actualize on the earth or human plane?

A.—I believe that the "General Assembly," or group of minds referred to, have not only one special scheme in view, but many. Wherever there is a need for reform upon earth, there this General Assembly of Spirits propose to direct their forces. They themselves do not understand how much or how little they can do toward benefiting the human race, but they do understand that something may be done. They also understand that a great deal is needed to be done.

Q.—Have they agents or representatives already selected among us, who are being guided and directed in the accomplishment of this plan?

A.—All minds that are in harmony upon the objects to be attained—these minds are their agents. Christ said, "They that are not against us are for us."

Q.—By W. Foss: Christ plainly taught forgiveness of injuries, in opposition to the Moslem law of retaliation. Now I heartily endorse the doctrine, but I believe there is a very general misapprehension with regard to it. Can wrongs be forgiven without repentance—genuine repentance—proved by acknowledgment and restitution? and can any just man help feeling indignation when himself or any one else is wronged, and the wrong-doer refuses acknowledgment or restitution? or if he makes acknowledgment, refuses restitution? I have been myself told by leaders of Orthodoxy, when merely expressing indignation at gross wrongs committed against me, that I must forgive the perpetrators. Now as they knew that I never returned evil for evil, of course they meant that I should forgive without repentance. The question is, if such teachers knew anything of morals or religion, would they not have known that this would be an impossibility?

ity, and that their duty as religious guides was to urge the wrong-doers to repent, and thereby enable me to forgive? And is not this another of the thousands of illustrations of the universal practice of priestcraft to side with the wrong-doer, because "on the side of the oppressor there was power"?

A.—In the absolute, there is no forgiveness of sins. Every sin condemns itself, judges itself, and never receives forgiveness until it has gone beyond the boundaries of sin. When the sinner comes into a full possession of the knowledge of divine law, he will be no longer a sinner. It should be the work of all who believe that they are without sin, to raise the sinner to a knowledge of divine law. This can never be done by resisting sin or the sinner. Resistance only begets war. But the spirit of charity, combined with wisdom, begets wisdom, begets charity. Teach the sinner that he is not acting in accordance with the highest law of his nature—make him fully understand this, and straightway he will begin to feel the action of divine law upon him, and will leave off sinning. One of our worthy ancients has declared that there was such a thing as righteous indignation; and we believe he declared a great truth. But that which is in itself righteous indignation will not beget war. It will not resist evil, but will by a holy and divine process overcome evil with good. If your brother sinneth against you, the most proper way would not be to denounce that brother as a sinner, to cast him off as a sinner, but through the law of divine love and charity tell him he is not living in accordance with the law of his own being; that you believe in all sincerity that there is a more perfect way, a nearer route to heaven. And if indeed you are right, and if there is sufficient power within you to project your ideas toward him so that he can see them, feel their truth, then there will be no warfare. But believe us, he will fall down and worship that right, acknowledging it superior to his views. Jesus well understood this law; and when he rebuked, it was in love. He well knew evil could not overcome evil. And if it was silenced and rendered powerless, it must be by the superior power of good.

Q.—By "Inquirer": Will the intelligences please explain why, in cutting down a chestnut forest, chestnut springs up again, when in a pine or oak forest the opposite takes place—the oak taking the place of the pine?

A.—There are many theories concerning this subject, but we believe the most proper and most simple to be, that there is a certain assimilation between the oak and the pine that is not found in other trees. Consequently when the exterior life is cut off, and all that remains is in the root, then that life or vital force permeating the earth is just as likely to spring up the pine as the oak. We believe it is because there is a natural assimilation of the forces of the pine and the oak. There are many other theories, as we have before remarked, but they all seem untenable to your speaker. April 11.

Joel Nason.

I am here because I have been so much importuned of late to come here with regard to certain matters, that I have concluded that it's best to come. My name was Nason—Joel Nason. I lived in Boston, died in Boston, at the North End.

Seems to me as though the path taken by those who called on me is a very strange one, and certainly wanting in caution and good judgment, to say the least.

There is a company of persons—making in all about from thirty to thirty-seven—who are engaged from time to time in the very unpopular business of counterfeiting bank bills. And I know where a certain set of dies were, used for counterfeiting certain bills, that I would give them that information. They inform me that these dies were placed in my possession some years ago, and that I retained them. They want to know what disposition I made of them, or where they can go to find them.

Now supposing that for a moment I did know where they were, would it be wise for me to come here and tell them? Why, to tell them would be to tell all the world. If they want to get a pass into the inside of some prison, I don't know but what I could give it to them, but I don't want to. They are little children in this business; do not know anything about it. They fancied that in some way I could come back, and by some underground process tell them where the dies were. Supposing I had gone to any medium and written out the information? the medium could have read it, if nobody else could, and might have spoken of it to others.

Why, they're fools! they're fools! They have not got off their long clothes yet. They are fools; do not know what they're about. No, no; if you want dies, you'd better make them yourselves, and not call me back to help you. I'm Joel Nason; and if I had any such dies, I don't know anything about them now; do not care anything about them.

It would be a very good idea for these folks to get into some business that is not quite so unpopular. If they are so disposed in mind as to give me an opportunity of meeting them alone, I'll come back and tell them where they can or how they can get into some better employment than counterfeiting money. Not that I think it's the worst business a man can engage in, by any means. No, I don't. Oh, this law of "mine and thine" is perfectly damnable, anyway. I hold that the counterfeiter is no worse than the man who holds one hundred thousand dollars and sees a poor woman starving for want of bread. Which is the worst—for me to counterfeit a bill and give it to the poor woman to buy bread with, or for the man worth one hundred thousand dollars to refuse aid to the poor woman? My God! I think I'm more justified in the sight of heaven than the other one. I said so when I resided on earth, and I say so now. Good-day. April 11.

Augusta Schreider.

I am Augusta Schreider. I was twelve years old, and reared in the Jewish faith. I was born in Boston, Massachusetts. My father and mother were born in Fryburg, Germany. I have two brothers and three sisters. My father's name is Frederic.

I come to tell my father and mother that it is the will of Israel's God that I should come back; that I have seen many of our people in the spirit-land, and they all try to come back. I want my father to go to the Rabbi of our faith, and tell him that I have come, and what I have said. And while he is talking with him, through the Rabbi of our faith I will speak to my father, because I can. [Does he reside in Boston?] Yes. April 11.

Charles Hall.

Jews, Gentiles, and chaps that do not belong to either faith, have a right to speak from this free platform.

I'm Charles Hall. I was born in Bangor, but I hail from Augusta. So you see I'm a Maine chap. And I'm from the 10th Maine; went out,

you see, fighting for the government of the United States. I don't want you to understand that I fought that such a spoony as Andy Johnson might get into the head of the government, for I did n't; would n't be guilty of any such thing. I fought that the Union might be preserved intact. So far as its outside bonds were concerned, my fighting was of some account; but so far as its inside bonds were concerned, it was n't of any account. There's just as much fight inside as there ever was; no more unity than between oil and water. You cannot make a Southern soldier and a New Englander unite, any more than oil and water—castor oil with your hard water; not a bit more. I remember the dose my mother mixed once for me, when I was a little chap. She says, "Charlie, mix it up in some good water, and you will think it's water." I mixed it, and stirred and stirred, and the more I stirred the more oil there was. There was more oil than there was water. The oil was uppermost.

And the fight in the Southern soldier is uppermost. You go down there and see what they'll say to you. "We are obliged to yield, but we do not want to." Ah, sir, I tell you it's just where it was inside, when you began. And there's only one way of making things all square; want to know how that is? Either exterminating them, or letting them exterminate you, just which you like best. That's all the way to settle it. I tell you it never will be settled, so long as there is a Southern soldier left.

I did n't belong to any sect of religious Christians when I was here. I could n't make up my mind what it was best to attach myself to. And so while I was making up my mind as to what it was best to do, I got enrolled to go higher. I believe there aint any Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Orthodox, Universalist or Spiritualist religion in the spirit-world. Devil a one is there! It's every one for himself, and the Lord for us all! That's the way we go it where I am. If you do n't believe it, why just give me a call some fine morning or evening, and if I don't prove it to be true I won't trouble you again.

I should like to have a good old-fashioned talk with my folks, to prove to them that I can come, that I am happy, that I have only taken one step on the staircase of life. But we go it step by step. There's no taking four or five at a time. When I was a little shaver I got in the habit of jumping up or down four or five stairs at a time. The old lady would say, "Charlie, by-and-by you'll fall." I said, "No I shan't; I'm sure-footed." But one time I did fall and got a tremendous scar on my forehead; and it was such a one that I could never run away from home, if I wanted to, for I would be known. But you tell the folks, for me, that there is nothing of the kind in this staircase of life. You've got to step on every one. There's no such thing as hopping over any of them.

It's all right, I suppose; this free platform business is all right. At any rate I'm willing they should come. If 'tis the water of life to them, I hope they'll drink their fill.

And tell the folks, for the Lord's sake, to put off their long faces. What's the use of this rigging up in black, and putting on a long face, because we're better off? I say it's confounded selfish; 'tis. So I don't want my folks to do it. I want 'em to know I'm better off; and the faster they can come into the idea that death is only life, the faster they will throw off this miserable shadow of unhappiness that has haunted people for centuries. I tell you what it is: I always hated to go to funerals; never did, unless I was forced to. I'll tell you why. Because I didn't like to see long faces. I used to think the dead ones were better off, and there was no use of crying for them. You may cry for yourself. But they don't say it is for themselves. No, they never shed any tears for themselves, but for those that are gone.

Well, this General Assembly that you speak of is going to inaugurate a reform in this thing, when instead of having funerals, you'll have a grand jubilee. It's so; you need not laugh at it. Instead of mourning, you'll have what the Irish do, but on a grander scale; that is, have a grand wake.

My folks won't think I've improved any by coming in contact with saints. All right; I have n't. I'm just where I was when they saw me last, except my body.

(To the Chairman.) Good-by, captain-general. [What's your hurry?] Time's out. You know we have to comply to general rules.

My name is Hall—Charles Hall; and my father's name was Samuel—Sam Hall. My mother's name was Elizabeth. She says, however, it was Betsey. She was named Betsey, she said, but her children called her Elizabeth. It's the most harmonious sounding name. Betsey they did n't like, you know. I don't know how it is, but my sister Elizabeth used to say her name was Elizabeth. Anyway, if she says it's Betsey, why we will splice the two, and call it Betsey-Elizabeth. Anything for peace. I tell you I was a peace man here, if I did fight. Good-by, sir. April 11.

Seance opened and conducted by Professor John Hubbard; letters answered by Anna Cora Wilson.

Invocation.

Thou Mysterious Spirit, who hath ever escaped the crucible of the chemist, thou wondrous Life which no soul can analyze, thou who art in all things, thou by whom all things are, we would commune with thee. Going out from ourselves, we would seek to enter into thy life and learn of thee. And yet we feel thou art with us. Thy smile we see everywhere, and the perfectness of thy divine life is everywhere mapped out unto us. Yet, oh Father, we cannot understand thee. Thou hast given us the universe; thou hast opened the volume of Nature for us; thou hast invited us to come within the wondrous arena of life, and everywhere thou hast stationed teachers for our use. Some tell us thou art our Father and Mother. This we believe, for there is an echo within our own souls that responds unto the idea of thy Fatherhood and our dependence. And when we seek earnestly to know thee, thou wilt lead us by the hand of thine own wisdom, slowly and surely, up to the courts of thine Eternal City.

Spirit of Time and Eternity, in our experience many dark places we have passed through; many sunshiny spots have been ours also. Yet with all our varied experiences of mortal and immortal life, still we do not know thee; still we send out the cry, Father, teach us of thee. And give us also the power, oh Divine Spirit, to impart all thou shalt give unto us unto all with whom we deal. Oh, lead us by the great minds that have gone on before us, and we, in turn, will be humble leaders of thy children who walk 'mid the dark shades of mortal life. Father, wherever thou callest, we will go; whatever thou demandest of us, we will do. And if, oh Father, thy voice saith unto us, "Go down into the depths of hell and there learn of me," Father, we are ready to go. And if we hear thy voice calling unto the higher courts of wisdom, peace and power, Father, we will answer that call also. Wherever thou leadest, oh Lord our God, there we will follow.

And unto thee, oh Spirit of Peace, of Wisdom, and of Power, Spirit greater than we can under-

stand, be all honor and glory, forever and ever. Amen. April 15.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—At one of your circles, several months since, the question was asked whether Christ communicated directly to earth's people through mediums or not? The answer was—if my memory serves me—in the negative, but that instead the Christ-principle was given. In a recent BANNER, in the Message Department, the same question was answered in the affirmative. Now I would like to ask the controlling intelligence which statement is correct—the first or the last?

A.—It is very possible they may both be true; that there may be a misunderstanding existing with the interrogator. It is not only possible for Christ, as a distinct intelligence, to communicate with earth's people, but to my mind it is exceedingly probable that he does. But if your querist, Mr. Chairman, has reference to the Christ as recognized by the Christian Church, I do not believe such an one communicates with earth's people, for he is a myth. Christ, as a spirit, as a power, as a divine individuality in human, does indeed, I believe, communicate directly with God's children.

Q.—Do you mean to say that no such person as Jesus ever had an existence?

A.—No, I did not mean to say so, or at least I did not mean that you should so understand me. I believe that such a person did have an existence, but I believe you know so little concerning his real identity and individuality, that you might as well know nothing at all. In fact, that has been my experience since I have been in the spirit-world.

Q.—By C. B. H., of Lynn, Mass.: Since the several phenomena relative to the Gulf Stream have been brought before your Circle, please allow me to present this question. The cause of Magellan—cloud seen over the strait bearing that name, has never been satisfactorily explained to navigators. I should like to know the origin of them?

A.—I presume the intelligence who answered the question with reference to the Gulf Stream, could give a better answer concerning this question than I could. Therefore I will leave it until that intelligence shall be in control here.

SPIRIT.—If you have no more questions, Mr. Chairman, I will take the opportunity of answering a query that has recently come under my observation, which is this, if I get it right: "What view do the Congress of Spirits take concerning the Christian Church?" I mean that Congress who have the best good of humanity in view." I think I have given it verbatim, though I'm not sure.

My answer may be found in an article published in "The Radical" of this month. That article was written by my good fellow brother, Mr. Towne. He succeeded me in the pastorate of the church at Medford.

I know the argument presented is a two-edged one, yet it is soundly true; and is, to all intents and purposes, the same view that this Congress of Spirits takes of the subject that your correspondent refers to. It is a very broad view of the subject, I know, one that will hardly be accepted by the majority of minds, but it is a correct one, and the day will sometime come when you will all accept it. We would advise not only our correspondent of the Christian Church, but all other Christians, to read the article. If you cannot digest it to-day, wait till you can.

Good-day. I should say that the article was entitled "The New Demand for Religious Association." April 15.

Thomas Moses.

I have been waiting a long time to know which way my God would call me. But I have come to the sober conclusion that there is a power within myself that will lead me, if I am led at all.

I passed upwards of three score years here, and I thought I lived an honest Christian life; but I lived such a strict sectarian life, that I made my dwelling-place so very small here in this spirit-world, that it is not very large, not hardly large enough to grow in. And I have made to-day a very great attempt to overcome all my past ideas of religion, and to turn to God anew, seeking him from a new direction.

I am from Portsmouth, New Hampshire. My name was Moses—Thomas Moses. I was of the Baptist persuasion. I lived there more than half a century; and I have felt earnestly impelled for some time to return, advising those who have seen the new light who are left there to be more fearless, more outspoken, since they are sure that God is on their side.

I want to tell them that this spirit-world is not what I thought it was, not at all. And I hope they will all be willing to receive truth from all, everything and everybody that comes; not do as I did. I have lived idle long enough. I have lived in the valley of dry bones long enough. The breath of the Almighty has blown over it, and I feel new life coming to me. I want to get out of the deadness that has surrounded me ever since I have been in the spirit-world. [How long have you been there?] Over ten years; little over ten years. [Do you remember what street you lived on?] Yes, Hanover street. I was a member of the old Chestnut-street church for many years, for a great many years—Baptist. [Free-will Baptist?] Well, there was n't much free will about it; more close communion.

One of our old ministers there, that was there some time, has been urging me to come back here. He thought I should be washed clean if I would come. [You'll find yourself bettered by coming here to-day.] I expect to, hope to. Bless the Lord for the power to come! [You'll be born anew.] That's what I need. April 15.

Willie Short.

I come back for my father. A gentleman friend of his living in Philadelphia wants to know what he shall do to communicate with my father? And as my father could n't come, and did n't know when he should be able to, he sent me.

My father says the very best way he knows of is to sit down with some good medium and see if he can come. If he can't come through that one, try another, and another, till he can come, and he's satisfied that he has come. But if, he says, it's about that money business he wants him to come, then he may as well not have the audience, because he shan't say anything about it. And he says that he's sorry that he has n't got off of crutches. What he means is that he's afraid to go alone, for he says, Do n't have my name published. [This friend, you speak of?] Yes, sir; yes, sir; he wants, if my father comes here, not to have his name published. Father says he was in 'hopes he had got off of crutches, and was able to go alone.

I am Willie Short. My father is Levi B. Short. I've been here before. [Yes, we recollect you. How's your father?] Oh, he's got plenty of business in the spirit-world. [What does he think of the Greek Fire now?] If he was here, he would n't make any such thing as be used to. He'd make a Greek Fire that would burn up evil thoughts,

This burning up the body, and letting the real thing—the spirit—go unscared for, do n't pay.

If the folks, he says, who were the means of putting him out of the body—if they'd only known they were going to give him greater freedom, he reckons they wouldn't have done it. They'd better get posted before they try that again.

You see, my father took something that was given him in what he drank, in soda, that produced inflammation, and he died of it. Oh the "rebs" were down on him, because they'd heard the story that he'd got a big thing that he was going to burn them all up with, so they thought he'd better be tripped up. They heard he was going to burn Charleston and Richmond, was going to burn them all up, and they thought they'd just "Greek Fire" him out of the way. And they did, in one sense; in another they did not; for my father says there are plenty of people who have got brains that he can save Greek Fire through, and he can do it, too. What he means by that is, that he could impress them with the same ideas that he had.

(To the Chairman.) Good-day, Mr. White. [Give my kind regards to your father.] Yes, sir; and he'll send his to you, I suppose. April 15.

Prof. Edward O. Eaton.

I am still, I suppose, in the way of disappointing my friends. As I seemed to move in that sphere when here, I have returned to assure them that in some respects I am not out of it as yet. I have only changed tactics. Instead of disappointing them in the direction I disappointed them in here, I shall disappoint them now in another one.

At my death they said, Well, he has gone—and some of my friends went so far as to say—where he will not trouble us any more.

I do not blame them for making such an assertion, considering that I was in some respects not what I should have been; consequently it was an annoyance to those who walked in a different path.

Since I have been in the spirit-world, I have come to the conclusion that I was precisely what the Great God made me. And if he did n't make me to move in the Orthodox orbit, (that was the only true one to my friends,) that was God's business. If he endowed me physically with a love of liquor when here, if he saw fit to present temptations that would lead me down to hell, that also was his business. And these very good Christians, who believe in the supremacy of an all-wise and perfect God, are not very consistent when they allow that one-half of the circumstances of human life belong to the devil. If God is everywhere, and does everything, there is no room for the devil; therefore only one power can have control in the universe, namely, God.

When I was first aroused to consciousness in this glorious spirit-world, I was in a sort of uncomfortable, befogged condition, which was occasioned probably by the manner of my going out. But it seems to have pleased a merciful Father to release me from that condition, and I am now where I am no longer in the way of temptation. But I presume my friends, nearly all of them, would as lief see me in the gutter—and I've been there many a time—as to see me back here declaring that Spiritualism is true; and not only declaring it, but proving it to be so by my coming. I am not dead, nor am I drunk, but absolutely sober and alive.

And now that I am free from my earthly surroundings; now that it has pleased God to liberate me, as Abraham Lincoln liberated the slaves, if he says, Edward Eaton, go back to earth and proclaim what you know to be true, I'm going there, if all the Orthodox Churches in Christendom rise up against me. I was no coward here. I might have been a drunkard, but a coward I never was.

It has been said that I declared myself forced into the Southern army. If I ever said so, I must have been under the influence of liquor at the time. I never was impressed into their service. I went there willingly, because I was living at the South, and again because I had many friends there and did not like to displease them. That was another reason. And another one was that I believed that the bond between the North and South had better be severed. So I did what I was able toward severing it. That was n't much, to be sure.

And now if my friends, one and all, have a single word to say about my coming, I shall come again and again. Edward O. Eaton, professor of music, son of Osgood Eaton, of Boston. I died in Memphis, Tennessee, a few weeks ago. Fare you well. April 15.

Margaret Tappan.

I want to tell William—my husband—Tappan, that it is all right with me in the spirit-world.

Tell him that his brother George brought me here. He has done everything for me, and it's all right with me; and as soon as I can, I shall talk with him, and tell him all about how I am surrounded.

Tell him not to mourn, not to mourn, not to think he did wrong in putting me in the Asylum, for in all probability I stayed as long on earth there as I should have had I been elsewhere. At any rate I'm satisfied. Tell him not to mourn. I shall come back to him. I shall watch over him and do all I can for him. Tell him not to mourn for me. Tell him that Margaret sends this to William H. Tappan.

I've only been in the spirit-world two days. It is three, nearly four days, they say. Well, I did n't know it. [What institution were you in when you died?] The one in Somerville.

I'm very much obliged. I was strangely confused when here. But it's all gone. April 15.

Seance opened and closed by John Pierpont.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, April 15.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Captain Josiah Taylor, to Leonard Cavendish and to friends; Martin Milton, to his children; Olive Truesdale to Samuel Truesdale, of this city; Johnnie Jolly, to his mother. Thursday, April 15.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Sarah Jane Ayers, who lived on Ben street, Boston, to Rev. Nehemiah Adams; Cap. George Payling, to George A. Sawyer, Principal of the Mercantile and Nautical School in this city; Maud Jackson, to her parents, in Memphis, Tenn.; and Miss Lucy Wood, in Vermont; Elizabeth Lynde, formerly at the National House, Boston, to Mr. Colby. Monday, April 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; James Murdoch, an actor, to his friends; Mary Emerson, daughter of New York, to her friends; George A. Sawyer, to her friend Fanny Sands, of New York, and to friends in Maine; Eddie Spencer, to his mother, in New York. Tuesday, April 23.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; James Francis, to his mother, in Norfolk, Va.; John S. Deming, of California, formerly of Pittsburg, Penn.; to friends; Virginia Stark, of Lexington, Ky.; to friends. Thursday, April 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; John Cooke, to his son and daughter, in London, Eng.; Annie Lee, to her father, Gen. Robert Lee, of the United States Army, to his family; Willie Antelope (an Indian), to Col. Chivington. Monday, April 29.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Robert Layle, to friends in New Haven, Conn.; Capt. William Flowers, to his friends; Lou Vanstene, who died this morning (April 29th), to her mother, in New York; S. S. Bully, to Col. Chivington. Tuesday, April 30.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Lieut. Robert Dinwiddie, to relatives in Savannah, Ga.; Charlie Jackson, to his parents; Abner Williams, to his children; and his wife, to her friends. Wednesday, May 7.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Sylvia Ann Howland, of New Bedford, Mass., to her niece Sylvia; Sarah Wadsworth, an Indian, to General Grant. Monday, May 13.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Annie M. Wadsworth, to her friends; to her friends; William Carroll, a horse jockey, who died at St. Louis, Mo. of cholera; Marian Mason, to her parents, in Ohio; and a friend, to a friend.

Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT:

J. M. PEEBLES, EDITOR.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT. Letters and answers to correspondents, etc., should be directed to J. M. PEEBLES, Local matters from the West requiring immediate attention, and long articles intended for publication, should be sent directly to the BANNER OFFICE, Boston. Those who particularly desire their contributions inserted in the Western Department, will please to mark them. Persons wishing us this month, will direct to Boston, Mass., care Banner of Light.

The Religious Opinions of Lincoln.

It required the most skillful manipulations and prayerful engineering on the part of sectarists to read Abraham Lincoln's "title clear to manhood in the skies." Unbaptized, unconsecrated even, unwashed in the "blood of the Lamb" through faith, and connected in no church relations, he was thrust by an assassin's hand from Ford's theatre into eternity. His last thoughts were theatrical thoughts. Orthodox theology being true, he was an Infidel—and all Infidels must be damned! "Damned," sounds to our ear a little profane, but 'tis a Bible word, and hence theologically admissible.

It is certain that to some degree President Lincoln investigated Spiritualism. He consulted mediums—we personally know those that have sat with him in circles—the teachings and doctrines there received charming him with their naturalness. He was no believer in special inspiration, and ever held in utter contempt the phariseism of the priesthood. He was generally considered in the West an Infidel!

The New York Times awhile since had two columns upon this subject, and others relating thereto. This author, writing in behalf of Wm. H. Herndon, Esq., Lincoln's former law-partner, and now engaged in writing the late President's life, says:

As to Mr. Lincoln's religious belief, no one can be better posted upon the subject than Mr. Herndon, and he has given us a synopsis of it as follows:

1. He did not believe in the special, miraculous inspiration of the Scriptures. At the same time, he believed that men were inspired to a higher degree than perhaps any other being.

2. But he believed that other works were also inspired—such as those of Plato, Aristotle, Shakespeare and numerous others—and inspired in a very high degree, also. He believed that all writings were more or less inspired.

3. In fact, he believed in a general law of inspiration, to which every man, woman and child born upon the earth, and even the earth itself, and the productions, animal and vegetable, thereon, were alike subject, according to their powers and capabilities, in the degree of the receptivity of each. The whole world, and all things thereon, were to him a vast receptacle into which God was continually breathing the life of lives—the soul by which and through which the universe, with all things therein, exists.

4. He did not believe in the miraculous conception of the Virgin Mary, or in the miraculous birth of Jesus Christ. He looked upon Christ as a man endowed with superior inspiration, but only as a man. In fact, he was decidedly Unitarian in his belief as respects this dogma of the Christian religion.

5. He believed in the ultimate salvation of all men. He was wont to observe that if one man was saved, then all men were, or God could not be a just God. "All would be saved, or nobody," was an expression he was in the habit of using to his friends.

He generally, however, avoided discussions upon religious subjects; and was heard on more than one occasion to say, "It would not do to investigate the subject of religion too closely, as it was apt to lead to infidelity."

In 1835, Mr. Herndon informs me Mr. Lincoln wrote a rationalistic work, giving his peculiar views on religion at length, and which he showed to a merchant named Samuel L. Hill. Mr. Hill took the manuscript from him, and consigned it to the flames, warning Mr. Lincoln of the fate of Tom Paine and other Infidels; placing before him the fact that he was a young man having his way to make in the world, and that the publication of such a work would ruin his social as well as political prospects. This work was subsequently thrown in Mr. Lincoln's face while he was stump-ing this district for Congress against the celebrated Methodist preacher, Rev. Peter Cartwright. But Mr. Lincoln never publicly or privately denied its authorship, or the sentiments expressed therein. Nor was he known to change his religion, or give any to the latest period of his life. "That Mr. Lincoln, however, was a believer in the Christian religion as understood by the so-called Orthodox sects of the day, I am compelled most emphatically to deny."

Letters from Here and There.

Blessed be letters, said the "bacher" in his reveries. Our soul repeats it—blessed be letters. Is it not blessed, however, to receive, than send them? It is certainly more pleasant in some moods to read good letters than to write them.

How strange the languages they speak. Some are inspirational, inspiring with higher aims, others are monitors reproving, and others still are comforters, sweet and soothing in their tendencies, especially when not touched with the frost of ceremony, nor chilled with efforts to repress the natural gush and flow of feeling. To be natural, is to live.

This is one of our serious, and days. There may be deliver linings to the clouds above; there may be flowers up the mountain side where destiny urges us; there may be wisdom in this "blindness to the future given"; but at times we fall to see it. Though in the flush and blush of early springtime, we feel like a prisoner who from a narrow crevice in his cell catches glimpses of far-off loveliness, of fields, forests and silver streams, where his feet may never wander; of whose flowers he may never breathe. So sick of the show and sham of this life, we sigh for the unattained, for freedom of action, freedom of expression, freedom from civic surroundings, from government, from law, from petty cares, and from all human fellowship not congenial with the God within us. But hush—why fight fate! All's for the best—the Infidel doth all things well, while this ever-attending Immortal voice. This pile of letters, each may speak a few words. P. E. Farnsworth, New York, writes:

"Our Inauguration Sociable, at Masonic Hall was a grand success. The choice of seats in the new hall was sold on the same evening; the total premiums amounting to about two hundred and fifty dollars. Dr. Glover secured the first choice. Our dedication services passed off admirably; Judge Edmunds and Dr. Storer speaking. There never was so good a state of feeling in our midst as at present; and to me, things look brighter for the cause of Spiritualism than at any previous time."

Geo. W. Kates, Cincinnati, writes of the joys and glories that continually cluster around him, from a belief in and knowledge of immortality through spirit-communication. He thinks the masses need facts and demonstrations; hence he highly appreciates Bro. E. V. Wilson. The Lyceum is progressing, but is far from his ideal. Dr. I. D. Seely is there, preaching medicine with enlivening success by spirit aid, changing nothing unless effecting a cure. Emma Hardinge is doing a glorious work, as she does everywhere.

Lieut. H. E. Luther, Newport Barracks, Ky., tells the story of a soldier's life in his own intimate manner, and compares it with a lecturer's life, so rich in bitter experiences. He says Spiritualism is true, or there is no future existence; and assures us that he can never think

of the presence of his sainted mother in the spirit-world—to him a ministering angel—without both the aspirations and effort to lead a manly, noble, and ever spiritual life, that he may be permitted to mingle in her presence in the heavenly world. The Lieutenant will pardon us for not publishing that part of his letter in praise of the BANNER OF LIGHT. Many, very many write in similar strains. But we pass them by because of modesty, and a belief that his columns can be filled with matter more beneficial.

Mrs. Carrie S. King, Detroit, Mich. This excellent lady having just become interested in the beautiful teachings of Spiritualism, writes in subdued tones: "My life is not a rosy path, for sorrow and poverty have cut my wings and exiled me, not among flowers but thorns. Still I have a resigned spirit, the only legacy left me of my free mountain home, where man is less fettered by tyranny and woman by fashion. No one who from childhood has mingled in the best Swiss and German Society, can for a moment be made to think that all freedom is confined to America. In France, poor slandered France, (for she bears the sins of the whole world,) woman takes up half the burden of married life. Knowing her husband's position, she demands no more than what his means cheerfully allow. If a writer, she will write for him—if a workman, work by his side; and hence follows a community of thoughts, feelings and interests. Spiritualism is doing much for woman."

Oh, is it not delightful to talk with the angels, and under the providence of God hold converse with the loved in heaven!

Hon. Vincent Kenyon, New York, writing us of rituals, forms of worship, &c., and if it is not high time that these things should be laid to rest, the extent of laying aside these childish forms, called worship, or must man, full grown, and so near the close of the nineteenth century, still childishly play worship God, in these increasing and senseless forms? "The priests bear rule, and the people love to have it so," was written of old time, and it seems the 'people,' or rather many of them, love the same ruling now. You are out of that altogether, and are helping others up—placing them on higher, harder ground, even to the Nebel from whence the promised land can be seen, with its redeemed dwellers therein."

This brother, of Quaker origin, conscientious and high-toned, formerly a member of the New York Legislature, and an attendant upon the Universalist ministry, as well as an agent for a time in the (Universalist) "Christian Ambassador office," was the first to accompany us to a spiritual circle, in Auburn, New York. It was an event in our life. Those "traps," and tests through them, clung to our conviction and appealed to our reason, opening a new world for exploration. Bro. Kenyon stands firmly grounded upon the rock of Spiritualism, and wonders that all Universalists cannot see the light of this higher dispensation. Among the greatest jokes of the times, he numbers that of some Universalist clergymen putting on robes and reading a Church service in imitation of Episcopalians, as they are Roman Catholics. Universalism is to Spiritualism as is the "letter that killeth to the spirit that giveth life."

To M. B. Dyott, Philadelphia.

Our thought ever reverts to the Philadelphia Lyceum as the best, all things considered, we have ever attended. How—why is it thus? There must be similar material in every city. Answer us these questions, dear brother.

I. To what extent, if any, should the financial interests of a Society and Lyceum be co-related?

II. How do you manage to keep the social, mental and spiritual interests of the two so thoroughly united?

III. How do you contrive to throw wisdom's net over so many youth of both sexes, say from fourteen to twenty, and hold them in the Lyceum as by magic, while helping them up the steep of progress?

IV. How have you convinced the Spiritualists of Philadelphia that 'tis neither consistent nor wise to send their children to sectarian Sunday Schools, to be taught creeds and monstrous theologic falsehoods?

V. What healing panacea have you discovered for the permanent relief of little petty jealousies and rivalries, and the spirit that says—"If things can't be thus and so, I won't come any more!"

VI. Does the Lyceum service just before the lecture increase the attendance and more thoroughly impress parents with the educational interests and moral issues of the hour and the age.

"LOVE YE ONE ANOTHER."

ST. JOHN, THE EVANGELIST.

BY EMMA C. ODIORNE.

Oh, love ye one another! Those divine And blessed words still linger in my ears; And what serene and sweet significance Dwell on the lips of that most noble man

Whose gentle voice first gave them utterance. If the great brotherhood of all mankind But listened to these precepts, what a change Humanity would feel; the angel-world,

Attracted by love, peace and harmony, Would hover near in countless myriad throngs, Their power to soothe, restless in its force,

And dear old Mother-Earth no more should feel The steady tramp of military hosts,

Or tremble 'neath the cannon's murderous roar, But Peace divine should rest within the heart

Of all humanity, and strife and war Forever vanish from the human breast.

Yes, "love ye one another," ye who bask Beneath the sunshine of prosperity;

Remember those who suffer; let your hearts Glow with the brightness of true charity,

And elevate yourselves by doing good; For angels smile and their pure hearts rejoice

At acts of charity and words of love. And ye who suffer all the ills of life,

Still struggle and be brave; ye may not down; There is a glorious future yet to come,

And as ye suffer so shall ye enjoy. These trials but develop human souls,

And fit them for a higher, purer life; And like the gold from the refiner's hand,

Ye shall come forth fired from the dross of earth, And mingle with the bright celestial bands,

Whose hearts respond to "Love ye one another." Kellyville, Pa., 1867.

Wells P. Anderson, the Spirit-Artist.

Beauty is one of the elements that sustain the human soul. Its impressions, whether from scenery or countenances, are often lasting as life and closely allied to the school of art. To put the ideal and the objective upon canvas is the work of common artists; but to transfer immortal forms and features from the real in the heavens to shadowy, yet recognizable pictures and paintings, is the mission of spirit-artists—such as W. P. Anderson.

He has just sent us two beautiful spirit-pictures, taken in his semi-conscious trance state. Their costume shows them ancient; for this we admire them the more. He does this work with unparalleled rapidity, and without the least will-power on his part, spirits controlling both his brain and hand. It is very exhaustive, however, to his nervous system. We saw him take one of these peculiar pictures, eyes closed, light partially subdued, in eight minutes. Account for it, oh skeptic, on any other hypothesis than the spiritual!

When well, he takes twelve and fifteen per

week, nearly every one of which is recognized and prized, often above all price, by friends. He wishes no more orders sent at present. Will be ready for more soon, however. Himself and estimable lady purpose spending two months of the hot weather near some lake or sea-shore, in some family where they can have the comforts of home at reasonable rates. As he goes he will pencil and paint the gospel of immortality. His box is 2521, New York.

Dr. N. Palmer, the Magnetizer.

Earnest words of praise and appreciation continue to reach us concerning the excellent work being done in the line of healing by Dr. N. Palmer, a magnetic physician of New York. Modest yet faithful, true to principle and the inspirations from above, his cures are wonderful, and yet he makes not the least effort to sound them abroad, but rather adopts Christ's command, "Tell no man of these things." A very intelligent, working Spiritualist in New York, told us he had saved his wife's life at three different times. Others' testimony, not Spiritualists, confirms the same. He may be found at 78 Fourth Avenue, near 10th street.

A. A. Wheelock.

The challenge recently thrown out to the Spiritualists by the Rev. Mr. Pryse, of Mankato, Minn., will be gladly accepted by Bro. Wheelock, who is now lecturing to large and highly interested congregations in Sturgis, Mich. A correspondence should be opened at once with this reverend champion, relating to preliminaries, &c. Bro. Wheelock has also been speaking week-day evenings in Coldwater, Burr Oak, La Grange and other places, awakening a deep interest in behalf of Spiritualism. The worker ever wins.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Boston.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 544 Washington street, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. D. N. Ford.

Providence.—The Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. D. N. Ford.

East Boston.—Meetings are held in Temperance Hall, No. 3 Maverick square, every Sunday, at 3 and 7 P. M. Speakers engaged—Miss A. E. Hubbard, June 9 and 23; C. Fannie Allen, June 16, 30 and July 7.

Charleston, S. C.—The Children's Lyceum connected with the First Spiritual Society of Charleston hold regular sessions at Washington Hall, every Sunday forenoon, at 11 o'clock. Speakers engaged—J. M. Peebles, every Sunday.

Chicago.—The Associated Spiritualists of Chicago hold regular meetings at 43 and 44 N. La Salle street, every Sunday evening, commencing at 3 and 7 P. M. Admission—Ladies, 5 cents; gentlemen, 10 cents. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. D. N. Ford.

St. Louis.—The Children's Lyceum connected with the First Spiritual Society of St. Louis hold regular sessions at Washington Hall, every Sunday forenoon, at 11 o'clock. Speakers engaged—J. M. Peebles, every Sunday.

St. Paul, Minn.—The Children's Lyceum connected with the First Spiritual Society of St. Paul hold regular sessions at Washington Hall, every Sunday forenoon, at 11 o'clock. Speakers engaged—J. M. Peebles, every Sunday.

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77 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum at 7 P. M.

Myron Colony, Conductor; Henry Stagg, Cor. Sec.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Regular morning and evening meetings are

held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock. Mr. Wm. H. Plank, Conductor; Mrs. E. G. Plank, Guardian.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.—The Spiritualists hold regular Sunday

meetings in Turn Verden Hall, at 11 o'clock A. M., and at 7 P. M. Children's Lyceum meets at 10 P. M. H. B. Brown, Conductor; Miss G. A. Brewster, Leader of Groups.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—The Spiritualists of Louisville commence

their meetings the first Sunday in November, at 11 A. M., and at 7 P. M., in Temperance Hall, Market street, between 4th and 5th.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Mrs. Laura Cuddy will lecture

every Sunday at the new hall in Mechanics' Institute, Post street, at 7 P. M. H. B. Brown, Conductor.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.—The Spiritualists hold regular Sunday

meetings in Turn Verden Hall, at 11 o'clock A. M., and at 7 P. M. Children's Lyceum meets at 10 P. M. H. B. Brown, Conductor; Miss G. A. Brewster, Leader of Groups.

LETTERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK.

Arranged Alphabetically.

(To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore be

hooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of ap-

pointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur.

Should any name appear in this list of a party known not

to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column

is intended for Lecturers only.

J. MADISON ALLEN, trance and inspirational speaker, author

of the famous "Theosophical" series, will lecture at the

Summit Hall, Boston, on Sunday, June 10, at 7 P. M.

C. FANNIE ALLEN, trance and inspirational speaker, will

lecture at the new hall in Mechanics' Institute, Post

street, at 7 P. M. H. B. Brown, Conductor.

Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES will speak in Lowell, Mass., during

June. Would like to make further engagements. Ad-

dress, 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN will lecture in South Reading, Vt. June

9; in Lowell, June 10; in Eden Mills, June 30 and

July 7. Address, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.

Mrs. H. F. BROWN, P. O. drawer 6252, Chicago, Ill., care

of Spiritual Reform.

Mrs. EMMA F. JAY BULLER, 151 West 12th st., New York.

Mrs. J. A. BROWN, 202 Broadway, New York.

Wm. B. BROWN will answer calls to lecture in Michigan and

Northwestern Ohio until further notice. Address, box 63,

Camden P. O., Mich.

Mrs. ARTHUR N. BURNHAM, inspirational speaker, will answer

calls to lecture at the new hall in Mechanics' Institute, Post

street, at 7 P. M. H. B. Brown, Conductor.

Mrs. M. B. BROWN, Worcester, Mass.

M. C. BURNS, inspirational speaker. Address, Fardesville,

Wis. Send inquiries for the present.

WARREN CHASE, 64 Broadway, New York.

DEAN CLARK, inspirational speaker. Address, Camden,

Me., till further notice.

Mrs. LUCIA L. CHAPPE