

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.
BEST.

BY WILFRED WYLLIES.

We long for peace, we sigh for rest,
While doubts and fears disturb the breast,
By irksome toils and cares oppress.

With hopes elate we wander far
Amidst the world's rough strife and jar,
Rest still for aye the distant star

That sheds its ignis fatuus light
Across each dark and gloomy night,
A gleam of hope that cheers our sight;

A beacon-light that hovers o'er
The borders of that happy shore
Where rest for us is still in store.

We stoutly strive to win that land,
With toil of brain and toll of hand,
But, tired and faint, far-off we stand.

And through the mists that round us rise,
Through bitter tears that blind our eyes,
Its promised joys we overprize.

Ah! we are mad who think to find
Rest on this earth for frame or mind!
There is no rest for human kind,

Save in the path of toll alone,
With duties thickly overgrown;
He there finds rest who knows his own.

For peace and rest will come, like balm
From bruised reeds, and bring their calm
To him who, wounded, grasps the palm.

ADDRESS

OF THE
THIRD NATIONAL SPIRITUALIST CONVENTION
TO THE
CITIZENS OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

FRIENDS, BROTHERS, SISTERS—The voice of the arisen heroes of all times bids us speak to you from the clear sky and elevated summits of the nineteenth century. The past is behind us. Its fossilized opinions, its defunct faiths, the staid and monstrous forms of its darkened beliefs repose, stratum upon stratum, under our feet, in the crust of history. We cannot resurrect them to fresh life if we would; and we would not if we could. They have served their "day and generation," and, as living forces, are passed forever away.

"Let the dead Past bury its dead!" rings out from the clear sky and fresh tendencies of the living present, while from the great depths of spiritual nature comes the Divine command, "Onward to the mountains of the Lord." Let us not hesitate to read and follow the great lesson of progress, which secures that nothing that needs to live can ever die. In physics, science shows us that no particle of real force is ever lost out of the powers of the world. What disappears as force in one phase or form, reappears in another with all its contents undiminished; that when motion of a mass is arrested, it is at once transformed into heat; if arrested as heat, it passes into electricity, or chemical affinity, or the pure white light, but is never lost, as power, from out the sources of Nature.

And this law of the equivalence of forces rules as rigorously in the realm of mind as in that of physics. Hence no particle of truth, of spiritual life and light, is ever lost out of the mental, moral and spiritual sources of man. All the power which gave life to the fossil forms of earth's crust, is living and busy in the historic period. The same energies of Nature which hardened the Aztec rocks, which grew the vegetation of the carboniferous era, and which has crowded whole epochs of wonderful life into the crust of the world, is to-day operating on the surface or within its depths.

So with the life of mind—of the soul. All the powers of dead generations are transmuted into the fresh activities of the present. Even the experience of all ages is living in the brains and blood of this generation. The gargantuan centres of the race have received and will yield all that is lasting of the very life of the thought of the dead; so that if all books of history and all art and all law were destroyed to-day, we could rebuild tomorrow the age, and improve upon it, too. The world is alive. "The way of life is wonderful!" it proceeds by abandonment to the currents of eternal power. Tendencies are streams of power setting into us from the eternal depths of Spiritual Being, and indicate at once the duties and destinies of the times. Let us then abandon ourselves to the divine afflatus of this age and its duties, as to the sovereign behests of almighty justice and truth, sure thus to secure the whole force and gravity of the earth, the sun and the stars. Then will our action swing into its divine order and obey the regulative laws of the cosmos. So shall use, beauty and spirituality be born of our national effort.

And it will be seen that the principles herein set forth are laid down at the foundation of our National Association. One of the Resolutions adopted in our third convocation reads:

"Resolved, That in adopting these articles this Convention has no power or wish to prescribe a creed, or in any way fetter the belief or limit the freedom of any individual mind, but that we declare our object to be the discovery of truth and its practical application to the affairs and interests of human life, and that we recognize everything that tends to the enfranchisement, development and true welfare of human beings as embraced within the range of the Spiritual Philosophy and the purpose of this National Organization."

Friends, can you ask anything larger or more fraternal to all newly seen truth or goodness or virtue than this?

"Progressive Conventions are the mouthpieces of mental liberty," and when in a religious con-

vention like ours, we declare our arms, and heads, and hearts open to all classes without distinction of sect, sex or color; to all fraternal fellowships of true reforms and reformers, and to all newly discovered or discoverable truth, we have set this world the largest and wisest example of true religious republicanism, based on the democracy of souls, it has ever seen. Here we have struck the key note of the nineteenth century; we utter the bravest, social and conventional word ever spoken; we put the sects and isms to shame; we declare the birth of the only true church—the church of humility; we are swung into the line of direct march toward the millennium. But alas for them! "Liberal Christians" even do not recognize this fact yet. A late convention of persons of "free religious" proclivities met in Boston, distinctively as such. We can say to them, Good, but you are still in the rear. Read this resolution:

"Resolved, That no great question of human general well-being is foreign to the spirit, ideas, or genius of the great spiritual movement, adopted not only in our National, but also in some of our State Conventions."

And then let proud New England scholars, Unitarian divines, and popularity-seeking Spiritualists remember that Spiritualism—in National Conventional utterance—begins and will continue to lead the only truly "free religious" movement of this century. We say to those would-be leaders of religious freedom, Gentlemen, what would you have? Why could you not unite with us before this late hour? Our arms and hearts were and are open to you. We invited by resolution, more than two years ago, your counsel, your criticism, and your cooperation. Our National Conventions kept their fraternal call in the press before your eyes. We wanted, we needed, and we invited you. Why did you not come? Are Spiritualists too humble, too ignorant, and too unpopular for your ambition? Some of you have been invited, and have accepted the invitation to lecture before local Spiritual Societies. You know the breadth and fraternity of our spirit. We look upon your conduct as an insult; but it will prove an insult in our favor by which it will at last be seen that pride and not principle kept you, some of you at least, from our halls and our councils. The Spiritualists of America can afford this, but you cannot; we can wait till our hour shall fully come, and when it does, it will be seen and acknowledged that Spiritualism is the greatest creed-crusher and soul-liberator the world has ever seen. Gentlemen, you are still in the rear. Our word to you is, "Come up higher!" leave for a little time your dusty libraries; step out under the stars and open your eyes, and you will then find that not *we*, not even Unitarianism, can command the soul of this western world.

Liberty, spiritual as well as political, and not any form of Christianity, is the enthusiasm of the nineteenth century. But liberty itself rests only on the democracy of souls; Spiritualism in advance of them all has declared for such democracy; and now we intend to push this movement, under the power and benediction of the angels, to complete and final victory.

We have a word to some of the early-educated and influential Spiritualists, who do not and we fear will not come together with us and help to push this blessed movement on to complete success. Why stand you idly by? Are your professional pursuits so all-absorbing you can find no hour for counsel with us, to help rear the temple of absolute spiritual enfranchisement? True, most of the public advocates of Spiritualism have come from the bench of the mechanic and the handles of the plow. But remember from the carpenter's son and the fisherman of Galilee came a power that shook and even now shakes the world. Perhaps it is the poverty that the public advocacy of Spiritualism entails that keeps you so silent in our ranks. Ah! here is the hardest obstruction of all. Wife and children must first be fed, housed and educated. To the few only this sacrifice can be allowed. But come together with us; let us take large and high counsel on these great themes which so move the world to-day. Let all the real Spiritualists of America enter by representation the next National Convention at Cleveland, and it would instantly be seen and felt as the most living, powerful and inspired body of men and women on earth. This would give the Convention a unity of front, a solidity of character, and a harmony of purpose which would be felt to the ends of the world. Then could we secure, too, the largest possible inspiration from the spiritual world, to illuminate, to guide and to purify us from all dross of personal and petty ambitions. Then the light of the countenances of the "Gods" would shine fully upon us and fuse all hearts and purposes into unity.

A universal representation of the true Spiritualists of America is the one great need of the moment with us. A great religious, social and industrial crisis is rapidly approaching. Consider the heterogeneous religious elements in American society. Here is supernaturalism, with its tyrant God, its despair of man, its chronic distrust of human nature, its curses on the human heart, its worn-out creed and ritual, its "infallible Bible," its priestly aristocracy, "chanting damnation hymns over dead babies," with its subjugation of slaves to masters and of women to their husbands, its Jesuitism, and its horrid lust after political power and authority, aiming to become the religion of the Republic. And it is not merely in the Catholic Church that this supernaturalism and its lust of power resides. The American State is in more danger to-day from "Evangelical Protestantism" than from Catholicism. The time has arrived when, in the opinions of "Evangelical" Divines, the affairs of government are to be taken out of the hands of the "ungodly," and to be administered by the "saints."

The following resolution was adopted in a Convention of the "Lord's Anointed" in Philadelphia, March 6th, 1867:

"Resolved, That Government, being God's ordinance, instituted not only for the good of the peo-

ple, but also for the glory of God and for the establishment of his authority in our world, it should only be administered by men who are the friends of God and the faithful subjects of his rule. And, therefore, for Christian men to entrust the reins of government in the hands of the ungodly, profane, corrupt and intemperate men, the known enemies of the Ruler whose authority they exercise, is to be unfaithful to the cause of God and the best interests of mankind. 'As a roaring lion and a ranging bear, so is a wicked ruler over the poor people.'"

Again, in Pittsburg, Penn., another convocation of "reverends" met and resolved to amend the Constitution to read, "We, the people of the United States, humbly acknowledge Almighty God as the source of all authority and power in civil government, the Lord Jesus Christ as the Ruler among the nations, and His revealed will as of supreme authority, in order to constitute a Christian government, and in order to form a more perfect Union, etc., do ordain and establish this Constitution."

Here comes to light the long dormant, but logical and inevitable tendency of all the supernaturalism in Christendom. And the thirteenth chapter of Romans justifies, indeed expressly confirms such aims as are found in these two resolutions. Grant the premises of the first resolution, viz., that God is the direct authority and source of government, (and Romans declares it,) and that governments are instituted as well for the "glory of God" as the "good of the people," and the conclusion is logical that none but the "friends of God" ought to be allowed to "administer" them. But who is to decide who are the "friends of God"? Here is the practical point. Is a Presbyterian, a Catholic, a Baptist, or a Spiritualist Convention to be considered an adequate tribunal to decide this question? Of course those short-sighted "reverends" who drew up this resolution would freely, benignly, and doubtless gratuitously undertake this august office for the American people. The resolution should, in order to express the whole spirit of this contemptible set of theological granules, have ended with these words: "Resolved, That we are the only friends of God."

Give them the first petition, and they will take the last possible liberty and authority in the case. And so, here in America once more this old Devil—Church and State united—rears his scarred, blackened and hideous front in the very face of the genius of Liberty, and bellows, in the dress and garb of Christianity, for the mastery of nations and of souls. All over the land, wherever this "Evangelical" Christianity can command enough power to compel the reading of the "Bible" in the schools, it is making this wicked effort. Nothing but the social and orderly unity of Spiritualists and of free minds can prevent its accomplishment. From the homes of the free in the Summer-Land comes the warning of a great religious contest to issue from this nest of error, the "Evangelical Church." The branches of these sects are uniting for the unity of this effort. They have declared their nefarious purpose. If we do not at once unite against them, blood will follow their footsteps. That very spirit has already mobbed us, as in Hartford, in 1853. From the Christian pulpit it has been asserted that mediums are witches, and then the Bible command, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," quoted to justify outrage on free Conventions. And the same, and worse, may and will occur here again. A vast amount of ignorant bigotry exists in the Christian churches to-day, and will ere long show itself. There is but this for us to do at present: to rally and unite under the banners of free Spiritual Democracy, and demand free discussion, at once, full, fearless, thorough debate in and by the churches, of all the great questions that lie at the foundations of "revealed" and natural religion. The refusal to discuss slavery in the South, led us as a nation into the rebellion. Only thus could the ignorance of the South have been enlightened. This would have prevented rebellion. So of the great religious contest which is close upon us. Free, full, fearless discussion can save us from blood.

Before we, as Spiritualists, will consent to have the infallibility of the Bible, the deity of Jesus, and the political authority of these quondam "friends of God" crammed down our souls, as part of the Constitution of our Republic, we will fight "till the buzzards are gorged with the spoil." And of this we give all timely and ample notice.

Now to prevent this, to avoid bloodshed and ruin, we ask the Christian Church to open its doors to free debate of all the great issues which lie between us. We say to the Church, Make your pulpits as free as our platforms, and all may go forward in peaceful discussion; but hug your bigotry, shut up your churches, pour out your anathemas, seek to control the Constitution of our country in the interest of Evangelical Orthodoxy, and you plunge this nation into battle and into blood, and your doxies into ruin. The American Republic means Spiritual Liberty. Your resolutions are born of the twelfth century, of darkness and of the very spirit of despotism. The dogmas of no Christian sect can ever be allowed to become a part of the Constitution of our country. Religion must be left to each soul as its own individual concern. You shall not interpose your senseless creeds between our heads and the infinite heavens of eternal Light, Liberty and Love. And those who are engaged in this insane and wicked attempt in these meetings for "Christian Union," merit the scorn of every lover of religious liberty. Nor can Catholic and Protestant combined succeed in this aim. With more than six millions of Spiritualists, two millions of skeptics, half a million Unitarians, and other religious liberals, in opposition, what can these "blind leaders of the blind" expect to do?

And beside, all the "liberal Christian" sects are actually beginning to disintegrate. There are already two parties in each liberal church. One party is moving toward "Radicalism," toward "Rationalism"; the other toward "Ritualism." The first desires more freedom, reform, progress; the second desires less. These two tendencies cannot long continue without a permanent divi-

sion. Hence disintegration is upon the churches called "Liberal."

It takes only half an eye to see that Spiritualism is the only resort of all Christian progressives, who hold on to the idea of God and of the possibility of a natural divine life; and Atheism of all those who cannot so hold on. For if, as Rev. John Weiss asserts, we cannot get into "contact with the spiritual world," how can we be inspired of God? He who can come into sympathy with the Divine Spirit, is in contact with all worlds and all spheres, also God is not Infinite Spirit, "immanent in matter and in man." If we cannot hold communion with the souls of our arisen friends whom we have seen, how can we hold communion with "God whom we have not seen"? On the other hand, as we do hold actual communion with our spirit friends, as we have fine spiritual powers which enable us to be sensible of the presence of the angels, it is inferentially probable at least that we may also have powers which connect us with the Divine Spirit of the Universe. And what is so calculated to quicken and awaken our diviner qualities as a conscious communion with those who have shuffled off this mortal coil? If the spiritual world which our departed fathers, mothers and friends inhabit, is too fine in quality, too far removed in essence and in space, to allow of our acquaintance therewith, the hope of communion with God himself is worse than vain, it is wicked. How can John Weiss and his intellectual kindred thus slam the doors in the face of our spirit friends on such grounds, and still claim fellowship and communion with the Creator? Hence we said, and repeat it, those who hold on to the idea of religion as natural communion with God, must come at last to the Spiritualist platform, and accept what Jesus enjoyed and affirmed, communion with the spiritual world. There is no middle ground between natural religious inspiration and the great spiritual idea. The farthest star sends its beams down into our world, and celestial chemistry picks them to pieces, and ascertains thereby the constituents of distant suns. So with the light of immortal life. Its idea and intuition in us is the internal recognition of the far fallen beams of celestial being—of spiritual life.

Intuition of the spiritual and divine is the spontaneous spiritual chemistry of the soul. There are no "discreet degrees" in Nature between "matter" and "spirit"; there is no qualitative chasm or vacuum over which from either side influences cannot pass. Nature is a unity—an undivided empire; and to him who affirms the God in it, there is no escape from the spiritual fraternity of all things, and of all spheres of being. SPIRITUAL COMMUNION is the glorious flower of all religious experience; the answer to all prayer; the ultimate of all study, and the goal of all science and scholarship. For what is the aim of scholarship but this—to get into contact and sympathy with the souls of the dead generations of men? to learn their truth, their experience? to measure their thought, their idea, their spiritual life? And what is the aim of science but to fathom those hidden, secret, invisible, spiritual forces of which suns and stars are the merest precipitations and residue? If there be a God, "matter" is but spiritual sediment; "suns" are only shadows of eternal reason; and so the spirit in Nature and in man is the only permanent, solid and enduring substance. And this is the great spiritual idea; the centre and core of our faith; the grand spiritual and logical basis of our associate action. Association of souls rests on the fraternity of Nature. How could we associate unless made of the same spiritual essence? And how could we study the stars, or religious truth, unless they, too, were made of the same identical stuff. Spirit is the foundation of all things; continued inspiration from God; the one condition of all life, high and low; and hence, communion with Nature, universal. There is no world too fine for the spirit in man; no angel too pure to work for us earthlings; and no spiritual aristocracy allowable in this God's world. Here must all progressive religionists land at last. Either *Atheism* or *Spiritualism* to every progressive man and woman. This is the grand upshot of all religious contest.

As Spiritualists we are ready for this issue, and we say to the "churches," "be ye also ready." There is a class of reactionists in the Protestant churches, who, when the grand shock comes, will retreat into the bosom of the Catholic church, as the only logical resort of "supernaturalism." And they are logical in this, too, from the premise accepted in common by both Catholics and Evangelicals, viz., that religion is a supernatural and miraculous revelation to man, and not a natural revelation and tendency in him. Hence, at last, only two great religious parties will occupy the field—the Catholic and the Spiritual parties. Then comes the last great religious contest of this world. And this contest is already begun. It is deepening on every side. The soldiers of these two armies are swinging into line. Soon will the columns bear down upon each other. Fellow citizens, we warn you to open your eyes and hearts to the great truths and facts of the hour. You cannot blink this contest out of sight. The issues are too radical, too direct, too point blank to be ignored or patched up with compromises. We are either to plant the Bible, the church and its priestly aristocracy, on the throne of absolute religious and political supremacy, as masters of the soul, greater than reason, diviner than intuition and conscience, and so dig under the rubbish of ages for second-hand inspiration; or we are to make the soul sovereign and supreme, and each man's soul his own priest, Nature his Bible, and natural spiritual inspiration the condition of all divine life and conduct.

There is not an argument can be brought to sustain the Christian religion that is worth a straw, that is not stronger when applied to the great spiritual religion. It is said Jesus was inspired, communed with angels, was strengthened by them, healed the sick by the laying on of hands, read the hearts of men, opened the eyes of the blind

and hence that his religion is divinely revealed? We reply, So do hundreds of spiritual mediums. And we have this advantage over the church in this, for our facts are before our eyes to be examined, cross-questioned, analyzed, and in an age of science, printing-presses and electric telegraphs, while yours are the gathered traditions of nearly twenty centuries. And if we do these things to-day which Jesus did, we can more justly claim to be, did we choose it, the true disciples of Jesus, for we do the works he said should constitute the signs of true discipleship; while you—professing Christians—not only do them not, but even either deny the possibility of their being done, or, when done before your very eyes, ascribe them either to mundane magnetism or the "devil." Did the disciples speak in unknown tongues? So do spiritual mediums—by the thousand. Was Jesus and the disciples persecuted? So are mediums. Are spiritual mediums accused of every wickedness? So were the disciples. Are they charged with sensualism? So was Jesus. In short, the parallel is complete. Modern Spiritualism and the religion of Jesus are alike in nearly every particular. But "Christianity" no more resembles the religion of Jesus than the unconscious quiverings of galvanized muscles resemble the spontaneous throbs of a soul-impassioned organism. The first was the inspiration of a large, free soul, touched by the Divine life and love; the last is a poor, halting and second-hand imitation thereof. The first believed in a living God, scorned Phariseism, hypocrites and the dead traditions; the last believes a dead God of tradition, and only in the records of an inspiration long ago received. Just where Spiritualism differs from "Christianity" it agrees with the religion of Jesus. It is alive, fresh, spontaneous, progressive. The grand result cannot be doubtful.

Follow Spiritualists, the grandest issues of the world are before us. The next Convention should be an earnest of a true appreciation of the coming contest. To spread a knowledge of the facts, philosophy and religion of Spiritualism, to organize Children's Progressive Lyceums, and so keep our children out of the clutches of Orthodox theology, while we open a free path to the skies and to pure and noble living, and also to establish the new method of education which regards the child-soul as the germ of all possible human perfection, needing not to be crammed with dead dogmas, but educated, called out, developed, each after its own native type, and to arouse the world of souls on earth to the nearness and presence of the spiritual and the divine, is our object and our work. And it is worthy of the most influential in our ranks. Let us have one Convention that shall be really representative of the millions of American Spiritualists. And, as we go up to it, let us, by pure lives, resolute justice and human love, reinforce our souls for calm, holy, just and blessed fellowship with each other and with the spiritual world. So shall it prove a Spiritual as well as a Spiritualistic Convention. And let us remember that all our plans will come to naught if not in consonance with the designs of the spiritual world. If principle guide us, we shall be found naturally in harmony with the good and true in the summer-land. We ask for no *facilities* harmony; no peace at the expense of compromises with half-truths or injustice or conservative opinions will be worth anything to us. We need the harmony of justice, of truth, of love of wisdom. And, if we wait for it—until our souls for it—it will come, beaming and blessed, out of the pure depths of the world, to give us power and performance.

SPIRITUALISM.

BY JAMES B. DIXON.

Throughout the ages, in all history, there has been nothing at all like modern Spiritualism for developing the moral, intellectual and spiritual faculties of woman. Protestantism and Catholicism may justly boast that they have done much to elevate woman, but they never considered her as the equal of man. *Modern Spiritualism alone has done this. It considers no place too sacred to be trodden by the feet of woman!* Whether at the marriage ceremony, in the pulpit, or at the grave administering comfort to the bereaved, she is looked upon as the equal of man. Mrs. Hardinge, Miss Doten, Mrs. Townsend and a host of other ladies, have shown, in spite of opposition and prejudice, that women can teach eloquently and philosophically the sublimest truths ever known to our race. If Spiritualism did no more than this, it would be worthy the attention and regard of every lover of human advancement.

But this is not all. It answers satisfactorily, because scientifically, the most important question ever asked by humanity, namely, "If a man die shall he live again?" The fact of the continuity of human life has been made known by no other instrumentality. At a time when the best intellects of this Western world were either open or secret unbelievers in the great hereafter, when European philosophy was repelling on a grand scale the skeptical and sophistical phases of the old Greek Philosophy, just then appeared modern Spiritualism, small and feeble in its beginnings, but, like all truth, destined to advance till it overcomes all opposition. Not only has this "modern mystery" revealed the fact of the continuity of life, shown that the silver thread is not broken by the rude shock of death, but it proves the entire naturalness of the future state, both as regards the spiritual world itself and man as an inhabitant thereof.

Few things in this world trouble people more than poverty, or the fear of poverty; and indeed it is a sore affliction; but like all other ills the flesh is heir to, it has an antidote, its reliable remedy. The judicious application of industry, prudence and temperance is a certain cure.—*Dal-lou.*

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

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

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearts and there to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(Lion Heart.)

(Original.)

Letter from Dr. Willis to the Children.

NEW YORK, AUG. 1st, 1867.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS—You will all be sorry to learn that your dear friend, Mrs. Willis, has been very ill, and is unable to hold her usual converse with you through the columns of the BANNER, so she has delegated to me the difficult task of attempting to fill her place this week.

I cannot tell you how reluctantly I enter upon this duty, for how I love children, I have no such gift of writing for them as Mrs. Willis possesses.

But I know that under the circumstances you will excuse any lack of interest the department belonging to you in the BANNER may possess until your dear friend is able once more to resume her labors. And I know that from your loving hearts will rise earnest wishes, which you know are prayers, that she may speedily recover from the prostration caused by this severe illness.

The angels dearly love the prayers of little children. They listen to them with delight, and they hasten on the wings of love to answer them whenever it lies in their power to do so. I know that this is so, for they have told me many times that their sweetest and holiest occupation was in caring for and ministering to little children, both on earth and in spirit-land. Isn't this a sweet thought?

Once I had a beautiful vision illustrating this point. I seemed to see a sweet little child, with a snowy white night-dress wrapped about her little form, kneeling by her bed with her blue eyes raised to heaven, and her golden hair flowing in soft curls over her shoulders. She was saying her evening prayer to the angels. I could see the words as they fell from her lips; they seemed to form themselves into beautiful letters upon the atmosphere, and the letters seemed formed of the most exquisite flowers. From the head of the child rose a golden light; it ascended in shining bars, and these beautiful flower-words arranged themselves upon these bars, and I read them as follows:

"Dear, loving angels, come from your beautiful homes this night, and watch over me while I sleep. Fill my little heart with pure and loving thoughts, that I may have sweet dreams that shall help me to-morrow, and every day, to be good, and kind, and true."

And these words floated upward on the beautiful bars of light, and as they rose they gave forth a sweet, rich fragrance that seemed to fill the entire room.

My eyes followed them, and I saw that they reached three beautiful, radiant beings, who seemed floating upon a bright cloud a little way above the child's bed.

And as the sweet thoughts that had arranged themselves so beautifully into flower-words, reached these loving angels, their faces beamed with a brightness I could scarcely look upon, and with a love that I had never dreamed the human face was capable of expressing.

The little child laid itself to rest upon its pillow; and then the loving angels began to let down on silver cords the most exquisite baskets of flowers, and they hung suspended all about the sleeping child. The sweetest perfume stole from them, and as it floated about the child, it seemed to concentrate or solidify itself into beautiful pictures, and these pictures represented some sweet lesson of gentleness and love, and were all reflected or daguerre-typed upon the smiling sleeper's brain, and I could see what an influence they were to have upon that child's character.

This vision taught me the beautiful fact of the constancy of angel-ministrations to the child-heart that opens to receive them. It taught me, also, how dearly the angels love to listen and respond to the wishes or prayers of little children. It brought to mind forcibly the words that were uttered so many years ago, "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

If I were very ill, I had rather have the prayers of little children who loved me than those of all the ministers and priests in the universe; because the angels, who can, I know, do so much for us when we are in trouble, are in such close sympathy with the pure and loving thoughts of little children.

You know, some of you perhaps, that we have one little girl, two and a half years old. She is a very funny little girl for one so young. Her name is Edith Lenore; and I think perhaps I could not interest you more than to tell you something of her. She, too, has been very ill of late; and it was the anxiety caused by her illness, and the great dread lest she should follow her beautiful little sister Eleanor to the home of the angels, and leave this external world cold and desolate to us again, that prepared the way for Mrs. Willis to be prostrated by the same dread disease.

And first let me tell you how little Edith looks, and then you will almost feel as if you knew her. She is as fair and white as a pond lily, with a little pink blush on either cheek. Her hair is golden and gleaming, and clusters about her forehead in sunny curls. Each hair looks exactly like a double, twisted thread. This, when the light falls upon the hair, gives a peculiar effect, making it look like a mass of gleaming gold. Her eyes are as blue as the bluest little violet that ever caught the reflection of the blue heavens above it, and at times they are running over full with mischief. She has a roguish smile, that lurks about the corners of her mouth, and peeps out from her dimples, and steals up into her eyes when she feels that she is doing something that is a little naughty, or, rather, a little mischievous. She is a wee little thing, but as full of life as a dancing sunbeam. Her little lips are as red as two ripe cherries. She loves fun as well as any kitten you ever saw, and though so young, enters into it as heartily and as understandingly as any child of five years.

And now that you have something of an idea how little Edith looks, let me tell you some of her sayings and doings.

Not long since she sat in deep thought. Her mamma said, "Edie, what are you thinking of?" "I'm thinking 'bout papa. I wish that I could sit down in the water and sail away off to where the angels live and find my papa, and bring him home to take tea with us. Wouldn't that be nice, mamma?" She is in the country with her mamma, and had heard me say at my visits that I came by water.

One night after she had gone to bed, she was so full of life that she could not lie still. As she had been very active all day, her mamma said, to her,

"Why, Edie, what are you made of?" She instantly replied, "Why, mamma, I made of cotton-wool."

She lives much of the time in an ideal world, personating different characters in the circle of her acquaintance; and she never for a moment forgets herself, or gets her own identity mixed with that of the person she is representing. She will put a handkerchief upon her head, and wrap a shawl about her, and enter the room as Mrs. Jones, and with all the dignity and gravity of a judge on his bench, will tell where she came from, and how she came, and all about her children that she left at home, and that she intends to take the three o'clock train home, &c.

She sometimes calls her papa, "Uncle Fred," and is very fond of personating him. On such occasions, she makes her grandma, whom she calls Dandee, represent herself, and entering the room she will go up to her grandma, and say, "My dear little daughter, are you glad to see papa?" Then turning to her mother she says, "How do you do, Lule? (Love.) I came from New York purpote to take tea with you." She had been a little naughty that afternoon, and her mamma said to her, "Papa, what do you think it is best to do with your little daughter when she is not good?" "Do not know, Lule—papa her, or hold her, or shut her in the parlor."

She is very fond of saying a little prayer when she goes to bed, although she has never been taught to do it. The following is a specimen:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord to bless my heart;
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord to bless my heart."

Dear Lord, make me good, and not kold my mamma a bit, and not kold Dandee, or Cousin Phiebe, or Eddie Thayer or Willie Thayer. Keep me from biting my nails, and cutting my nails, and scratching my face, and rubbing my face. "I guett the Lord has come, mamma, look and tee; I good."

One day she was missing. After an excited search for her, her mother found her at the railroad station, a few rods from the house, sitting on the bench where passengers await the arrival of the trains. Her mother said to her, "Why Edie, how could you run away from mamma, and come down here?" With a comical air of offended dignity she replied, "I am not Edie—I am a lady waiting for the cars, to go and see my chibbens." (children.)

The following bit of poetry came out of her sweet mouth, early one morning, as soon as she woke: "Mamma, fat you 'pose papa doing?" Her mamma said, "Oh, thinking about his Edie." "Yes," said she, "an' deaming about her in a night seu e lamps are lighted."

Well, I think I have written enough about little Edith to serve my purpose, which was to introduce her to you that you might know us all three.

From the depths of a mother's heart, from the holy springs of a mother's love, Mrs. Willis writes her sweet lessons for you. She feels in some sense as if you were all her children, sharing in the love and tender interest she bestows upon her little ones—the angel gone, and the one she folds yet a little longer in the arms of her love here below.

In one sense, dear children, we all belong to one family; we are all brothers and sisters, and have one and the same loving and beneficent Father and Mother—God and Nature. Nature will take our worn-out and useless bodies when we are done with them, and fold them in a sweet and loving embrace, and slowly and tenderly convert them into beauty in some new form. God will take our souls, and with the same loving beneficence place them where they will continue to unfold and grow into the highest uses of beauty and wisdom.

Till then let us do all we can towards making one happy and united family of love live below.

Your sincere friend,

FRED. L. H. WILLIS.

(Original.)

REMARKABLE BOYS.—No. 2.

In the year 1710, near Keith, in Scotland, in the midst of poverty and want, a little stranger opened his blue eyes for the first time upon the light of this round planet. His father little thought, as he took the wee bairn into his arms the first time, that enfolded in that little form were the elements of true greatness that were to make his son one of the most distinguished men of his country. Yet so it was. That baby boy received the name of James Ferguson, and became one of the most celebrated astronomers. His parents were too poor to send their children to school, and so the father employed all the leisure time he could get in teaching them to read and write at home when they reached what he deemed the right age.

But little James was so very eager to learn that he could not wait till his father thought him old enough to begin, and so he would listen very attentively to his more fortunate brothers when they were reciting their lessons, and when they were through he would secretly take their books and try to say the lessons just as they had done.

He was too modest to tell his father what he was doing; but when he met with anything that he could not comprehend in his studies, he would go to a kind old lady, who lived near by, and she would explain the difficult points to him.

Thus it went on until his father thought that he was old enough to learn to read. He began to teach him his letters, and to his great surprise, and equal delight, found that he not only knew how to read very correctly, but that he could understandingly read books that were far beyond the comprehension of boys of his years. Then for the first time he felt that his little son was perhaps destined to make a great man, and he resolved to send him to the grammar school, at Keith, to complete his education. The tuition he received there was, no doubt, of great benefit to him.

When he was about eight years old an accident happened that was the means of determining, in a great measure, his career in life. The roof of his father's humble cottage fell in. In order to raise it, Mr. Ferguson procured a large beam, rested it on a prop, placed one end beneath the fallen mass, and applying all his strength to the other end obtained sufficient purchase to raise it easily to its place.

Little James watched the operation with a great deal of interest. He wondered why it was that such a heavy mass of timber could be lifted with so much ease by one man. So he set about experimenting himself. He tried on a small scale what he had seen his father do on a larger one. Soon he made the discovery that the nearer the prop is placed to the weight to be raised, the more easily it could be lifted.

Thus by his own ingenuity this little boy discovered a law of mechanics that is invariable; and that is—that the effect of any force or weight applied to a lever, is always in exact proportion to its distance from the fulcrum. In the language of mechanics, the bar is called a lever, and the prop on which it rests, a fulcrum.

Not that I would have you understand that this little boy was the first discoverer of this scientific

principle. It had been given to the world already in a book of mechanics; but he had never seen or heard of such a book, and alone, unaided, with no tools but a small knife and an old turning lathe of his father's, with no books, he made most important advance in a knowledge of the grand science of mechanics.

Soon he tried, by means of cords passed over pulleys, on wheels, to raise weights higher yet; and he succeeded admirably, thus discovering another important truth of mechanism—the wheel and the axle.

He was greatly delighted with his discoveries, and really believed that he was the first one who had ever known these things; and so he wrote an account of them in a little book and made drawings, to illustrate the principles, with his pen. But, unfortunately for the aspirations of our would-be boy-author, he showed his little book to a gentleman who told him that he was not the first discoverer of these great principles, but that it was none the less remarkable that he had, unaided, demonstrated such important truths. He never after lost his interest in this science, but gave himself unweariedly to its improvement and perfection.

When he was old enough to work, not being very robust, his father sent him to a farmer in the neighborhood to tend sheep. And it was while doing duty as a shepherd boy that he began to be interested in the movements of the heavenly bodies. He would lie out in the field nights for hours, watching the motions of the stars and trying to measure their distances.

We quote his own words about it:

"I used to stretch a thread with small beads on it, at arm's length between my eye and the stars. Sliding the beads upon it till they hid such and such stars from my eye, in order to take their apparent distances from one another; and then, laying down the thread on a paper, I marked the stars thereon by the beads. My master at first laughed at me; but when I explained my meaning to him, he encouraged me to go on. And that I might make fair copies in the daytime of what I had done in the night, he often worked for me himself. He frequently took the threshing-fall out of my hands and performed my task, while I sat by him in the barn busy with my compasses, ruler and pen. I shall always have a respect for the memory of that man."

All this time he was constantly at work every leisure moment he could get in making models of mills, spinning-wheels and other mechanical contrivances. He made a wooden watch with a whalebone spring, and a wooden clock, and inside of it he placed a hammer which struck the hours on a broken glass bottle. He read a description of an artificial globe, and, although he had never seen one, or even the picture of one, yet he succeeded in making a very correct one. He also made two very curious sun-dials to be placed on gateways. One was a representation of the heavenly world, and the other of the earthly world. When the sun was shining these globes would be half in the light and half in the shadow; the line where the light and shade met of course would accurately mark the hour of the day, and by noting what countries were just in the light or just passing into shadow, it was easy to tell with accuracy where it was day and where it was night the world over.

All these remarkable things were done while he was a mere boy. Nor did his manhood belie the promise given by his boyhood. He became celebrated throughout Europe; he published many scientific works, and was beloved and admired not alone for his brilliant genius but for the goodness and purity of his heart. He was a self-made, self-taught man of genius. By the most untiring perseverance and industry he won a proud place high up on the ladder of fame.

Many a boy has it in his power to become as great and as useful a man as was James Ferguson, and by the same means by which he accomplished it—patient, untiring industry.

Conundrums.

(Selected.)

1. Why is a gun like a gossip?
2. Why is spring a bad season for bakers?
3. Why is a fisherman's boat like a sailor's kiss?
4. Why is a man cutting his own likeness in wood like one who is ruining his health by hard study?

Charade.

(Selected.)

Oh, dear loved First, without thine aid,
This my charade would never have been made.
My Second silly misses think the fashion
When they give way to an imprudent passion.
My whole is an ancient female name
Recorded on the rolls of fame.

Matters in Louisville, Ky.

The Spiritualists of Louisville gave our Lyceum a picnic, Thursday, July 25th. The excursion went fourteen miles from the city, on the Lexington and Frankfort railroad, to a grove near O'Bannon's station. It is a day long to be remembered and looked back to in the future from the heights of Progression's Mount by the "little folks," and those who contributed to their enjoyment. The day was a beautiful one for the occasion. All had a good time by engaging in dancing, swinging, and other innocent sports adapted to the individual tastes of the old and the young. Everything went off pleasantly, no inharmonious marred the pleasure of any. All had the pleasure of picking and eating that prolific and delicious fruit of bountiful Nature—the blackberry. The friends provided us with plenty, and to spare, of good things. After dinner, the Lyceum were treated to ice cream and lemonade. I hope these gatherings will be kept up; they make us sociable and cement more closely the ties of Love and Friendship.

Our Lyceum was organized February 3d, 1867. G. H. Kreider was chosen Conductor, and Mrs. E. Taylor, Guardian.

The thanks of the friends are due our esteemed brother, N. Frank White, for organizing the Lyceum, which blessing we might not now enjoy if he had not aroused us to our duty.

A. B. Whiting will open the lecturing season the first Sunday in September. We need a good test medium here, such as Mansfield or Foster.

The BANNER OF LIGHT is universally liked by all. "Oh, long may it wave over the land of the free" in thought, "and the home of the brave" in spirit.

G. H. KREIDER.

Louisville, Ky., July 25th, 1867.

One of the oldest coöperative concerns in the country is the Northfield knife company, which was started by a number of striking workmen twenty years ago, with an investment of five dollars for each man, and has been carried on successfully in the same manner ever since. Though the beginning was small, the business and the capital of the corporation has increased, dividends have been declared, the workmen-capitalists have become well off, if not wealthy, and to-day the stock is above par, and the work of the company holds a high place in the market.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LOVE'S PHANTOM SHIP.

BY J. HOMBER, JR.

Joy's sunset steals o'er my heart,
As down by Recollection's sea
I sit and muse, while fancies dart,
Like flashing sails, o'er memory.
Affection's vessel leaves the shore
In quest of her it never could save,
Whilst Memory's bells knell freshly o'er
A bark long since beneath the wave!

Since the first blush of dewy morn
Until the flushing sunset's fire,
I'd watched a Bark of Beauty, born
Of my fond soul's sincere desire.
Amid mournful music of the rain,
'Mid mournful wail of wintry storm,
I wait that bark's return again—
That bark from early manhood torn!

Where are ye now, thou shadowy sail!
That bore life's treasure from my heart?
Breathes Zephyrus a balmy gale
In those lone regions where thou art?
Comes hoary Nereus from his cave,
And croons this wizar-song to me—
"Far, far away, where cypress waves,
A Phantom Ship roams o'er the sea!"

"Fride's siren-voice may lure thee on
To replace treasure thou hast lost,
Venus a wreath may Neptune anoint,
Or Fury frown, or Neptune tost;
E'en 'mong Hope's Islands, far away,
Health's ruddy crown may wait for thee—
Thou'lt ne'er again wilt see the day
That Phantom Ship shall come from sea!"

Though I watch that bark's return in vain
From the Mystic Islands of the sea,
Love's Phantom Ship sails Memory's main,
Forget-me-not blooms fresh with me!
In dreams, the sweets of unseen flowers
By angels borne, my griefs allay,
While echoing songs from myrtle bowers,
Bring loving words from far away!

Once, came the gleam of robes of white
Through swinging gateway of the blest,
But Evening drew the veil of night,
And hid the solace from my breast!
The silent wave of a snowy hand,
And the fitful gleam of a golden head,
Had lured me down to Memory's strand,
To hold communion with the dead!

Dream on, dream on, oh aching breast!
Life's bark becalmed must linger long,
Ere Hope's bright star sinks in the west,
Or Memory's sea forgets its song!
Though comes no friendly sail serene,
Nor blandly blow the breezes free,
True Love will keep Love's garlands green,
Until that ship comes home from sea!
St. Albans, Vt., 1867.

A SUPPLEMENT TO J. M. PEEBLES'S
"PLEA FOR MEDIUMS."

BY DEAN CLARK.

God bless Brother Peebles, or rather bless God for Brother Peebles! Is the expression that gushes from my heart as I read a recent editorial, entitled "Plea for the Mediums," which appeals with touching pathos to the "tender mercies" of every Spiritualist in the land.

Thanks, noble brother, for such kind and just words in behalf of the many long-suffering and oft-neglected instruments to whom the world is indebted for the transmission of that intelligence which is causing millions to rejoice. Every medium on earth, and every true and generous Spiritualist that knows anything of the trials and sufferings incidental to mediumistic experience, will feel the force of that "plea," and accord with me in gratitude to Brother Peebles for his sympathetic and earnest utterance of such magnanimous sentiments. How truly and feelingly does he portray the inestimable value of mediumship to the world; how justly, though but in part, does he point out the true cause of capriciousness and unreliability, and how pathetically he expresses a knowledge of the soul-crushing sorrows, and disappointments, and agonizing heart-aches that have been endured in silence, only such sympathetic souls as his, in this and the spirit-world, and the poor mediums themselves can fully realize. And yet a little has not been told, and as justice demands further exposition, I must beg leave to amplify the theme. I would not consciously wrong one class in seeking to defend and obtain the rights of another; my motto is honor to whom honor, shame to whom shame, and justice to whom justice is due; and without fear or favor, I must state the case as it is, appealing to the court of heaven and the bar of human judgment for the justness of my cause.

I must reiterate what Brother Peebles, Emma Hardinge, Warren Chase, and many other champions of equal rights and distributive justice have attested, that mediums, with a few exceptions, are often shamefully abused, misrepresented and neglected by those who should stand by them in critical emergencies, when sympathy, encouragement and a generous support are indispensable to save them from despair and an abandonment of their high calling.

It is no enviable position to stand as a target at which the shafts of malice are hurled with vindictive fury from pulpits, from press, and the tongue of every violent opposer of Spiritualism. To have your honesty distrusted, your reputation traduced, your character misrepresented, temporal interests jeopardized, family scandalized, the integrity of your noblest purposes doubted by those whom ignorance, bigotry and selfishness have blinded and maddened to malignant persecution, is a fate bad enough for devils to gloat over; but when superadded to all this, bosom friends desert you, kindred under the most sacred ties of the heart, pronounce you fanatical, crazy or be-deviled, and you are socially ostracized for your fidelity to duty; when you are compelled to abandon lucrative vocations, renounce worldly ambitions, positions of honor, and pursuits of self-interest, in short, to deny yourself in every way, and take up your cross and become as a vagabond in the world, homeless and homeless, and almost friendless; when all these and more have been endured as the first lessons of mediumistic experience, then perhaps with only partially developed powers you are forced to the repugnant necessity of asking recognition and service from the fastidious friends (?) of Spiritualism, who think they have outgrown "the day of small things," and demand "first class" mediums or none, who are, like the rest of the world, slow to discover modest worth and undeveloped genius, and do not understand that it is their duty to aid the weak, and encourage by patronage those who "to fortune and to fame unknown" "must grow into popularity and usefulness through the exercise of their gifts," when having endured all the tribulations and misgivings incidental to a vocation before the public, you

and yourself distrusted, criticized, condemned by those who know nothing of the difficulties you have to contend against, and who, quite likely, have themselves produced the very conditions that caused you to fail to meet their unreasonable expectations, and you are then coldly neglected and almost wholly unrewarded for sufferings, toils and sacrifices, what wonder that so many become disheartened, and abandon the thankless and fruitless task imposed upon them? The only wonder is, that so many persist in the endurance of poverty, neglect and sorrow. I must advert to one of the principal causes of discouragement, particularly to itinerant lecturers, even at the hazard of incurring an unjust judgment from those who cannot conceive that any one can be actuated by any other than mercenary motives when complaining of the meagre and inadequate compensation for public labors.

There are but few that stay at home enjoying all of its comforts, that have any just idea of the wear and tear incident to an itinerant life, nor of the great expense attending it, and hence, judging from their own standpoint, they form a very erroneous judgment regarding the compensation that ought to be given.

Having labored for more than a year, receiving hardly enough to defray indispensable expenses, and having conversed with many worthy co-laborers who are toiling on with unrequited zeal, and having heard many Spiritualists express their erroneous sentiments, I know that I am warranted in asserting that an unjust opinion and a mistaken policy prevail among some Spiritualists regarding the pay of mediums. It ought to be understood by all, after nearly twenty years of experience, that in order to insure the best success, mediums should be enabled to give their time and energies mainly if not exclusively to their calling, and that the peculiar effect of spirit-influence unfits most of them for other employments, consequently they must live by the exercise of their various gifts, or abandon them. But ignoring these facts, some intelligent (?) Spiritualists claim that they ought to earn their bread by manual labor, and exercise their gifts gratis, claiming that "Mediums have no right to make merchandise of the gift of God!" "The gift of God" forsooth! As Emma Hardinge—bless God for her also—once, in substance, wrote, mediumship is no more the "gift of God" than a mechanical, an artistic or a scholastic talent, and if it is legitimate for men and women to live by their brains in the thousand methods in which they are exercised, it is just as legitimate for mediums to live by their gifts; moreover I have never seen first class medium power that has not cost as much application, self-sacrifice and devotion as is the price of every intellectual accomplishment; therefore if the cost of acquisition is a just basis for determining the pay, certainly mediums ought to receive as much as lawyers, doctors, artists, &c. Another class say: "We believe mediums should be paid, but we do not want to pay them enough to make them rich and proud!" How considerate! Such specious reasoning may seek to solace the dull consciences of some who seek justification for their parsimony, but such mock benevolence does not comfort the "poor and needy" itinerant mediums who have to use nearly all they get to pay railroad fares and other expenses! I have yet to learn for what good reason mediums are obligated to sacrifice money, time, talent, vitality, and everything pertaining to themselves, without adequate pecuniary compensation, more than are all other believers, who receive equal, if not greater benefits from these gifts, without the heartaches and sufferings through which they are obtained; and I earnestly protest against the rank injustice which compels so many worthy mediums to "live at such a poor, dying rate!"

If any one thinks these reflections are unjust, I can cite any amount of cases of unrequited mediumistic labors, where less than the traveling expenses have been paid, and some instances where professed Spiritualists worth thousands of dollars have had the unspeakable generosity to pay twenty-five cents, and others nothing!

An instance, which has been paralleled more than once, occurred in Vermont a few years ago. One of the best speakers of that State had been repeatedly solicited to speak in a certain town, and at length did so, riding five miles over a rough road, to the cars, paying forty cents fare, then giving three lectures in a sultry July day, for which the Spiritualist who sent for the speaker, who was worth from twenty to fifty thousand dollars, paid the munificent sum of twenty-five cents! How many such Spiritualists will enter the kingdom of heaven? We apprehend that their souls can pass through a needle's eye without much friction!

But not all the wrongs which mediums suffer are due to the neglect, the indifference or the peevishness of Spiritualists; much results from the deplorable inharmonious, petty, selfish strifes and childish jealousies that disgrace the ranks of professed reformers, and even among themselves have begotten foolish rivalries and unnecessary bickerings, all of which paralyze the power and thwart the prosperity of individuals and our cause, and induce suffering of body and soul generally, and in mediums especially.

How much longer, oh! Spiritualists and mediums, shall we suffer by ignoring the great truths of these heaven-inspired sentences: "He that exalteth himself shall be abased." "He that is greatest among you shall be servant of all the rest." "Except ye become as these little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." "It is more blessed to give than to receive." "He that gives to the poor lends to the Lord." "The laborer is worthy of his hire." "Those that preach the Gospel must live by the Gospel." The sooner we are just with one another, and mutually share the labors and burdens of the day, the better we shall prosper as individuals and as a fraternity. I write in no selfish nor carping spirit; but am prompted by sympathy for the suffering, and love for all, to plead for just compensation to mediums, and a more equitable distribution of the burdens and sacrifices that must be borne by the friends of our cause.

Antidote for Poisons.

A plain farmer says: "It is now more than twenty years since I learned that sweet oil would cure the bite of a rattlesnake, not knowing it would cure other kinds of poison of any kind, both on man and beast. I think no farmer should be without a bottle of it in his house. The patient must take a spoonful of it internally, and bathe the wound for a cure. To cure a horse it requires eight times as much as it does for a man. Here let me tell of one of the most extreme cases of snake bites in this neighborhood. Eleven years ago this summer, where the snake had been thirty days standing; and the patient had been given up by the physicians, I heard of it, carried the oil and gave him one spoonful, which effected a cure. It was an antidote for arsenic and strychnine. It will cure a blot in cattle by sucking freely of fresh clover. It will cure the sting of bees, spiders or other insects, and will cure persons who have been poisoned by a low, running vine, growing in the meadows, called Ivy."

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We have received an anonymous communication stating that the Spiritualists will hold a picnic at Kingsbury Pond, Franklin, Mass., on Thursday, August 22, at ten o'clock A. M. We do not publish anonymous communications; but if the writer will vouch for the genuineness of the announcement, we shall be happy to give it place in our columns.

An editorial review of the Indian question and the new bill which has just passed Congress, is crowded out of this issue of the BANNER by other interesting matters.

We have just received not "his picture in little," but a large size photograph of N. Frank White, the well-known and eloquent lecturer on Spiritualism, which we intend shall grace our Circle Room. It is an excellent likeness of our friend White, done in the best style of photographic art, by John Austin, of Oswego, N. Y.

As some misapprehension exists among our patrons in regard to advertising in these columns, we desire to set the matter right by stating that the advertising department is entirely distinct from the Boston editorial department. The publishers of the BANNER are alone the proper parties to negotiate with. Advertisers will please bear this in mind.

JONATHAN PEIRCE, Esq., a well known and respected citizen—resident of this city till within the past year—passed to the spirit-world from his home in Chelsea, last week, at the age of 57. His belief in the truths of Spiritualism has long been his solace and hope in regard to the future life.

The Adventists of Massachusetts announce through the World's Crisis their last annual gathering at Wilbraham the 18th inst. The editor of the Crisis says: "We should be saddened at the use of the word last, if we did not soon expect to meet in Camp Eden, in company with all the saints, with our dear Saviour in the midst." Purchase that flying machine, and you can "go it" with a rush.

The ultra-liberal views of *The Independent* are terribly annoying to old fossilized Orthodoxy. The New York Herald says the churches in that city are crumbling, (spiritually,) and something will have to be done soon to avert the calamity, or they will go by the board.

"Why don't you hire help?" asked Quilp of Quince. "I cannot find any that will answer my purpose," returned the latter. "Why don't you hire Quince, then?" roared Quilp, exultingly.

Fighters of good fights—just, unjust—The weak who faint, the false who fall—Of one blood, of the self-same dust, Thou, God of love, hast made them all.

It will be seen from the report of Mrs. Lavina L. Ingalls, published by Prof. Spence in another column, that the Positive and Negative Powders are still doing wonders among the sick.

Can't let you see it until it is printed, Bro. Snow. "Tis against the rules. Test it, will you, when it appears in print.

"I think our church will last a good many years yet," said a wagish deacon to his minister; "I see the sleepers are very sound."

At the recent election in Tennessee, Mr. Brownlow was re-elected Governor by about fifty thousand majority, and an additional gain of eight Republican Members of Congress is reported. In Kentucky the Democratic ticket prevailed by about fifty thousand majority.

As a general thing people who know the least talk the most.—Boston Post.

This is why "Minor Items" is so very prolific with his melange.

THE NATIONAL HOUSE.—This well known hotel in Haymarket Square is at present under the management of Mr. William Stackpole, son of the proprietor, Mr. Oliver Stackpole. The latter has gone to Maine to enjoy a respite from the duties of public life.

The Post is getting facetious in its old age. It records the fact that a one-horse "shay" passed up School street, fresh from the rural districts. It contained a tender couple of some seventy years, was drawn by a good old family horse, slow but sure, and bore unmistakable evidence of the artistic ornaments of the barn-yard and other fowls.

If the road that leads to destruction is broad, Boston is safe.

The cholera is coming. We don't say this to scare people, but only to recommend cleanliness of person and domicile "about these days." Thoughtfulness in advance in this respect may prevent sickness, misery and death in many localities the present hot season.

A city of Mexico paper says that nine hundred and sixty-eight persons were shot during the Empire without having been legally tried. Dreadful.

There is a plantation near Columbus, Miss., that is worked wholly by white labor, and as a consequence it is in a very flourishing condition. Great crops of cotton and corn will be raised.

There has been a slight decline in house rents in New York. Another feature of the real estate market is that many persons who hired large houses at big rents, with the purpose of subletting the rooms to lodgers and others, have been disappointed and are heavy losers.

Rev. Mr. Stockton, late City Missionary in Trenton, N. J., and his wife, who have been in attendance at the camp meeting in Vineland, became insane on Friday week, through religious excitement. Thousands before have met with the same fate, after listening to the horrid stories of "eternal damnation" and "hell fire," as taught by old theology.

The Mexican General Diaz says the French Commander—Marshal Bazaine—offered to hand over to him Maximilian, Marquez, Miramon, and the cities of Mexico, Puebla and Vera Cruz, on conditions that he rejected because they were dishonorable.

The Spiritualists at Blue Anchor, N. J., now hold regular meetings on Sunday morning, and use a part of each Sunday for social and recreative purposes.

THE CABINET ORGAN.—Mason & Hamlin's reputation, as the inventors and builders of that universal instrument, the Cabinet Organ, has extended to the farthest bounds of civilization. We know of no better illustration of what genius and indefatigable energy can bring to pass than this same Cabinet Organ, which has become the formidable rival of the piano-forte in the drawing-room, and of the pipe organ in the church and chapel. Being apparently determined that not a family in the land shall have an excuse for being without an instrument so conducive of social enjoyment and domestic harmony, Mason & Hamlin have got up a new series, called the "Portable Organ," with the same interior work, but with a smaller and plainer case, the first style of which is afforded at the unprecedented low price of seventy-five dollars.—Newburyport Herald.

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE,
544 BROADWAY,
(Opposite the American Museum.)
WARREN CHASE.....LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT.
FOR NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

Life.

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal."

Is truly said and richly expressed, but the grave might as well be its goal if the next stage of existence is not superior to this for most persons, especially for the struggling reformers of any age and every new religious truth.

How strangely mixed is human life; bitter and sweet and sour are in the cup of most persons almost daily. The deepest joy with keenest grief is often mixed, and the struggling soul beats on and on, fed and famished through this turbulent life. It is not so perhaps with all. Some may be almost like rocks and "pangless," but those that can feel must and will suffer; if not for themselves, in sympathy for and with others; some in pity, some in hate, some in sorrow, some in madness, love alone the antidote for all. Long have the Christian teachers tried to make the weeping mother lose God for taking her darling child out of her sight and touch, but never succeeded. They have made her fear, but while they explain the act as they do, can never make her love. Wrong motives are attributed to God, and human nature is diverted and perverted.

Thus we attribute wrong motives to the actions of one another, and often hate or condemn where we should love and approve. We constantly sting each other, or scratch and tear with harshness where we should pour the oil and the wine; smooth and bless, and the force reacts upon us till we suffer more than we inflict on others. Such is the wise economy of God that the hater gets the worst effect from his hate, and the lover the best fragrance from his love. The murderers of Socrates mourned his loss, and worshipped him as a saint, if not a God. Those who would have robbed or murdered Garrison are ready to bow in admiration and admit he was right and they wrong. The hated are the loved ones almost always, provided they are true to principle, consistent, and do not partake of the hateful or malignant spirit.

Jesus only rose to Godhood when he loved and forgave his enemies at his death; when free, and cursing the fig-tree and the Jews, or rebuking Peter and the Pharisees, he was only a weak mortal, alternating in good or ill feelings like most of us and sharing the suffering of his human nature. His enemies have not relented yet, because his life was not consistent with his death. He had cursed them, and they were only revenged on him. He had the same as told them they could not escape the "damnation of hell," and they tried to hurry him to it. Revenge may be sweet to some, but it is a bitter-sweet, and the bitter always prevails at last; it has with the Jews, it has with the Christians, it has with nations and parties and persons, and so, it seems to us, it must to all. Loving and forgiving are the soft, sweet words and actions we look back upon and admire in all who are gone, from Jesus down to the last victim of the gallows, and if we could only all feel it and live it in our lives, our deaths would only sanctify that life under whatever circumstance it comes. Bear and forbear, "try, try again." We should not expect to make others, but try to make "our lives sublime." If we are individuals, with the Divine Essence within us, we should be sovereigns, not servants or masters; sovereigns over ourselves, not over others; ruling ourselves for our highest good; calmly, placidly, lovingly bearing the burdens of life and helping one another over the rocky and thorny road of this life to the Summer-Land by the slowest and surest route.

So it is.

Summer is waning; August is passing away; the city is still healthy; business dull; complaining prevalent; poverty in the ascendant as usual; rich and poor, in extremes of dress, walk the paths of daily travel up and down the busy streets, nearly all in a hurry, as if crowded with business, even when they have nothing to do, and almost "nothing to wear." On the Broadway sidewalks in the hurrying crowd of a pleasant day may be seen females of beautiful form and features, richly or extravagantly dressed, passing the wrinkled and decrepit forms of others whose lives have scored the winters in sorrow, bodies wrapped in rags, and often with bundles of paper, rags, or shavings on their backs larger than their bodies, and fastened to the head or shoulders. Little bare-legged girls too, with a scanty share of dirty rags about their bodies, can always be seen in the streets, picking over ashes, or searching for scraps of paper or wood, or bits of coal, or food, in the gutters or streets. It is heart-sickening to compare and contrast in our Christian social system the lives and walks of the masses in the cities of civilization. There is wealth enough for all to be educated, fed, clothed and employed in such reasonable amount of profitable and useful labor as would keep up a supply of the comforts and real luxuries of life for all, and at the same time overworking none, and rendering all more healthy and happy. Now, the struggle is to live in idleness, or attractive employment, and get rich on the earnings of others, though scores, hundreds, or even thousands are robbed or impoverished to supply us. "Gold! give me gold—though here's the grave, yet give me more. Shut up the book—talk not of brotherhood; man lives for self, not for the common good." Whoever looks at and comments on these things is branded as an infidel, heretic, radical, Spiritualist, free-lover—anything that is odious, obnoxious, hateful to the masses and majorities who keep up these rights and wrongs and wicked ways of daily and yearly life. It often makes us long and pray for a journey to and a home in the Summer-Land, to see how little appreciated are the efforts of those who labor day and night to even up and harmonize society, and bring life to a happy supply for all.

Sunday Services.

Not a very large, but a very respectable and well-dressed number of persons, are engaged in this city every Sunday (named for and consecrated to the Sun-God,) in praying Gods and Lords, each church or society more or less honest and sincere in the belief that the God they praise is pleased with the service or requires it of them as a duty. This does not, by any means, comprise the whole number that assemble at the places of worship, for still more go there for other and various purposes than go to praise God or worship him. The question has ever arisen in our mind, of the utility to any party of praising, or, as some call it, glorifying God. We have never been able to find a reason why God should require it or be pleased with it. It is certainly a weakness in man to live to be praised, glorified, or flattered, and why it should be an attribute or quality in any God that is superior to man we cannot yet perceive. There

is certainly some reason, even though it be not a good one, for the large amount of this service performed. To us the time seems lost both to God and man, as we have never discovered the least favor, in return for the praise, to those who give it. Although many assure us they expect no reward in this life but a rich one in the next, yet we have often had messages from those in the next life, and are assured no reward accrues there.

We, therefore, claim for Spiritualism the discovery that most of our Sunday service is useless and only a waste of time and talent, especially that of praising God and giving him the glory.

We believe nearly all the foolish ceremonies of our popular churches are now so utterly useless that they can be abandoned or exchanged for more practical and useful requirements, tending to advance education and the general welfare of the race. The forms, ceremonies and praises of Old Trinity Church and Grace Church and a score of less aristocratic ones could now be readily dispensed with to advantage, and useful lessons adopted instead of them.

Books in German.

We have now a supply of the fourth volume of the Great Harmonia—The Reformer—neatly printed, on excellent paper, and substantially bound, and in the German language. Price \$2.75. Our German friends will find this a most excellent and valuable addition to their libraries, both public and private. Sent by mail on receipt of \$3.00.

We are also happy to say that our friend, H. Shlarbaum, is preparing and will soon have the *Magic Staff* in German also; and we hope to have a large sale and an increasing demand from our German friends in this country and Europe for these and other books in our literature.

Delegates to the National Convention.

At a regular meeting of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists held in Masonic Hall, New York, Aug. 4th, the following named persons were elected delegates to attend the Fourth National Convention of Spiritualists at Cleveland, O., Sept. 3d: For the Children's Progressive Lyceum—A. J. and Mary F. Davis, Titus Merritt and Mrs. A. E. Merritt.

For the Society—Warren Chase, Ralph Glover, M. D., Mrs. Ralph Glover, R. T. Hallock, M. D., I. G. Atwood, M. D., Mrs. I. G. Atwood.

The delegates were duly authorized to procure substitutes in case of inability to attend.

I. G. ATWOOD, Sec'y.

Warren Chase closed his lectures at Masonic Hall, New York, before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, Aug. 11th. The Society now has a vacation of three weeks. Dr. H. B. Storer speaks for them the last four Sundays of September.

Warren Chase lectures in Child's Hall, Palmsville, O., Sunday, Sept. 1st, on his way to the Cleveland Convention.

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

New Publications.

THE JOURNAL OF SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY. W. T. Harris, St. Louis, Publisher.

We are in receipt of No. 1 of "The Journal of Speculative Philosophy," the perusal of which has afforded us substantial pleasure. The American mind is ripe for such a journal, clad in the equipment of a thorough modern, and broad in purpose as well as metaphysical and logically profound. The criticisms and selections show a fine critical taste, a high order of culture and a just discrimination between the inductive and deductive, the sciences and the classics, the new and the old. Herbert Spencer, Brax, and certain other European scientists and moralists need a wholesome handling for dishing out so much stony, materialistic philosophy. It is the other extreme of Christianity. Spiritualism accepts all legitimate methods of investigation and, as the great harmonizer of the age, unites science and religion.

George Coolidge publishes a very handsome BUSINESS STREET DIRECTORY, of Boston, which will be found extremely useful for persons both in and out of town, and a proof of his typographical skill and industry besides. Every house and store in Boston should keep a copy of it within.

The same publisher gets out from his place, No. 3 Milk street, a unique little story, the composition of a little girl, entitled "THE KING'S DAUGHTER." It is a fairy tale, and expressed with all the innocence and freshness of childhood. The spelling, capitals, and clipped and pasted illustrations are precisely after the "copy" furnished by the little child-author, only eight years of age. May she live till she is eighty, and charm the world with a new book every year.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT is the fifth of the "Diamond Edition" of Dickens, from the press of Ticknor & Fields. A handsomer stock of little volumes cannot be found than these five books. Here are all those characters, exaggerated and natural, with which our imaginations are familiar. Pecksniff and Chuzzlewit and Sairey Gamp are out in full feather, all English, and faithfully done. Elijah Pogram and Jefferson Brick are before us once more, as large as life. The American characters in the book are conceded to be no more than truth fairly warranted, and the hard feelings once felt toward their author have generally disappeared. It will be well to refresh one's reading with a re-perusal of this truly humorous and humane work of the great English novelist.

TEN MONTHS IN BRAZIL. By John Codman. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is the substance of a journal kept by an experienced shipmaster, whose interests took him frequently to Brazil and gave him an acquaintance with the people and the country. He was once an advocate of the slave trade, professedly on missionary grounds; and evidences of his former partialities will here and there make their appearance, in spite of all his care. What views he presents of Brazilian life and resources are of immediate interest, and his local and character sketches are quite readable. He writes with spirit, and tells a story with zest. The publishers have given the public the book in an attractive dress.

GOOD STORIES.—Ticknor & Fields have just published the initial number of a small quarto of two hundred pages, with the above title. The second number will appear sometime the present month. The idea of this serial is to present in cheap and attractive form a valuable collection of short stories, tales and sketches, culled from not only English works of fiction, but will embrace competent translations from all languages. Price fifty cents.

We have from Mr. S. T. Fowler, his little manual on BUILDING WITH CONCRETE, with additional chapters on Fibreized Concrete, a new composition for the walls and roofs of houses, ice-houses

and cisterns, as well as for chimneys, deadening floors, and for basement and cellar bottoms. Those who have perused the first edition of this useful little work will want to obtain the additional information which the supplement furnishes. Concrete, in the fibreized form, is capable of being made into blocks by machinery, and colored and prepared for laying in the walls, so as to require no further outside or inside finish. Price forty cents.

G. D. Russell & Co., No. 120 Tremont street, publish and have for sale the following new and valuable compilations of music:

THE CHURCH BELL, by N. O. and H. S. Perkins, a collection of pieces for sacred uses chiefly; CRYSTAL SPRING, by S. K. Whiting, a new collection of Temperance Melodies; and METEOR, by E. Leslie, a choice collection of popular melodies for the use of schools, seminaries, singing-classes and family circles, with a complete course of elementary instruction.

Second Grand Union Picnic for 1867.

The Spiritualists of EASTERN MASSACHUSETTS will unite in a Grand Social Gathering at Island Grove, Abington, on Thursday, August 22d. Excursionists from all way stations between Boston and South Braintree, Plymouth and Hanson, Fall River and Bridgewater, will take the regular trains at reduced fare. Special trains will leave the Old Colony Depot, Boston, at 8-30 and 12 o'clock for the grove. Tickets—adults 80 cents, children 50 cents. Our friends from towns north and west of Boston can leave the grove at 4-20 P. M., and reach Boston at 6-30 o'clock.

H. F. GARDNER, Manager.

Picnic at West Haven, Conn.

The Spiritualists of New Haven, Conn., have arranged for a picnic in Bassett's Grove, West Haven, on Friday, the 17th of this month, if weather shall favor, and in the event of rain on that day, to have it on the next day—Friday, 18th.

Mr. A. T. Foss, of New Hampshire; State Missionary for Connecticut, has been engaged as a principal speaker, and other speakers will be present.

Although the movement is put forward by Spiritualists, yet the privileges of the occasion are tendered to all who are seeking human improvement. Each and all will have an opportunity to utter their aspirations for the good of humanity, in such manner as may seem to them just, and be thought by them acceptable in the ears of Him "who heareth the poor when he crieth." The horse cars will leave New Haven for the Grove at 9 A. M., and every half-hour thereafter during the day.

Gathering, social intercourse and entertainment in the forenoon. Speaking to commence at 1 P. M. GEORGE BECKWITH.

New Haven, Conn., Aug. 6th, 1867.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.] J. E. A. A. NEW YORK CITY.—Your letter, dated July 28th, has been received. Instead of publishing it at once, as you request, we shall present its contents for answer by "the invisibles," when our public circles are resumed, which will be on Monday, Sept. 2.

D. D. W. LONDON, ENGLAND.—You will see by a letter in our columns, that you are anticipated. L. D. F. G. DENVER, COLORADO.—Your letter of July 22d, received; former one not received. Will send paper to Japan, as requested.

MRS. M. A. C. STURGEON, N. Y.—The tests may be very good, but the poetry is not, hence we decline publishing it.

Business Matters.

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

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

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th 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, Vineland, N. J.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE, June and July numbers, for sale at this office, price 30 cents. Also the new monthly, HUMAN NATURE, published in London; price 30 cents.

SITUATION WANTED.—A lady who is a thorough English and French scholar, desires a situation as governess, copyist, or to do any kind of writing. Will leave New England if a good salary is offered. References exchanged. Address Miss G., BANNER OF LIGHT office. aug10 0wt

A MEDICINE which is eminently successful in subduing the pangs of NEURALGIA, nerve-ache, and other painful nervous affections, as well as for buying up an enervated system, is DR. TURNER'S TIC-DOULOUREUX or UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL. It is a reliable remedial agent for these diseases. Apothecaries have it. PRINCIPAL DEPOT, 120 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS. PRICE \$1 per package; by mail two postage stamps extra.

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

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

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.

Letter Postage required on books sent by mail to the following Territories: Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah.

PSYCHOMETRY—MINING—CHARACTER.

ANNE DENTON CHIDGE, who has with her brother, Prof. William Denton, devoted sixteen years to the special study of Psychometry and its laws, having made the important discovery that it can be applied to GEOLOGY, MINES, etc., examines and locates

MINES;

tracing the metalliferous veins, indicating the direction in which mines can be worked to the best advantage, and what Metals, Oil or Coal any land may contain.

25 CENTS A WEEK.—A specimen of rock weighing at least two ounces, as far from the surface as practicable, wrapped with inside sheet of white paper, kept from all unnecessary contact, and promptly mailed. Where boring for Oil has been commenced, a sand-pump specimen similarly prepared.

Character delineated from hand-writing, etc., wrapped as above, and carefully kept from contact with other writing or persons. Sometimes glimpses of the future are thus obtained.

Terms.—For character, \$2.00; for oil, metals, etc., \$5.00. Address, Anne Denton Chidge, Washington, D. C. Aug. 17.

AMES'S Celebrated Portable and Stationary

STEAM ENGINES, All sizes, and superior to all others. General Depots, No. 60 South Canal street, Chicago, Ill., and Northeast corner Main and Morgan streets, St. Louis, Mo. AMES'S IRON WORKS, Oswego, N. Y. Call or write for Circular. Aug. 17.

GIVES PSYCHOMETRICAL READINGS for \$1 Direction for Development, \$2; Business Directions, \$5; Address (enclosing two red stamps), P. O. Box 430, Washington, D. C. Aug. 17.

MRS. S. MUMLER,

HEALING MEDIUM, performs cures by the touch, or laying on of hands. Patients will find a ready relief in her applications—in many cases without the use of her medicine. Office at No. 133 Main street, Charlestown. Aug. 17—4w

DR. E. A. PRATT,

CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, can be consulted at his rooms, No. 81 Main street, Athol, Mass., on Wednesday and Friday week, between 10 and 12 o'clock, Boston, every Tuesday, from 9 o'clock A. M. to 4 P. M. Aug. 17.

MRS. C. T. LEWIS, Medium for answering sealed letters on all matters concerning Life, Health, Business, Absent Persons, and everything pertaining to Destiny—Past, Present, and Future. Consultation Fee \$1.00. Address, Mrs. C. T. LEWIS, P. O. BOX 1177, Chicago, Ill. Aug. 17.

THE GREAT SPIRITUAL REVELATION,

A CHEMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY FOR THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

THE ONLY TREATMENT now known or acknowledged by any Profession to cure this dread disease: A Specific in the Heart Disease, Throat Affections, Dyspepsia, Diseases of the Blood and Eruptions on the Skin. The same remedy made into Liquid Gas for Inhalation, will remove Tubercles from the Chest and Lungs. DR. CARVIN'S FIRST AND ONLY SOLUTION OF TART, not a new remedy, but an old one dissolved for the first time.

MR. D. W. WOOD, Attorney at Law, 36 Washington street, Boston, Mass., says that "The dread disease Consumption was so fastened upon me that my consulting Physician pronounced my case hopeless. A trial of three months of your ELIXIR of Tart and Inhalant has cured me. I stand as a living witness."

MR. JUSTICE, Corner Broadway and Pearl, N. Y., says, "I was cured of a very bad itching Eruption of the Skin and Enlargement of the Liver by your solution of Tart and your Golden Liver Pills."

TRIPPE, 333 Indiana street, Chicago, Ill., was cured of Dyspepsia of twelve years' standing, by the new solution.

A LADY of high standing was cured, in Chicago, of Uterine Hemorrhage. I am not permitted to give her name. MRS. E. ROGERS, Windsor, N. Y., was cured of Throat Disease, of long standing, by the Inhalant.

MR. JULIUS KIMBALL, clerk in Sanger & Co.'s store, Chicago, Ill., was cured of Heart Disease and Kidney Disease by the Tart. W. E. BARRY, 113 State street, was cured of Erysipelas. MR. J. RECOR, in Singer's Sewing Machine Office, says, "My mother died of Pulmonary Consumption. I contracted it from her, and was considered a victim to the disease. My father despaired of my life. I was cured with your valuable Elixirs of Tart. It is now five years since, and I have felt no return of the disease."

MRS. L. F. HYDE, the well known Test Medium, says, "I had the Bronchitis and Ulcerations of the Throat, so bad that my Lungs were seriously involved. I had tried all kinds of inhalation with no effect. I used your Volatized Tart for inhalant, and am entirely well—lungs and throat. My case was of 15 years' standing." 423 6th Avenue, New York.

MR. GEORGE SHUFFELDT says he found more relief from Ostarph in inhaling the Volatized Tart than all means he ever tried. Mr. Shuffeldt is the well-known correspondent of the BANNER, and the proprietor of the Artesian Well, Chicago, Ill.

MR. J. B. BRACKETT, manufacturer of confectionery, Chicago, Ill.—formerly of Lowell, Mass.—in a letter says, "I had Pulmonary Consumption. Had sold out my business, to die. I had the advice of the BEST PHYSICIANS—ALL said there was no hope. I WAS RAINING MY MIST OF MATTER daily. I commenced taking the Tart as you directed, only in large doses; in 16 weeks I had gained FORTY POUNDS, and am well—and have bought back my business, and gone to work." (Inhalation was not used in this case.)

MR. E. E. MERRILL, 2nd E. Springfield, New York, was cured of acute Tonsillitis in twelve hours, by inhaling the Tart. Taken internally it will cure a Cold in from three to six hours.

DR. CARVIN treats LUNG, HEART, THROAT, LIVER, STOMACH and BOWEL DISEASE, Gout, Rheumatism, Piles, Constipation, Scrofula, and Female Diseases, with great success.

Patients treated by the month, and from a distance. Medicines furnished and sent. Clairvoyant examinations given.

His Consulting Office and Headquarters are at 423 6th Avenue, New York. Branch Office 606 W. Superior street, Boston. Address, DR. CARVIN, N. Y. D. Aug. 17—1w 423 6th Avenue, New York.

DR. J. WHIPPLE,

WHO HAS BEEN exercising his remarkable powers for healing the sick in Worcester, Springfield and other places, with a success equal to if not greater than that of any Healer in the country, will be in

MILFORD, MASS., AUGUST 1, To remain TEN DAYS.

Aug. 17.

WALTER HYDE'S SPE-CIAL-TY

CONSIDER in teaching the Philosophy of HEALING BY THE LAYING ON OF HANDS; and the Principles attending MEDICINE DEVELOPMENT. Illustrative charts and diagrams, and the most successful experiments, will be given before we invite attention to our Classic Instructions, which are given semi-monthly, beginning on the first and third Tuesdays of each month.

TERMS FOR THE FULL COURSE.....\$25.00 Ladies.....\$15.00

Attention given to the development of mind, every second and fourth week, at \$1.00 a sitting. 100 East 24th street, corner 4th Avenue, New York City. Aug. 17.

THE WILLOW PARK WATER CURE

HAS EVERY accommodation for treating the sick. Turkish Bath, oxygenated inhalations, &c. Separate table, with pleasant rooms for summer board, (enclosing stamp) for Circular, DR. J. H. HERR, Westboro, Mass. Aug. 17.

WANTED—A LADY of refinement, who is a thorough Spiritualist, to take charge of the home of a widow, with three children, who she has known on application. Address, H. ROBINSON, 718 South 4th street, St. Louis, Mo. Aug. 17.

MRS. COLES, Test Medium, Business and Medical Clairvoyant, can be consulted at 33 Bayview street, New York. Aug. 17.

TO LET.—Furnished Rooms by the day or week, at 54 Hudson street, Boston, Mass. Aug. 17.

NEW PAPER.

"THE LYCEUM BANNER."

Published Twice a Month by Mrs. L. H. Kimball.

Edited by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown.

IT IS AN OCTAVO, printed on good paper and embellished with fine electrotype illustrations. Some of our best writers are engaged as regular contributors. We teach no human creed; Nature is our Law—live-to-see death, our religion. The children want Amusement, History

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.

Our Public Circles—Vacation.

There will be no public circles at this office until Monday, September second. Our friends in town and out will bear this in mind. We should be pleased to have them call and see us, as usual, notwithstanding.

Invocation.

Thou spirit, who breatheth the breath of life into every living thing, thou who art in the sunlight and in the shade, thou who hast thy dwelling-place in the cottage of the peasant and the palace of the king, thou Mysterious Artist of Nature and the soul, we praise thee for the beauty with which thou hast decked the earth, and the glory with which thou hast crowned the heavens. We praise thee also for the shady places of human and divine life; for those experiences that teach the soul where its strength lies; that unfold to it the arcana of its own divinity. We praise thee for all the experiences of human life, whatever they may be; for that which men call death, which is but life eternal. We praise thee for the sunlight and the shadow; for darkness and light; for sin and crime; and all those experiences which men call evil.

Thou Mysterious and Loving Spirit, we praise thee, and laying our buds and blossoms of faith and hope in thee upon the altar of thy being, we humbly bow thereto to receive thy blessing this day. Amen. May 23.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Whatever propositions you may have to propound, Mr. Chairman, we are ready to hear.

QUES.—By Perry Ashley: Would not Jefferson Davis and other prominent leaders of the rebellion, have been punished according to the laws of our country, if they had not been Royal Arch or High Masons?

ANS.—The clan of Masonry is very extensive on the earth, therefore it is very powerful. For as might, instead of right, rules in the present day, so all power is constantly in the ascendancy. We do not doubt that this has much to do with the leniency exhibited by this Government, and the people representing this nation, toward Jefferson Davis and others who are equally imbued with the crime of treason. Masonry is superior to this American Government. It has a larger power, and a more subtle force is exerted from its centre, than ever has been exerted from the centre of Government, or in all probability will be exerted. We find its representatives among all classes, North and South, East and West. There are black, white, and copper-colored, who represent certain phases or degrees of Masonry. It is not our purpose to speak against this Order, for as an Order we reverence it and love it; yet it is not without its dark phases, where error is found. It has not attained that perfect standard that those who are watching its course in the upper spheres desire that it should attain. It deals too mercifully in many respects with its delinquent members. It does not exhibit that justice that it should exhibit; that its creed—if so we may term it—declares it shall exhibit toward all its members. Passing from the lowest degree in the Order to the highest, we find that the Order in its several degrees grows rapidly toward perfection. Therefore we have great hope for it in the future. We take courage concerning it, but at the same time we mourn over its display of ignorance at certain times, certain places, under certain conditions. The Order proposes to guard its members carefully, religiously. This is right; but in purposing to do this, it does not purpose to guard the errors of its members. It purposes to change those errors into truths. But in many respects instead of doing what it purposes to, it fails to do its duty. It fails to come up to its own high standard of right and justice. It needs that a divine physician through moral law should walk through its apartments, cleansing each and every one, sweeping all its dark corners of the errors that lie covered up in the dust. It needs this, and because it does, the Spirit of this age will deal with it according to its necessities. And although Masonry may mistake with regard to a Jefferson Davis and some others of its members, yet in its heart it is right. But the head needs to be guided by those who are ever attendant upon its progress.

Q.—By the same: Does not the institution of Free Masonry over-ride and subvert all statute and civil law?

A.—Obviously it does not, but really it does. May 23.

Father Henderson.

When a man's sins begin to find him out, they never come singly—I said so—but like a flock of chickens, they keep coming, and coming, and coming, until he finds himself surrounded. The coming of one prepares the way for all the rest. You will recollect that a short time since one of the Western Indians, White Antelope, visited you. You will recollect that he charged a certain man with his murder. But an Indian's word is of little account, I suppose.

Closely following upon his trail there came Captain Sully, who's charged him with the same. Now I make number three, who charge him with the same. A very hard place for a man to stand, I take it, the place where he stands. There are others who might come with similar charges, if their time for return had arrived.

I was on duty for the Government to search up a murderer in this affair, not the chief investigator, however, but the one who committed a certain murder; and while in the discharge of my duty, I was basely murdered.

When I got to be free in the spirit-world, I looked round to see how I came there, and I traced my death down to a political basis, and upon that political basis stood my murderer. He wanted power; he was determined to get power; and in order to get it, he had got to clear a certain track of all who stood on that track. I stood there. He had to clear me out of the way. But it was only the body that was destroyed, and I now return to charge my murderer upon him, not directly, but indirectly. He did not murder me, but he knew it was going to be done. That was equivalent to doing it himself, don't you think so? [In his position perhaps it was.] He is an

unprincipled fiend, and ought to be dealt with not as the Church would deal with him. Well, say to him that old Father Henderson wants to talk with him.

I've told my story. You can publish it or not just as you please. It is true, absolutely true, and I want it copied by the "Denver City Gazette." He won't read your paper, no, indeed, he knows better than that. Your paper publishes heresies. Your paper is a damnable institution to him. I should think it would be; it cuts too deep.

Now I make number three who has charged him with murder, and for the benefit of his conscience I advise him to heed our coming. [Does he understand why you come?] Verily he does understand. But if he would only come to a sense, a proper sense of his moral feeling in the matter, we would all stay away and allow him to rise in the scale. But as he is breathing out his damnation everywhere he goes, it is high time that those who have bills against him should present them. He must pay up.

A short time ago he preached a sermon from this text. It was like this: that those who are indebted to the Great Spirit would never be looked from that indebtedness until he had paid the uttermost farthing. It is a pity that he did not apply that to himself, a great pity. [I should have thought he might have done so.] No, not when a man is bolstered up with self-conceit, and sees everybody's faults but his own. It's not so easy.

But good-day. Publish me if you will. If you think I'm going to do you any harm, withhold it, for you've a right to do so. But I tell you I would not have come if I had thought I should have done you any harm, by no means. I've told you the truth, and the truth should be spoken in this age. It's an age when lies ought to be put under your feet. Good-day. May 23.

Charles E. Gould.

This seems to be an age when what is done in secret is proclaimed upon the housetops. I am not much used to these sort of manifestations, but I have friends that I am quite anxious to reach.

I was born in Hyannis, on the Cape, was twenty-one—in my twenty-second year—and my name was Charles E. Gould. I died as a soldier—was attached to the 39th Massachusetts at the time of my death.

As the fear of death is the subtle wing that seems to follow a body everywhere here on earth, I think it very wise in those that can come to do what they can toward letting their friends understand that it is nothing to be dreaded. It is simply a little sharp suffering for a short time, then it's all over with. It's like a bad tooth. If it has ached pretty bad, and you've got pretty well worn out with it, you wish it was out, but you dread it terribly. So it is with dying. As soon as you've got through with it—soon as you've got the tooth out—you feel free as if you were in true life. Well, this is rather a homely comparison, but it's a pretty good one I think.

I would be glad to have my folks know that I died satisfied and contented, and that I don't think I had any fear myself. I think it was all taken away from me before I died.

Some of my people used to talk occasionally about Spiritualism, and they used to say, well, if they knew of any good it ever done, they would be glad to believe in it. Well, if it prevents people from committing murders, if everybody knew that there was somebody always with them, and that somebody may have the power to tell of them at any moment through some medium, do you think there would be less murders? I think murders would cease, don't you? No man would think of committing a murder if he knew that somebody was looking at him. This belief that God sees you don't come near enough, is it tangible enough. But a belief that some friend or some enemy sees you and is capable of coming back to tell you of it, seems to me to be a more potent power than you've ever known against crime.

If my friends see fit to meet me and allow me to talk to them as I do here, it would give me great pleasure, and I think would satisfy them that there is a Power that guides us back and permits us to control those persons you call mediums. I'm glad my friends received my last letter. If I were going to write one now, it would be quite different, however. May 23.

Alice Brougham.

The earth-life seems so vague and unreal that I can scarcely understand that I ever lived here. I was killed in New York city by a stage, in the year 1811, and my mother has ever mourned for me. I was with her—I was seven years old—I went to cross Broadway, left my mother standing on the curb, and I fell, and was run over and was killed.

My name, sir? Alice Brougham. My mother belonged in Tennessee, and my father was an Englishman. I come here to convince my mother that there is a future life, and that I have been with her many times, so very near that I thought I could speak to her, and make her understand, since I died. I was her only child. The last words I heard on earth, above all the confusion and rattling of carriages were, she screamed, "Oh God! Oh God!" And the echo of those words I have heard in the spirit-land. It was very strange, but it tells you that the spirit-land is very near you.

My mother now celebrates in mourning the day of my death. She should celebrate it in rejoicing, tell her, instead of mourning. Tell her I will come to her from time to time with beautiful roses and lilies. She loved them well, and if I can ever give her tangible evidence that I have flowers and can bring them to her, I'll surely do so. I shall try all means, and perhaps I shall be successful.

I have never wandered very far from her, but lived in her atmosphere most of the time, and have never forgot how to talk. I've never lost sight of earthly things, although they seem so unreal; because roses blossom to-day and to-morrow they are gone. Well, it isn't so with us. You don't see the fading away. If they're changed, it is so gradual it's imperceptible. So you see this sorrow that is born of the decay of things we avoid in the spirit-world.

Tell my mother I have been educated in the spirit-world, as she will learn when she comes to me. [Is your mother in New York?] A part of the time she is, and a part of the time she is in Washington, and sometimes in St. Louis and Chicago. [Do you think she'll get your letter?] I think she will, because her attention has been called to these things, and some one has said to her perhaps Alice will come. May 23.

Margaret Terrence.

It is eight years since I was here on earth myself; yes, sir. My name, sir, was Margaret Terrence, and I lived, sir, on Dedham street; and I died right away after supper. I was well all the time, and it was said maybe somebody poisoned me, or something of the sort, and it's always troubled me, and I've tried many ways to come back and say I was not. And now I come back to say I was not poisoned at all. I had some

trouble of the stomach, I do n't know what it was. I had bad spells a great many times.

And I have two children, and I like to—well, I like them to know that I can come. And I know very well that the priests know all about how we come; and it's very kind in them to take so much upon them to look after all we have to say themselves. The priests on our side tell us they know when we come; and when we do come, they look after what we say ourselves. It's very kind, oh yes, they do, yes, sir.

And now I want my own folks to just know that I was not poisoned, I do; that I can come; that I do watch over them; that I am happy, and all that, and then I shall be so much better off.

Now, you see, there's folks here who think I was poisoned, and they're thinking that maybe such a one or such a one done it, and it makes it bad, when there's no truth in it at all, for I was n't poisoned at all.

[How old were your children?] Well, the smallest little one was five years old, and the other was most nine. And now you see it's bad for them to be thinking that their mother was poisoned. It is bad, and I don't want them to have such a thing on their young minds; and I want them to know that we can come; and I want them to know that this world where we go is not way off above the stars. Oh, I think the priest ought to teach them these things; and they say the time's coming when they will do so, too. I hope they will.

Yes, and some of them said I died in a fit, I was drunk. No, I never was drunk in my life, I never was drunk. [Are your children girls?] One is a girl, and one is a boy.

Now what I want is, that the priest will tell them what I say, because he can, now, and you can't; because he'll find them out, and you can't. God bless you, sir. May 23.

Séance opened by Rev. Henry Ware; closed by George Atkins.

Invocation.

Thou Fountain of Being, thou Source of Life, as students in thy wondrous temple, we are ever reaching some period of doubt and uncertainty, and then our souls turn to thee, its author, for wisdom, to be led in the way of right and knowledge. And thou art constantly informing us that we shall never ask vainly, but all our aspirations shall be heeded, and our every thought shall be recognized by thee. Thou art a spirit, we know, but in thy greatness we cannot comprehend thee; in the infinitude of thy wisdom we cannot understand thee. But thou understandest us. Thou marketh out our way through time and eternity. And thou givest us of joy, of sorrow, all the varied experiences of heaven and earth. And we know that thou expectest that we will learn of all these experiences of thyself. We know that each and every one cometh unto us, because we have need of such an experience. Therefore for all we bow down in thankfulness unto thee. We do not fear thee, we only love thee. We know thou art justice and wisdom and mercy and love. We know thou hast fashioned all things that ever were, all that are, and we know thou wilt fashion all that are to come. Therefore when we trust our future with thee, we trust it safely, for thou art strong and mighty, and thou wilt care well for our weakness and ignorance.

Thou spirit of this hour, unto thy heart of hearts we commend our thoughts, our utterances, and all that we have and are. Amen. May 27.

Question and Answer.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, in accordance with your custom, we are ready to hear whatever questions you have to propound.

CHAIRMAN.—I have none.

SPIRIT.—Then we propose to answer in brief one that was propounded a few days since at this place, with reference to the cause of the Magellan nebula near the south pole? Many theories concerning this aerial phenomenon have been attempted, but we believe that none are reliable save one, and that is, that this phenomenon is dependent upon the refraction of the rays of light. Therefore instead of being a nebulous substance, it is simply an aerial illusion. We take sides with the theorist who hath set forth this theory, simply because his idea seems to be the most correct. For aught we know, there may be certain discrepancies in this theory, but in the main we have every reason to believe it is correct. May 27.

Gen. Thomas J. Jackson.

Mr. Chairman, I am here for the purpose of replying to a question that is being asked by many hearts all over the land; and those persons who believe in the return of departed spirits are especially desirous to know concerning this question.

They say we believe, but we want to know what you think of it, you who dwell beyond the boundaries of time.

It is possible that some one else might have been selected who would have given a more impartial answer to the question asked than myself. But as I am here for the purpose of answering it, I shall endeavor to do so according to the light my Father in the spirit-land has given me.

The question is this: If the spirit-world, or the inhabitants of that world, do indeed possess the power that we suppose them to possess over the things of earth, why is it that they have allowed Jefferson Davis to go free?—why is it that when so many hearts are yet bleeding all over the land for loved ones gone beyond the veil, that justice has not been meted out in this particular?—why have those invisible hosts who have passed out from forms of flesh upon the battle-field remained passive, while the arch-traitor has gone free?

It is exceedingly easy to ask this question, but by no means easy to answer it.

The soul who believes in the supreme control of an all-wise and perfect Spirit can best answer this question. If the Great Spirit of Life whom we call God, to whom we pay our vows, and to whom we pray in time of trouble, if he is supreme in power, if he does govern all things, then surely he hath governed this. There is a power beyond human comprehension, a mysterious, subtle influence that seems to run through every grade of being, that no soul or class of souls can analyze; and this is the all-potent power that determines concerning all the minutiae of life; the power that determines concerning the fall of the sparrow and the fall of kingdoms. It runs through every grade of being, and none escape it. Then all these persons who have taken an active part in the rebellion, and the scenes that have followed it, are within its power. They are simply bubbles upthrown upon the ocean of this wondrous power, whether they will or no.

For my own part, could I have held the reins of this particular incident of time, I would have held it otherwise; not because I believe that Jefferson Davis, as a man, is any further from right than many who denounce him, but because I believe that the Constitution of the United States demands that a different course should have been taken. And if you are not to abide by that Constitution, commit it to the flames as useless. If it

is not a rule, then set it one side, and get the brain of this American nation to work to rear a better one.

It should be understood by all classes of mind upon earth, that the inhabitants of the invisible life are each and all governed by immutable law, and that immutable law does not bend or break to suit the caprices of any single soul, or any class of souls. No prayers can change it, no threats can thwart it. It is invincible. Then if this be true—and your speaker believes it is—it is very possible that law determined concerning the return of these souls, to whom you call in this time of your doubt and uncertainty.

You ask why they are silent, and seemingly inactive? They are obedient to the law under which they exist; and no soul can ever return manifesting through modern media except by law, any more than the sun can shine except in obedience to natural law.

It is well that you call for them. It is well that you wish for their return. But may it not be equally well that the power comes between their wishes and your wishes, preventing the meeting of the two? If it is well that God Almighty rules, then this is well.

I firmly believe that out of all this mysterious discord, out of this doubt and uncertainty, there shall be born a condition of harmony, a condition of peace, a condition of soul-satisfaction that this nation has never known.

It should be remembered that the seed of dissatisfaction, of unrest, was sown upon this rugged soil when your Pilgrim Fathers landed here. They brought it with them. They deposited it here as a magnetite relic of their mother country. The seed has generated, the harvest is with you. But so sure as right always in the end predominates over wrong, so sure this difficult problem will be settled, and satisfactorily settled. And the South will better understand the North, and the North will better understand the South. And North, South, East and West will better understand the head—this government. Men will begin to question concerning those who go to make laws for them. Instead of seeking to get rid of political duty by the nearest route and most easy means, every man will begin to question concerning every other man who is sent to make laws for him. And when this duty is born into active life in the heart of every American citizen, then, and not till then, will the morning of the millennium for you begin to dawn. But the work rests upon the shoulders of Time, and the actors upon the stage of Time have, each and every one of them that participate in the scenes of this age, something to do in the matter. The lowest plodding wayfarer has something to do with it. The king upon his throne has something to do with it. Every grade of life, high and intermediate, have all something to do with the solving of this problem. But it will be solved in a way satisfactory to all, and when it is, then you will understand that it is better for the final result that Jefferson Davis go free for a time.

I would not, for all my hopes of a higher and more perfect existence than that I have already attained, cut off one single point of justice with regard to this man. I would have him dealt justly with, and I believe, as he is in the hands of his God, he will be.

I would not attempt to defend the wrong-doings of the South, by no means. I know they have misunderstood you at the North in many respects; but I know, also, that two evils never made one right. If they are wrong, you can never turn them into the path of right except by exercising all the better, all the higher attributes of your being toward them.

This is simply my view. If others have a better view, then I for one will be willing to lay down mine, and rejoice in the glory of something better. I am Thomas J. Jackson. May 27.

Terence McDogal.

Faith, if I had the settling of that question, I'd wring his neck quicker than my old mother could wring a goose's neck, and she's good at that; yes, I would. [Perhaps it is well that you don't.] Maybe it is, then, because I might get licked; but I'd run the risk.

Oh, I tell you what, it is easy to swallow such soft soap as that chap talked if you haven't had a taste of the rough side of the rebellion; but if you have had a taste of it, then it's not so easy, now, I tell you; no, sir.

I was wounded at the battle of the Wilderness, and I was taken prisoner, and taken down into one of those places where they confined Union soldiers. [Richmond?] No, I wasn't at Richmond. First I was in Salisbury, then I was in Andersonville. Oh, I tell you it's the devilish place I was ever in, and I was in some pretty bad ones when here. I was a roving cuss here; I tell you what! I was.

When I see such fellows as the one who has just gone out from here having their fine talk over, I think if I could only just wring the neck of one of 'em, that's all I'd want. And what do you suppose those rebel cusses did to me? [Perhaps they shot you.] Well, sir, yes, that followed it. Well, before that, what do you think one of 'em did? It was only he brought in the picture of Jeff. Davis, who was to be the President of the United States, and it was by his orders that we were imprisoned there, he said. Oh that young rascal! he said that. Just as quick as thought, I rushed at the picture, and I made more pieces of it than there was grains in the bran and stuff we had to eat. And to pay for that, I went out by a very quick process.

And then to stand by and hear old Stonewall Jackson defending his being set free! Oh the Lord! wouldn't I set him free, if I could have my way with him! I wouldn't give him time to say his prayers. A short prayer he'd say, anyway. I'd say to him, like "Richard," "Go down to the devil, and tell him I sent you there." By gracious! I was almost a good mind to pitch into that chap here—yes, old Jackson; faith, I was. I had the fight in me when I died, and I thought I'd like to take him off his pins. Oh I was thinking all the time of what was being done for Jeff here. He must be kindly treated, and have his roast beef and wine and cigars, and all sorts of luxuries, when he's the very devil who put me to the head of the Southern rebellion. The devil put him in, I suppose. [Have you ever seen the devil?] No, sir; but if he's at all like Jeff. Davis, I beg to be excused from being introduced to his majesty. Sometimes I thought I might be when I come to die.

Oh, you can't make me swallow that, now way. You may talk about there being a hell for sinners to live in, but I'm just where I was. If I could get at the whole Southern Confederacy in a bunch now, I'd like to pitch into them. If you'd been down there and suffered what I did at Andersonville, you'd have wished the old fellow higher than the moon. [We don't say but that we should have had worse feelings than you had.] By golly! just only think of it now! There we were cooped up there, and if we chanced to go to the window, or steal a bone or anything, we were shot down like dogs; and they told us, if we asked why we were kept there, it is Mr. Davis's orders; he's the

head of this Confederacy. That's what they'd say to us.

When I came here and heard that Jackson talk as he did, it stirred me up. If I'd had a good set to with that chap I'd feel better. Oh, there's plenty that feel just like I do. I'm one of the kind that believe in the neck-stretching business. That's good for him. I tell you what I'd do: I would keep him on such short rations that he'd grow so thin that I could say to him as I heard some of those rebel cusses say to a little fellow—he'd come I do n't know where from, Maine, I think it was; he was so thin that there was just the bones and the skin over them; and there was a rat-hole in the room where he was; and they said to him, just like this—taunted him with his looks—that if he fell away much more he could get out very easy, for he'd be so small he could slip through that rat-hole without any trouble. By the gods! I'd n't want to get hold of that chap then? I was weak, could only just drag my limbs about, but, just as weak as I was, I do believe I'd had strength to cut him up in little pieces not so big as the end of my little finger, if I'd only had the means to do it.

Now see here, sir, I do n't know anything about how this business is done at all. You see I went into the fight with all my heart, and I've got it in me still. But it's to get back to my folks anyway, just as I can, that I come here to-day. [Where did you leave them?] I left them here, sir; here in Boston.

My name, sir, is Terence McDogal. My age? I was turning thirty. Company and regiment? Oh, yes, the 36th Massachusetts Company, C. And I want a chance to go to my folks. Well, I want them to know that I've got into a pretty good condition in this world. If I'd lived to get home I would n't been able to do much. [You'd not had much strength?] No, I suppose not, for I was very weak when I was shot. I want now to come back to them, to let them know that I can come back.

Well, I think just the same as I did when I was here. Faith! I do n't know—there's a kind of a mystery about it, anyway. You ask one there, is this heaven? and they tell you no; you ask another if it's purgatory, and they tell you no. You ask another what it is. "The degrees of life," is the answer. A nice old chap told me it was one of the degrees of life. I suppose he meant that life was a great staircase, and it's one of the steps. That's the way I took it. [You are correct.] That's it; I thought so. Faith! I suppose I'm a Catholic still. I'm not certain myself, anyway. It may be all right, and it may be all wrong—this Catholic religion, for aught I know. I'm something, at any rate, but what I am is hard to tell. I'm not a Protestant; I do n't know—I'm on the fence, I suppose. At all events, I don't want to say anything about the church. It's all right, I suppose, to believe in the Catholic Church when you are here.

Well, sir, I'd like to speak to my wife and my brother and my half-brother. James is my brother's name, and my half-brother's name is Daniel, and my wife's is Margaret. Oh, I'd like to go there and talk just half an hour. Then I'd go to my quarters on the other side all right. Better barracks than you ever had here, on the other side. [Are you happy?] Oh, yes, sir, except when I meet one of these Southern cusses what's thinking it's all right that all these snobs get free, while such as I are shot down. I'm not happy, because I can't go in and wring their necks for them.

Well, sir, good-by to you, and if I can do anything for you at any time, to pay you for what you've done for me, I'll try to do it. And if you ever have a vessel, sir, that wants unloading, I'm just the best chap in the world to do it. May 27.

Sophie Doolittle.

I've been here many a time in spirit before left my body. Sophie Doolittle. I want you to tell the children that I found everything in the spirit-world just as I expected to; that I'm not disappointed at all; that I did n't suffer in dying at all, but went out in my sleep. My husband and four of my children met me. They bore me away so beautifully that I felt that I was in the Paradise of God.

I lived here near eighty-seven years. It was a long time, but I learned a great many things. I was a medium myself. I talked with the angels. This thing was not new to me. I told my children that I should come right back. They'll expect me here. [When did you die?] First of the month—May.

Oh, tell them it is glorious! glorious! glorious! Tell them that my husband and children never misrepresented anything to me; that I found everything just as I expected; that the place did not seem like a strange place to me—the spirit-world. It seems as though I'd been there many a time. It is home to me; I went home. [Where did you pass away?] At Hinsdale, New Hampshire. God bless you! God bless you! May 27.

• Will some friend in Hinsdale, should this meet their eye, inform us if such a person as Sophie Doolittle, as she is called there?—and if so, is she dead? We have no knowledge whatever, other than what this spirit-message contains, that such a person ever lived.—[Ed.]

Séance opened by Thomas Dick; closed by John Woolsey, of London, England.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, May 28.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Mary E. Buratt, to President Johnson; Robert Olyde, of his son, to friends; Annie Nelson, of New York City, to her mother, Eliza Nelson.

Wednesday, May 29.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Adjutant William P. Mudgett, to his mother, Mrs. S. A. Mass. regiment, Augusta, Mass., to her mother, in New York; Jennie King, of New York, to her mother.

Thursday, June 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; George P. Wyman, of Troy, N. Y., to his friends; Sarah A. Southworth, to friends; Annie Maria Barry, to her mother, in Colorado; the wife of William Tappan, to her husband, in Colorado; to Laria, or Samuel Foster Tappan.

Friday, June 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Capt. Alexander Murray, to his wife; Frances Howe Prescott, to her sister, in New Bedford, Mass.; Willie Democrat, to his parents, living at No 11 King street, New York City; Charles Brady, of East Boston, to his brother James, and Uncle Daniel Brady.

Saturday, June 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; George F. Polly, to friends in Springfield, Mass.; Hiram Hunt, to his brother, Hon. N. P. Banks; David Roche, to friends in Springfield, and Boston, Mass.; Annie E. Williams, to friends.

Sunday, June 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William E. Tucker, of New Bedford, to his mother, Hon. Stevenson, to friends in Boston; Olive Bargent, to her mother, and sister Sarah, in Lawrence, Mass.; Mary Callahan, to her daughter Mary, and a priest of this city.

Tuesday, June 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Stephen H. Caverly, of the 1st Mass. Cavalry, Co. K, to his father, Logan, of Hingham, Penn.; to his wife, Patrick Macnamara, of the 1st Mass. Cavalry, Co. K, to his wife, Adelaide Garvin, of Chicago, to Stephen W. Garvin, in New Orleans; Sister Mary Burke, to the Society of Friends in Waterbury.

Thursday, June 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Daniel B. Frost, of Almond, Wis.; Abbie Green, lost on the "Golden Gate," to friends in Williamsburg, N. Y.; Elias M. Proctor, of the 2d Indiana Cavalry, to his brother Samuel; Poem by Anna Cora Wilson ("Birdie").

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