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Literary Department.

GOOD IN ALL.

AN INSPIRATIONAL POEM, GIVEN BY MISS LIZIE DOWS.

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

"It is a beautiful thought, by Philosophy taught,
That from all things created some good is out-
wrought;
That each is for use, and not one for abuse,
Which leaves the transgressor no room for excuse.
Thus the great, and the small, and the humblest
of all,
To action and duty alike have a call;
And he does the best, who exerts all the rest,
In making the lot of humanity blest.

As Jonathan Myer sat one night by the fire,
Watching the flames from the embers expire,
O'er his senses there stole, and into his soul,
A spell of enchantment he could not control.

The wind shook his door, and a terrible roar
In his chimney was heard, like the waves on the
shore.

In wonder, amazed, old Jonathan gazed
At the huge oaken back-log, as fiercely it blazed.

The flames of his fire leapt higher and higher,
And out of its brightness looked images dire;
Till at length, a great brand straight on end seemed
to stand,
And then into human proportions expand.

Old Jonathan said, with a shake of his head,
"There's nothing in nature I've reason to dread,
For my conscience is clear, and I'd not have a fear,
Should Satan himself at this moment appear."

"Hut your words shall be tried," quick the demon
replied,

"For, lo, I am Satan, here, close by your side.
Men should never defy such a being as I,
For when they least think it, behold I am nigh."

Said Jonathan Myer, as he stirred up the fire,
"Your face nor your figure I do not admire;
But if that is your style, why it isn't worth while
For me to find fault, or your Maker revile."

"Now don't have a fear, lest it should appear
That you're an intruder—I welcome you here!
So pray take a seat, and warm up your feet,
For I think I have heard that you're partial to heat."

"Well! you are either a fool or remarkably cool,"
Said Satan—accepting the low wooden stool—
"But, before I depart, I will give you a start
Which will send back the blood with a rush to
your heart."

"Well, and what if you should? It might do me
good,
For a shock sometimes helps one—so I've under-
stood.

But, just here let me say, that for many a day
I've been hoping and wishing you'd happen this
way."

"So, give us your hand, and you'll soon under-
stand.

What a work in the future for you I have plan-
ned."

Satan's hand he then seized, which he forcibly
squeezed,
At which the arch fiend looked more angry than
pleased.

A puzzled surprise looked out of his eyes,
Which was really quite strange for the "Father
of Lies."

"Come," said he, "this won't do—I am Satan, not
you."

Said Jonathan Myer—"very true, very true.

Now don't get perplexed, excited or vexed,
At what I'm about to present to you next.
Your attention please lend, and you'll see in the
end,
That Jonathan Myer, at least, is your friend."

"I've been led to suppose, in spite of your foes,
That you are far better than any one knows.
Now if there's good, in stock, stone or wood,
I'm bound to get at it, as every one should."

So I have not a fear—though you seem sort o'
queer—
But what all your goodness will shortly appear.
Fact—I know that it will, though 'tis mingled
with ill.
So—so—don't get restless—be patient—sit still."

"Now I long since agreed, that there was great
need

Of a Devil and Hell in the Orthodox creed.
All things are for use, and none for abuse,
(And the same law applies to a man or a goose.)"

"So they'll keep you in play, till the Great Judg-
ment Day,
When the Saviour of sinners will thrust you
away.

But then, do n't you see, they and I do n't agree,
So you'll not be obliged to play Satan to me."

"Even now, in your eyes, does there slowly arise,
A look, which no lover of good can despise.
So, open your heart, and its goodness impart,
For now there's no need you should practice
your art."

Oh strange to relate! all that visage of hate,
Which wore such a fearful expression of late,
Grew gentle and mild as the face of a child,
Ere the springs of its life have with doubt been
defiled.

And a voice, soft and low as a rivulet's flow,
Said gently—"I was but in seeming your foe.
Mm ever will find, in himself or his kind,
Either evil or good, as he makes up his mind."

"As God is in all, so he answered your call,
And the evil appearance, to you is let fall.
This truth I commend to your soul as a friend,
That evil will all change to good in the end."

Then Jonathan Myer sat alone by his fire,
Till he saw the last light from the embers expire,
And he thoughtfully said, as he turned toward
his bed,

"I will banish all hate, and put love in its stead."

"I will do and not dream—I will be and not seem,
And the triumph of goodness I'll take for my
theme.

Great Spirit above! I have learned through thy
love,
That the Serpent has uses, as well as the Dove."

PICTURES OF REAL LIFE IN NEW YORK.

Written expressly for the Banner of
Light, by Mrs. A. E. Porter.

[Concluded.]

CHAPTER VI.

The Story of Lottie's Life.

James was asleep, and Aunt Betsey sat by the
fire knitting very rapidly, as was her custom when
thinking over any matter which perplexed her
mind.

We will leave her, and return for awhile to
"Cutney" and the home where the deacon and
Nellie are sitting by the fireside after their early
tea. It is a cold March night. Old Ascutney is
hoary-headed with the snows of a long winter,
and now the wind sweeps through the leafless
trees of the hanging woods, and the deacon piles
up the wood in the open stove, and sits down
with his spectacles and paper to take comfort.
Nellie sits by the other side of the table, on which
she has laid a few bits of colored silk, and is deep
in the problem of arranging them to the best ad-
vantage, for he it known, silk patchwork is quite
the fashion in "Cutney," and Nellie designs to
cover the seat of an old-fashioned mahogany
chair while her mother is absent.

After a long silence, occupied by the deacon in
reading very slowly an article on raising sheep,
Nellie, who seems to have solved her difficulty,
and is now cutting out a square of rich white
satin, suddenly interrupts her father's read-
ing with the question: "Pa, how old was Aunt Lot-
tie when she married?"

"Did you speak, Nellie?"

"Yes, father; I asked if you could tell me how
old Aunt Lottie was when she was married."

The deacon looked over his spectacles at his
daughter, and then laid down his paper.

"How old? Let me see: she was married the
year I bought Black Bess—that beautiful crit-
ter she was! (the horse, I mean). It was a birth-
day present to your mother on her twenty-sixth
birthday, and Lottie was ten years younger; that
would make her sixteen, would it not?"

"Yes, father."

The deacon resumed his reading, for he was
deep in the comparative merits of Cotswold and
other breeds of sheep, but he had not proceeded
far when another question from Nellie interrupted
him.

"Father, was Aunt Lottie so very handsome?"

Again the question had to be repeated, and the
deacon's finger traced the line on the paper.

"Well, yes, Nellie, I guess she was, take it all
in all, about the handsomest girl that was ever
raised in 'Cutney.' She had n't that robust
country beauty like your mother, but her features
were very regular, and her figure and face would
look well out in marble. She was n't at all like
the other girls here. I used to think sometimes
that there was a mistake made, and her little
body was sent to the wrong place, for she was a
fairly for a prince to admire."

The deacon was putting on his spectacles to
read again, but Nellie was too quick for him. "I
wish, father, you would tell me all about her
marriage. Did you ever see her husband?"

"I think so, for he boarded with me six months."

"Oh, father, please then tell me all about him,"
and Nellie smoothed out the little bit of white
satin and laid it on one side of the table, as if she
would hear the story before she used that relic of
the past.

Uncle Sil was not given to story telling, and
would rather have kept on reading his paper; but
he could not deny Nellie's request.

Almost every family has some bit of tragedy in
their history, some dark thread that runs through
the brighter web and warp of family life. Nellie
knew that her mother seldom mentioned Aunt
Lottie's name, and always sighed when she looked
at any thing which recalled her to mind. She
had often determined that she would unravel the
mystery, but as often shrunk from questioning
her mother on the subject. The reference to this
sister in her mother's late letter opened the way,
as she now thought, to get the story from her
father.

"Well, Nellie," said Uncle Sil, "I remember
well the day, though it is more than twenty years
ago, when Captain John Hamilton came to As-
cutney. I was keeping tavern then on the street,
right opposite to your Grandfather Ashby's house.
There was fine hunting in those days on the
mountain, and now and then a sportsman would
come from the city and put up at our house;
but they were generally only make-believe hun-
ters, and liked our house, with my mother's clean
beds and my father's venison, better than prowling
in the woods on the side of the mountain
where rattlesnakes abounded. But the minute I
set eyes on this man, I said to myself, 'There's a
man that's a good shot.' He was n't dressed
jauntily, like the city bucks, but in coarse, heavy
Canada cloth, with a pair of shoes stouter than I
should buy for myself, and yet I knew him for a
gentleman as soon as he came into the bar-room,
and laying aside his rifle and knapsack, called for

a room and dinner. Your mother was sick at the
time, and Lottie had come over to stay with her.
Lottie was then about sixteen years old, and
beautiful as a picture. She never cared anything
for the young gentlemen who used to stop at the
tavern, always keeping away from them; but I
shall never forget the stranger's look of surprise
when Lottie came in to ask me some question.
She was dressed in white, for it was a warm day
in the early autumn. She had a pretty way of
tossing back her curls when she spoke, and her
step was light and springy as a young fawn's;
the very sight of her tripping round the house
was pleasant. Half of the young men in the vil-
lage had fallen in love with her, but she cared
for none of them. She loved her book, and was a
good scholar, and she sung like a little angel.
The poor young schoolmaster almost died for the
love which she could not give him, and Squire
Lovell, who was a widower then, offered to settle
half his property upon her if she would consent
to be his wife; but she did n't care to be married,
and your mother was glad to keep her. She was
with us when our little boy died; he died with
his little head on her bosom, and after that she
was with us most of the time, and was like a sun-
beam in the house. Everybody loved Lottie, and
even the young men she rejected loved her none
the less, she had such a pretty way of saying no.
When she came into the room where the gentle-
man was sitting, waiting a moment till Sucky
should come to show him to his chamber, he
looked up at her, evidently surprised to see such
a vision as that in this out-of-the-way place. I
do not think she noticed him at all, for old Mrs.
Welch called to see if Lottie would come in just
for a few minutes and sit with her little sick boy,
who had said he would take his pills and all the
doctor's medicines if Miss Lottie would only sing
to him. The stranger put his name down as
John Hamilton. The next morning he went up
the mountain, and came home at night with
plenty of game. The day after was cold and
rainy, and he ordered a fire in his room; it was
an old-fashioned wood fire, and pleased him very
much. He stayed there all day reading, for he
had books with him, and in the evening we heard
him playing on the flute. The weather continued
bad; it was in September, and the 'equinoctial'
was very severe that year. Mr. Hamilton could
not hunt, and as he was the only guest in the
house, and found himself lonely eating by him-
self, he asked permission to sit at our family
table. I had no objection, for it saved trouble,
and so he and Lottie became acquainted. He
talked with her about her studies, and the books
she had read, and I was surprised to see how
well Lottie could talk. She was as much at her
ease as if she was talking with Fred Saunders,
the miller's son, and a great deal more so, for it
seemed as if she had just found some one who un-
derstood her; and she was as modest, too, as a
little flower that opens because the sun shines
upon it.

That he was a born gentleman, I knew; and that
he was an Englishman, I surmised; and that
he was educated, was evident from all the book
learning he had. He stayed through September,
hunting some, fishing and boating a little, and
teaching Lottie to talk French. She could read
French books before he came. Your mother was
very much troubled about his intimacy with Lot-
tie, but we thought it best to say nothing to her up-
on the subject. At last he received a batch of let-
ters, all foreign post marks, sealed with wax, and
queer little figures stamped upon them. That
evening he invited me to his room. The letters
were open on the table, but his portmanteau was
packed, and he was ready for the stage which
left at midnight.

"Mr. Horner," said he, "I should not have re-
mained so long in your pleasant village, for I
have important business elsewhere; but I waited
for these letters, that I might prove to you that I
am what I profess to be, an English gentleman,
the son and heir of John Hamilton, Esq., of Mor-
ley, England."

I read the letters, as he requested. Two of
them were from England, and one from Barton,
our Vermont representative in Congress, who had
made inquiry about the family of Mr. Hamilton,
and was satisfied that his representations were
correct. When I had finished reading the letters,
I told him that they were not necessary to prove
to me that he was a gentleman. His conduct was
sufficient for that; his bills were promptly paid,
and for my part I should like more such guests.

He smiled. "Mr. Horner," said he, "I have
other motives. I love your ward, Miss Lottie,
and I wish to make her my wife. Have I your
permission to address her?"

I can't say I was wholly unprepared for this,
but the idea of losing Lottie was very hard to me,
and I was in doubt how your mother would feel.

"Are you sure," I asked, "that Lottie will not say
no to you, as she has to so many others in 'Cut-
ney'?"

"No, I am not sure," he said, and he looked very
grave, "but if she should, I am sure there would
be no more brightness in life for me."

I could not withhold my assent; but it was a
sad sight for your mother. I sat up to see Captain
John off. The neighbors called him Captain John,
for his skill as a hunter, I suppose. When he
had gone, Lottie came to your mother's room.
Your poor mother cried at the thought of losing
Lottie, but the little sister said:

"Oh Betsey, I can't help it, but I do love him
better than father or mother, brothers or sisters."
I left them together, and slept in the Captain's
room that night.

The gossip of the village shook their wise
heads when they heard of Lottie's engagement to
an Englishman. He would soon forget her, and
never return to fulfill his pledge. Not so with
Betsey and myself. We had confidence in him,
and it was not betrayed. He returned from Eng-
land in six months, and we had a great wedding.
Almost every family in town received an invita-
tion, and the great dancing hall was filled with

guests. Captain John did everything up hand-
somer. This took place before I had made much
money, and all that we could give Lottie was her
wedding and a hundred dollars' worth of clothes.
She had about five hundred from her father, and
that was all her fortune. Your mother bought
her a white muslin dress to be married in, but
when Captain John came he brought some white
satin, that was the wonder of all the neighbors,
it was so heavy and rich, and he brought with
it some pearls; but Lottie said if he was willing,
she would wear the white muslin and no jewels;
and when the Captain saw her dressed, he said
she was right, and that the satin and pearls would
be more appropriate when she reached her own
home in England."

Nellie took up the little bit of satin, which still
lay unused upon the table, and held it in her
hand while her father went on with his story.

"Your mother went to New York, and stayed
with her till she sailed. That is the time when
she boarded near the Battery. We heard from
her as soon as she could write. She gave us a
description of her beautiful home, and the cor-
dial welcome which she received from the father
of Captain John, who, from all we could gather,
treated her as if she were an own child. In two
years her husband had promised that she should
return to the United States and make a visit. I
remember one expression in her letters to your
mother: 'I am so happy that I tremble with the
very fullness of my joy. This world is full of
beauty and pleasure to me. I have no wish that
is not gratified, no hour in which I do not feel in
some way the loving care of my devoted hus-
band.'

She always could write just like a story book.
All her letters expressed the same contentment;
no one shadow; but in one which she wrote just
before her visit home, she says:

"My husband is pained that our father thinks of
marrying a Mrs. Locke, a bold, dashing, bad wo-
man, whom John thinks has insinuated herself
into his father's confidence from mercenary mo-
tives. I dislike and fear her. My husband refused
to recognize her at the Derby races last week,
which produced a little hard feeling on his father's
side. I think the old gentleman will marry her,
and we must make the best of it; but I shall be
sorry to see her mistress here, and while I shall
fear her, I dread the effect upon John, who can-
not conceal his dislike to her. She has a title, and
belongs to a high family, and is thus admitted in-
to good society; but she rides fast horses, bets at
races, plays high, wears powder and rouge, talks
in a loud voice, and says many things which
shock me. I do not want to offend her, for I think
she is one of those who never forgive an injury;
but I am sure we will not get along well together.
I shall not go to Vermont till after the wedding,
for that would offend Mr. Hamilton, and I love the
old gentleman too well to give him pain. But as
soon as possible after that event, we shall visit
you."

The next news which we heard was that the
marriage had taken place, and this woman in-
stalled as mistress of Morley House. As soon as
possible after the event, Captain John came with
his wife to visit us. Never was a brighter, hap-
pier creature in this world than our Lottie. She
was different, and yet the same; more beautiful,
and yet as loving and kind as ever, with a way
about her as if she had been born in the same
station in which she then moved, and still not a
particle of haughtiness in her manner. Your
mother was happy as a queen, to get her child
back again, for she was the same as a child to us,
and the house was bright with her love and mu-
sic. She stayed all summer, and when she went
away in the fall the whole village was sad. She
was to come again in two years, but we have
never seen her since."

"Was she lost at sea, father?" said Nellie.
"I don't know, I don't know. It is all a mys-
tery, a sad mystery. If we only could know
when and where she died, it would be some com-
fort. On her return she wrote us that her father
was living a sad life with his second wife, that
John would have nothing to say to the woman,
and that she in revenge sought in every way to
annoy him."

"I am really afraid," she writes, "that she will
seek revenge; she is daring enough for anything
bad. I try to be very gentle to her, for I do not
want at this time to excite her ill feeling toward
me; but since she has learned our hopes of an
heir, she is very spiteful toward me. Were it not
for our father, who is so kind to us, and who now
regrets the mistake he has made, we should go
and live at Charlton, where John owns a pretty
cottage and park. It seems that, according to a
will or agreement, the birth of an heir will make
some difference in the amount which Mrs.
Hamilton will receive in case of her husband's
death."

Your mother was troubled about Lottie, and
wrote to her to go, if possible, to the cottage
till after her confinement, and take with her the
same faithful servant which she brought to 'Cut-
ney.' Her husband consented, though his father's
age and infirmities made it necessary for him to
be at Morley much of the time. He was with her
at the birth of their child, and for some weeks
afterwards. Such letters as they wrote to us
You would have thought there was never such a
baby, or so happy a couple, since the first day of
married life in Eden. I used to tell your mother
that such perfect happiness was not for this
world; that Lottie must have her share of trouble,
or she would not ever want to leave this world.
Well, I think it begun at this time. The Hamil-
tons, father and son, jointly owned property in
India, and it was necessary that John should go
there. The old gentleman begged Lottie to come
home and stay with him; he wanted the young
heir in the house, he said, and he wanted still
more the bright, happy mother. He was old and
feeble; his imperious wife ruled him, as she did
the rest of the household, with an iron rule. Lot-
tie could not refuse, though she wrote us that she

could not endure the thought of living with that
woman. Her husband was to be absent a year,
and poor Lottie felt that her first trouble had
come. But contrary to her fears, Mrs. Hamilton
gave her a warm welcome, and strove in every
way to make life pleasant to the young mother.
She was a handsome woman, or, as Lottie wrote,
'a woman to produce a sensation, when she was
powdered and rouged, dressed in her ruby velvet
and the family diamonds.' She was a gay wo-
man, and absent from home a great deal. 'So
Grandpa and 'Pet' and myself have very pleas-
ant times,' the young mother wrote. After awhile
she was troubled because she did not hear from
her husband. Her father received short, formal
business letters, with kind wishes for his health
and the hope that he would find the society of
Lottie and the boy pleasant to him. The young
wife was troubled, and ventured one day to ex-
press her trouble to Mrs. Hamilton.

"Oh these young wives mustn't expect too
much attention from their husbands. Yours has
been very devoted to you for two years. Let him
have a little time for his Indian wife and children."

"When she said this," wrote Lottie, "I was so
startled that I came near fainting; and the woman,
perceiving how she had shocked me, added, 'I
do not mean that he is legally married; that it is
anything which will affect your rights; but we
mustn't inquire too closely into what our hus-
bands do, when away from us.'"

Now I believe, and always shall, that this was
an invention of this wicked woman; but poor
Lottie was not strong, and had made herself sick
worrying about her husband's silence, and she
laid it sadly to heart. To add to her trouble, the
old gentleman fell ill. She nursed him as a
daughter would, and wrote that she never left
his bedside day or night for a week. 'But if I
could only hear from John,' she said. 'I am
afraid it is all true what that bad woman says.'

Mr. Hamilton died, and poor Lottie and her
baby were left with no society but the wife, who
had no grief for her dead husband.

Then came a letter from John, saying that he
should be detained six months longer. This was
written, of course, before he heard of his father's
death. Our last letter from Lottie was a long,
strange, rambling epistle, reminding me of poor
Aunt Sally, your mother's aunt, who was insane
a few years before her death. I did n't tell your
mother of it, but I had my fears that Lottie's mind
was n't quite right. She says at the close:

"If I don't hear from John soon, I shall take
'Pet' and go to India, or to my own dear home,
for I feel as if I wanted to die in your arms, my
dear sister."

We have never heard of her or from her since.
We wrote and wrote, but could get no reply.
You can imagine your mother's anxiety. It was
so great that I had made up my mind to go to
England myself, when we were greatly surprised
one day to see Captain John enter, looking like
the very ghost of his former self.

"Where is my wife and child?" were his first
words.

Your poor mother burst into tears.
"Is she dead?" he asked, and was so overcome
that he sank upon a seat, and was weak as a
woman."

I told him all we knew, showed him all Lottie's
letters. I never saw a man more angry.

"I wrote her every week, long letters; it was all
the comfort I had, writing to her; and heaven
knows no vile woman ever invented a baser
slander!"

His servant, who was with him, told us he sus-
pected that Mrs. Hamilton, the elder, tampered
with the letters. They were always placed in a
bag in the great hall, and taken to the post early
in the morning. He had twice met her on the
great staircase at midnight, and he fully believed
now that she had taken this revenge on Mr. John.
When Captain John returned from India, he
found no one but servants at home—Mrs. Hamil-
ton was in Paris—and all they could tell about
your aunt was that one morning Jim, the coach-
man, was ordered to drive her to the railway sta-
tion; that her favorite servant, Mrs. Mann, was
with her, and they had three large trunks. Mrs.
Lottie was pale, and looked as if she was worn
out with weeping, but the baby was laughing and
crowing and saying "Papa," all the way to the
station.

Captain John could not stay, he was so im-
patient to be on the search.

"I shall never come again to see you," he said,
'until I bring Lottie with me, or learn that she is
not in this world. If you get any clue to the
mystery, write at once to Morley.'

We have never seen him since, though for a
year or two he wrote to us frequently. In one
letter he stated that the ship Flora left Liverpool
for New York about the time that Lottie left her
home, and that two persons were passengers, the
description of whom corresponded exactly to that
of Lottie and Mrs. Mann; that the person whom
he saw was mate of the vessel, and remembered
the babe well. His vessel was lost at sea, but
every life was saved but two—a middle-aged
woman and a sailor. The mate told him that he
saw the woman as she fell, and tried to save her,
but could not. The vessel caught fire, and the
crew and passengers were taken off by a Spanish
vessel bound for New York.

Your mother has wonderful faith in prayer,
Nellie, and she believes she will be permitted to
see Lottie again in this world; and I think it is
this which makes her think so much of her lost
sister, now that she is in New York. I have my
own thoughts about the matter, but she may be
right, after all. As wonderful things have hap-
pened as our finding the long lost sister. At least
we would like to hear where she is buried."

Nellie had listened with great interest to this
story, and now she carefully replaced the bit of
satin in her box, and did not use it for the patch-
work.

We will leave the village home, and return to
Aunt Betsey in New York.

Now that James was recovering, the old lady concluded that she might as well see more of the city, do a little shopping, and thus, with her ideas of thrift, got the full value of the money spent in coming so far. She had one little plan in her head which she did not mention to James: that was to go to the home for orphans from which James was sent to her. She had always intended to do it if she came to New York. She remembered the street and number, and knew also that they now had a larger house in the same locality.

Thither, after one of her shopping excursions, she bent her steps, and was cordially welcomed. She found James's name on record, and her own also as having taken him.

She found, also, the old nurse who had taken care of James when he was at first admitted to the home. She was Irish.

"Indade, ma'am, and he was a purty baby, and his mother was as swate a lady as ever walked the earth."

"His mother? Did you know his mother?" asked Aunt Betsey, much surprised. "I thought his parents were not known here."

"No more they were, ma'am; but I knew his mother in the 'Sylum. She was wake in the head, ma'am, and did not know her own baby. It was bad, ma'am, keeping the child among the crazy folk, and they sent it here; but I loved the little fellow so much that I could not part with him, and I left my place there—and a good one it was—and came and took service here, so as to be with my child. Indade, ma'am, it was hard parting with him when he was big enough to 'kend to you."

"Wouldn't you like to see him now?" asked Aunt Betsey.

"It would do my old eyes good, ma'am." Perkinson was given, and the old woman was soon on the way to Sixth Avenue, where, much to the astonishment of James, who was in an easy chair reading when she entered, he was claimed as the long-lost baby of a strange Irish woman. Aunt Betsey laughed so heartily that it was some minutes before she could explain to the wondering boy.

CHAPTER VII.

The Lost One Found.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

Aunt Betsey slept little that night. She had a plan in her head to see James's mother, if she was still living; and the more she thought about it, the more strongly a strange, absurd fancy would obtrude itself.

She was a good woman, and had great faith in prayer. "Who knows," she kept saying to herself, "but God will in some way answer my prayer, now that I have almost lost hope?"

She resolved to say nothing to James about her projected visit to the Insane Asylum. He knew no other mother but herself; it might prove best that he should never know another. She found the Irish woman waiting for her, dressed in her best. As they were to go by boat, it was quite a relief to Aunt Betsey to have some one with her who knew the city and its environs, and was familiar with the Asylum.

We will omit all description of that beautiful ride on the East river, so charming to every lover of the picturesque, and take our readers at once to one of the corridors of the women's ward. The Irish nurse leads the way at once to No. 14, the room of Mrs. Hope. It is a tasty little spot, with its small figured carpet, its spotless white bed spread, and its flowers and pictures. The physician had already explained to Mrs. Horner that the occupant of the room was an "incurable"—"one of those mild, gentle cases," he said, "that baffle all our skill and excite our sympathy most painfully. I think, when I look at her, of some beautiful vessel stranded in a terrible storm, and left to fall to pieces slowly by wind and wave. Hope, memory, courage, have all failed, but much of the beauty, which must have been remarkable, still remains. Some great excitement might rouse the dormant faculties, but I have long since ceased to hope. I have tried in vain to learn her early history."

"How came she here?" inquired Mrs. Horner. "She was here some years before I came; but from the books I learn that she was brought here from the hospital, having had ship fever, which left her in this state. Her name, even, was not known, but from the letter H on the little clothing which she had, and partly, perhaps, from the general expression from every one who saw her, 'I hope she may recover,' she was called Mrs. Hope."

"Does she ever speak of her child?"

"Not now. She has long since mourned it as dead."

"Does she ever talk of her friends?"

"She never has been known to repeat but one name, and that, Betsey, meaning it in her sleep sometimes, but she has forgotten the other part, and we have tried in vain to have her recall it. I am glad you have come to see her, ma'am, for no one but this kind Irish woman seems to have known her."

This conversation took place on the way to the room. The doctor entered first.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Hope," he said to a lady who sat in a low chair arranging a bouquet of flowers. She was dressed in a white wrapper, and her dark, abundant hair, in which was many a silver thread, was wound in a heavy braid around her head. Her face was beautiful, but an expression of deep sadness, as if all the brightness of life had been stricken from her existence, rested upon it.

She said "good-morning," in reply to the doctor, but did not even look up; all interest in life was gone for her.

Mrs. Horner gave one look, and threw her arms about her, exclaiming, "Lottie, my long lost Lottie!" The poor lady gave one eager, searching glance at the face that bent so lovingly over her, and then, flinging her flowers away, sprung up, saying, "Betsey, have you come at last!" and burst into tears.

The doctor drew the Irish woman into the hall, and closed the door, leaving the sisters together. "Light at last," he said, more to himself than to his companion; "light after long darkness. Those tears will be like dew on flowers."

My readers can guess, without the use of my pen, what followed: that the doctor was right; that this was the beginning of a thorough restoration; that Aunt Betsey was just the one to minister to a mind desolate; and that the restoration of James, alias Morley Hamilton, to his mother, must have brought great joy and peace to that mother.

"Is n't it a wonderful Providence! wonderful!" said Mrs. Horner one day, as she sat knitting, while mother and son were talking, the one trying to recall the past, and fastening slowly, one by one, the broken links of memory.

at the orphan's home wanting a little boy, I said 'If ye must send my boy away, send him to one by the name of Betsey,' and then the H, you know, made it all fit nicely."

Mrs. Horner smiled, but her faith was not shaken in a wonderful special Providence. What would she have said if she had known that under that roof there was one whose presence would have made their joy complete!

As James was now able to travel, it was thought best to go to Agetineville as soon as possible. Mrs. Hamilton was weak from excitement, and the doctor, though feeling sure of her final recovery, advised the quiet of Mrs. Horner's home.

A letter was sent on to prepare Uncle Si and Nellie. Great was the commotion in the village when the strange news came.

From the imperfect recollection of Lottie, it would seem that she left England on the ship "Flora," with her servant and child; that the vessel was burned, but the passengers were all saved but Mrs. Mann, who was lost in trying to get from the burning vessel to the boat. The passengers and crew were taken on board a Spanish vessel bound for New York, as stated correctly by the sailor. They were much crowded; the fever broke out, and there Mrs. Hamilton's memory failed. "Every thing since is so confused," she would say; "dark, and cold, and stormy."

But one thing seemed to have been burned into her brain, as with a red-hot iron. It was this which caused her to leave so suddenly for America. She found one morning upon her dressing table a letter from her husband, telling her that news of his father's death had just reached him; that as affairs in India were in a very unsettled state, he should remain a year longer; that she might, if she chose, go home, and enclose a check to defray expenses. "I sometimes think," he wrote, "that these unequal marriages are not productive of happiness; in the first flush of early love a man sometimes forgets what he owes to his rank and position. You need not fear, but I will do right by my son and yourself, and, even if in America, a handsome support shall be provided for you."

These words were repeated again and again by Lottie to her sister, but when she learned of her husband's visit to "Cutney," she understood at once that the whole had been a plot of Mrs. Hamilton to separate husband and wife. This was the revenge which she had sought, and with a cruel heart and a bold hand had accomplished.

"It will all come right now," said Aunt Betsey. "God brings everything right in his own good time." The good woman had been so much excited by other events, that she had almost forgotten the lodger on the fourth floor. On the day she was to leave for home, she learned that he had not been seen for some days, and that another man was in the rooms, and, from the noise made, seemed to be packing boxes. Aunt Betsey was one of those persons who give up a mystery or an unsolved riddle with great reluctance. She watched every one who came in or went out. On the very last day of her stay, when her trunks were packed and ready for the expressman, she was surprised, as she sat at the window, to see a man whom she was sure she knew, opening the door with a latch-key. He had a picture under his arm.

"If that aunt Manning, Captain John's own man, then my new spectacles deceive me! Am I in a dream, or has my finding Lottie made me fancy that I shall find all the Hamiltons in New York?" She looked again, and was so confident that it was the same man who was with his master when in Vermont last, that she went into the hall to meet him.

"Manning, is it you?"

The man knew her at once, removed his hat, and bowed.

"I knew I was not mistaken," she said. "How came you here? Is your master in the city?"

"I came here at my master's request, from England, a week since. Mr. Hamilton left for England yesterday, and I am now packing the trunks which he has left."

"Trunks which he has left! your master's trunks up stairs?"

"Yes, madam. He has been living here for some time. Ah, madam, you can't think what a changed man my master has become! He is like one searching for something lost. I am sometimes afraid his reason will desert him. He thought he had some clue when he discovered this picture. It was painted when he was first married, at the request of a friend in New York. But the discovery of the picture led to nothing. He directed me to send it to you, as he has a similar one at Morley."

"Captain John white-headed!" said Aunt Betsey.

"Ah, madam, trouble ages us; and it was all along of that big, bad woman, who is dead now. She confessed it all before she died. It was a cruel revenge."

Manning was so delighted when he heard that Mrs. Hamilton was found that he wept like a child.

"And here he has been under the same roof with myself for six weeks, and gone to Europe just when we have found her!"

"We'll write at once, ma'am; we'll write at once, ma'am," and the pleasure of having this to do seemed to compensate for the regret caused by his leaving just a day too soon.

Aunt Betsey was right when she said Providence orders all things well, and brings them right in his own time. Such an excess of joy as meeting with her husband at this time might have been too much for the weak nerves of Lottie. It was enough to know that he had been true to her all these years. At present her heart had food enough in loving and admiring her great boy, Aunt Betsey's boy, too! The good old lady was never tired telling of her visit to New York, and its wonderful results.

The house under the mountain was the scene of a happy meeting before the year was over, and husband and wife were blessed with a deeper happiness than if they had not been chastened with great sorrow.

Some days after the return of Mr. Hamilton from England, Aunt Betsey dropped her knitting, work, and looking at him through her new gold-bowed spectacles, asked abruptly:

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, which they are to be. Or may be, if they will, and we prepare Their souls and ours to meet in happy air." (Linton Hall.)

(Original.)

AUNT ZERA'S STORIES.

NUMBER NINETEEN.

St. Hildegard.

"Oh auntie, if you'll believe it," said Kate, in a half-whisper, "our new girl has got some holy water in her room, in a funny little bottle, and she is washing that bunch on her neck in it, and it is getting well."

Will, who sat near enough to hear easily, laughed heartily.

"Bah! nonsense!" said he; "it's all a regular imposition."

"But if it really does good," said Kate timidly. "Good! so will the May dew cure your freckles. Don't you remember when you went out after some?" said Will.

"But she did not have a fair chance to try," said Aunt Zera.

"Why not?" asked Will.

"Because you took away half the means of cure; you laughed her out of her faith."

"Then it is not the water or the dew at all?" said Kate.

"The water no doubt carries a healing magnetism when it has been touched by a good person who is free from impurity; but if the faith is wanting, the sick person destroys all its effect. I do not think that a whole bath of holy water would cure Will of an ache or pain; but I think that a good physician could help me with a package of sugar powders. I should have faith, and Will would not."

"But, auntie," said Grace, "do women ever make water holy, so that it will cure disease?"

"I was just reading about a Saint of the olden time, whose life was so remarkable that she was believed to be a miraculous being, and who healed sickness by holy water, or a piece of bread. If you please to listen I will tell you about her."

Will assumed the appearance of being greatly bored at the prospect of so stupid a story, but Grace and Kate opened wide their eyes, while Eunice looked down at her work.

"There was born in Germany about eight hundred years ago a little girl whose life was destined to be one of suffering. When she was very small she had very singular dreams and visions. When she was only eight years old she went to live with a very pious woman, who taught her holy things. She was not taught to think highly of dress or good food, but that simplicity is a great virtue. She did not have much to divert her mind from the quiet religious life which her friends desired for her."

She was a great deal of the time confined to her bed, but she spent her time in prayer, and in wishing holy wishes. When she was only eight years old she felt that her spirit was brought very near to heaven. She described her feeling as a light which descended from heaven and which illumined her brain. Beautiful visions were seen by her spiritual eyes."

"What do you mean by that?" said Kate; "I did n't know that we had any eyes except the eyes that we see with. I mean the eyes that we see sunlight and moonlight with."

"There are spiritual senses, that sometimes act independently of the natural senses; by the natural senses I mean those that are used by us every hour, and which connect us with the world about us. But if we were deprived of all these senses, yet we should have spiritual ones. But these spiritual senses are very dull in some people, and very acute in others. The young Hildegard could see spiritual things as easily as she could the objects that were about her, and she supposed that every one could do the same. One day she asked an attendant if she could see anything besides the things of the world; when told that she could not, she was very much frightened and determined not to tell what she saw."

The priest who attended her was her confessor, and she told him of the strange visions that were seen by her, and he believed that they were from God.

After this, people began to visit her from all parts of Germany and France. She began to heal the sick by merely blessing those that were suffering. She also understood many things that only wise men knew. She could explain many subjects that very greatly troubled learned men.

She had another very remarkable gift: she could read the thoughts of others, and tell what most they needed. If they were sick, she prayed that they might be healed, without their even telling her of their suffering. If they needed comfort or advice, she would also give it unasked to such as needed.

People began to think her a very different person from others, and they began to call her a miraculous being. Therefore they had great faith in her power, supposing that God had given her gifts that were very different from what people naturally possess.

Her power to heal the sick became so great that she was able to help almost any one who came to her.

A little girl lay very sick at Bingen, on the Rhine, that place of beauty that poets love to sing about."

"Oh I remember," said Grace, "the pretty song that Catherine Prince sung here, called Bingen on the Rhine. I wonder if the little girl was as beautiful as the place?"

"That I can't tell; but she had a mother who loved her very dearly. She was a woman of great faith in the power of heaven. She looked up to the gleaming stars, and remembered that a wonderful power kept them moving in perfect order. She listened to the singing birds, and thought of the care that let not a sparrow fall unnoticed. 'That care will watch over my little daughter,' she said; but no help came to the little one."

The fame of Hildegard had reached Bingen, and the faithful mother determined to go to her and seek help.

What anxious hours must she have passed as she went on that journey. But her love and anxiety hastened her on. When she told Hildegard why she had come, the maiden told her not to fear, and she took some water and blessed it, and said, 'Give this to thy daughter, and let her drink and she shall be cured.' How carefully did that mother carry the precious gift. With her own prayers and faith she must have come very near to the spirit-world, and thus opened a way for some healing power to descend upon her child."

and she was immediately healed. There was a young man in the neighborhood who was very sick, so that they thought he would not live. The good woman thought at first that perhaps she ought to save the water lest her little one should be sick again; but her anxiety to help the young man was stronger than her selfishness, and she carried him the water. He drank it and bathed his face in it, and soon got well."

"Now auntie," said Will, "do you not suppose that those are foolish lies, told for the sake of making people open their eyes and stare?"

"They are historical facts, and I do not see why we should not believe them. I think we should do much better in trying to understand them."

"But," said Grace, "if water can cure people, and faith, what is the use of doctors?"

"Hildegard must have had a gift that is not very common now. She could impart to anything she touched some healing power, although she was not well herself, but she lived near to the spirit-world, and gave gifts from heaven that others could not give."

"But, auntie," said Will, "I do n't see why anybody can't be cured if there is anything in it at all, and not those only that have faith."

"Do you remember how many wonderful cures Jesus performed? You do n't think of doubting them. And do you remember that he said of one place that he visited that he could not do many wonderful works there, because the people had not faith? Do n't you remember, too, that the Doctor told you when you were sick that you must not get excited and nervous, or the medicine would not do you as much good? The virtue that Hildegard sent in the water was more refined than any medicine, and unless the mind was calm and still it would not produce any effect. Besides if you have faith, the spirit-world sends its healing influence."

"Well, let us hear something more about Hildegard," said Will. "I think she was tolerable smart for a woman. But did n't people laugh at her, and call her a witch?"

"No, she was greatly respected; very learned men went to her, even bishops and abbots, for she gave them very remarkable advice. But there was one virtue that she possessed, which very few can retain who become so distinguished. She was always humble. She did not put on any airs, as if to say, 'see what wonderful things I can do; was there ever a doctor that could cure so many sick, or a bishop who could talk with so much wisdom?' She seemed to think herself a humble child through whom all this good was done. After a time she was called a saint, and people thought she had some gifts that others could not have."

"Well, auntie," said Kate, "I'm glad that she was a woman and once a girl, but I am very much afraid that she did not like fun as I do."

"I think that her life could have had but very little real joy, for she was never strong and well. But while many would have been selfish, and thought only of the comfort that they could receive, she seemed to find her chief delight in blessing others."

She always wore a ring on her finger, on which was engraved, 'I suffer willingly.' This is now preserved. She lived to be eighty years old. A long life, and one full of good deeds and blessings. I think of her many times, when I wonder what I can do to bless the world. I am sure that if she, in her illness and pain, could do so much, we who are strong and well should do more."

"But, auntie," said Grace, "if I should try over so much, I could n't make people get well who are sick."

"And I could n't talk with bishops," said Kate. "I would rather be out skating, or even—"

"Sewing up a long seam," suggested Will.

"We have not all the same gifts," said Aunt Zera; "some have the gifts of gladness, pure, happy hearts, and these do as noble work as those that heal diseases, for they keep sickness away. A drop of the water of joy, has made many a poor, sick heart well."

"You mean, do n't you, auntie," said Kate, "that people grow happy by seeing others happy?"

"Yes; if we can make the world feel the joy of life, we are doing the work that the sunlight does. You know there is a hospital established that has no means of cure but the sunshine. Instead of medicine people take sunshine."

"How can anybody take sunshine?" said Kate.

"Not to drink or eat, I reckon," said Will.

"The sun, by shining directly on the body," said Aunt Zera, "gives it vitality, and restores it to health. Just so this sunshine of a glad, happy heart restores the tired and sick spirit. You will do better work than a physician, my Kate, if you will let your heart become as full of love as it is of fun, so that you can shed abroad your gladness, for love makes the heart give out its warmth and life."

"But would n't it be nice to be called a saint?" said Kate.

"People do not get that title in these days," said Aunt Zera. "But there are just as many saints in the world as ever. I do not believe there were ever as many noble, heroic, self-sacrificing lives as now. There is our dear friend Ellen. Who could call her less than Hildegard. If she cannot actually restore the sick, I do believe she heals a thousand sick souls by her gentle words of love, and acts of kindness."

"Well, auntie," said Kate, "I'd be willing enough to give all the kindness, but then it's such dull work to go about among sick folks, and to hear great long stories about lame backs, and headaches."

"There is another and much better way of doing good than that. If you can take the thoughts away from the lame back, or make one forget that they ever had a headache, you do better than you can by all the patient listening to complaints. Did you notice little sick Margery the other day, after you gave her the pretty book? She did not remember a single uncomfortable hour she had ever had, and after you told old dame Skinner your funny adventures on the pond, she did not sigh again about her 'rheumatism.'"

"Oh, if that's the way to do to make folks get well or feel better, it's capital fun. I'd like to try it often. I was real sorry for the old thing, and her face looked so funny when she was half crying, that I thought, I wonder how you'd look if you laughed, and the more I thought, the more I wanted to know, so at last I set about trying to make her, and did n't she change? I thought she was a real good-looking woman. But I didn't think I was doing her any good."

"You were giving her a sun bath to warm up her old blood. She says she has been better ever since."

"I'll go again this very afternoon. I've got such a comical adventure to tell her about. You know, Will, about the crow's nest?"

Will gave a good shout.

(Original.)
A TRUE STORY.

There resided a few years ago, in the vicinity of Boston, an aged clergyman, whose life had been full of usefulness and devotion to right. When he was young he was very poor, but he was determined to gain an education. He worked manfully and prepared himself to enter Harvard College as a sturdy student. These students are not entirely supported from the charity fund, but receive such sums as can reasonably be granted. He had partly completed his course at the college, when he found it impossible for him to proceed further, because he could not possibly meet his expenses. He was greatly distressed. What to do he did not know. To give up all his plans for an education seemed very hard, but to be distressed, and not know how to live, seemed equally trying. After thinking the matter over, and not knowing what to resolve upon, he set off for a walk, that by exercise he might wear off some of the excitement that his thoughts had, caused him, and that he might also find something that should direct his purpose. He took his cane in hand, and walked briskly on. After a while he heard his cane strike the ground as if something adhered to it. He tried to shake it off by giving it several hard strokes, but it still seemed to cling to the cane. After a time he determined to relieve himself of the annoyance, and took his cane up and looked at it. To his astonishment he found that a ring was fitted to it, as exactly as if it had been put on with careful hands. After trying to find an owner, he was as much delighted as surprised when he found that the ring was quite valuable, and when sold, it gave him money enough to relieve his present wants, and after that he was able to struggle through the course of studies, and fit himself for the profession that he had chosen.

CHRISTIANITY.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

Christianity is a development. It is a point reached on the road of spontaneous progression. It is not a thing that can be gathered in, and be forced upon the practices of life. Searching for it does not find it out; going after it does not make it come.

It is not a profession or practice of religion, or of holy deeds. It is not a promise, not a pledge, not an oath. It is not the registering of names in sectarian organization, nor devout attendance upon public worship. It is not confession or repentance.

Christianity prescribes, it proscribes no duties, no creeds, no sacraments, no rites, no ceremonies, no dogmas, no judgments, no penalties.

Christianity, in the unspoken desires of every heart, is a better condition than this age and generation have experienced or have known. It is a station in the pilgrimage of man's life that he has yet to come to—a station of rest from the toil and suffering of the past. It is a condition of natural growth which all the nations, all the races, all the people will come to. Because it invites us onward from selfishness, from littleness to greatness, from bigotry to liberality, from coarseness to fineness, from weakness to power, from conflict to peace, from the approval of our own life to the approval of all life, from repentance to forgiveness.

Nature turns the chariot wheels that bear us on to the goal of Christianity. Human effort is only an effect, and avails nothing as a means of our progression. There is a mysterious power which silence everywhere proclaims divine, that governs the progress of all life in every act.

From the sacred life of Christ we get the word Christianity, which shows to us a better life than other men have lived, and from his holy lips and generous deeds we get scintillations of a development of manhood entirely new then and now to the practices of men. But Christ did not claim or teach that his life was more than the life of all shall be.

These are signs which indicate the development of Christianity: The sick are made to recover by the laying on of hands. New tongues are spoken. Earthly possessions are all given up for those who need them. All trespasses and all crimes are forgiven, as man would have his own trespasses, and crimes forgiven by his Father in heaven. Indifference to the good opinions of the people in the market-places and in the meeting-houses. Compassion, charity, love for all; the wicked, the lowly, the high, the holy.

When these things begin to be, there will be signs in our eternal journeyings of the development called Christianity.

Notwithstanding we go to the churches, called the churches of Christianity, and find not one of these evidences existing there, we need not be surprised, for they have been preparing the way, they have been doing the work that must be done before the coming of the development that will bear these evidences.

In the name of Christ the churches have baptized the world in tears and in blood which it needed. They have made the people drink the cup of bitterness, which they needed to drink.

The churches have given uncounted millions of dollars, they have bestowed efforts without limits in faithful sincerity, all tending to the development of Christianity. May God and angels bless the churches, and may no one curse them, because no sign of Christianity is yet visible in their midst.

The name of Christianity, which the churches have so valiantly proclaimed, has been necessary before the development of Christianity could come; but when Christianity does come, the name will be worthless, and the mission of the churches will be useless.

The commemoration of the passions of Christ in the emblems of his flesh and blood have been sacred, and necessary to the religion of flesh and blood, but they will be lost in forgetfulness when the Christ that now lies asleep in every human heart shall awake and be recognized.

The germ of Christianity is in every human heart, and is, to be unfolded in the future, in years, in centuries, or in cycles.

Repentance is the acquittal of self. It is sensualism, it is selfishness. It is to be passed by. Christianity lies beyond it, it has no need for it. The churches have existed in the sphere of repentance. This has been their work, while the work of Christianity is forgiveness, which is the acquittal of others. It is unselfish, it is divine. Christianity is the development of forgiveness for forgiveness for all men.

The records of the Post Office Department show that in the Dead Letter Bureau there have been 600,000 dead letters destroyed in this year, in which were inclosed \$260,000 in drafts, which were returned to the owners, because they were not addressed to any one.

The center of the United States is a small town, miles west of Fort Riley, Kansas, where the people live in the shadow of a big tree.

Remember thy own faults, and be not severe upon those of other people.

The Philosophy of Spiritualism.

The following excellent article was written by a scholar of large experience, a close observer of human nature, and for years a critical investigator of the spiritual phenomena, until he became satisfied that they were based on scientific truths—which he developed to his own satisfaction, as thousands of others have done. We commend it to the attention of all our readers:

W. L. HORTON, M. D.

Two pointed and well written articles by Dr. Horton, published in the BANNER, Jan. 5th and March 9th, attracted my attention, and were suggestive of some reflections upon the diversity of internal wants and powers, which I now put on paper.

It probably is not in my power to meet Dr. H.'s inquiries directly, and satisfactorily to him. For if I comprehend his mental condition, testimony will not satisfy him; and testimony is all that could be furnished through your columns, to satisfy such want as his. When existing in connection with such mental states as he appears to possess, he must do, as another has already advised him to do, and as most of us have done, that is, wait patiently his opportunity to become himself a witness of distinct spirit-manifestation. All the Thomases must do this; and no reproach should attach to them for demanding proof through the senses. When such minds do get the proof, they become the most constant and stable believers; are gentle and patient with those who require the like kind of proof; and gradually unfold so as to discern truths where they could not see them before.

Some Spiritualists—many of us indeed—required proofs addressed to our own senses, before we could believe that our departed ones return and communicate with us. We have had the proof, but our testimony to that, even if our honesty and truthfulness be conceded, will not satisfy other minds organized and circumstanced as ourselves. We can only repeat our advice to such, Go and see, and hear, and feel the proofs.

But I must come to the reflections suggested by the articles referred to. Man, says Dr. H., is a "religious animal"; "he generally wishes to have some belief on which to hang his future hopes." Now the questions come, What makes him religious? and why has he any future hopes, or rather present hopes which reach into and connect him with the far future? What? and why? Many, probably most men, when they direct their faculties to a critical self-investigation, become cognizant of some intuitive faculties—*qualia* inner senses—trustworthy and useful. These inner senses work in most persons; they witness or they sense and testify to much that lies outside the reach of the external senses. They gather knowledge of facts and testify to them. *Knowledge?* Yes. Why not? However, call it *superstition* if it so please you; yet if you will let me attach to the word *superstition* its primitive meaning, I will gladly use it here. That primitive meaning was—*standing above*. The superstitious man was one who stood above others; and my application is this: that the intuitive man has faculties which let him take cognizance of objects, facts and truths in a realm or sphere above the reach of the external senses. And partly because of these faculties and the knowledge obtained through them, man is a "religious animal," and has hopes of a life beyond the present, and belief on which the hopes hang.

Intuition—(meaning as I use it now)—the not of looking inward—or an inward sensing, embracing all the acts of clairvoyance, clairaudience and kindred faculties—this intuition is practiced by so many people as to give presumptive evidence that all men have, at least in embryo, the capacity for such acts, and that the capacity will, at some time, here or hereafter, become developed. The facts that man is a "religious animal," and that in all ages and nations the masses have worshipped something, and hoped for an existence after the death of the body, point to some common faculty besides the external senses for obtaining ideas and convictions.

And now comes the pertinent question: Which is the best informed man, he whose knowledge comes through the external senses alone, or he who adds to what the external senses give, that also which intuition can furnish?

Reason should sit as judge; but will its judgments be the most valuable when it weighs a part of the facts and evidence only, or when it takes in all that can be reached? The intuitive powers can present an important part of the evidence, which the reason should weigh when making up its judgments upon man's nature and destiny. The wider the field examined, the more numerous the sources of information, the more valuable and just should be the conclusion. One cannot be a well rounded and full man until he gives his every faculty its legitimate place and scope. The head that cuts itself loose from the heart is guilty of self-mutilation, lessens its own strength and its own power to form the wisest and soundest deductions. The senses and intuition both belong to every well-developed man, and both must testify, in the presence of Judge Reason, as to what man is and is to be, before that Judge has all the facts in the case.

One half the world is feminine; that half is said to reason with the heart, or intuitively. If there be a fraction of truth in the allegation, it will become the reasoning masculine to ignore that fraction, and still claim that he brings all known elements of human nature into his calculations, and acts the part of a thorough expounder of man. The young child perhaps reasons as accurately from the facts which he knows as did Sir Isaac Newton. Unsatisfactory reasoning is not so common as is ignorance of sufficient facts from which to reason out satisfactory conclusions. And the absence of faith in spirit-communion and future life results less from either the strength or the weakness of the reasoning powers, than from lack of development of, or ignorance of, those faculties which make man a "religious animal."

Well educated, critical, logical minds—excellent, well intentioned men—seem, in many instances to resolve that they will never be duped by visions and intuitions. Very well; this is right. But is it well, is it right, is it indicative of mental acumen and mental nerve to ignore the capacities for visions and intuitions, and shrink from grappling with the forms and facts which they bring forth? Some souls have wings developed as well as feet, and we cannot admit that one will have a less comprehensive or less accurate view of man's nature, and of his relations to the future, because he soars in the sphere of investigation, than he will have if his locomotion be all accomplished on foot.

We are teaching nothing new, for it was long ago said that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." We suppose ourselves to be uttering about Paul's thought, though we use different phraseology. N. M.

Kibbury, Mass., March 21, 1867.

There are nearly twice as many newspapers published in the United States as in the rest of the world put together.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1867.

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WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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

Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous divine inspiration in man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the material world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to the true religion as at one with the highest philosophy. (London Spiritual Magazine.)

The Work Going On.

Some persons, ostrich like, think that by deluding themselves into a belief that Spiritualism is not spreading, they do equal execution upon everybody else. It is the shortest cut known to the pretended ruin of a cause, to keep asseverating its death. But even this convenient practice becomes quiet in time, and ceases to work with the slightest grain of influence. How many times we have seen and heard it reiterated that Spiritualism is dead, it would be tedious to tell. Yet here we all are to-day, as full of life and vigor as a cause as ever, and abounding and overrunning with influences that throw out their power on all sides of us incessantly. It is not the Mystery that so much exercises minds now, as it is the Reality. The facts were long ago conceded, and where they are not, abrupt and ignorant denial has ceased to be practiced.

From time to time we have called to the attention of our readers the evidences of the rapid and comprehensive spread of the grand truths of Spiritualism, not boasting, but that they might keep steadily before them, for the strengthening and comfort of their sympathies, the real fact as it exists in relation to our elevating religion. We have noted this one and that as giving their voluntary subscription to our exalting faith. For a year or two past, we have had occasion to speak of the leading and more liberal and progressive Unitarian clergymen, as furnishing growing proof of the spread of Spiritualism among a powerfully influential class in this country. We have now occasion to make another allusion to them, by mentioning the very recent public admissions of Rev. Mr. Hepworth, Pastor of the Church of the Unity in this city.

On the occasion of the death of a member of his Society, he preached a discourse appropriate to the sorrowful event; and a fair copy of this discourse is before us as we write. Not to undertake to state what Mr. Hepworth thinks about Spiritualism by using our own language, we are assured that we shall better please the readers of the BANNER by repeating to them his own, taken out of this same discourse. They are an open, complete, and unqualified confession of his belief in a communion of the two worlds. *It is avowed Spiritualism in a Boston pulpit.* Says Mr. Hepworth, after citing and explaining sundry cases of mediumship in the Old and New divisions of the Bible, the case of Joan of Arc, of Socrates, of Luther, and of the Medicine Men among the Indians:

"I wish that the Christian world had the moral courage to assert its unwavering belief in the possibility of some kind of communion between us and heaven. For, as the great Spirit of the Father is round about us, the Fortress into which we can retire when too heavily pressed by the cares, temptations, and evils of the world—so these dear ones, who daily pass from our homes, but who do not die, are the picket guard, that keep a few hours march ahead of us, separated from us by the valley of shadows, and who watch for the dangers that rise in our line of march, and come back to us to give us the signal that the enemy approaches, and to fight with us when we wrestle with the powers of darkness."

I have been greatly interested in the new sect, or denomination, that has come into existence in the last few years. Its members call themselves Spiritualists. Fifteen years ago they were laughed at; now, who laughs at them? Then, few had ever heard of such a system of doctrines; now, they number their converts by millions—they tell me that there are six millions of believers—no-called, in the United States alone—and these converts belong to all classes of society, from the poorest to the richest and most learned. They have thirty journals devoted to the propagation of their faith. They have a library of five hundred volumes advocating their sectarianism. The moment your eye glances over these figures, you ask, Why is this? The answer is plain: first, because the doctrine of communion has put off its oppressive robes of selfishness and personal aggrandizement, and put on the white garments of good news to the world; and second, because nothing is more evident to my mind than that the world longs to believe, and needs to believe, something of this sort. It is essential to our religious well-being. The very minute that terrible desolation enters a house and robs the family of a loved member, leaving as a sacred memento of the past only the "vacant chair," the holiest part of our human nature looks up to heaven with a dim, vague expectation, with a belief that has never taken a definite shape, perhaps, that though we cannot see them, they do see and know us.

After stating his objections—which are in no sense radical, but merely fashionable and superficial, to the modes chosen by the invisible ones to manifest themselves to mortal senses—Mr. Hepworth concludes the succeeding paragraph to the one already quoted as follows: "I have the very earnest faith in that kernel of inspiration which has given to the sect all its value, the assertion that heaven is close to us, and that its inhabitants walk the earth both when we wake and when we sleep. It seems to me that this truth is at the centre of all true religion; and when I bid the sect 'God-speed,' it is with the grateful feeling that it is reviving the forgotten truth which the prophets and the Christ himself have taught us. Yes; I do believe in this possible communion with all my heart."

And once again: "It is true, overwhelmingly true, that heaven and earth are close to each other. There is but a thin partition wall, only as thick as sorrow, between these houses where we are, and that house where they are. We grope about like blind men feeling along the wall, and hoping to touch the spring that opens the door that leads to them. We never find it. If we could, it would do little good, for we are blind. But they live in the sunlight. They can open the door at will. And every day some good wife, or mother, or child, or dear old father, opens wide the door and looks upon us and ours. The rays of heaven stream in on our lives. We do not know exactly what it is that happens; we only know, at such times that we are warmed into a higher kind of life, that gentler and purer thoughts come, holy resolutions, and that we somehow wish we were better and nobler than we are. Is it not so? Have you never felt their purifying influence? Whence come they? No doubt from heaven, and from those who have 'gone before.' Remember this; it is my morning lesson. Pure love is never lost. It finds you to the dear one while on the earth; it blinds you to the dear one who is in heaven. These are guardian angels; and who could watch over us more

kindly than they who have lived here in our hearts? This has been the strain of the Church for many ages. Like a jewel in a heap of dust, it has been covered up and kept out of sight by many new and harmful theories. Nevertheless it is the chief gem in the Christian's creed."

We have quoted from this discourse so much at length, to satisfy all our readers of the rapid work which is making by Spiritualism among the Churches, and especially the Unitarians. As for the Universalists, they appear to be growing more and more liberal and unbound than the old style Orthodox themselves; affording another illustration of the truth that, as the battle for progress goes on, those who were once in the van often fall behind and become content with defending the very dogmas which they began with combating. As for the Unitarian Church as a church, it is fast going to pieces. Very few of its ministers belong to any formal religious organization. Each appears to be preaching on his own account, distributing the spiritual riches, be they few or many, which it has been given him to bless others with. This is a long step to Spiritualism, because it is Individualism come out from Ecclesiasticism.

It is—we need not add—as Mr. Hepworth has remarked, Spiritualism is the power which is to vitalize, and is even now vitalizing the hearts of the churches. How many believe in its great truths the ministers set over them cannot know; but there will come a day in time, when a sudden movement, more or less revolutionary in its character, will break through and break down these ecclesiastical outworks and defences, and disclose the fact that a belief in an intercommunion of worlds is the common, controlling, and all-prevailing faith, and that nothing less than this can make and keep men pure, elevate their thoughts and affections, expand their desires and aspirations, and keep continually alive a truly religious spirit.

Spiritualism has but entered on its grand appointed work. Instead of there being any danger of its being swallowed up by this sect or that, it is destined to embrace and bring new life to them all. It is to be the new power from on high. It is the divine breath on the hearts of men. It is comfort as well as faith, happiness as well as inspiration. Let none of us by any mistake walk unworthily of the new truth which we are instrumental in spreading and preserving.

Dram-Drinking and Adulterated Liquors.

The temperance movement is making headway all over the country. The liquor dealers in this State have been notified that they must cease the sale of all intoxicating fluids on and after the first of April, except in the "original packages." Consequently today's sticks are at a discount. But it is said "the better class of our people" who cannot get along without their daily rations, have already dubbed together to provide for the new contingency. Liquors are purchased and placed under lock and key. Each subscriber is furnished with a private key, which enables him to enter the premises where the "original packages" are kept, where he can "wet his whistle" without the slightest fear of molestation by the State Constabulary.

As nine-tenths of those who partake of alcoholic liquors daily as a beverage, "for the stomach's sake," are not aware what villainous stuff they swallow, we will endeavor to enlighten them. As a specimen, we will show what they drink under the name of "whiskey." Here is the recipe: To forty gallons of common whiskey add twenty gallons of water; five gallons tincture of Guinea pepper; one quart tincture of kelly; two ounces acetic ether; one and a half gallon strong tea. To improve the flavor put three ounces of pulverized charcoal and four ounces of ground rice into a gallon of spirits; stir this compound for awhile every day for a few days; then mix the whole together, and you have ready for use a *bona fide* specimen of rectified "Jersey lightning."

If our law-makers would enact a statute, making it a crime, and attach a severe penalty thereto, for any one to adulterate liquors, or for one offering such liquors for sale, a greater benefit would accrue to society than any laws upon our statute books in regard to spirituous liquors.

Death from Trichina Spiralis.

Six cases of trichina spiralis have occurred in Springfield, all in the family of Ransley Hall, from the eating of ham, and a daughter of Mr. H. died on Monday from the terrible disease. Mrs. Hall is in a critical condition. The ham was purchased about a week ago, and was eaten without being cooked. The whole family, six in number, became sick in a few days, but all except Mrs. Hall are considered out of danger. The Republican gives the following as the characteristics of the disease:

"The symptoms were quite uniform, varying only in degree of intensity. The first one was a violent pain through the eyes, which soon became swollen and bloody. This was followed by pains in the stomach and bowels, with vomiting and a very offensive bilious and mucous diarrhea. There was at the same time and subsequently the most profuse perspiration and urination, and the face and limbs became badly swollen. After the swelling and bloody appearance in the eyes had disappeared, which occurred at about the end of the third day, the limbs began to be rigid."

When lying perfectly at ease, the patient would feel no pain, but the least movement of the limbs would cause terrible agony, and touching them in certain places would also cause great pain. Ida, the young lady who died, could only lie with her lower limbs perfectly straight; the least change from that position caused her dreadful suffering. During all her illness her pulse was never slower than one hundred and thirty or one hundred and forty a minute while during the last few days it was too quick to be counted. During the first part of that time, her hands and feet were cold and clammy, while the rest of her body retained its natural warmth. At 6 o'clock yesterday morning, she fell asleep and never woke."

California.

Spiritualism in this distant portion of Uncle Samuel's dominions, is making rapid headway against all opposition. Even the daily press of San Francisco are discussing the merits of our faith, in distinction to that of Old Theology. The BANNER OF PROGRESS says:

"The city press occasionally venture to say a word or two upon religious matters, and a few of them have of late been bold enough to declare that the 'Religion of the Future' must inevitably be far different from that which obtains now. One or two have even asserted that Spiritualism would seem to be the only religion possible in the future. These are encouraging signs, and we are certainly not cast down thereby. People who hold our radical opinions have long ago been accustomed to 'possess their souls in patience,' and can therefore afford to labor and to wait."

Rev. Mr. Hepworth.

The Boston Theatre was crowded to its utmost capacity on Sunday evening, March 24th, to hear the Rev. G. H. Hepworth preach. It was the first of a series of free meetings by the Unitarian Conference. None but liberal preachers draw full houses nowadays. Old theology is fast dying out.

Wonderful Spiritual Manifestations.

We learn from a friend that a young lady, residing in Salem, by the name of Ives, has of late become a medium, through whom the invisibles produce extraordinary physical manifestations. Skeptics, in their ignorant simplicity, say it is "Salem witchcraft" revived! It seems, according to our informant's statement, that when any spirit desires to communicate to a party in earth-life, they make it manifest to the young lady medium, who sends for the person whose name is given. A circle is then formed around a table, each person, including the medium, joining hands. Upon the table is placed paper and pencil. (Sometimes ink is used.) The light is then withdrawn; when, in three minutes after, to the astonishment of the visitors present a message in pencil is legibly written upon a sheet of letter paper, sometimes covering the entire four pages, which, upon inspection, is found to be addressed to the party by some one or more of their spirit friends. Names of the departed and other particulars are given, sufficient to prove identity beyond doubt. Be it remembered that during the three minutes' sitting the medium's hands are held by the persons each side of her.

We understand that Rev. Mr. Spaulding, a Universalist minister, was sent for by the medium, not long since. He accordingly responded to the "call," and, to his utter astonishment, received satisfactory messages from several of his spirit friends. Judge Waters, of Salem, has also had sittings, and is entirely satisfied that Miss Ives is a passive instrument in the hands of the invisibles for the production of the wonderful phenomenon presented. She is the daughter of Mr. John Ives, of Salem, a highly respected citizen.

As all the parties are above reproach, the skeptical world will be obliged to resort to some other hypothesis than "collusion," "humbug," etc., (as is usual with them in regard to physical mediums generally) to make their arguments good that this class of phenomena is not produced by spirit-power.

"Stand out of my Light."

Miss Dotter took for a text, on Sunday afternoon, March 24th, the memorable saying of Diogenes, the blunt old Greek philosopher, to Alexander the Great—"Stand out of my Sunshine." She then proceeded to show that this remark, so full of portentous meaning, was echoed by the many progressive movements which are now agitating the whole world. She particularly alluded to the volcanic throes which are surging the down-trodden laboring classes of France and Great Britain in their struggle for civil, political and religious freedom. Spiritualism, too, in its onward course, redeeming the world from bigotry, superstition and ignorance, most emphatically bids all obstruction "stand out of its light," while it opens the way for souls to receive the sunshine of the Eternal Father.

The services closed by an original poem on the same subject. Miss Dotter speaks in the same hall next Sunday afternoon.

Excitement Among the Jews.

The *Indian Portuguese*, a Portuguese journal published at Goa, says great excitement has been caused among the Jews, at Bombay, by the issue by their pontiff, H. B. Kohn, who has lately arrived from Jerusalem, of a pamphlet, entitled "The Voice of the Vigilant"—the object of this voice being to persuade the Jews that it is useless waiting longer for the promised Messiah, as this is Jesus Christ himself, "whose doctrines have been spread all over the world without sound or force. Compare," says the pontiff, "the Old and New Testaments, and the truth will be seen." He says that he was born in the old law and under it was elevated to the pontificate, but the light had already penetrated with its rays into the deep recesses of his mind, and he is therefore persuaded, and with well-founded reasons, that it is in vain that the Messiah is now looked for.

The Radical Lectures.

Rev. Edward C. Towne, of Medford, gave the seventh of the course of radical lectures in Fraternity Hall, in this city, Sunday evening, March 24th. He spoke without notes, giving a succinct and comprehensive view of the theme of his discourse. He took away entirely the main pillar of Unitarianism, by stripping off the robes of Divinity from the humble Nazarene, placed there by the Christian Church, and finding him to be of mortal origin and like the rest of humanity.

A Third Meeting in Charlestown.

The "Lyceum Association" under the management of Dr. C. C. York, will hold meetings in the City Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, for the present. Cephas B. Lynn is the speaker for next Sunday. Singing by a choir of Lyceum children. On Tuesday evening next, April 9th, a benefit will be given to the widow of the late Charles A. Poore, in the above hall. Dancing will commence at 8 o'clock. Let the hall be well filled, for the lady is deserving of a liberal donation.

A. James.

Mr. James, the celebrated medium, paid us a flying visit last week, but has returned again to New York. He contemplates visiting the oil regions in Pennsylvania soon. Mr. James enjoys the reputation of a gentleman of sound and honest integrity, and is undoubtedly one of the best developed mediums of our time. One evening at a private party he was entranced by ten different spirits, eight of whom were fully recognized by friends present.

Charlestown Meetings.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield is announced to speak for the First Society of Spiritualists in Washington Hall, during this month; and Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn for the Independent Society of Spiritualists, in Mechanics' Hall. Our friends in Charlestown will not lack for spiritual food. If harmoniously digested it will do good.

No. 7 of "The Banner of Progress," published in San Francisco, Cal., by Benjamin Todd & Co., has been received. It is a live sheet. We see by the copy before us that Phenomenal Spiritualism is on the increase in various parts of the State. This is a good omen. It shows that the heaven is working, and proves that phenomenal facts are just as necessary as the higher and more exalted manifestations. Go ahead, collaborators in the vineyard. The world moves.

We wish those of our subscribers whose time has nearly expired, and who intend to renew their subscriptions, would do so two or three weeks before the time runs out, in order that their names may not be dropped from the mailing book. Such a course will prevent the loss of any numbers of the BANNER.

We shall print in the next BANNER an address by Mrs. Emma Harding.

New Publications.

THE IRISH NINTH IN BIVOUAC AND BATTLE, OR, VIRGINIA AND MARYLAND CAMPAIGNS. By M. H. Macnamara, late captain of the Ninth Mass. Vols. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This very handsomely printed and bound memorial of the "Irish Ninth," which must forever be precious to the members of that gallant and renowned Massachusetts Regiment, is fitly dedicated to Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, who was its patroness and friend from the start. It aims to collect and place permanently on record the history of the battles, marches, campings, bivouacs, skirmishes and pleasures (for such they really have in war), in which the Ninth was engaged. And, in doing this, the very capable and industrious author, who writes with a fervor and directness which would be foreign to one who had not been one of the Regiment itself, has thrown together in most taking form a mass of anecdote, incident, scenes and characters, which the old Regiment never will tire of reading, and will interest a large circle of readers who have heard and read of the doings, through the course of the war, of this noble body of Massachusetts men. Many of these anecdotes deserve to be selected and set going in the columns of the daily press. The inside view of a soldier's life can be got from this record of Capt. Macnamara's facile pen. We wish both himself and his enterprising publishers all the success they could ask for their new venture. It must have a large and rapid sale.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF John Stuart Mill to the students of the University of St. Andrews, Aberdeen, is republished in very neat and convenient form by Little & Gay, and will be read with thoughtful care by all scholars, students, and men determined to make the most of themselves by thorough training and education. Mr. Mill, we need not say, is the one mind in England to-day, to which all advancing minds in this country refer, when they assail old errors in their stronghold, and from which they quote when they would fortify their new positions. Mr. Mill, in this address, shows how the two systems of University education, the classical and the scientific, may be harmonized. He would give up neither, but have a man furnish himself with what each can give to him. He sketches the outlines of a full and complete education, and it is done in a mastery and thorough manner. It will serve as a manual for students everywhere; and its reflections are worthy of being pondered with seriousness and patience.

For sale by A. Williams & Co., Boston.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for April is the welcome harbinger of spring. Its steel engraving for the frontispiece is a pretty picture of two young girls studying a suit of armor, with the wearer out of it of course. The colored fashion-plate is a three page folded view of the freshest styles of head-dresses and goods dresses, with all the new ornaments. The illustrations in detail that follow will furnish exactly the study for spring which the ladies will want. The tales, sketches, essays and verses are in great variety, from sparkling and well known pens, and the editor's department contains a most attractive table of reading on books, society, the fashions, and domestic receipts and suggestions. This number of the Lady's Friend is a perfect one, and displays enterprise on the part of its publishers, Messrs. Deason & Peterson, Philadelphia, and tact and skill on the part of its editor, Mrs. Henry Peterson.

For sale in Boston by Williams & Co.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for April opens with the illustrated "Dodge Club" in Italy, a humorous account of a party of Americans abroad, follows it up with an illustrated article on young Porter, one of the heroes of the rebellion, and furnishes a most appetizing list of other papers, and a wide variety of topics. "The Virginians in Texas" is continued, and is capital. There is an entertaining article on the "Romance of Sleep;" one on "Davy Crockett's Electioneering Tour;" one on "Easter Holidays;" beside the glittering pages of the Editorial Department, which furnish every month the solids as well as the lighter trifles which all readers alternately turn to. This is one of the very best numbers of Harper that has been issued, to our mind. For sale in Boston by Williams & Co.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE for April is a fine and fresh number of this popular publication. The frontispiece is a handsome steel engraving of "The Opera Box—between the acts," and is just as sweet as three pretty rosebuds of girls can make it. The Paris modes are given at length, on a colored plate, and are the latest from that centre of the realm of taste. All the styles of dressing the hair are in this number; likewise those of robes, bonnets, sleeves, berthes, and what else. In embroidery patterns our fair readers will find it remarkably full. Then there is a piece of pretty music, "The Flower Polka;" and a body of choice original light literature, tales, essays and verse; with receipts, domestic hints and editorial reviews of books, men and the world. The offers to clubs are extremely liberal. Charles J. Peterson, publisher, Philadelphia.

Duffell Ashmead, of Philadelphia, publishes, and Lee & Shepard, of Boston, have for sale an extravaganza in the shape of a broad satire on the ministerial custom of asking to go to Europe at the expense of their parish. It is illustrated, and that is the most there is to it. Some people will laugh hard over the pictures; the text accompanying it is slight and slender.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for April is out, with its contents breathing of the spring time which is at hand. It reminds us of the bunches of flowers we used to gather in our garden. "Round-the-world-Joe," is full of interest for growing-up boys who love fun and are ready for a good laugh at any time.

A Successful Enterprise.

The Independent Society of Spiritualists in Charlestown, held another of their popular Social Levees, in City Hall, Tuesday evening, March 19th, in aid of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, which proved to be not only a social but also a pecuniary success.

It must be said that those interested in these gatherings deserve much credit and encouragement for their industry and energy in furnishing entertainments which are patronized by other than those who are directly interested. And as the profits resulting therefrom go to increase the practical usefulness of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, one of the strongest recommendations for all to attend who can, is seen in the fact that they not only get double and triple the value of the price of a ticket, in innocent recreation, but have the satisfaction of knowing that the small expense incurred contributes to the upbuilding of a most worthy and glorious cause.

This Society organized their Lyceum only last May, beginning with but eleven scholars; they now number one hundred. Surely here is a guarantee of success.—E.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Read the fine poem on our first page.

The author of the two stories published in the BANNER of LIGHT some time ago, entitled, "Agnes, or the Step-mother," and "Cosella Wayne," is very anxious to procure files of the paper containing them. Any one having either or both, and willing to part with them, will confer a great favor by forwarding the same, with the price, to Cora Wilburn, Rockland, Me. (P. O. box 47.)

A brief account of the "Blue Anchor Co-operative Settlement" in New Jersey, will be found on our sixth page, written by our friend Milo A. Townsend, a gentleman well known for his sterling integrity; and those connected with him have a like reputation.

The Belvidere Seminary for young ladies, under the charge of the competent and accomplished Misses Bush, opens for the Spring term, on the 22d inst. It is probably the most complete institution of the kind in this country. We understand that the Misses Bush have purchased the property now occupied by them for their Seminary, which may now be considered as permanently located at Belvidere, N. J.

Digby thinks the constabulary are rather hard on hotel-keepers. Why? asked Jo Cose. Because no porter is allowed in their establishments, was the reply.

"SPIRITUALISM," says Elder F. W. Evans, "is its outward progress will go through the same three degrees in the world at large. As yet it is only in the beginning of the first degree, even in the United States. It will continue until every man and woman upon the earth is convinced that there is a God—an immortality—a spiritual, no less than a natural world, and the possibility of a social, intelligent communication between their inhabitants respectively."

One of Josh Billings's maxims—"Rise early, work hard and late, live on what you can't sell, give nothing away, and if you don't die rich, and go to the devil, you may sue me for damages."

It is now stated that 2,062 Massachusetts soldiers died of starvation and hardship in the rebel prison pens during the war.

The American is the title of a new weekly newspaper to be published in London and Liverpool, intended to meet the wants of Americans abroad.

Jo Cose sends us the following items from his "Record of Recent Events":

A one-eyed baby, otherwise a proper child, was recently born at Ottawa, C. W. The "orb" was situated in the centre of its forehead, an inch and a half from the roof of the nose.—*Ex.*

The mother of that bairn has one idea. We shall have to explain this now—a one-eyed dear.

It is rumored that card playing has crept of late in Christian families infected with a worldly spirit.—*Rel. Ex.*

Crypt in on "all four," we suppose.

Read P. B. Randolph's card in another column. He wants an agent or business partner.

Hasbrouck, the defaulting cashier of the First National Bank of Hudson, was a member of the Young Men's Christian Association, and professed Christianity. Now that he is in jail, the clergy of the city visit him; but, to their shame be it said, that for twenty years previously not a minister had visited the prison to offer consolation to any of the inmates. So says a contemporary.

One million people, or one-sixth of the population of India, were destroyed by the great famine of 1860, in an area of country not larger than England and Wales.

NEWSPAPERIAL.—The "BANNER OF LIGHT" enters upon its twenty-first volume the current week. The name of Lewis B. Wilson appears as assistant editor, Luther Colby being still editor. Mr. Wilson was one of the original proprietors of the "Daily Bee" and has for years been an efficient worker in the "BANNER" office. The proprietors are now William White and Charles H. Crowell. The "BANNER" is a power in the land, with a circulation extending all over the country, and exerting an influence that is not generally known. As a place of paying property it is No. 1, and at the top of the alphabet.—*Boston Post.*

The time between Omaha and Salt Lake City now is only eight days. Three of them are occupied in the trip from Omaha to Denver, and the remaining five from Denver to Salt Lake City. In this eight days' travel there are three hundred miles of railroading and nine hundred of staging—total, 1200 miles.

During a few years past certain cities and towns, all within fourteen miles of Boston, have lost by fire thirty-six churches.

THE ST. JAMES HOTEL.—A first-class hotel, to be named as above, is in process of erection in this city.

A gentleman, who had by a fall broken one of his ribs, was mentioning the circumstance and describing the pain he felt. A surgeon, who was present, asked him if the injury he sustained was near the vertebra? "No, sir," replied he, "it was within a few yards of the court house!"

Linen weddings are now celebrated. As these occur on the twentieth anniversaries of marriages, it is not necessary to contribute baby linen, except in extreme cases.

Blackwood came to hand, Doctor. Thanks.

Why is an unsuccessful oil-borer like an advertised wife? Because he left his bed and bored for parts unknown.

Germany will send a clock to Paris that will show the time at twenty-six different points in all parts of the world. It also shows the moon's changes, the hour of noon at any spot on the globe's surface, and the state of the thermometer and barometer.

The French sold splendid cavalry horses for \$5 apiece before leaving Vera Cruz.

Slavery still exists in Brazil, in Cuba and in Porto Rico. Somebody, not long ago, predicted that if the experiment of free labor in the Southern States should continue to be completely successful, negro slavery would be swept from the Western Hemisphere in less than a dozen years. While some will regard this prediction as too sanguine, it expresses, without doubt, if not in the letter or at least in the spirit, the opinion of the majority of educated Americans.

New Music.

G. D. Russell & Co., 126 Tremont street, have just published the following fine pieces of music: "Beautiful Moonbeams," music by Jean Foster; "Our Republic," an American Hymn written for the music of M. Keller; "Bunshine and Shadow," by C. C. Wentworth; "Beautiful Sunset," by Jean Foster; "I'll meet thee at the Gate," music by J. B. Thomas; "Father, wilt thou guard and guide us," being No. 6 of Sacred Quartettes and Anthems, music by H. M. Dow. The words of all the above songs were written by W. Dexter Smith, Jr.

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE,
544 BROADWAY,
(Opposite the American Museum.)

WARREN CHASE,.....LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT.

A. J. Davis's Works, and Others.

For \$100 we will put up and deliver to express, or as ordered, a complete set of the works of A. J. Davis, comprising twenty volumes, three of which are pamphlets. These works will make a good and substantial library of our literature, that every Spiritualist who is able ought to possess. Nature's Divine Revelations, thirteenth edition, has blank leaves for family record.

Dr. Barden's Family Medicine, for sale at our Office, 544 Broadway, New York; used several years, and recommended by Dr. Newton, and selling well. Borden's Nervine; put up by our brother, Dr. H. B. Borden, and fast gaining reputation as a cure for diseases of the nerves, which are common in our nervous country. King's Vegetable Ambrosia, for the hair, \$1 per bottle. Vert's Sanguiferin, an excellent remedy for bowel complaints, especially for children. 27¢.

Don't forget the place—opposite Barnum's Museum, over American Express Office.

Popular Medicines.

Dr. Barden's Family Medicine, for sale at our Office, 544 Broadway, New York; used several years, and recommended by Dr. Newton, and selling well. Borden's Nervine; put up by our brother, Dr. H. B. Borden, and fast gaining reputation as a cure for diseases of the nerves, which are common in our nervous country. King's Vegetable Ambrosia, for the hair, \$1 per bottle. Vert's Sanguiferin, an excellent remedy for bowel complaints, especially for children. 27¢.

Don't forget the place—opposite Barnum's Museum, over American Express Office.

The Doctrine of Sectarian Christianity.

That our popular forms of sectarian religion are in a decline which the Doctors of Divinity cannot cure or prevent, is plain, and even acknowledged by most of the talented clergymen of the Protestant churches. The Catholic Church only is seemingly or really blind to the wasting consumption which is fatal alike to Catholic and Protestant. Notwithstanding the decay, she still collects her revenues, builds her costly churches, which are little else than mausoleums, clings to the mane of her pale horse, spurs on the staggering steed of organization, and throws dust in the eyes of the ignorant and stupid, hushes the voices of the timid, begs of the politicians to aid her with constitutional amendments, a legal decision against mediums and new truths, calls together all sects to defend her Bible, and invites the ablest intellects of the infidel to assist her in defeating our doctrine. She appeals to the vulgar rabble to declare her virtue, and the vice and wickedness of all who oppose her, or expose her errors, and the rabble answer, glad to conciliate the power they have feared, and to make their peace with God through the church, not knowing it is as rotten as they are, and has even less favor with God or the Gods.

Of late a new and potent power appears in the arena, dealing secretly and deadly blows at the church. The theatre, the museum, the rostrum of public exhibition, has come out boldly caricaturing the fables, follies and foolishness of the church. Even the masquerades mimic it in fancy dresses in the ballroom. Miltonian tableaux are not alone, nor has their success been neglected by our money-loving Yankees. The grand exhibitions of old Satan and his wars in heaven are followed up with other and later scenes not much less ridiculous, and taken from the Bible. Adam and Eve walk naked before the gaping youth for a dime or a dollar, till the youth becomes aware of the popular history of the whole story; then Jonah and Samson and David and Solomon, and finally Judas and Saul, go out with the Sinbad and Man Friday of the fables. How can a church stand when its history turns to fable in the public mind, and its great wonders are caricatured in the night revels of balls and theatres? The Catholic calls the devotees back to ignorance and superstition. The Protestant would stop the world with his small progress, even if he could by constitutions and laws, while the reformer beckons and urges on to the acquisition of new truth, though the old forms die and decay. Her constitution is too much shattered to be saved by any amendment of our national constitution, or the decisions of petty magistrates against mediums, or the scurrilous attacks of printed sheets that sell their garbage to the vicious taste of a poisoned prejudice.

Already the church is dividing "amidships," and the hull will go to the bottom; the spars may float, and the sails be saved in the sermons of the Beechers, and a few liberal preachers of politics and religion, so mixed that the hearers could not tell when they heard it whether it was beast or bird, fish or fowl, politics or religion, Bible or Shaster, Koran or Zendavesta.

Children's Progressive Lyceums.—A. J. and Mary F. Davis.

A grand opportunity is now offered to the Spiritualists of our country to unite their means and efforts in the most promising enterprise we have yet started to prove our faith in the new religion, and one in which it would seem all who cooperate with the spirit-world could heartily join, viz: A. J. and Mary F. Davis offer their services to the Spiritualists for a limited period, say one year or more, to travel from place to place, as they may be required, to organize Children's Progressive Lyceums, giving their entire time to this most noble work. To enable them to do this, a fund must be raised by the friends sufficient to sustain them in the good work, and not tax the friends in each place where they get up such organizations, as they will be required to procure a hall and the necessary equipments for the Lyceum.

This is certainly the most important missionary enterprise of our time, and will tell more in the future of our earnestness and faith in our cause, than any work we are now doing. A moiety of the amount expended in foreign missions would, in this "home mission" work, do more good than the millions expended on the heathen. It is most sincerely to be hoped this golden opportunity will not be lost, but that those of our friends who are able, will at once subscribe to a fund, or forward the necessary amount to Mr. and Mrs. Davis, to send them out on this noble enterprise. Spiritualists have not yet been taxed like the members of Christian sects, nor is it likely they ever will be, at least for such useless expenditures; but here is an educational object worthy every one's assistance and support.

The friends who so generously contributed to a worthy present to Mr. and Mrs. Davis at the beginning of the year 1866, do not probably know (many of them) that all of that present was used to pay debts incurred in their efforts to extend their philosophy by books and papers, and none of it for personal comforts.

Many persons who know the amount of literature which has come from the pen of Brother Davis, and the vast amount of labor he has done in this cause, think he is surely rich (or ought to be). Such persons are mistaken; he and they are not the persons to get rich in a world as this. Such persons always remain poor, ever giving to those who need when they have it to give, that they may feel the kindred sympathy of human hearts beating for them. Were they rich, they would never ask nor accept contributions to carry out their work of starting Children's Progressive Lyceums, for they know it is "heaven-born," and would gladly invest earthly treas-

ure in it if they had it; but, like most of us, they depend on their labors to supply the bread and garments the body must have while the soul lives and works in it, and they know that earthly treasure is only useful to use here, and will not be needed by us in the next life, as it is here. If all could appreciate this fully, as some do, many more good works could be carried on that now languish for want of means.

The Negro.

The great question of the day in our country is the Negro, his origin, destiny, rights, abilities, uses, and his relation to the government, in our and other countries. In every argument the broadest philanthropy is only common justice. If descended from Adam, or in common with other races, descended from the monkey and gorilla, he is certainly equally entitled to the earth and the elements of life and subsistence. If superior, equal or inferior in intellectual capacity, he is certainly equally entitled to every facility of development for his intellect and its use. If voluntarily or involuntarily an inhabitant of this country by birth or immigration, he is not in this essentially different from the rest of us, and his natural rights are the same. If he did or did not take part in forming the colonies and establishing this national government, his civil and political rights are not less than the rest of us who are either the descendants of its founders or of immigrants who accepted it as a home. Viewing the subject in any and every light, we can find no good reason for making any distinction on account of race or color in any civil, religious or political rights, duties or responsibilities. If they have been deprived of these rights in the past, and thereby kept in ignorance of the laws and their duties as citizens, it is our duty to make haste to do them justice. Through all the discussions thus far, there has been no sound argument against equality in rights between the races in all States and Territories of this nation. The bitter and unjustifiable prejudice and barbarous cruelty of the poor and ignorant whites of the South, from which justice requires us to say the better class of citizens are mainly exempt, is really the basis of all the political bluntness speeches against negro equality.

Nothing less than equal protection and equal rights to both races by our national government, enforced by civil laws if we can, military if we must, in all parts of our country, will satisfy the demands of the age. But after that comes the fatal competition of the races, fatal to the poor black man, who never has and never can compete successfully with the white in the great struggle for supremacy and success in commerce, arts, science, religion or war. A friend spending the winter South—and a good judge he is—says in twenty years there will not be one million of pure blacks in our country. I believe he is right, and bases his argument on correct principles.

Whether slavery would or would not have kept this distinct race longer with us, and increased as it has the enslaved portion of them, is not a question to be discussed here, for in no case can it justify the system of slavery, now so odious to our whole country and all human minds.

The negro must not be pushed out of the country, as the Indian has been, for he is willing to work, and can be civilized and christianized and spiritualized; but in competition or miscegenation he cannot be saved, as a distinct race, in the midst of us with equal rights and privileges. This great question is now in a fair way to be settled, and lead to another, which will be considered hereafter.

Personal.

Mr. A. A. Folsom has been chosen Superintendent of the Providence Railroad. He is probably the youngest man holding such a responsible position, but for which he is eminently fitted. He will yet be President of the road.

Fred. Douglass and John Brown, Jr., are writing a life of John Brown.

Renan has gone to the Holy Land to perfect another book.

W. W. Thayer, editor of the late Right Way, is to assume the editorial management of the North Missouri Courier, published at Hannibal, Mo.

Miss Susie M. Johnson speaks in Sturgis, Mich., during April.

The wedding of James Gordon Bennett, Jr., to Miss Dix, will take place in Paris early this month. Miss Dix is the daughter of Gen. John A. Dix, Minister to the Court of France.

J. H. W. Toohy commences a four weeks' engagement to lecture in Springfield the first Sunday in April.

Jennie Waterman Danforth, clairvoyant and trance medium, has removed to 57 East Twelfth street, between Fourth Avenue and Broadway, New York.

N. P. Willis, it is said, was for years before his death a firm believer in Spiritualism.

David Watson, Esq., the oldest printer in New Hampshire but one, died in Concord, March 25th, at the age of seventy-nine. He was City Clerk three years ago. He was a graduate of the Latin School in this city, at which he won a Franklin medal. He was a good printer, and an esteemed citizen.

Mr. Colfax, with the single exception of Henry Clay, is the only man who has had the honor of being three times elected Speaker of the United States House of Representatives.

A New Work on Spiritualism.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge will be glad to receive any well-attested facts, phenomena, mediumistic experiences, or other records connected with the history of American Spiritualism, to complete her projected work on this subject. Any such contributions will be carried by Mrs. Hardinge to Europe, where her work will be written; but those who may be willing to lend her printed matter or MSS. for reference, or extracts, can receive them back within two years from the present date. Mrs. Hardinge starts for Europe in July. Those who are willing, therefore, to aid in this matter, will please send in their contributions as soon as possible. Address, after February, care of Thomas Ranney, Esq., 50 Federal street, Boston; or to then, 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Our Office in New York.

No. 544 Broadway has been newly fitted up and neatly arranged, and will be kept open for the reception of customers and visitors, every day—except Sunday—from six A. M. to eight P. M. Every Spiritualist visiting the city, is invited and expected to call and see Warren Chase and the BANNER Bookstore, where information of all kinds appertaining to our work will be collected and distributed. Do not forget the place, nearly opposite Barnum's Museum, up stairs.

The music of Trinity Church, N. Y., costs \$5,000 a year; Trinity Chapel, \$3,000, and St. John's Church, \$4,000. Several of the up-town quartettes cost \$4,000.

Massachusetts Spiritualist Association.

A Business Meeting of the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association, according to adjournment, was held on Wednesday, March 20th, at 3 P. M., in the Circle Room of the BANNER OF LIGHT. The President of the Association, Mr. Lyman S. Richards, called the meeting to order, and requested the undersigned to act as Secretary. Present, Messrs. Richards, Toohy, Puffer, Wheeler and Bacon; ladies, Wilson, Willis and Southworth. The printed minutes of the previous meeting were read and accepted. Letters were read by the Secretary from several absentees, giving their reasons for being unable to attend; after which the agent, Brother E. S. Wheeler, read his report for the month of February, and made a verbal report of progress for the month of March. Voted to accept report, and at the close of his second month, Brother Wheeler was requested to prepare for the columns of the BANNER a synopsis of his labors. After an interchange of thought, in which all present participated, on motion, it was voted, that Brother E. S. Wheeler be continued to serve as agent of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association for the ensuing term (three months). It was also voted to engage Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, as one of our agents, for the same term. Voted to extend an invitation to Mrs. Lucy Carrier, to accompany Mrs. Horton in the capacity of a medium for test purposes.

Voted to hold the next Executive Committee meeting during "anniversary week," the precise time and place to be hereafter designated by the President. Voted, that the thanks of this Committee be gratefully extended to the Proprietors of the BANNER OF LIGHT for their kindness in permitting us to gratuitously meet in their commodious and convenient Circle Room. After which the committee duly adjourned. Though the meeting was a prolonged one, many subjects coming up for an expression of opinion, which of course consumed time, all proved commendably harmonious and satisfactory. The next of increased efforts on the part of the Association among those who have no regular meetings in their midst, were made apparent by the statement of Brother Wheeler, our efficient agent, and also the reports which have reached the Secretary. In fact, there is work for a whole regiment of missionary agents for the field, while as the laborers multiply. It is hoped that power in the shape of funds, good will and active cooperation on the part of the Spiritualists of Massachusetts, will be given to the Association, that they may organize on a larger scale, systematize their labor, by dictating the State, employing scores of faithful, earnest workers, who shall at regular intervals bear the Evangel of Spiritualism to every town, and build up community in our Commonwealth, and finally to every family and individual within our borders.

GEORGE A. BACON,
Secretary Executive Committee.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE MASSACHUSETTS SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.

In addition to those who contributed to the Association previous to and at the time the Convention was held in Tremont Temple last January, the Corresponding Secretary wishes to append the names of those who have since forwarded their contributions to him, desiring them to correct any mistakes as to names or amounts:

Harvey P. Hines	1.00	from Shelburne Falls
Robert Willett	1.00	Catherine H. Pratt
H. Snow, Dennis Port	1.00	A. Comstock
John Kelly	1.00	John C. Torrey
Joan Kelly	1.00	Mrs. Eliza Comstock
Nert Chase, Jr., West Hill	1.00	Mrs. Clara F. Warner
Wm. A. Hony	1.00	Wm. A. Hony
Daniel Conant, Grafton	1.00	J. H. Wilder
G. W. Smith, Boston	1.00	H. A. Tyler
G. D. Brown, Boston	1.00	Levia Jackson, Jr.
by Worcester Lyceum	10.00	Wesley C. Buck
W. F. Hatchcock, Norum	1.00	Wm. Mitchell
Daniel Lane	1.00	Emory Jackson
John L. Torrey, Attleboro	1.00	G. Comstock
Jos. H. Witherell	1.00	A. Friend
Phineas Field, Sunderland	1.00	Julius Jackson, N. Hano
S. Fausie Allen, Middleboro	5.00	Quincy Morse, W. Seltu
Wm. D. Baker, E. Marsh	1.00	ate
Field, Allen	1.00	Levia Jackson, Jr.
Josiah C. Crowell, E. Haver	1.00	Owen Joselyn, N. Hano
Marshfield	1.00	Owen Joselyn, N. Hano

The Agent of the Association has also received from various parties the sum of \$37.75.

It is earnestly hoped that those who voluntarily pledged themselves at the late Convention to contribute toward the support of our missionary work, that they will find it convenient to forward their contributions at once; and that those friends who have not as yet given of their means toward this desirable object will do so at an early day.

GEORGE A. BACON, Cor. Sec.

Relief for the Southern Poor.

At the meeting of the Providence Congregation of Spiritualists yesterday, a collection was taken amounting to eighty-five dollars, for the relief of the starving poor at the South. Will not our congregations in other places take the matter in hand and do better than we have done? The cry is for bread! Thousands are in a starving condition. They ask only for corn; for the simplest food—corn bread. One bushel of corn will more than suffice for the necessities of a family for a whole week. We do not right if we refuse this. Starve the body and send the soul to spirit-life. Many little children are asking mothers for food which mothers cannot give. We cannot depend on spirits to furnish material food. But it should be our own glad work to be ministering angels of mercy to such as these.

LEVI K. JOSLYN,
Providence, R. I., March 25th, 1867.

Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles.

S. J. Robbins, Riga, Mich.	1.00
Cash	92
Field, Allen	1.00
George Fracker, Iowa City, Iowa	1.00
Mary A. Brown, Providence, R. I.	25
Henry Ward, Middle Haver, Conn.	50
Friend, Memphis, Tenn.	5.00

The Eddy Persecution Fund.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following additional sums, to help defray the expenses of the trial of the Eddy mediums:

Olin Arms, Attleboro	2.00
W. M. Allen, Cambridgeport, Mass.	1.00
Clergyman's Spiritualist Society, by D. A. Eddy	5.00
Susie M. Johnson	1.00
I. Striplinger	50
C. Andrews	50

Further donations solicited.

Donations to the Jackson Fund.

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

Ira Grant, Cortlandville, N. Y.	1.00
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Donations to Fund to Send Banner Free to the Poor.

Dr. W. F. Padelford, Boston	1.00
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Business Matters.

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

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

JAMES V. MANFIELD, 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.

DR. URIAH CLARK'S LARGE, NEW INSTITUTE FOR INVALIDS AND STUDENTS, GREENWOOD, MASS., near Boston. Send for Circular.

Mrs. E. D. SIMONS, Clairvoyant, Magnetic and Electric Physician, 1249 Broadway, corner 31st street, New York.

From the demand for BACHELLER'S PATENT SPRINT SUPPORTER, it is evident that it finds favor with the ladies. There is little doubt but that it will be generally adopted. Dry and fancy goods store have it. Manufacturer, 10 ARCH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

It has been and is considered by many sufferers from NEURALGIA that that disease cannot be cured. This is a mistake; for in Dr. TURNER'S TIO-DOULOUX OR UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILLS you will discover a positive and permanent remedy. Apothecaries have it. Principal depot, 120 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

To Correspondents.

(We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.)

G. H. L., Rochester, N. Y.—MSS. received.

A. F. BUNKER, Troy Centre, Wis.—\$1.00 received.

C. PACKARD, Vineland, N. J.—\$1.00 received.

Special Notices.

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

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL LONDON, ENG. KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS, for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass. June 15.

This Changeable Weather is very trying to health, particularly for such as are troubled with any pulmonary weakness. Even a little hoarseness may so irritate the lungs as to produce the most direst consequences. Cox's COUGH BALSAM cures hoarseness every time.

Such curative and healing powers as is contained in Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, has never before been known in the entire history of medicine. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column.

Remember that Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders are the Greatest Family Medicine of the Age. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column.

The most liberal terms, and also the sole agency of entire countries, for the sale of Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, given to Druggists, and to Agents, male and female. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column.

Physicians of all schools of medicine. See Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column. April 6.

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.

SUB-CARPET CLOTH.

It is now established beyond doubt or question that this fabric, manufactured by the Lowell Feltine Mills, is superior for underlaid carpets to any article heretofore used for the purpose.

It is entirely anti-insect, or animal, and will exterminate moths, cockroaches, water-bugs, ants or fleas; it will last for years without renewal, protects from dampness, and being a non-conductor of heat and cold, adds to the comfort of the house in winter, and effects a saving of fuel.

IT IS FOR SALE BY

MESSRS. COPP & PEAR, Upholsters

Message Department.

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

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

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

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

The Circle Room. Our Free Circles are held at No. 168 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (upstairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

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

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

Invocation.

Thou Holy Spirit of Nature, thou Nature's God, we would commune with thee, forgetting all difference of sentiment and religion. We would enter the straight and narrow way that leadeth unto Life Eternal.

Oh Lord, our God, our Life, we thank thee that men do differ. We thank thee that there are no two thoughts alike. We praise thee that thou hast covered the earth with religions that differ widely from each other, for we know that wherever there is a human soul, there thou hast thy shrine, and unto that shrine the soul pays its vows, and worships thee in the beauty of holiness.

Oh thou dearest all things well. And when we murmur against thy wise decrees, we murmur because we are ignorant; because thy wisdom is so far beyond our wisdom that we cannot comprehend it.

Oh thou Spirit of Everlasting Truth, lead us tenderly, gently by the hand of thy holy spirits, higher and still higher in goodness and wisdom, until at last we find ourselves in thy courts of wisdom, worshipping thee supremely, paying all our vows unto the Great Spirit which is around and within us.

Father, receive the thoughts, the aspirations of thy mortal children. They are laying them one by one upon the sacred altar of their own being. Lord, receive them, bless them, for the sake of thy Son, which is the Spirit of Undying Truth. Amen.

March 5.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your queries, Mr. Chairman, we are ready to hear.

Ques.—By W. L. W. of Buffalo, N. Y.: Are vegetables that grow under the ground unhealthy to some persons? If so, what temperaments are most likely to be injured by eating them.

Ans.—That is a question that is extremely hard to answer. What is meat for one is poison for another. Each temperament should be so educated in the intellect, as to be able to decide for itself what is best for it to use as articles of food. The sooner, as a race, you arrive at this condition, the sooner you will begin to approximate to happiness. Now in these matters, as in religious matters, you allow medical men to think for you. These are problems you should solve yourselves. You should determine concerning your worship of God for yourselves. You should also be able to determine concerning the needs of the body yourselves.

Q.—Will the intelligence please to inform us if the Reformation of Martin Luther, or the German Reformation, was a great opening to universal liberty and freedom of thought and free institutions, and the abolishing of slavery throughout the world?

A.—All reformations tend to liberty, of whatever cast they may be. Everything that is of a reformal character tends to liberty—liberty of speech, of act, liberty of all the attributes of the soul.

March 5.

Arthur Tappan.

It is with a degree of pleasure such as one seldom experiences, that I visit you this afternoon, being a believer and an earnest agitator of all kinds of liberty. I do not mean that which some are disposed to call liberty, that which has a tendency to make a man or woman worse than they are, but that liberty that liberates the soul from all that would trammel it; that liberty that allows the soul to worship God in its own way; that liberty that says to every soul, inasmuch as ye are the child of God, ye are the child of freedom. Such a liberty was exceedingly dear to me, just as dear to me now.

When I was told, after becoming free from the cumbersome body of the flesh, that the soul was free to return, and under certain conditions could manifest to friends on earth, I felt like thanking my God anew for this new phase (to me) of liberty. I said, Oh this holds all else in its great heart. This is a liberty I never dared to hope for. I had heard it speculated upon, but for my own part I had never dared to dream that it belonged to the disembodied soul. But the ways of God are past our knowledge. We cannot grasp the Infinite. No, however much we may seek so to do, we never can. He is always in the advance, being superior to his creations.

It seems but a very short time since I was here in control of the body Mother Nature gave me; and indeed it is but a short time. And so short has been that step, so brief the space that is between Time and Eternity, that I can hardly realize that I have passed through the change called Death.

But so it is. I now enjoy freedom of the spirit-world, that world wherein the soul finds a realization of all its legitimate hopes.

And I come back to-day to earnestly beseech of all those who ever knew me, to use all their energies toward establishing that true liberty that comes down from God the Father, that allows every soul to grow and expand in its own way. Do not expect the apple tree to be the peach tree, or the peach tree to be the apple tree, under any circumstances. Do not expect that God will come down to human comprehension in anything, for it cannot be.

Oh I am delighted to know, to feel that my country, this American nation, is making strides toward liberty. I feel to thank that good God that every soul worships, that he has so abundantly blessed my people; that the voice of the oppressed hath reached him; that their prayer hath not been heard in vain. The answer has come. I feel that I have seen the day when more. No man can buy him or sell him. The more I see, the more I know, but I leads one step. It is a short one, I know, but it leads

to great results. Oh you ought to thank God that he gave you an Abraham Lincoln, who was able to give the slave liberty; that he was able to do so much toward washing your flag of its stains. You ought to thank God, morning, noon and night, that he gave you an Abraham Lincoln. This is but one step, one link in the great chain. But as I have remarked, it will lead to great results.

And the beautiful Philosophy of Spiritualism, dammed up and befogged as it is by fanaticism on every hand, still there is enough of Truth within its heart to save it. It will lift you out of bondage into freedom, out of darkness into light. And now that it is a little child in your midst, in heaven's name rear it right. Do not bind it; do not dwarf its proportions; do not turn it in the wrong direction. But oh, lift it by your prayers upon a pedestal so high that all the armies of hell could not prevail against it. Oh pray for it while it is a child, that when it becomes a strong man it may be crowned with wisdom and virtue.

I thank God, for one, that I lived here. I thank God I was able to do what little good I could, however small it might be. I thank God that I was just who I was, for God knew best, and he determined concerning me. And whatever my destiny is, oh I would endeavor to fulfill it.

I am Arthur Tappan, of New Haven. Good-day, sir. March 5.

Annette Rogers.

I promised I would come back. I said, As soon as I am strong enough, and have learned the way, I will come back. But I thought I should be able to come before now. It is most fourteen months since I died.

My father and eldest brother were in the army, and were killed. Then my mother and myself supported ourselves, sometimes by sewing and sometimes by other kinds of work; because there was nothing, or but very little, left for us.

After father died we became—mother and myself—somewhat interested in Spiritualism, because there was a message sent from him to us. I believed it more than my mother did. And all the time I was sick I felt sure that I should die, should never get well, and sure, too, that I should come back. And so I told my mother I would come. She has since left New York, and has gone to Ohio with her sister. Because after Aunt Mary heard that I was dead and mother was alone, she sent for her.

My father was from Massachusetts. His name, Francis Rogers. He lived in Boston one time.

I want you, if you will, to tell my mother that there is a great deal connected with this Spiritualism that I would not have her have anything to do with for all the world. But there is a great deal of truth in it, and she may be sure that I come. Annette is my name. Nettie, I was called. It don't make any difference. Well, Nettie, I was called.

I believe my father's message was sent from some one in Baltimore; and in it, at the close of it, he says, "I would send more, but I'm suffering as I was just before death. I can't stay any longer, because I am suffering as I did when here." When I told my mother I would come back, she says, "If you can, you won't want to suffer, won't want to live it over again." I thought I would not, thought I should know how to avoid it, but I don't.

Frankie is in the spirit-land, too, and he sends a great deal of love to mother, and is very sorry he ever did anything to make her unhappy; hopes she'll forgive him, and whenever she thinks of him forget all his evil deeds, and remember only his good ones. He was rather wild, sir, that's all. There, now, tell mother I am happy, oh very happy, when I'm not here. But I'm suffering here, and no one can be very happy when they are suffering. [How old were you when you went to the spirit-world?] Eighteen, sir, in my nineteenth year. [What was Frankie's age?] Twenty-one, sir. Good-by. March 5.

Rev. Sylvanus Cobb.

It is exceedingly hard to be able to walk the way of life to general acceptance. There will always be some who will find fault with you. There will always be some who will see that there was a more perfect way in which you might have trod. But if we only meet the approbation of our own souls, we shall do all that God requires of us.

I have listened to such remarks as these, from those of my friends who were Spiritualists: "Mr. Cobb was a very good man, but he had not the moral courage to acknowledge his belief in Spiritualism."

If it was moral courage that was wanting, my condition was certainly one not to be envied.

But I am not here to defend any course I might have taken on earth, but simply to add my testimony in favor of the great truth of modern Spiritualism.

I believed that spirits could return, long before I met with the change, for I had sufficient evidence of the fact. But I did not see fit to preach Spiritualism on all occasions. I was quite sure I could do more good by preaching it in a more quiet way, by saying whatever I might have to say without giving it any name. I am not quite sure I took this course because I was wanting in moral courage; perhaps, however, it was so. But let that be as it may, I am a Spiritualist now, and I am able to rejoice with the vast throng of redeemed souls who do come to earth for the purpose of aiding all earth's children. And if my God does not make my way of duty as clear as some others, then I shall endeavor to walk as fast as I can see. I shall endeavor to do my duty as best I may, trusting to God for the reward thereof.

I was the recipient of many spiritual favors while living on the earth, and I did not doubt there was a great and glorious truth underlying Spiritualism; but I recognized so much of imperfection mixed up with that belief, that I did not openly deal with it. Perhaps I was at fault here. If I was, God forgive me.

The Spiritualist has much to be accountable for. A very great trust is placed in the hands of the Spiritualist, and I do earnestly hope that all Spiritualists of this age, and every other age, may not be called upon by the searching Spirit of Truth, in the hereafter, to know what they have done with the talents God gave them.

Your Spiritualism teaches the communion of departed spirits. It tells you you are never alone. It tells you your parents, brothers and sisters, your friends, your neighbors, your enemies, too, are watching over you from their spirit homes. You cannot think a thought, but some one knows what that thought is. You cannot do a deed, but some one knows what that deed is. Oh remember this. Then you will hardly take any steps that are not in accordance with your highest views of right.

Spiritualism makes no criminals, or proposes to make none. Spiritualism never tells a man to lie or to steal or to cheat his neighbor. It shows you a better way to walk in, and if you don't see it, it is because the scales of materialism have not sufficiently fallen from your eyes.

Remember this, oh ye who are blessed with

this glorious spiritual religion: "Do unto others always as you would have others do unto you," acknowledging one God, one Father, one Supreme Ruler in life, who cares no more for the highest angel than for you. Oh remember this: that the beggar at your door is just as dear in the sight of God as the king upon the throne. When your Spiritualism teaches you this, it will have accomplished a holy mission. God grant that it may attain that condition very soon.

I am Sylvanus Cobb, of East Boston. Good-day, sir. March 5.

Owen Cassidy.

Well, sir, I'm not at all used to making any sort of a speech; but I suppose, like everybody who comes here, I've something to say.

My name, sir, was Owen Cassidy. I'm from Manchester, New Hampshire. Sometimes I think I was a fool to have gone into the army. Then again I think it was all right I would go. I think, Mr. Chairman, I was a fool, when I see, instead of making mince meat of Jeff Davis, he's stuck up here like a doll; yes, sir, I was a fool, I think, then.

I was from the 9th New Hampshire. And before I went to the war, I was what was called a waste-carrier. I suppose you don't know what that is. [We are somewhat acquainted with the workings of a factory.] You are somewhat acquainted with them, you say? I was not employed much inside, mostly outside in the yard.

Well, sir, I'll tell you what brings me here to-day. It is, I suppose, Father Cassidy. He was a half-brother to my father, and he's a telling me, when I first came to the spirit-land, how I could come back, and seeing as I was in a sort of unquiet way, I'd better come back here and speak, so I don't feel easier. And I don't care anything about that; but I have an old mother, and a wife and two children, and plenty of other friends. That's what brings me here. And I'd like to know, sir, if I can go to my folks, and how to go about it? And I'd like them to know that I can come back; that I want to come; like to come; that it's not because I'm turned out of heaven, or anything of the sort, that I'm back here to-day. I don't know at all whether it is St. Peter, or Paul, or any of the saints, that helps my coming, or whether any one at all helps me.

Now, sir, I'd like one of those bodies to talk to them with. [Mediums.] Oh yes, one of these sort of folks what vacates the premises at small notice. Oh I take it it's not so hard getting them out of their house, as it is some people. Yes, sir, it's not so easy getting some folks out of a house here. It's according as the way you pay your rent. Ah, faith, I know all about that thing. You see I was shoved out once, and I got a bit interested in the matter. And it was the next month I had to wait, and fourteen days after I was told to move. Yes, sir; but I stayed as long as I could; but your mediums go out and come in, vacate and come back again.

Well, sir, I don't know how it is. Will I ask my wife to go to some one of these? [If they'll meet you half way, you'll speak to them.] Yes, sir. [Won't the priest object to your wife's meeting you?] Ah, I suppose so. Then I don't know at all. Ah, it's the best to go, then confess afterwards. That is the best way. I never used to tell the priest when I was going on a spree. No, sir; I'd go on the spree, and talk to the priest about it afterwards. I don't know at all whether it's wrong or right. But I want my wife to come, so I can talk to her, and go to the priest afterwards. That is it now. You hear now? I want my message to go to Mary-Cassidy.

Oh I don't know; it seems to me as though I must go right to her now. [There are probably mediums in Manchester, if they are willing to let you use them.] Ah, the devil willing! How is it when I come here? I come in, and not ask anybody. [It was arranged before you came here.] Oh, well, you're sure there are some of these folks there? [We are not sure; we presume so.] Well, then, I'll take it on the presumption. Well, sir, then on the presumption that there are some mediums in Manchester, I want my wife Mary to find them out, go to one of them, and let me talk to her. Yes, sir; Father Cassidy says, "Owen, you must make your story a straight one, so they'll understand it." Faith, I try to make it as straight as a line that's reaching from one room to another. [You are sure your wife is in Manchester?] Yes, sir, as sure as I am here; that is, I'm as sure of it as of anything. [Do you go and see her often?] Oh yes, I go, but it's not much satisfaction to go when it's all on one side, and perhaps you'd hear something said about yourself you'd not like to hear. No, sir; because they might not want to say it if they knew you were there. Yes, sir, if they knew you were there they would be behaving themselves pretty well.

[To the Chairman.] The Lord bless you—I suppose it's a good work you are engaged in—and when you come across to the spirit-land, faith, I hope you'll be as well situated as I am. Faith, if I had a pipe now, I'd smoke myself out. I don't forget, sir, anything about what I said. I told you I was not very good for making a speech. I can talk as I did here; that's all. Don't forget the 9th New Hampshire. [What company?] C.

Well, sir, good-by to you, and a good luck to myself going out, too. March 5.

Ella Daniels.

I want you—I want you to tell the folks I come. I'm Ella Daniels, I am. I was seven years old. I lived in Richmond, Va. I want you to tell my mother as how I come, and my father, too—Major Daniels—I want you to tell him how I come back here.

Be you a Yankee? [Yes; you are not afraid of me, I hope?] Are you the post-office? [One kind. We send what you say to your friends.] Uncle Charles is in the spirit-land, he is; and he's like to come, too. [Charles Daniels?] Yes; and he'd like to come, too. He's want the folks to know as how he come, too. Old Aunt Ju is there, too. Oh, she's a praying to the Lord Jesus all the time, because she can come. Tell mother so, will you? Tell father and mother, too, how we all come, won't you? [Yes.] You don't lie, do you? [Do you suppose we'd lie to you?] No; but the Yanks do lie. [Don't the Southern people lie, too?] No; the Yanks lie awfully. You won't lie, will you? You'll be good, won't you? You'll tell about Aunt Ju, won't you? [Was she your servant?] Oh, she took care of me when I was a baby. And you'll tell about Uncle Charles, won't you? [What is your mother's name?] Sarah, my mother's name. [Your father's?] My father's Robert. Don't you lie, will you? [We'll try not to.] Do you clear Yanks? [We are.] Well, good-by. [Go with full faith that we'll put this in the paper.] You say we want to go home, won't you? [We'll say that you want your father and mother to let you control some medium. Can't you give some facts for them to recognize you by?] That's to know me, I reckon? [Is there anything else you want to say?] Oh, I got heap of things I want to say. My wax-doll will that do? [Who gave it to you?] Uncle Charles. He fetched it from New

York. [Can you give anything else of that nature?] Any more wax dolls? Oh yes, a work-box. Uncle Charles did n't give me that; father did. Do you want me to give them to you? Father says you Yanks take everything. Do you? He says you want everything; do you? [No; we want you and every other person to have their rights.] You are good, ain't you? Good-by. March 5.

Séance opened by T. Starr King; closed by Thomas Campbell.

Invocation.

Our Father, let the consciousness of thy presence enter within the holy of holies of each soul; and let it bear therein the olive branch of peace, dispelling all doubts, casting out all fears, and causing the soul to rest secure in thee.

Oh teach thy mortal children to feel as well as to say, under all circumstances of their mortal life, "Thy will be done." Let thy children behold thee in the cypress as in the rose-tree. Let them know thou art in what men call death, as thou art in life. Let them understand thou canst not forsake thy children; that where they go, there thou art; whether we wander in the courts of sorrow or in the courts of joy, thou art with them. Oh let thy children feel this. Let them understand thee as a God who will never forsake them. For this is the kingdom, this is the power, this is the glory forever. Amen.

March 7.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—By C. Hendee, of Warsaw, Ind.: Should we heed the warnings given in the Bible against necromancy and its kindred abominations?

Ans.—In order to be able to give heed understandingly to anything that is found within the lists of the Bible, or any other work, you should first be able to understand the work and its author. The Bible is so imperfectly understood, even in this enlightened age, that it is very hard to determine whether it is, best, or the contrary, to give heed unto its teachings. For if we do heed that which we do not understand, we are very liable to be led astray.

Q.—By the same: Did Christ actually perform those stupendous miracles recorded in the Scriptures? and if so, is it not sufficient reason to believe that he was the Son of God, worthy of our most implicit confidence and love?

A.—Christ never did perform what is, in the absolute, a miracle. All his works were within the range of Nature's law, not outside of it; therefore were no miracles. We do not doubt that he performed all that is there recorded, and a good deal more. We believe that this Nazarene is worthy of your highest esteem, worthy to be worshipped as a Divine Leader out of darkness into light. Whatever is capable of leading you higher in all that is good and true, is in that sense your Saviour, and worthy of your worship.

Q.—By the same: According to the worthiest oracles of Spiritualism, everything depends on the righteousness and purity of this life in preparing for the most exalted destiny. Is not, then, the Christian better prepared for the highest spheres, and has nothing to gain by any change of doctrine, even if Spiritualism be true? Is not the Christian side all gain and no loss?

A.—The Christian is no more fitted to enter the kingdom of heaven than is the Hindoo. If the Hindoo worships his God in spirit and truth, he worships righteously. The Christian can do no more. The Christian religion stands no higher on record than any other. This may seem to be a broad assertion. But as broad as it is, it is true. March 7.

Samuel Hook.

I would like to have you announce me as upon the list of those who desire to manifest to the friends they have left here.

I am Samuel Hook, of the 10th Maine regiment. I am not at all posted in these things, but I followed in the wake of the crowd, and I got permission to come. I don't know as I can do any great good by coming to anybody but myself. But I shall try to make it an even thing.

I was born in Thomaston, Maine. I know these things ain't much understood among my people, but I suppose eighteen hundred years ago the Christian religion was n't much understood. But it seems to be pretty well understood now, so I don't know but some day my coming back, and others, too, may be looked upon as a sort of an every day occurrence. I'd like to come in for my share in the afternoon. I never did feel well to go without my breakfast.

I don't know as I can say I've found any particular heaven or hell, but I'm comfortably off, and don't want to change places with any one round here. It's very comfortable to know that you have n't got a body that wants a new coat every year, and something to eat three times a day; particularly when you haven't got quite as many greenbacks in your pocket as you'd like.

On the whole, tell my folks I'm very well off. [Do you mean to say that you don't eat?] Don't eat? No, sir, not as you do here. We don't do anything as you do here. We are sustained, fed—yes, we eat; but we don't have any St. Charles Hotel on our side; don't have any Parker House—I believe you've got one here—don't have any places where they invite you in to get something to eat, something to drink. All these things belong to you. We can come here, if I understand it, on the same earthly plane, and go into all those places here; but there are no such places in the spirit-world proper, if I understand it. Good afternoon, sir.

[Did you give your age?] No, I haven't. I was twenty-one. [Give the names of those you wish to speak to.] Well, Abraham, and Jed, as I used to call him; Jedediah he's called. Well, I don't know; he's pious. They both are. I do not know as I want to particularize any of them. I want to come to all. [Are those you mentioned your brothers?] Yes. It was said that I wasn't so gifted in intellect as some of the rest, because I didn't see the way they did. But I'm satisfied. If they ain't satisfied with me, I'm very sorry. Good-afternoon. March 7.

Aunt Polly Williams.

I'm Aunt Polly Williams, of Barnstable. I know all about coming—I know all about coming. I can see well, I can hear well, and am young again. I lived here most eighty-one years, and I was glad to get free. Why, I felt as though I had wings as soon as I was free. I felt light, and so happy! They said in their hearts I could n't come, but it didn't trouble me. They said Aunt Polly would be mistaken. They didn't doubt but she'd go to heaven. But I wouldn't want to go to heaven, where there was nothing but, singing all the time. It would weary me. I like, now, singing, good music—oh, it's beautiful! but to have it all the time, and nothing else, you'd get tired of it.

They thought I'd lost my mind. If I'd lost my mind here, when I was here, I ain't found it yet; I ain't found it yet. But I've got enough to some back on, and that's enough.

I know they'll be surprised, because they did not think I could come. They seemed to talk as though it was a disgrace for me to come. Oh, what an absurdity! Well, disgrace or no disgrace, I'm here. I ain't ashamed of it. I thank God I can come.

[To the Chairman.] My dear boy, you've got a glorious mission to perform, and I've no doubt you will perform it to the acceptance of the angels. I pray you will. If I can do anything to help you, I certainly will, for I'm in a way now to help my friends. I've heard of you. They said I was crazy, you was crazy, you was crazy as I was; that all of you were. [Rather a sweeping assertion.] Yes; they ought to have a general insane hospital. I told them if it covered all Barnstable they could n't get them all in. [You told the truth.] Yes, I did; yes, I did. Good-by, dear, good-by. [Come again.] I will. [Who do you wish this directed to?] No one; bless you; they'd tear it up if you directed it to any one. Somebody'll read it. No indeed; no indeed. March 7.

Charlie Lovejoy.

Three cheers for success at last! I want you to say to my friends that I, Charlie Lovejoy, have turned up at last, as good a card as there is in the pack. I have a great many things that I ought to say, but I've been so long on the road that they've got rusty.

The fact is, Major-general, I promised to get back here by the first train in the morning; that is, if I went out in the last train at sundown. But, as I'm a sinner—and I suppose I am, there's no doubt about that—I've been over since 1863 getting back. Now that's a pretty long time for a fast boy like me. I'm afraid my character will suffer. My reputation is down. It is, Major, as sure as you're alive. I didn't drive, or don't drive half so fast a team as the old lady does. She's in all of neck and breast ahead. But never mind; I'm here, so I suppose the boys will be glad to hear from me, notwithstanding I've come too late for even a late supper.

Well, you see, there was a club of us fellows, who thought there might be such a thing as this coming back business. We'd investigated, and we'd agreed to come if we could. I was rather sure I could, but I didn't understand that things wouldn't done in this new life as they are here. If I wanted to have a fast team, I could; but I tell you you can't always get one of these teams on the other side. Sometimes the stable is shut up, sometimes the boss is gone away, sometimes all the fast teams are out, so that you have to wait your chance with all the rest.

But I'm here at last. I'm from the Bowery, sir; all the way from the sister State, New York. I shouldered arms, put on my traps, and went out to do what I could toward curing or enduring an unruly child. I don't know how much I did toward it, but I did as much as I could.

Tell the boys—Harry Frazer, Tom Johnson—he's from New Hampshire—Giles French, Bill Harris, and all the rest—those in particular—that I've turned up at last, none the worse for wear. Now you'll do this, will you, and oblige one that will be sure to pay you in some way? If you do the best you can for me, you'll be sure to get your pay. If you don't, I'm one of the kind that always like to get square. [We'll give you leave to do so.] All right. Then there's no chance for even a brush. [Where are these boys you speak of?] They are, sir, trying their hand at "bluff," or anything you please. Never mind; never mind; there's some good, you know, even in the gutter.

Well, seeing as I've hired this team once, perhaps if I step out in good trim there'll be some show another time. All day to you, and here's hoping, when you come over on the other side, you may have as fast a team as the old woman had. Good-by to you. March 7.

Séance opened by T. Starr King; closed by Thomas Campbell.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, March 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Elizabeth Phillips, of Augusta, Me.; Jacob Toms (question) to Friends in Philadelphia; Frederick H. Cheley, of New York, to his mother; Captain Tom Barnes, of New Bedford, to his children.

Tuesday, March 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Isaiah Warren, of this city, to Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick Smith, to his brother, Carl; Sister; Eliza, William Jefferys, to Mrs. Matilda Jefferys, of Richmond, Va.; Santa Berry, to friends; Margaret Ferris, of New York, to her sister, Mary Murphy, of this city.

Thursday, March 14.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Captain William O. Perkins, to Corporal Aigens, and to the family, in Richmond, Va.; to Captain Stone, to private O'Neil, and to his mother; Hannah Sayles, stewardess on the "North Star," to her family in Liverpool, Eng.; Nettie Whittinger, to her mother, in Nebraska; Col. William, of Belmont, Mass., to his family.

Monday, March 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Prudence Farnum, of Gorham, Me., to Waldo Farnum, and others; Joseph McDowell, to Henry McDowell, and Mr. Power, of the Empire, Tenn.; Dr. Edward Brett, of Bretsville, O.; Amelia Manning, to her mother, in Auburn, N. Y.

Tuesday, March 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Catherine Crossgrove, of Boston, Mass., to her daughter, Lucy Ann; Jason Williams, to his brother Hazen, and family; David McCann, to his brother Jim; Samuel Gilbreth, to friends; Annie Doyle, to her mother, in Concord, N. H.

[Communicated.]

Message from White Eagle.

DR. JOHN FIELD, MEDIUM.

Wise and good man, the Great Spirit hath said it—that the Indian must be the white man's friend, for the white man is in many things a squaw. The white man has smoked his pipe with his friend, and poisoned the smoke with a lie. Then the red man sharpened his arrows for war; but the Great Spirit spoke, and said that the Indian must love; but the Indian saw no love in his heart toward the white man until his new hunting-grounds were found in the spirit-land. Thus the Great Spirit called the warriors and chiefs together, and taught them how to love. Thus the Great Spirit told the Indian that he must return back to the white brother's wigwam, and that the Indian must wash the lie from the white man's mouth. Then they shall become like men, and no longer be lying squaws. Thus the red man and white shall smoke their pipe in truth, and there shall be no lie in the smoke any more; and they shall build their wigwams together, and hunt the deer and bear, and shall fall on the silvery waters in the same canoe, and their hearts shall be kind and full of love. Then the Great Spirit shall speak unto us: "My children, I love thee because thou art now brothers; in truth, for there is no lie in your mouths to poison the smoke any more."

The Spirit asks the white brother and squaw: Will you love your brother when he comes again? His name, he says, is WHITE EAGLE. We say: Come again, and often.

Blue Anchor Co-operative Settlement. To the Friends of Progress: A Progressive Settlement is now forming on the superior tract of land known as Blue Anchor, twenty-five miles from Philadelphia, fronting on the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, on Camden Co., New Jersey.

A. E. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST,
50 School Street, next door East of Parker House.

Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT:

J. M. FEEBLES, EDITOR.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT. Letters and papers intended for us, or communications for publication in this Department, etc., should be directed to J. M. Feebles, Local Editor, at the West, requiring immediate attention, and any articles intended for publication, should be sent directly to the BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass., where they will be placed to the credit of the contributor. Persons writing us this month, will direct to Little Creek, Mich.

Our Address for April.

While winter and summer are contending for the mastery, and April clouds go dripping by, we shall be speaking to the Spiritualists constituting the "First Free Church" of Battle Creek, Michigan. It is our home—has been for the past ten years, six of which we there ministered, in word and deed, all or a portion of the time. We said home; in a wider, diviner sense the universe is our home; the field the world—we descended to glean for a season; some bundles are already bound; the closing harvest years are approaching. All must soon pass from mortal life. Let us work while the day lasts. Address J. M. Feebles, Battle Creek, Michigan.

Philadelphia Lyceum Gems.

This quiet Quaker city, too pliant to run Sunday cars, but not to keep open day-shops on the "sacred day," has two flourishing Progressive Lyceums. The second was organized by Bro. I. Rehn. Bro. Baker is the present Conductor. We regret our inability to visit its sessions; hope to in the sunny future. Bro. M. B. Dyott may well feel proud of his Lyceum labors, and the parents of the children's progress.

We like this method of theirs: a question being propounded, or some subject previously announced for consideration, the children of the various groups are expected to bring, in writing, or give, each Sunday, verbal answers. Their replies and statements are not only interesting, manifesting marked individualities, but are rich in thought and often profound in philosophy. Through the kindness of Mrs. Dyott, we were handed the following, as a sample of sundry Lyceum gems and pearls:

WHAT IS THOUGHT?

Thought is the expressed action of the soul.
Thought is the music of the brain.
Thought is God's whisper.
Thought is a reflection of the human mind; the language of the soul; and hence the dialect of heaven.

Man, by his thought, coupled with effort, has subverted nature to his control.

WHAT IS TRUE EDUCATION?

It is the cultivation of all the human faculties; the bringing out; the development of all the physical, mental and spiritual powers.

It is the blacksmith that fashions the glowing metal into shape, while genius is the spark that flies off 'neath the steady blow.

It is to know ourselves, and to understand the relations we sustain to each other and surrounding objects.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one, have little connection. Knowledge dwells in hands replete with the thoughts of other men; wisdom in minds attentive to their own. Knowledge, a rude, unprofitable mass, the mere material with which wisdom builds, till smoothed, squared and fitted to its place, does but encumber those it seems to enrich. Knowledge is proud that it has learned so much; wisdom is humble that it knows no more.

WHAT IS DEATH?

Death is the hyphen that connects the two worlds.

Death is the apocalypse of time.

Death is the apostrophe of life.

Death is the cessation of the bodily functions; the vital forces having expended themselves, decomposition takes place, freeing the soul that it may pass unfettered into spirit-life.

Only a want of room prevents our copying more of what these young Philadelphians said about benevolence, truth, justice, beauty, liberty, immortality, &c. We pray God's good angels to guard and bless these and all the dear children and youth of our country. Our idea of heaven is always connected with children, flowers, smiles, music, oratory and congenial, loving souls.

"The Impending Epoch."

This is a monthly published in Augusta, Ga., two dollars per annum, and devoted to the interests of Spiritualism. The issue of March 8th, is before us. We like the spirit it breathes—the spirit of peace, fraternal sympathy and brotherly kindness. The editorials are broad, earnest and spiritually elevating; the communications through the mediumship of Miss Lydia H. Baker, excellent. The "BANNER OF LIGHT" extends to the Editor of the epoch, Bro. Henry J. Osborne, the right hand of fellowship, bidding him Godspeed, and praying for the entire success of his enterprise. Let us all be a brother-band of co-workers with the angels. This paper should have hosts of subscribers from these more northern latitudes. Address H. J. Osborne, 336 Broad street, Augusta, Ga.

In an "editorial melange," he says:

"We extend the hand of brotherly affection to each and every friend; and enemies too. Why not? If friends, I am bound to you by a silken cord of unyielding love, because descending from the throne of the Ever Living God, in whom is no variableness or shadow of turning, and Divine Love is the Father of us all. The ancients called heat, love, by correspondence; and to our day we say, such a man or woman is warm-hearted; 'tis this quality which instantly unites us by magnetic attraction, when we say that our spheres harmonize. Well, on the other hand, if you have been enemies, then we were both simpletons, philosophically speaking, for there is no need of it in this Our Father's beautiful world, created good; and if turned into evil, 'tis man's work. Examined into, it will be found that there was a lack of Charity, on one side or the other, which has caused the misunderstanding; and looking further back, may be traced to the antagonisms of our unlovely state of society. Let us then shake hands and commence the reform of society in our own persons this instant—for we be brethren all, and if our spheres cannot harmonize by reason of contrary loves, of the uses, to be performed, why we can separate as friends, and each follow love (as man's love is his very life) and our Father's vineyard is large enough for all!"

"I was sitting in my home, 336 Broad street, on this lovely Sunday morn and my heart overflowed with sympathy, as I looked out upon the earth, to see the mad, wild rush after the things that perish with the using! But after a while, my soul quieted down, and a holy calm came over me, and the angels seemed to whisper to me that it was time now for my true work of life to commence. That all my past life was folly, in preparation; and my miserable earthly surroundings were no more to my progress in higher holier truth and goodness; and a sphere surrounded me, delightful to my inner man, and another whisper came to my inner man, and said, Too much praying and too little practice! In the practice, the Light and Heat will stream down together, like the Light and Heat of the Sun, vivifying and giving life to all the animal, vegetable and miner-

al kingdoms of Our Father, and I felt like kissing the whisperer, and following her to his arms; but that was not permitted me, I was too gross yet—I had tried to resist evil, and that was not according to the Divine teachings of the Nazarene, and so the tears came into my eyes, and I wept, and felt relieved, and resolved to be more practical in my Christianity; to select the finest dainties, music, rules, sayings, pearls, and divinites, which my earth-life had fitted me to choose from all the sects of Christendom, and from every nation on earth, from most ancient times, who all possessed some most glorious truths, which gladdened and sparkled in the light of Heaven's Spiritual Sun, in Aldenn's blessed land!"

Yearly Settlements.

What do you think of them? This is an ever-recurring inquiry. Our answer is brief. Both methods have their advantages, their disadvantages. Each organization must make its own decision. Itineracy gives a greater variety, by exhibiting the different phases of thought, manner and method of mediumistic speaking; thus conducing to a deeper interest on the part of some.

Yearly engagements have the advantages of home-life, social influences, acquaintance with the people's higher wants, time for systematic study, opportunity to work with Lyceums, attend weekly gatherings, counsel the wayward, cheer the sad, comfort the sick and console the mourner. The tendency is to longer settlements. Mrs. F. O. Hyzer is now on her third year's engagement in Baltimore. We are informed that Mr. S. J. Finney has settled for a year in Troy, N. Y. Within the past six months we have had five earnest solicitations from as many different city societies, to settle with them for a year as speaker. Our first thought is, "Yes," then comes inspiration's voice—"Go—go and teach. Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

It seems to us that many Spiritualists greatly lack the reverential element. They need a more thorough cultivation of the spiritual, the religious faculties, the devotional feelings. Worship is beautiful. Prayer is exalting. Everything prays; the stomach for food, the parched fields for showers, the intellectual faculties for knowledge, the spiritual nature for communion with the divine and the true, with angels and with God.

Numerous are the communications we have relative to the length of engagements and the religious needs connected with the spiritual movement. The following from that sound practical thinker and faithful worker, Geo. W. Walker, Esq., of Lowell, Mass., is a sample:

"Bro. FEEBLES:—..... Though legally organized, and prospering as well as could be expected, there is little disposition to sustain the meetings in any other way than this temporary monthly speaking, gratifying a morbid curiosity, and catering more to caprice than solid spiritual growth. Do pray advocate yearly speakers, who will do pastoral duty, live with the people, meet us at our homes, keep us united, and the fires of a rational devotion burning upon the altars of our hearts. We have no prayer and conference meetings, corresponding to the Orthodox Church, where they meet to exercise their gifts. Our religious nature is not satisfied with flights of fancy or cold philosophy. The apostles of the new faith seem to forget our deep-seated devotional sympathies, neither do they portray as they ought, the sad effects of a life of crime and sin upon the future life. True holiness must ever precede happiness."

Preaching, and "Boarding Around."

Some writers contend that motion is circular, that civilizations move in cycles, and that all experiences repeat themselves. We are a full convert to the theory. Twenty-five years ago, teaching a country district school, we "boarded around." Now, teaching a more matured city school on Sundays in Ebbitt Hall, we continue to "board-around." While in Philadelphia—where, by the way, many excellent families esteem it a privilege to entertain lecturers—Bro. Farnsworth wrote us:

"We have not been able to obtain a place yet among the friends for you to stop. We found the same difficulty in the case of Lizzie Doten. Mrs. Townsend follows you, and what in the world we shall do with her, yet I cannot tell; and so socially and intellectually these rank among our most interesting and talented speakers."

Bro. P. E. Farnsworth, whose heart is in, and whose soul alive to this great spiritual movement, finally secured a room for us, and said we must get our "meals at restaurants." This we have done, save when otherwise kindly invited by friends. There are fifty thousand Spiritualists in New York—such is the calculation. Would we could preach them just one sermon. It should be free, and this the text:

"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver are cankered, and the rust of them shall be witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire."—*Epistle of James*, v: 1-3.

There are many noble souls in the city not circumscribed to entertain speakers. Neither the lash, nor scourge, nor coat we've fitted is designed for such. Others deserve it; deserve being un-cloaked, unveiled and revealed as they are. Oh what petty jealousies, what spiritual leanness, cold indifference and unprincipled procedure. Great God, and angels, too, have mercy upon them! Expand their souls; open their hearts; quicken their spiritual natures; touch their seared surfaces with the spirit of accommodation, and take their feet out of this sordid, slimy slough of selfishness; out of the trafficking, scheming, slothful, toadying worldliness that characterizes New York—the spiritual correspondence of which is the old Jerusalem that was, and then was not. Jesus seeing that their houses should be left desolate, wept over it.

Skeletons are approaching many houses in this city. Six feet is the usual length of coffins; coppers cover the cold, dead eyes of both rich and poor. How damp the rumbling clouds! Gone! gone! bearing their life records to their "own place." Let us now unite in singing with great tenderness of expression the doxology:

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

W. P. Anderson, Spirit-Artist.

While authors pen and preachers preach, artists paint and pencil the Gospel, every recognized picture from the hand of Bro. Anderson, under the inspiration of Raphael, is a sermon in demonstration of immortality and spirit-identity. It was our good fortune to meet in his parlors that truly eminent man, Robert Dale Owen. Pleasant was our interview touching the progress of Spiritualism in this country and Europe, and, also, the characteristics of Abraham Lincoln, whose life he is now writing.

While conversing, Bro. Anderson asked leave of absence a few moments. In thirty minutes he returned from his room with an elegant picture. Mr. Owen, fixing his eyes upon it, said in his calm, dignified way, "I know who she is. I recognized her at a glance." He took some twelve or fifteen last week, that were at once known and claimed by friends with a joy almost unexpressed.

Unpacked, he took a splendid picture of one of our controlling spirit-guides. Such favors, because uncalculated for and unexpected, are, if possible, the more highly appreciated. Beautiful!

his mediumistic mission. It is not strange that he has held in such affectionate regard by so many Spiritualists. May blessings unnumbered rest upon him, his estimable lady, ay, and that promising child, too, prophecy of another spirit-artist.

Henry C. Gordon.

When a churchman, some twelve years ago, laboring for the "Lord Jesus," was recollect of reading of one Gordon being raised and floating in the air by spirit power. We then considered it a chimera, or some weird collusion; but we have since seen Mr. Gordon, and a number that have seen him thus raised. His mediumistic powers are remarkable. Sunday he was in "Rabbit Hall," and while we were speaking the "Explanations" were distinct, and at times very loud in confirmation of our remarks. In his circle room, 664 West Fourteenth street, corner of Sixth Avenue, we met on Monday evening, Mrs. Beach, the authoress, Charles Partridge, Prof. Salvotti, the Italian linguist, and other distinguished parties. All were satisfied. It is claimed that Mr. Gordon is the only medium in the country with full "diversity of gifts." Call and see him.

Mrs. C. Leons, Medium.

Accompanied the other morning by Miss Fuller, a most estimable and highly esteemed lady, who, whether in Ex-President Fillmore's family, or the first literary circles of New York, never shrinks from declaring her faith in the ministry of spirits to earth, we visited Mrs. C. Leons, 244 Fulton street, Brooklyn. This medium, disowned by kindred because of her spiritual gifts, has remarkable mediumistic powers. She calls herself a healer; but her spirit band adapt her to the conditions, and spiritual wants of those visiting her. She heals, personates, is entranced, and gives tests. Though unasked, we take great pleasure in speaking of her merits.

From Colorado.

The Colorado papers are devoting much of their space to Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon, the lecturer on Spiritualism, who is creating a great interest in that young State. When she first arrived there, one of the papers, the Express, denounced her lectures with severity, but of late its tone has changed, and now it devotes a column to one of her lectures, with very favorable comments. The halls being too small to hold all who were anxious to hear her speak, the theatre was engaged for Sunday evenings, and although it will hold a thousand persons many were obliged to go away for want of room. The editor of the Express prefaces his remarks as follows:

"The Denver Theatre was crowded last evening, to hear Mrs. Gordon's lecture upon The Pulpit and the Stage. Upon but very few occasions have we seen the house so densely packed. Very many were unable to obtain seats, but remained standing in the aisles and open spaces. The audience, too, was of a high standard; intelligent and educated."

The lecture is a good speaker; seldom lacking for words, and still more rarely using wrong ones. Her enunciation is remarkably clear and distinct, and the impression that she would make an admirable actress is inevitable. The only faults to which we will allude, are a tendency to repeat propositions, for the purpose of impressing them more firmly upon the minds of her hearers, or to render them more clear to understanding less cultured than her own—the teacher style—and a disposition to string out sentences until they become in a measure confused. This grows out of the speaker's motive and vivid imagination, which presents thoughts more rapidly than they can be uttered, and prompts a continual addition of ideas or arguments to strengthen the position assumed. On this account, listening sometimes becomes laborious to the auditor, who is not also quick of thought, and keeps the train of ideas well up.

Her theory of the "wandering power" of the pulpit over the people was ingenious and plausible. The clergy, which in former ages enjoyed a great superiority over the people in intelligence and education, is no longer above them in enlightenment, and hence have lost their supremacy and power. The people have gained upon them in knowledge until but few preachers possess the power or knowledge to interest, much less control, the more intelligent classes of community. The illustration of this theory was very appropriate."

After giving the leading ideas in the lecture, he proceeds to comment on them in a fair and candid manner. Mrs. Gordon was to speak in the same place the following Sunday evening. It is evident Mrs. G. has done a good work in Colorado. She finished her lecturing engagement there on the 31st inst., and is preparing to start at once for California overland, accompanied by her husband.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY EVERY WEEK.

Arranged Alphabetically.

(To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur. Should any name appear in this list of a party known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.)

J. MADISON ALLEN, trance and inspirational speaker, author of Panophonic System of Printing and Writing, will lecture on "The Power of the Mind," at the new hall, 28 Astor street, Boston, speaks in Lowell, Mass., 19 and 20.

Mrs. A. M. ANDREWS, trance speaker, Delton, Wis. Dr. J. T. AMOS will answer calls to lecture upon Physiology and Spiritualism. Address, box 3001, Rochester, N. Y.

CHARLES A. ARNOLD, Fishing, Mich., will attend funerals and lecture upon reform.

Mrs. SARAH A. BARNES will speak in Somers, Conn., during April; in Hudson, Mass., May 26; in Lowell during June. Would like to make further engagements. Address, 87 Spring street, Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. M. A. C. BROWN, Ware, Mass.

M. C. BENT, inspirational speaker, Address, Pardeeville, Wis. Sundays engaged for the present.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN will lecture in Marshfield, Vt., April 7, 14, 21, 28, and 29, and in Burlington, Vt., during the week ending May 1, 8, 15, 22, and 29.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, P. O. Drawer 6225, Chicago, Ill., care of Spiritual Reform.

Mrs. EMMA F. JAY BULLMAN, 181 West 19th st., New York.

Mrs. E. A. BURNETT will speak in Bangor, Me., during April; in Portland, Me., May 1, 8, 15, 22, and 29, and in New England until further notice. Address, 11 South street, Troy, N. Y.

Mrs. ABY N. BURNHAM, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address, Auburn, Mass.

J. B. BUCKFORD, inspirational speaker, Charlestown, Mass. Rev. ADRIAN BULLOCK, Hopeville, Me.

A. P. BOWMAN, inspirational speaker, Richmond, Iowa. Dr. J. K. BAILEY, Quincy, Ill., will answer calls to lecture.

ADRIAN L. BALLOU, inspirational speaker, Lansing, Mich. WARREN CHASE, 64 Broadway, New York.

DEAN CHASE, inspirational speaker, Brandon, Vt. Mrs. LAURA CURRY is lecturing in San Francisco, Cal.

Dr. L. C. COOKLEY will be in Vineland, N. J., until further notice. Will lecture in New Jersey, Pennsylvania or Delaware, at the request of the Society, and return on Monday. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, and sell Spiritual and Reform Books.

Mrs. NATTIE COBBY can be addressed at 120 Alexander street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. H. CURTIS speaks upon questions of government. Address, Hartford, Conn.

THOMAS C. CONSTANTINE, lecturer, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. ELIZA C. CLARK, inspirational speaker. Address, Eagle Harbor, Orleans Co., N. Y.

JUDITH A. G. CANTER, Cincinnati, O.

CHARLES C. COOPER, inspirational speaker, Fredonia, N. Y.

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

Mrs. LIZZIE DOTEN will lecture in Mercantile Hall, Boston, during April (Sunday afternoons). Will make no further engagements. Address, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston.

GEORGE DUTTON, M. D., is prepared to lecture on Physiology, Hygiene and Temperance. Address, Room 25, Post-office building, Newburgh, N. Y.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS can be addressed at Orange, N. J.

Mrs. E. DEKLAMAR, trance speaker, Quincy, Ill.

Dr. E. C. DUNN, lecturer and healer, Rockford, Ill.

J. T. DOW, lecturer, Cookville, Rock Co., Wis.

Dr. H. E. EMERY will receive calls to lecture. Address, South Coventry, Conn.

Mrs. CLARA H. DEVEREUX, trance speaker, Newport, Me.

A. T. FOSS will speak in Stamford Springs, Conn., April 7 and 14; in Lowell, Mass., May 8 and 15; in Portland, Me., May 15 and 22. Will answer calls to lecture week-day evenings in the vicinity. Permanent address, Manchester, N. H.

Mrs. ELIZA HOWE FULLER will answer calls to lecture wherever her friends may desire. Address, LaGrange, Me.

Mrs. MARY L. FRENCH, inspirational and trance medium, will answer calls to lecture, attend circles or funerals. Free circles Sunday evenings. Address, Elly street, Washington Village, South Boston.

Dr. H. P. FAIRFIELD, Greenwich Village, Mass.

S. J. FINNEY, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Dr. W. FITZGIBBON will answer calls to lecture on the science of Human Electricity, as connected with the Physical manifestations of the Spiritual Philosophy. Address, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. CLARA A. FIELD will answer calls to lecture. Address, Newport, Me.

Rev. J. FRANCIS may be addressed by those wishing his services at the following places: Iowa and Missouri, at Nevada, Iowa, till further notice.

J. G. FISKE, "East Jersey Normal Institute," Red Bank, N. J.

Mrs. FANNIE B. FRYSON, South Malden, Mass.

C. AUGUSTA FITCH, trance speaker, box 1835, Chicago, Ill.

ISAAC P. GREENE will lecture in Newton Corner during April; in Chelsea during May. Address as above, or 120 Broadway, New York.

Mrs. LAURA DE FORCE GORDON will receive calls to lecture in Colorado Territory until spring, when she designs visiting California. Friends on the Pacific coast who desire her services as a lecturer, will please write at their earliest convenience. Permanent address, Denver City, Col. Ter.

N. S. GREENLEAF, Lowell, Mass.

Dr. L. P. GRIGGS, Evansville, Wis.

Mrs. EMMA HARDING lectures in St. Louis, Mo., during April—address, 200 Broadway, New York, P. O. box 2481; in Worcester, Mass., during June—address care of Mrs. Martha Jacobs, Worcester, or care of Thomas Rannoy, 50 Federal street, Boston, Mass.

Dr. M. HENRY HUGHES will remain in West Paris, Me., until further notice. Address as above.

W. A. D. HUGHES will lecture in Tanawaga, Penn., April 7 and 14; in Lowell, Mass., April 28 and 29; in Putnam, Conn., May 1 and 8; in Springfield, Mass., May 15 and 22. Address as above.

LYMAN C. HOWE, trance speaker, Clear Creek, N. Y.

Dr. H. H. HARRIS, M. D., will answer calls to lecture in Wisconsin, and in the West, and in the East.

Dr. H. HAMILTON lectures on Reconstruction and the True Mode of Community Life. Address, Hammon, N. J.

J. HACKER, Portland, Me.

Mrs. AGNES A. HILL, inspirational medium and psychometrical reader, Whiteboro, Orinda, Co., N. Y.

Dr. SAMUEL A. HUGHESON will speak in Worcester, Mass., during April.

S. C. HATFIELD will answer calls to lecture, and organize Children's Lyceums, if desired. Address, Coopersville, N. Y.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN, 82 Monroe street, Chicago, Ill., will receive calls to lecture in the West. Sundays engaged for the present.

Mrs. NELLIE HAYDEN will receive calls to lecture in Massachusetts. Address, No. 20 Wilmet street, Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. S. A. HORTON, Brandon, Vt.

Mrs. JULIA J. HUBBARD, box 2, Greenwood, Mass.

Jos. J. HUNTER, M. D., inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sunday and week-end evenings. Address, 23 Court street, New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. F. A. HUTCHESON, 60 South Green street, Baltimore, Md.

Dr. E. B. HOLZEN, M. D., Clarendon, Vt.

MOSES HILL, Milwaukee, Wis.

Mrs. SUE M. JENKINS will lecture in Sturgis, Mich., during April, and in the West, and in the East.

Dr. P. T. JOHNSON, lecturer, Ypsilanti, Mich.

W. F. JAMISON, inspirational speaker, care of the Spiritual Republic, P. O. Drawer 6225, Chicago, Ill.

S. S. JONES, Esq., address is 12 Methodist Church Block, St. Louis, Mo., during April, and in the West, and in the East.

HARVEY A. JONES, Esq., can occasionally speak on Sundays for the friends in the vicinity of Syracuse, Ill., on the Spiritual Philosophy and reform movements of the day.

W. M. H. JOHNSON, Corry, Pa.

Dr. J. K. JOHNSON, lecturer, East Trumbull, Ashabula Co., O., will lecture on the first Sunday of every month.

GEORGE F. KITTRIDGE, Buffalo, N. Y.

JAMES THAKK in ready to enter the field as a lecturer on Spiritualism. Address, Kenosha, Wis.

FRANCIS P. THOMAS, M. D., lecturer, Harmonia, Kansas.

M. FRANK WHITE will speak in Cincinnati, O., during April; in Battle Creek, Mich., during May; in Oswego, N. Y., during June. Will receive calls to lecture, and attend circles, and advance as above; during July, August, and September.

Mrs. M. MACOMBER WOOD will speak in Oswego, N. Y., during April. Address, 11 Dewey street, Worcester, Mass.

F. L. H. WILLIS, M. D., P. O. box 29, Station D, New York.

A. B. WHITING, Albion, Mich.

Mrs. S. W. WEAVER will lecture in Detroit, Wis., during April. Address accordingly, or box 14, Berlin, Wis.

E. V. WILSON will speak in New Boston, Ill., during April and May; in Rock Island during June; in Gallegusburg during July. Permanent address, Babcock's Grove, Du Page Co., Ill.

ALONZO WILKINSON, M. D., inspirational speaker, lectures in Louisville, Ky., during April. Will answer calls for week-end lectures. Address, care of H. N. F. Lewis, Detroit, Mich.

PROF. E. WHIFFLER, lecturer upon Geology and the Spiritual Philosophy, Sturgis, Mich.

ELIJAH WOODWORTH, inspirational speaker, Leslie, Mich.

Mrs. E. W. WOLCOTT is engaged to speak every Sabbath in Danby, Vt. Will take no engagements from a distance till after May 5th. Address, Danby, Vt.

S. H. WORTHAM, Conductor of the Buffalo Lyceum, will accept calls to lecture in the West, and in the East, and in the South. Address, Buffalo, N. Y., box 1454.

E. S. WHEELER, inspirational speaker. Address, care this office, or 5 Columbia street, Boston.

Mrs. S. A. WILLIS, lecturer, Mass., P. O. box 473.

LOUISE WALKER can be addressed 101 North street, at Market, Blue Earth Co., Minn., care of the Clifton House.