

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## THE SACRAMENT.

AN INSPIRATIONAL POEM BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

(Reported for the Banner of Light by H. F. Gardner, M. D.)

The aged Pastor broke the bread—  
With trembling hands he poured the wine—  
“Eat—drink”—in earnest tones he said,  
“These emblems of a life divine.  
His body broken for your sins;  
His blood for your salvation shed;  
The priceless sacrifice that wins  
Life and redemption from the dead.

See how with tender love he stands,  
And calls you to his faithful heart;  
Lol from his wounded side and hands,  
Again the crimson life-drops start.  
Oh sinner! wherefore wilt you stay,  
Regardless of your lost estate?  
Come at your Saviour's call to-day,  
Before, alas! it is too late.”

Forth from his lonely seat apart,  
A dark-browed Ethiopian came,  
As if new life had stirred the heart,  
That beat within his manly frame.  
“Oh give to me,” he meekly said,  
“A portion of that heavenly food;  
I too would eat the living bread,  
And find salvation through his blood.”

The Pastor turned with wondering eyes;  
But when he saw the dusky brow,  
He answered with a quick surprise—  
“Ho! bold intruder! Who art thou?  
The master's table is not free  
To give the low-born servant place—  
Such privilege can only be  
For his accepted sons of grace.”

Upon the dusky brow there glowed  
A flush that was not wrath or pride,  
As forward he majestic strode,  
And stood close by the altar-side.  
The broken bread his left hand spurned  
With sudden movement to the floor,  
While with his right, he quickly turned  
The consecrated chalice o'er.

One instant, for the tempest-cloud  
To gather on each pallid face,  
And then uprose the angry crowd,  
To thrust him from the sacred place.  
With conscious might he raised his hand—  
A being of resistless will—  
And uttered the sublime command  
That hushed the tempest—“Peace, be still!”

The waves of wrath and human pride  
Rolled back, without the power to harm,  
The angry murmurs surged and died,  
And lo! there was a breathless calm.  
The dusky brow to dazzling white,  
Had in one fleeting instant turned,  
And round his head, a halo bright,  
Of heaven's resplendent glory burned.

“I do reject,” he calmly said,  
“These outward forms—this bread, this wine;  
Lo! at my table all are fed,  
Made welcome by a love divine.  
The high, the low, the rich, the poor,  
The black, the white, the bond, the free,  
The sinful soul, the heart impure—  
Forbid them not to come to me.

Too long, too long have faithless creeds  
Shut out the sunshine from above,  
While human hearts, with human needs,  
Have perished from the lack of love.  
Oh break for them their truth's living bread,  
Let love, like wine, unhindered flow;  
Thus would I have the hungry fed,  
And let these outward emblems go.”

Then from the altar-side there rose  
A cloud with matchless glory bright,  
As when at evening's calm repose,  
The sun withdraws his radiant light.  
But though so far removed from all,  
He seemed in presence to depart,  
The seed of living truth let fall,  
Took root in many a thoughtful heart.

## LIKING AND DISLIKING.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Ye who know the reason tell me  
How it is that instincts still  
Prompt the heart to like—or not like—  
At its own capricious will?  
Tell me by what hidden magic  
Our impressions first are led  
Into liking—or disliking—  
Of before a word be said?

Why should smiles sometimes repel us—  
Bright eyes turn our feeling cold?  
What is that which comes to tell us  
All that glitters is not gold?  
Oh, no feature, plain or striking,  
But a power we cannot shun,  
Prompts our liking or disliking,  
Ere acquaintance hath begun!

Is it instinct—or some spirit  
Which protects us, and controls  
Every impulse we inherit  
By some sympathy of souls;  
Is it instinct? Is it nature?  
Or some freak or fault of chance,  
Which our liking or disliking,  
Limits to a single glance?

Like presentiments of danger,  
Though the sky no shadow flings;  
Or that inner sense, still stranger,  
Of unseen, unuttered things!  
Is it—oh, can no one tell me—  
No one show sufficient cause  
Why our likings—and dislikings—  
Have their own instinctive laws?

Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only  
balance to weigh friends.—Pittarch.

## SINGULAR REVELATIONS.

THE STORY OF DAVID ALLEN,  
THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF A. WILCOX.

It is a place occupying space to which the soul is ushered through physical death, although in a physical point of view no space at all seems to be occupied. The sensibilities of the human mind are the means by which scenery of a grosser or a finer texture is reflected, according to the state of development. As on earth, existing beauties are often passed by, and a careless beholder does not receive the least impression from that which makes others fall into raptures, so in the heavenly spheres the less developed are surrounded continually with a most magnificent and beautiful scenery, without comprehending the same; yet nevertheless it does exist, although they cannot behold it. Man's inclination there becomes the retina of the spiritual eye, and according to the state of his progression on earth shall he behold more or less perfection.

Wild roared the storm, and a tempest-tossed bark at the mercy of the roaring billows was driven rapidly to the rock-bound shores of a small island, one of the so-called Society Islands, in the Pacific. Nine out of a crew of ten had been swept overboard by a heavy sea, covering and burying the vessel, fore and aft, and when she rose once more to the surface, the lightning exposed to the eye of the only survivor a scene of desolation. Who was that survivor? A man of three score and ten, named David Allen. Yea, under that outward rough appearance, that uncouth exterior (being a sailor), pulsates a heart keenly alive to all the finer sensibilities which the human mind is heir to. Look at his brawny hands and arms, grasping with giant power the starboard side, and watching for the coming billow, that it might not take him unawares. His face does not exhibit any marks of fear, neither are his cheeks furrowed by latent tears, although the briny element is streaming o'er them with profuseness. Eager to retain life, yet unable to keep his vessel out of the trough of the sea, on account of the loss of the rudder, he awaits calmly the distant surge, which will commit his vessel to destruction, when dashed upon the breakers, and himself to a watery grave. A smile of exultation lights up his features when the coming dawn emits rosy streaks of light in the eastern horizon, and exposes the utter hopelessness of future safety. His tongue cannot describe the emotion of joy he feels, nor is language of the physical world adequate to convey the beauty of his condition, when, as if it were suspended between spiritual and physical life, he is about to render up his soul to the guardians of mercy, and his body to the elements from whence it came. Fast approaching the shore—the breakers are booming like vast batteries. One moment more, and the prow has struck; the next wave carries the vessel up higher, when, like a stick in the hand of a youth, she breaks amidships, and with an exultant cry—a cry of joy—and if we may be allowed to express it, a shout of delight from being delivered like a bird from its cage—he cannot wait till the portion of the wreck on which he is remaining sinks to rise no more, but while it is yet poised in mid air, preparatory to its final disappearance beneath the waves, he jumps over the bulwarks, embraces the billows like, as it were, a bride, and disappears from view forever.

This is an incident in the history of a man but lately experienced. We cannot paint unto you the general aspect and progress of life eternal without chaining your attention to tangible things, lest by taking you upward to the celestial bowers of beauty, you should become spiritualized, and lose your physical also.

We will give you the history of the physical course which that man has run, his spiritual experience in regard to a future existence, and finally exhibit his now jubilant course in heaven. The reason why we do so, is because in him are traits of character similar to your own, by which you will receive that sympathy and instruction which would be altogether lacking if we were to proceed in detailing heaven's history in another way. The fate of David Allen is glorious—it may become yours also; and it being a fact, the real author of the same stands nigh and will refresh our memory by his help, and for a time he may become your guardian spirit to that rock-bound shore which opens the gate to heaven's own paradise. Think not that an idle tale will proceed out of our mouth, simply to amuse.

We will commence with his earthly career, which will treat of facts easy to be understood, because they are earthly, but soon we will give you also his experience of that state of existence of which the lips of so many spirits seem to be hermetically sealed. Prepare yourself for glorious revelations. Remember David Allen during the coming week; put yourself into rapport with him, for it will become his history—a beacon to your frail bark to guide you through tempests and calms into a harbor of safety.

And he impresses us as follows:  
I was born of poor but industrious parents, and being their only son, it was natural that I was the centre of their desires and ambition. My sister—sweet Anna, scarcely one year younger than myself—and I spent our childhood in the usual happiness for which that stage of life is proverbial. I loved her tenderly, and it is strange that my future career partook of that nature tending to separate me from what I thought to be the climax of earthly bliss, the presence of sweet Anna. As the age of twelve, I bade farewell to my lovely native home, and as a cabin boy in a West India coaster, I entered life's stormy, tempestuous sea. It is needless to recount all the adventures which happened between that period and my coming of age—frequent returns home, made joyful by meeting once more the

loved ones; or the sad farewells, when once more wooling the treacherous billow. In the meantime my parents were deposited under the green sods of the valley, where fresh wreaths and garlands decked their graves, oft replenished by the hand of a lovely maiden and moistened with tears of sadness and silent expectation of a reunion.

I found myself at the age of twenty-two at the island of Ceylon, then at the mercy of internal discords, so little in accordance with the beautiful scenery speaking in vain to man of eternal peace. My vessel, called the Triune, from Boston harbor to Japan, returning to its native shores, had touched there to take on board the son of a merchant, one of the partners of the firm. It left me, or rather its commander had forsaken me and given me over to the tender mercies of a hot brain fever, in a climate which, however glorious, is deadly to a foreigner. The constant nursing of an old Indian woman, and the skillful applications applied over my corporeal frame, reduced my physical strength, but vanquished the foe which had temporarily taken possession of my brain and threatened my destruction.

I was enjoying, one afternoon, in a convalescent state, the usual sleaze of tropical climates, when all of a sudden the soothing, rumbling, fanning noise of insects, lulling weary man to rest, was broken into, Heavy feet approached the hut which my kind protectress had built for me; the very earth seemed to vibrate beneath the ponderous steps, and before I could lift my head—weak from recent disease—from the rudely constructed pallet to ascertain the cause of the interruption, something black intervened between me and the light, and with one full sweep the wall, constructed of boughs, and part of the roof, had been crushed to atoms, revealing to my sight a large body of elephants, directed by drivers, intent upon destroying the son of that white race which had crushed the spirit and energy of the inhabitants and put a yoke of servitude upon their necks. I had already made myself familiar with their language, and asked them the reason of this sudden and unexpected action, for heretofore I had received nothing but kindness. I was told that Soho, the god of Evil, had demanded a victim of white parentage, whose blood was to be used in sprinkling some warriors devoted to the task of destroying the mercantile shipping in the harbor. The sprinkling would make them invulnerable either to lead or to discovery. I was carefully lifted up and tenderly placed on the back of a white elephant, whose majestic step seemed to impress the surrounding multitude that it had knowledge of carrying a burden, the sacrifice of which would be the healing of the nation.

Back, far back we traveled, till after four days of journeying we arrived in that mountainous district where the foot of white man had never pressed the virgin soil: and so sudden and unexpected had been my capture, that even those of the household of my protectors mostly interested in my welfare, to the ends of their lives remained ignorant of my fate. A long, torturing death was in preparation for me. The disputes between the various heads of the tribe ran high as to the mode of execution. They might as well have spared so many words, for nothing could be done until Abennad, their High Priest, had arrived, who was at once their spiritual and worldly head. At last he appeared upon the ground set apart to be the theatre of bloodshed. Hear him speak:

“Shall we tap the veins of the white serpent and sprinkle a few warriors to execute our grand design? Is not Soho the god of means by which his mandates are to be executed? How many of us could carry with them one drop of his heated blood? No! When the blow to be struck shall be descending, it shall be likened unto the avalanche of rocks hurled from their ancient pedestals by the mighty breath of Soho, whose descents no human arm can interrupt, or the gods who govern the world can avert! Here I hold in my hand the knowledge of life and death” (exhibiting a piece of skin covered with hieroglyphics). “He shall not die, but he shall live to furnish us with his life's blood, and when I open one of his veins in the morning, and take from thence sufficient blood to sprinkle one hundred warriors set apart for the holy work, I shall nurse his strength during the day, that his blood may not fall with the next rising sun, and for many moons supply us with that precious liquid, that not only all our strong men, but even every animal having the ability to carry us to the battle—every utensil to prepare our food—every animal slaughtered for our consumption—every man, woman and child—every tree of the forest through which we pass—shall obtain a touch of his life-giving principle, that all may become invulnerable to foreign oppression and restore the ancient landmarks of Soho's dominions.”

Abennad's majestic form dilated and seemed to grow in size as he stretched forth his hands. The people seemed to acquiesce with bowed heads to his suggestion, and I was led away to a well-guarded hut, where about a quart of blood was drawn from my veins. In my present state of convalescence, it was no wonder that I should faint; but when the High Priest, approaching me, poured through my lips a certain decoction of herbs, a new existence seemed to pervade my system, and glorious images of beauty and grandeur presented themselves to my mind. All on a sudden the voice of the High Priest sounded in my ears, questioning me as to my visions, when, horror struck, he immediately applied some other decoction, and brought me back to the land of stern realities. For some time I could not imagine why I was served for the ensuing week with that reverence due only to a god. Neither was the vein reopened to draw my life's blood, but every attention possible to be bestowed was rendered unto me.

In the course of four weeks, by their unremitting attention, I felt as robust as ever, and received a visit from the High Priest, who had kept aloof during all that period, when, approaching

me in a kneeling position, he spake thus: “Stranger to me and us, yet son of Soho, thou art the prophesied one promised in our sacred records! Come with me to the temple, and there we will reveal unto thee the secrets of our religion, that thou mayest receive from us, as thy faithful subjects, our homage, and we from thee our instructions.”

I begged him to explain himself, which he did in the following manner: “We are all, as priests of Soho, deeply versed in the secrets of human nature; and although we have not found, as yet, in our nation or any other, such a being as we are in search of, we know that the human mind can be developed to such a perfection as to hold communion with the past and the present, with the dead and the living, and translate to us the commands of Soho, uttered day by day, yet understood by few. An ancient prophecy, faithfully kept for many centuries, promised unto us that a certain stranger would at one time reveal unto us the secrets beyond the grave, and hold life and death in the balance; and although that prophecy seemed to occupy in our minds a position in the yet dark, dim vista of future ages, behold to my surprise, and horror at the same time, when, after thou didst faint, and I made thee partake of a blood-creating narcotic, thou didst disclose to me—not in the broken dialect of foreign accent—may, not even in the language spoken by us all, but in the sacred tongue, known to priests alone, never, never breathed by mortal lips save in a whisper, the realities of another world, and substantiated thy claims as son of Soho by evidences of fore-knowledge, particularly applicable to my private life, which none can gainsay. And I about to draw thy blood from thee, only supporting thy life by a sort of specious cruelty, for the mere gratification of power! For I need not tell thee that we, the teachers of this senseless crowd, do not believe in the efficacy of sprinkling the blood, but only use it as an effort and means to concentrate the mind of the populace to a certain focus. Oh far have we departed, oh Soho, from thy service; but having found the being who can stand between the life we lead and the life to come, grant unto our minds the swiftness of thy lightning, and to our voices the roaring of thy thunder, and to our efforts the shaking power of thy earthquakes, to remove from this earthly existence that foul enemy called Death.”

I was surprised beyond measure to hear the refined language and cultivated intellect of a seeming savage, yet in the dark concerning his mode of viewing the subject, I consoled myself with the thought that sooner or later my state of exile would cease, and I was sent back to that part of the island from whence I could embark for my native land. The sequel will prove how much I was mistaken.

As the old chieftain or High Priest—as he indeed appeared to be—ceased speaking, for a space of many seconds he paused, and seemed to cast upon me imploring looks, as if salvation were only to be found within the narrow compass of poor me. I broke the silence, admitting my surprise concerning the past scene, and his recent communication in regard to the prophecy which he thought about to be fulfilled. “And will you then follow me, kind stranger, and trust yourself to my care for a few days, and witness the blessings which thou art about to bestow upon us in particular, and upon those who are and always have been an eyesore to the Christian man?”

I bowed assent. At his command, when leaving the hut, two horses were brought forward, and mounting them, we soon left behind us the scene which had almost been fatal to my earthly existence. We rode all day. The horses did not seem to tire, and when the orb of the full moon with her silver rays was about to adorn the mountain tops, and send her glorious light into the silent distances of wood and glen, I was suddenly overcome with weakness and exhaustion, which my guide perceiving, he informed me was caused by a cessation of the influence the herbs had upon my physical system. Taking from the folds of his tunic a beautifully carved ivory box of an inch in diameter, and unscrewing the lid, he dipped his finger in a gray substance which to me appeared of a saline-like consistency, and anointed my lips and also his own therewith. A new life and activity seemed to pervade my frame, and all sense of weariness and exhaustion disappeared, and a desire to meet fatigue seemed to be predominant. He applied some also to the nostrils of our steeds, and if their action had heretofore appeared to be immeasurably active, it was nothing in comparison with their present gait, for when reaching an open space, we galloped over it with a most fearful velocity, seemingly a mile a minute.

Toward morning we entered a deep jungle, and in a little while afterward we halted before what seemed to me to have been the remains of an old temple, when my guide, springing from his steed, and beckoning me to follow him, entered a sort of side porch, and giving a distinct and sharp guttural sound, we were received by a venerable looking Indian, who conducted us through a labyrinth of underground passages to a hall of vast dimensions, formed by the hand of Nature. “We will summon now,” says the High Priest, “the heads of our tribes to convene and take council together, for time is pressing, and within three days at least we will open to your understanding the seeming mystery, but until I have their consent, it is unlawful for me to make you acquainted with our secrets. During my absence your wants will be strictly attended to. A horse will be at your disposal; fear not to ride forth; you cannot lose your way. Here,” (handing me an instrument similar to that toy sold at fairs on which children try their vocal powers—a flute made of gold and set with jewels), he said, “when desiring to return, you have only to blow in this instrument, and in a very few minutes, and in some cases instantaneously, according to the distance of your whereabouts, minions will attend you home and obey your summons.”

He left me, and for three days I roamed through the wide expanse of forest, returning sometimes at noon, or at night, to my asylum. But whether lost or not, near the ruins of the temple or in the middle of the far-distant chapparal, my call on that instrument never failed to bring forward, sometimes one and two, and on one occasion more than five hundred swarthy beings, jealous of one another lest some of my smiles might light upon some other lucky individual. My food was choice, and health, that dear boon of universal nature, had never before been enjoyed by me in such a state of perfection as when sojourning in that cave underneath the temple.

The evening of the third day had passed, and while yet lingering upon my road toward my forest home, to enjoy the beautiful scenery of heaven's vast canopy—so beautiful in tropical climes—musing upon the various circumstances which had surrounded me during my past life, and especially the last month, all seemed to be a dream—soft to me—celestial music filled the air, and before I had time to call for my swarthy attendants to ask the reason of that heavenly melody, I beheld a dozen of them approaching me, their forms scarcely visible in the dark shade of gigantic trees. Two of them stepped forward, and with due reverence led my horse in the opposite direction from where my home was formerly reached. I was soon called to dismount, and entering a cavity, was informed that this was one of the passages of my underground habitation. Judge of my surprise, on reaching the cave, to see it lit up with resinous torches, and behold the forms of thirty venerable-looking Indians, with my old friend at their head. Nothing could be more awful to my feelings than to experience the homage which they paid; and when at the request of some I was placed upon a square block of stone, I was informed that I then occupied a seat never occupied by man before, but from time immemorial, for thousands of years, it had been kept sacred and vacant from generation to generation, until the auspicious moment should arrive when God in man should touch its surface as a throne, and issue commands and high behests for the well being of nations yet unborn.

My feelings cannot be expressed, and my visage certainly must have told the feelings within, for one of the aged warriors approached me and whispered in my ear the words: “I beseech thee, beware of pride! Thou dost not occupy the seat of God! No! As it is not the vessel which contains wine or cooling draught to the sick—not the channel which holds or confines the limits of the stream that cools the parched lips of the traveler, but the liquid it contains, so art thou the casket and by all that is virtuous, and thy honest motives and pure impulses, we beseech thee to let thyself be used for the spirit of him who would develop himself, according to the prophecy, at some future time to man, who, coming through thee cannot brook a rival. Thou art blessed! Oh, remain so! And now permit us to prepare thee for the work which is at hand.”

Instantaneously the cavern seemed to be filled with the grateful smoke of aromatic herbs, and I felt myself, as it were, dissolving, yet remained conscious. It seemed to me as if I receded from my body; then it became real, and at last I looked with wonder and awe upon my corporeal frame, which, standing erect, used its arms with majestic grace, while its eyes appeared to dart sparks of lightning, and its tongue to speak thus: “Wise men and worshippers of the true Deity, the auspicious moment has arrived, in which the prophet of old, reissuing a casket of flesh, can come back to testify to the fulfillment of his former prediction. I am not the God you adore, but he who in times past predicted this present instance. The power to do so at the time was given by the same authority that makes me now reissue the body of this individual, which, being so nicely balanced, according to physical and moral laws, is able to bring forth the desired results. Like all other prophecies, too much stress has been laid upon the literal words used, instead of the meaning conveyed, and hence the thousand and one mistakes made with regard to so many bright individuals, in dedicating them to the gods, supposing them not to have an earthly origin. All doctrines, whether they be the creations of fancy, or so-called revelations, have been but myths, and comprehend the past mythology taught by the priesthood, who, if they possibly could have done it, would have swayed the sceptre of Deity himself. But I come to enlighten your minds, and to show unto you the road of distinction, although the grave of priesthood—eternal life to all living objects. From this time, the coming aspect of things terrestrial will assume a different character. Nations, subject to others by reason of their own inferiority, will strive to break their fetters, and the beginning of a universal convulsion is now about taking place, which will cover the earth from the far east to where the sun hides himself. And through whom is this to be accomplished but by the intervention of those celestial natures, once inhabitants of this earth, who, developing day by day by their latent attractions and sympathies, are constrained to draw even the theatre of their former existence into their state of perfection; and by it the soul or mind of man will receive the power to impart to other souls the manner in which knowledge is acquired almost akin to the ascribed knowledge of Deity, viz., to know the past, the present and the future; and, at the same time, to know what occurs at the most distant parts of this globe? This wave, this small circle in the universal lake of lethargy and ignorance and seeming eternal silence, is about to form its circle and expand its circumference here this night, and the time is coming when the waters of the vast deep will all become agitated, and darkness will be expelled by the phosphorus produced by their motion. The body through which I speak will be able to converse with you at any time, no matter how great the distance between you, and will keep you advised of all the occurrences which, from this mo-



"ment, we about to transpire, through the special intervention of spirit-intercourse. But first, all the shackles which through ignorance have paralyzed the limbs of nations, must be broken. All must be the goddess of liberty. All must bank themselves in the light of wisdom, before universal manhood can individually become recipients of that perfection about to burst upon this glorious world in all its virgin splendor."

The voice ceased, and, before I was aware of the fact—to use a common phrase—"Richard was himself again." I opened my eyes and with astonishment beheld the various countenances of the chiefs gathered together, for they were satisfied that no mortal besides those initiated into their secrets could have produced the foregoing speech in that sacred tongue never before spoken but in a whisper.

But although I myself was perfectly satisfied concerning any action on my part in the late proceedings, that satisfaction on their side was heightened still more by the following occurrences: Suddenly the rock-bound cave was enveloped in utter darkness—a darkness almost to be felt if not seen—when a sweet melody, first plaintive, greeted our ears, followed by a pale light, akin to that which lights up the eastern horizon before Aurora steps in rosy hue o'er the barriers of night, and unfastes the gates of the morning. By-and-by the strain became more impressive—louder—till finally the very rock reverberated with its grand notes, and each successive burst of music was accompanied by a brilliant sea of light, and at the same time impressed upon all the fantastical idea that music had its figures. It seemed as if a thousand and one colors were twisting and untwisting themselves in an endless variety and rich, intricate maze, yet always grateful to the vision. Each shade seemed to impart that soothing influence which those bright colors had well-nigh destroyed by their brilliancy, yet each impression remained strong enough not to be wholly destroyed by succeeding scenes; and when at last, with a triumphant shout, the scene closed and vanished from our view, every note, every color, every variation, every motion, stood suddenly though momentarily represented before the eye by all the various colors, as we were afterwards told, not only of earth, but such as are only conceived by spirits.

Oh, while yet enjoying scenes of greater magnitude in the blissful spirit-abode at present, my mind lights up with joy when remembering that scene here below. When memory comes back fraught with delicious odors of the past, laden with the aroma of that night's experience, I feel doubly blessed, for it was the first beginning of that era when spirit-intervention and communication should no longer consist of myths, but of facts. The practicable would be presented before the mind, and the true bread of life, to be received by every individual being who thirsteth after knowledge and truth. It left us overpowered, and for more than two hours we experienced an ecstasy, during which time, if the most eloquent speaker had descended upon the beauties of Nature, it would have appeared unto us discord of the infernal deep. Lights were finally brought, in order that we might discuss what had passed, when the stone-throne was found to be covered with an engraving, representing, through the agency of the holy sacred tongue, the wishes of our spirit-protector, and the guide by which we were to be governed to proclaim to mankind the glorious tidings of a universal reformation.

It is proper to add that a few moments before I regained the control of my own body, the spirit or intelligence acting upon my frame had given the following command: That all those assembled in the cave should form a circle by locking hands, and all lights be extinguished, when I should read the directions engraved upon that stone of honor, destined to play such a prominent part in the following narrative. It was very easy indeed to read those inscriptions, for they glowed like letters of fire, and when the top and sides had been read, the stone became, as it were, a blank mass of fire, and shortly afterwards new directions followed up the old ones. The letters or characters were composed of dark lines upon a bluish-white phosphoric ground, and every word of importance seemed to have, for the time being, a glorious splendor, so that the stone itself became a speaking monument of that intelligence which pervaded the assembly!

Let us return, after this digression. I read the top surface of the stone:

"The north of this globe shall receive the first glimmering spark of celestial glory. Delthy himself will freely mix with man, and usher in an era which shall surpass all former ones by its grandeur and wisdom. Although the tropics are the recipients of heavenly messages, and, as of old, Nature's gifts are showered upon the tropic zone, they shall become purified by being drawn upward as well as northward, like the vapors of the valley by the rising sun. The stranger who is now with you will be clothed with ample powers to take by storm the Kingdom of Heaven. His physical frame will become so insured to the vicissitudes of physical life, as to undergo any fatigue without exhaustion, and here, when he shall have departed from you, at stated times you will learn from the surface of this stone the progress which he is making in the undivided empire he holds as agent of this sublimity sphere. First of all, his duty lays eastward and northward, to enlighten those nations which are held by the so-called Christian country as barbarian, upon the delivery from the bondage of the cross of Christ; for instead of preaching a living example of God manifested in the flesh, they are slaying thousands upon thousands yearly, taking for a club the instrument of his death—a cross. He will be enlightened every moment of his life in regard to the widely extended ramifications of your brotherhood, and make himself known through the means of the sacred tongue to all the rulers of Delthy's people, giving them, and with authority, the precise data on which they can shake off the yoke of every oppressor, as well as to felgn being beaten; when to act as conquerors, and when to crouch in the sand with the oppressor's foot upon their necks. At the same time we will, through our knowledge of the laws of Nature, suspend animation in his body, when sudden and unavoidable journeys are necessary, and when he shall be heard in the assembly of the rulers without being seen. But to you, wise men of Ceylon, is entrusted the care of his body, so that when his soul escapes, nothing whatsoever shall touch the body, and it will remain undisturbed till his return; for he shall be made the messenger of heavenly intelligence, swift as lightning, yes, as quick as thought, to convey the behest of Delthy over the surface of this globe, until the time when man shall have become so highly developed as to become the agents of Delthy himself, and be spread among all the nations of the earth. Depart now, oh stranger, on thy errand. It will be given thee to speak without effort, and when wishing for advice or counsel, when so situated as not to be able to understand us, wish thyself back to this place, no matter how far away from it; the watchman in this cavern will then see the stone illuminated, give the alarm, and gather the wise men of the tribe, and thou thyself wilt

address them in an audible tone—separated from thy body—which we desire thee to deposit carefully from intrusion; and here in this quiet and holy place they will learn our behests. No matter in what difficulty thou mayest be placed, or with whatever circumstances thou mayest be surrounded, from henceforth thou art under our special care, and thou wilt be known under this title, 'The saviour of downtrodden manhood.' Follow thine occupation of a seaman, and when aboard of vessels, when it shall become necessary for thee to perform any duty aloft while under our control, and no chance at all is presented to deposit thy body in a safe place, we will animate it in such shape that thy nearest friend could not see any difference. Now lay the train of that combustion which ere long is to take place, and set the world in flames. Let it be continuous. Do not let anything interfere and separate it; and when the train, or the beginning and the end, shall have met, we shall apply the match, and order will be born out of chaos, like a phoenix rising from its ashes."

The stone ceased giving out any light. We re-lit our torches, and among the congratulations of the wise men I departed for my hut to receive from the lips of the High Priest the next day considerable information, as he termed it, concerning a secret Order for ages existing among the barbarous tribes and nations of the globe. The morning stars, while entering the delicious grove toward my hut, began to pale in the light of the morning, and I threw myself at once upon the rude pallet, to rest my weary body from the excitement of the past night. To my surprise, a delicious sensation of rest, quietness and strength pervaded my whole system, and I felt as if I had been resting in a long, balmy sleep, and my body had recovered its youthful vigor. This at least, then, was a reality, and a fulfillment of the promises made the night before. Soon the High Priest entered my abode, smilingly complimenting me on my fresh appearance. He sat himself down to give me the intelligence so much desired; but, strange to say, every word that fell from his lips was anticipated by me; and after listening to him for a few moments, I interrupted him to tell him of my experience. He desired that I should continue the directions he had begun, which to his astonishment were the very facts about to be related by him. Some of the wise men coming to pay their morning visit, were also astonished when I related to them things known only to themselves.

And so strangely did a power from above work upon my system, gradually though surely, that as men came in contact with me, bodily or spiritually, their most inner thoughts were revealed to my gaze, and laid bare to my vision. Surely this was a manifest evidence of the power delegated to me the night before, and the witnesses of the realization could not but think their God—seemingly long dead to their cry for deliverance—now ready to stretch forth his helping hand and elevate that portion of the globe's inhabitants, who, in reality were the originators, but never had remained in possession of the arts and sciences and high mental culture enjoyed by the white man.

This is a prelude or introduction to that mysterious power which is felt but never seen, that seems to act with a sort of concentration between the most distant points, and to which most uncivilized hordes seem inclined to render obedience. It is that power which sooner or later will teach the Christians of the present day the origin of their knowledge, and make them experience the humble but necessary fact that those whom they have looked upon as inferior to themselves are the proprietors and they the stewards.

And now I take my leave of you as an individual; but in my future communications you may catch a glimpse of my individuality, thus assuring you that I am near you.

Until now the world has been governed by arbitrary powers, like unto a child directed and guided by a parent's care, until it outgrows the efforts in a certain measure and enters into a new sphere. So does the world at the present time assimilate the power by which it has been governed in the past; and yet before this takes place it must undergo a revolution so mighty and universal in its effects, as to sweep with tornado-like power from the plane of existence all opposition. Then the fact that a spirit communication between the visible and invisible worlds is real and not imaginary, will be proclaimed to man by some of his own species, so favored as to hold a twofold existence in a sublimity as well as a celestial sphere; and the same power which governed heretofore the destiny of nations, did urge on and on with the same efforts a few individuals on this globe, who were similarly situated as I was, and who in my rambles through the world I have met, and whose dedication to the work at hand was similar to mine. They were the beacons of the various ports to which I directed my course during my extensive traveling, and whether under the torrid zone or under a more moderate climate, among the so-called Christian intellect or among those that were yet to use a Christian phrase—sitting in darkness, we all held converse with one another, the theme being the fast-approaching epoch of the redemption of man.

When I became more and more acquainted with the spiritual powers of man after leaving life's physical frame—otherwise dead—I saw that the very same powers which at first seemed miraculous, were obtainable by me also; and when, meeting with some of those few who were destined to act in concert with me, and who were rather ignorant in respect to their calling, yet still felt a sympathy existing between us, I was fortunate in enlightening their understanding, and in establishing a mental telegraph over the whole globe, so as to correspond with one another without a physical contact of the body, or exchanging ideas through the medium of the pen. Language, such as is spoken by the use of the tongue, was not necessary for us to exchange thoughts—for sounds are not things at all, but only convey meaning by the meaning itself. See us here now like a band of brothers (fifty years ago) ready to cover as with a net-work the expectant human mind, for man having arrived at that point of development in which a new sphere is about to be entered upon, is conscious in his unconsciousness of a coming state of affairs which will affect all mankind.

Now before I undertake to go into details of the past, the trials and difficulties overcome, the opposition met and opposed, and the various revolutions which have shaken the earth from its centre to its circumference, in tracing out plainly to you the very source from whence it was derived, allow me to dwell a little longer upon a feature of man's existence, which will give you a key to the mystery of what man is pleased to call "foreordination," or fate, or no evil system; I should call it "no evilism." It is a dangerous thing for man, when arriving at the understanding of himself, when, feeling indeed that he is a free agent, capable of working out his own destiny, to fall back into the slough of despond, and yield himself again to the influences of that power which before his development had universal sway. That men were governed in former times in even the very simplest occurrences that transpired, no one can

deny; nor that they had to obey, because forced by their unprogressed condition; and to fulfill to the very letter every mandate going forth from that power. As long as they recognized that power in their undeveloped state, it bore them gently toward that epoch of perfection which, when entered upon, would refuse obedience to the power to which man himself felt assimilated. I say it did man no harm whatever to preach the doctrine of foreordination, or fate, for it was a truth, and will remain a truth for thousands of years to come to a great many of the human family, who by their non-progression are yet servants of that very power which will lead them to the smiling valleys of momentous self-importance. But the moment man commences to question the truth and the reasonableness of said power, he is shaking himself loose and entering a new sphere. Hence all arguments held by the theologians on either side of the question have proved abortive of good results; for darkness cannot understand light; and until the very light of progression shall strike the mind of the fatalist by reason of its own rising upwards, no argument whatever can dispel the gloomy aspect of a future.

Again, certain portions of mankind do draw by their peculiarities and conditions a sort of spiritual atmosphere around them, which has a decided effect upon the elements by which they breathe and live; and being yet gross in their understandings, the very elements of Nature appertaining to this globe act upon their understanding. What a little matter will turn the brain of man, sometimes of even the most dazzling one. You have heard of literary people entertaining the most ridiculous thoughts. You have doubtless read of delusions and manias taking possession of whole nations, not to speak of the witchcraft of Old and New England, or the frenzy which set a whole nation shaking as if possessed of the fever and ague, such as was witnessed in 1600 in France, or that which took a milder form in prophesying events, which certainly came to pass, in England, when people of both sexes, and not only the hoary sire or the comely maiden, but also infants in the cradle, uttered words which were far beyond the ken of the agents by which they were produced.

These things will cease to operate at large as they have done, for the very reason that man is no longer governed as a mass, but will govern in his own stead. I speak of the future, that glorious epoch when men shall each individually rule and govern in such harmony with their fellow men, that it will seem like the evolutions of a regiment of soldiers—every motion executed throughout the line with commendable precision, and the very essence of harmony. Away then with all anarchical, or monarchical, and away with all democratic governments, and all associations of power, which at best are centered upon some offshoot of old-fashioned arbitrary power. Away with the mountains of laws and by-laws, and new gotten up laws to keep the former laws in existence. And all hail to the bright morning which will usher in that grand and needed thrice happy period when all shall judge themselves, and be impelled by that code of honor not received from any higher power, or delegated by any arbitrary power, but which is inherent in man even now, although but as a seed or a germ still undeveloped, yet about to bring forth a tree of goodly size. Men shall not deem it necessary to instruct their children in large academies, nicknamed "Temples of Wisdom," in the thousand and one interpretations of some old, obscure constitution; but when right, and only that which is right, understood by all in the same manner, unaltered, unchanged, shall be the Delty by which they shall be governed, and in their turn will govern nations yet unborn.

The sum and substance of my remarks are simply this: That fate, and the indulgence of the theory in it, such as man not being able to do anything but what is in perfect accord with right—there being no such things as evil or good, but different degrees of excellence—are the offspring of a mind going back to the middle ages of darkness and ignorance; whereas he who in reality has advanced upon the road of progress, is like the mariner coming out of a fog bank, spreading his sails to the wind, speeding his satisfied way in the sunlight, strong of nerve and straining every muscle and every cord to reach the port of his destination, leaving the past to itself, nor returning to the fog to test its qualities, or trying to demonstrate that there is no fog, but glad that he can bask in God's sunshine, happy that he has escaped destruction.

Assisted through a chain of favorable circumstances, which enabled me to follow the bent of those inclinations of a foreign power, but still my own, I was enabled to go from place to place, and fulfill those duties which, irksome as they sometimes were, were to my soul like heavenly manna in the accomplishment thereof. For me to be the chosen instrument to proclaim the joyful day of heaven and earth united, and to be the agent by which such a union was to be effected, to scan as with a bird's-eye view the grand plan by which this world's spiritual atmosphere was to be regenerated, raised a degree higher toward its manifest destiny, was grand and sublime. Few mortals indeed could boast of powers like mine, although there were a few who were similarly blessed, and whom I met in my wanderings, recognizing them by the ties of sympathy, the crossings of our paths being brought about by some spiritual guidance.

Whenever I could intimate to an individual the grand project, and his fitness to become also an agent—I had no need of any testimony save that feeling of sympathy which enabled me to single out of thousands of beings the very one capable of becoming a cooperator in the great work—the approach was not difficult, for the powers of his soul, having lain dormant for a certain length of time, wanted but the electric spark to set them all ablaze, and with mine flow down in a gentle stream toward the central ocean of existence. But sometimes I met individuals who were to become co-operators in the great work, who were themselves ignorant of the powers invested in and delegated to them. They were to become the unconscious instruments, because the openness of their character did not admit of anything like intimacy, and still that very trait made them favorable agents for the execution of the project.

The first commission, then, which was entrusted to my care, in company with others, was to instruct some conscious, as well as unconscious minds, to publish to the world those scientific inventions in the great mechanical arts and improvements which have astonished the world for the last fifty years. Few there are who are conscious, when ushering into existence some new invention, that they are the levers by which the beautiful fabric of human intelligence is lifted and propped up by their works, till it can enter a higher state of existence. And many there are who do not take cognizance beyond a mere impression they received, and usher into this world results of labor which they fondly cherish to be their own. Upon these last mentioned individuals it is far more difficult to operate, for they often receive suggestions, mix them with their own crude notions, aided by adverse intelligences, and give birth to actual occurrences, which, though bear-

ing the impress of divinity, are sadly malformed. It is a fearful thing, although it is ever apt to be used in a contrary way, that man is eager to improve impressed ideas; and stranger still, that the least elevated spirits or intelligences from other worlds have the power of imitation to largely developed as to identify themselves completely with the individual, and aid him in altering and thwarting the desires of higher intelligences, so much so as to make the said individual firmly believe it to be his own.

The said spirit of contention often attacks our spirits—I mean the spirits of those who were engaged with me constantly in the work of human redemption—and when we are slumbering, intrudes upon our minds, and vainly tries to leave an impressionavoring of high intelligence, but easily discovered to be false. Still as all things have results, so can these frequent impressions have nothing but an evil tendency, by which our minds are drawn away from the grand and good intent, and often have we need of being immersed in the spiritual atmosphere, to be washed clean of the filth of lower intelligences.

I first visited the northern countries of Europe, and passing like some mysterious being from city to city, from clime to clime, over rivers and oceans, I left in my wake a broad evidence of the genuineness of my never-to-be-forgotten appointment. But I found in all places souls to respond to mine, conscious of their power the moment the torch was lit, and eager to become watchmen upon the walls of Zion.

The earth is about to be surrounded, covered like a net-work with torch-bearers, to dispel the darkness of ignorance, and to bring to light the mysteries of higher intelligences. No longer a few will be the organs of inventive genius, but all, conscious or unconscious, will become the instruments by which all that is great and good and noble is to be accomplished. And when among those breakers I threw myself in the boiling caldron of the raging tempest, it was not an exclamation of despair which proceeded from my lips, but the answer to the welcome which called me hence, and I could see instantaneously a belt of light encircling those northern countries, called the moderate climes, the result of my humble efforts.

[Concluded in our next.]

## BIBLE DISCUSSION

BETWEEN REV. GEORGE CLENDENAN AND MOSES HULL.

[NOTE.—This discussion was commenced in Hull's Monthly Clarion, but uncontrollable circumstances, including sickness and deaths in the family of the affirmative, prevented any more than five letters from each party being published during the year. The original agreement was for twelve letters each.]

### ELDER CLENDENAN'S SIXTH LETTER.

LAFORTE, IND., March 5, 1867.

BRO. HULL.—The *Clarion* for December reached me in due time, and your reply to my fifth letter is read for the first time to-day, (March 5, 1867.) The explanation of this will be found in a private note, forwarded with this communication. Without apology or explanation, I will pay my respects to your fifth response before going on with the affirmative.

2. In paragraph 6 you reaffirm that the Lord moved David to number Israel. Let us see—I Chron. xxi: 1—"And Satan stood up against Israel, and provoked David to number Israel." The pronoun "he" in II Sam. xxiv, refers to Satan, and not to the Lord. Boothroyd renders II Sam. xxiv: 1—"The anger of the Lord was excited against Israel because an adversary stood up, and moved David." &c. Let the Bible be its own interpreter, and all is plain. I will just remark that Satan is the marginal reading.

3. I did not accuse you of falsehood, unqualified and absolute. I affirmed this of a certain charge made by you. My dear sir, cannot I brand a position as false without casting a personal reflection upon the author?

Bro. Hull, the alms you put on in your seventh paragraph are simply ridiculous. You charge directly that Jesus was a horse thief, and manifest surprise if I do not endure your impious Billingsgate and excommunication, but if an opponent in strife keeping with polemic decorum charges you with false assumptions, why, forsooth, you are such a paragon of punctilio that it would be inconsistent with dignity to defend yourself. I am determined that the issues shall be sharply defined. Let any one affirm of my positions that they are false, and see if I do not return to their defence, that is all!

4. The statute in Deut. xiv is a prohibition of a practice which at that time was universal. All reform must be gradual. The tendency of the statute was to do away, discontinue altogether, such food. Your reference to Deut. xiv: 26, is a miserable perversion.

The facts in the case are simply these: The Jews were required to assemble three times a year at Jerusalem, for festival purposes. If any lived so far distant that they could not carry their provisions, the permit is given them to sell and take the money thus obtained, and go up to Jerusalem, and there purchase provisions for the feast. How different this from the drunkard who robs his family. And yet Bro. Hull affirms the cases are equal.

You think the Bible cannot be plennarily inspired because it teaches that there were four days without the sun. But what constitutes a day? The revolution of the earth on its axis. Hence we have a portion of every day without the sun. And if one half of the day can exist without the sun why not the whole? Say, Bro. Hull, why not? But I deny that the Bible teaches that four days elapsed before the sun was created. Four days did however intervene between the creation and the time the sun was made (i. e., appointed) a light bearer to the earth. The earth existed four geologic days or eras before the mist of chaos had sufficiently subsided to permit the beams of the sun to shine upon it.

6. In your ninth paragraph you controvert my first argument, viz: that the denial of my affirmative involves an absurdity. It is amusing to witness the difficulties of infidelity. The gist of your reply is contained in the following humiliating confession: "I know of no infallibility."

What can we be infallibly assured of nothing? *Sci transit gloria infideli.* Why, my dear fellow, if you cannot be infallibly certain of anything, for aught you know the Bible may be plennarily inspired! Moreover, permit me as a friend to advise you to devote more than "three hours" to your replies. The time won't be lost.

What you say touching any discrepancy between the law and the Gospel is only designed to throw dust in the eyes of the reader. The law was perfect for the accomplishment of the purpose of its existence. It was not a finality. The prophet Jeremiah, seven hundred years before the Christian era, foretold the close of the Jewish and the introduction of the Christian Covenant.—Jer. xxxi: 31-33.

Now to your closing question, "Is it infallibly true that Christ said and did so many things that the world could not do and say?"

I reply that this is a figure of speech called *hyperbole*, and simply means that it would require a great many books.

Longinus says of a certain man that he was the owner of a piece of land no larger than a Greek letter, meaning of course that he owned a very small piece of land, yet you do not for a moment think that Longinus told a falsehood. Virgil says of a man that he was so tall that he reached to the stars, meaning that he was very tall. This figure of speech abounds in all writings. Strange that one so intelligent as my opponent would think of urging this as an argument against the inspiration of the Bible. But now, as I believe, one justice to your response, I will proceed to the defence of the affirmative.

9. The Bible account of creation is in accordance with the ascertained facts of science. In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. This was in the beginning. The Bible is silent concerning the time of this beginning, but proceeds to describe the process by which the earth was recovered from its chaotic state. The results of the six days of Moses correspond precisely with the developments of geologic eras. I am aware of the fact that this is the favorite stamping ground of infidelity, but that I may not anticipate, I will await your reply to this argument.

10. My fifth argument is as follows: The Bible history is uncontradicted by a single fact or record of antiquity. I shall for the present content myself with a simple statement of this argument, reserving its illustration to some future time.

11. It has been urged that the alleged cruelties contained in the Bible are inconsistent with its claims to inspiration. It must be remembered, however, that one design of revelation is to give us a true history of its origin and influence upon the best man. It gives us a perfect transcript of human life—gives us a diagnosis of the disease before presenting the remedy. The only question being on the controversy is: Are those records correct?

12. But it is still urged that the Bible endorses such acts as the destruction of the antediluvians, of the Egyptians, the Canaanites, the Amalekites, &c. I admit the fact, but deny the legitimacy of the deduction. Cannot God do as much to maintain the honor of his law as much as to make a million of men down South burn their cities, kill their fathers, husbands and sons, starve women and children, and all for what? To maintain the honor of the Government and the laws. Now we must take refuge amid the driving, stupid bogs of atheism, and say there is no being in the universe who has the right to impose law on man, or else charge our "boys in blue" as invaders and murderers. An atheist or a traitor we must be, or else retract the position that the Bible cannot be inspired because it contains a faithful record of the dread penalties consequent upon a violation of Divine law. Sincerely, &c., GEORGE CLENDENAN.

### MR. HULL'S SIXTH REPLY.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., March 26, 1867.

1. BRO. CLENDENAN.—Your letter, also your private note, were found on my table at my arrival at home from Minnesota last week. Your apology for not having written sooner is accepted. I sympathize with you in your afflictions, and regret that you cannot know that the trio who have been born into the "Summer-Land" since we entered this arena are still with you. Your heart now calls for the consolations of Spiritualism.

2. In paragraph two you make the important announcement that the pronoun *he* in II Sam. xxiv: 1, refers to Satan: "When hath man all this wisdom? &c." The text reads as follows: "And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel, and He moved David against them to say, Go, number Israel." How can he refer to the devil when the Lord was the only person spoken of in the text; it will take a devotee of Orthodoxy to explain. I had supposed that pronouns were introduced to prevent the too frequent occurrence of nouns. It would be tautology to say: And the Lord moved David to number Israel, after having said in the same sentence, The anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel. The anger of the Lord will permit the pronoun *he* to apply to any other than the one who was angry. Your quotation from II Chron. xxi: 1, instead of helping you out, adds to your difficulty by presenting a contradictory statement. The very point I undertook to prove in my last was, that the statements contradict each other. If I have failed on that, you have helped me out; thank you for the aid. Your Boothroyd's rendering, although made on purpose to relieve the tangles of difficulties, does not help the matter. It makes God get mad at innocent Israel, because David becomes an instrument of wrath, which is a rendering which I do not say does not God give vent to his rage on the "adversary," and not on Israel, and the millions of dollars' worth of cattle and sheep which certainly had nothing to do with the crime, if, indeed, there was a crime.

3. In paragraph three, you say, "I did not accuse you of falsehood unqualified and absolute." Well, here are your words; make of them what you can: "Touching your first charge, I brand it as a falsehood unqualified and absolute. I know this may be deemed unkind. I candidly confess that it is intentionally so. Argument and persuasion are somewhat out of place; they seldom succeed." See letter 5, par. 7. Again, you say, I have charged directly that Jesus was a horse thief. Where? When? Under what circumstances? I do not know that Jesus ever saw a horse. He did take a couple of jackasses under rather suspicious circumstances, and rode into Jerusalem twice at once; but even that would not make him a horse thief. See Matt. xxi: 1-7. You will find it much easier to charge me with falsehood and brand my argument as "impious Billingsgate" than to face their music. You are more accustomed to slang than to argument. I do not blame you for this. Of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaks.

4. Next you come to the bad meat question, and say the tendency of the statute was to prohibit the use of such food altogether. How a statute positively commanding them to sell that which dieth of itself, to the Gentiles, (Deut. xiv: 21), is calculated to prohibit the use of such things, I cannot see. If bad meat was not fit for a Jew to eat, it was not fit for a Gentile, and the Jews had no right to furnish it for them. This Biblical statute strongly reminds me of the newly converted lady who said, "I used to wear a great deal of jewelry, but I found it was wicked. Now to the miserable perversion that you accuse me of having thrown around Deut. xiv: 26: You think this text only refers to sacrificial purposes. That may be. If so, I apprehend they had *bachchanalia* feasts three times a year, for the text emphatically tells them to bestow their money for strong drink. Why not interpret that text as you would my language if I were to give you a dollar and tell you to pay it for strong drink or whatsoever your soul lusteth after?

5. In your fifth paragraph you undertake to minimize the existence of four days without the sun with geology. But in this you practically illustrate the fact that drowning men will grasp at straws. Your straw, however, will do you no good. What constitutes a day? You say "the revolution of the earth upon its axis." In this you are geologically correct, but scripturally wrong. The Bible says—Ps. cxxxvii: 7-8—"God gave the sun to rule the day." Did the sun rule the days before it was made? Your *ad captum* about the sun becoming a light bearer is bare assumption, nothing more. Your assumption about the days being "four geologic periods" is also so false extended that it will not waste much time or paper on it. According to the Bible, God made the world and all things therein in six days, leaving a little job of finishing to do on the seventh, and finally sent Moses to give the following commandment: Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shall thou labor and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath (rest) of the Lord thy God. \* \* \* for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it."—Ex. xxi: 8-11. Now if the six days were six "geologic periods," and the seventh a period of *inertia*, then we are commanded to rest on each successive return of the seventh "geologic period," because that is in God rested. "In another place Moses has it as follows: 'Wherefore the children of Israel shall keep the Sabbath, to observe the Sabbath throughout their generations, for a perpetual covenant. It is a sign between me and the children of Israel forever: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and the seventh day he rested and was refreshed.'—Ex. xxxi:



16-17. Nothing can be plainer. Man must work six days a week, and God must rest just as God was. So, brother, your geologic periods only exist in your own imagination. In their stead you have God getting so tired in consequence of six days work that he must have refreshing rest. Perhaps the eight hour system was not so popular then as now; had it been, God perhaps could have worked a day or two longer without needing the refreshment of a whole day's rest.

6. It is, as you say, "amusing to witness the difficulties of infidelity," but the chief difficulty lies in getting an opponent to take hold of something that contains something more than a play upon words. Had infidels the power to manufacture brains for some who live a thousand years in the past, to make men distinguish between persons and principles, all other difficulties would soon vanish. In my assertion that "I know of no infallibility," I ought to have excepted your articles in this discussion. Had I made this exception you would not have felt so "humiliated." As it is, shall be compelled to ask you where infallibility rests? By what rule will you try it? Mind is fallible. All our conceptions are fallible; we, therefore, could not grasp an infallible revelation. Indeed, you yourself have intimated as much. You have said of certain faulty Biblical precepts, they were as good as could be under the circumstances. You cannot make the same revelation to an idiot that you can to a philosopher. Now let me try your logic. It runs after this fashion: "Why, my dear fellow, if you cannot be infallible, certain of anything, for aught you know, is fallible, and fallible is not infallible. How profound! Where is Barmum! I am not infallible, therefore I do not know but that the Bible is. No, if a fallible person can find errors, absurdities, incongruities and contradictions in the Bible, how many more could be found if it were tried at the court of infallibility. You next evade one of my arguments, by saying that 'the law was not a finality,' and quote—Jer. xxxi: 31-33—to prove it. That won't do, for that text talks the other way. It informs us that when the new covenant shall have accomplished its work, the law instead of being repealed, shall be written in the hearts of the people."

7. Again, you argue the infallibility of the Bible on account of the infallible law which produced it. Did I not know you to be sincere, when talking on religious matters, I would be led to think it was thrown in to fill out the space you are to occupy with your letters, and not that you thought there was any worth in it as argument. Why, my dear brother, the law which produced the Bible is not infallible, for the same cause which produced the Bible, is the cause of its fallibility. You see no difference between the thing and the law which produced it? Man is produced by a law which is as unerring as any law, yet man errs. As proof of this, please see Elder Clendenen's letters.

8. Your argument in paragraph eight is but little more than a repetition of paragraph seven. Indeed your whole argument reminds one of "Another locust took another grain and carried it away." In this you argue the fallibility of the Bible by it. You cannot prove the fallibility of the Bible by it. What a *petitio principii*! I thought you had started out to prove the infallibility of the Bible, and now you gravely inform me that I cannot prove the Bible is fallible, because, forsooth, reason is fallible! *Mirabile dictu!* Such "retorts" come with an ill grace from one on whom rests the burden of proof, especially when they contain neither logic or eloquence. With regard to the big story that you call "hyperbole," I will only say the story was exaggerated, and the meaning of the word you use as a means of escape is exaggerated, and that which was in the world, but that could be covered with the word *hyperbole*. Your collation of one or two other lies from other Greek works does not justify this; the falsehood in this instance is quite as great as that of Virgil's tall man.

9. You next make the wonderful discovery that "the Bible account of creation is in accordance with the ascertained facts of science." To what scientific text books are you indebted for this light? Is it a scientific fact that the earth was without form, and void, and darkness, and that which is without form? That an earth as that would be worth going a great way to see. The truth is, the earth never was without form. Did God make a firmament? Of what did he make it? How did God fasten the stars in the firmament? Suppose a screw should get loose in this brazen or iron firmament, what would the result be? Do your scientific books tell? Do any of them reveal the process of manufacturing a man out of one of man's ribs? Your scientific facts will be of great service to the world, but they will undoubtedly tell all about the process of making "every tree and every herb" before they were planted in the ground. I am extremely anxious to see these "ascertained facts." Your "geologic eras" I have noticed in another place.

10. When you come to the future time where you are going to "illustrate" your argument that "the Bible history is uncontradicted by a single fact or record of antiquity," I shall have the audacity to inquire, what portions of it? As it contradicts itself in so many places, I should be anxious to know what portions you refer to. Which of the three contradictory statements concerning Paul's conversion is "uncontradicted by antiquity?" which of the contradictory histories of the cosmogony do you endorse? Which of the two stories concerning the time of Christ's death and resurrection? Which of the two concerning the suicide of Judas? Where is your history corroborating the massacre of the infants—the preaching of John the Baptist—the quaking of the earth and rending of the rocks at the death of Christ? What about the resurrection of certain dead bodies at the resurrection of Christ? I am anxious for that future to come, when the historical facts shall be forthcoming.

11. In paragraph eleven you say, "It has been urged that the alleged cruelties contained in the Bible are inconsistent with its claims to inspiration." No, my brother, you misunderstand the point. It is not that the Bible gives the history of wrong, but that its best saints are the perpetrators of the wrong, and that the wrong was perpetrated under the direct command of the Lord. As a direct command, the command to steal from the Egyptians, the command to kill innocent children, the command to kill your own children for a difference of religious sentiment, the command to hate your own wife and children, &c. See Ex. xi: 2-3, Num. xxxi: 17, Deut. xii: 6-10, Luke xiv: 21.

12. You next urge that God maintained the honor of his law by destroying the antediluvians, the Egyptians, the Canaanites, the Midianites, &c. Strange law that! Its honor must be maintained in the destruction of hundreds of thousands of innocent creatures! I am glad I worship a God whose honor does not depend upon the destruction of millions of suffering infants. Any effort to evade the issue by telling the people of the American war will not avail. We do not measure God's power by men's weakness, nor yet his goodness by their wickedness. More than that, the cases are not parallel. Look at the wicked command, "kill all the male children, but the females save alive for yourselves." Num. xxxi: 17-18. My dear brother, you have a hard task before you. You are to kill against the priests." Yet I will urge you to fight on your effort will at least prove a warning to others—may teach drowning men that straws won't save them.

Yours for Light and Truth,  
MOSES HULL.

#### Use of Clairvoyance.

DEAR REPUBLIC—One of the greatest cures on record in this part of the country has been effected here, and is looked upon by the outside world as miraculous. The patient, Maria L. Hoage, who suffered ill health for about a year, and consulted several physicians, some of whom gave it their opinion that she was *enclitic*. Feeling that none of them understood her complaint, she put herself under the care and medical treatment of Mrs. L. E. Dow, clairvoyant physician of New York. After her first examination, Mrs. Dow discovered the disease to be an *ovarian tumor*. She called in the surgical assistance of Dr. Grover, who performed the operation of *paracentesis* several times, and finally extracted the tumor, which, with its contents, weighed twenty-five pounds. In character, it was various cysts, serum, pus, and a gelatinous or albuminous fluid. The conclusion to operate was originally based on a clairvoyant diagnosis by Mrs. Dow, who, as stated, was attended by Dr. Grover after the operation was performed. The other doctors, Brackett, Worley and Kanze, who witnessed this operation of *ovariotomy*, said there was no probability that the patient would survive; but she is now, after seventeen days, doing

well, and a living witness of her own innocence and the power of the healing hands of the spiritual physician. Mrs. Dow, as a clairvoyant and healing medium, has no superiors, and few equals, in the West; and Dr. Grover, who possesses great skill as a surgeon, has lately given excellent evidence of healing powers.

R. N.  
Davenport, Iowa, April 17th, 1867.

Spiritual Republic.

## 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, angels that are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."  
(LION HEAT.)

### BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS.

Garden Hyacinth.

Among the pleasant recollections of my childhood are those of the sweet spring days when I watched the rough, homely bulb of the Hyacinth, as it sent forth its green leaves, holding safely in their folds the pretty buds that were soon to fill the room with delicate perfume, and in their cups rarefactions of patience, beauty and love.

In New England the winters are too severe to permit the bulbs to remain out of doors, and so we do not find this flower in great abundance, as in warmer localities; but perhaps we love it the better for the tender care we take of it. With what a peculiar beauty each little petal seems filled, that comes from the little plant in our window! It seems just like a little spoken word of love to us—a grateful offering for the sunshine that we have helped give it, by carefully moving it first to one window and then to another to catch the first and last gleams. If one wants to really love flowers he must take care of them, and learn to watch their wants, and study the little asking signs that every leaf and stalk gives.

The ancients must have loved this flower very much, for they tell a very pretty story about the way that it came to this world of ours. These stories, of course, no one believes to be true, but they all have a significance, and often much truth in the form of a fable.

Hyacinth was the name of a very handsome youth. He was beloved by Apollo, who was one of the most celebrated of the divinities of the Greeks. He was believed to be the god of music and song, and to have invented the lyre. He was also the god of the sun, and thus was greatly honored. He was believed to be able to help men when in trouble, and to heal their diseases. But great and noble as he was, he was said to be fond of sports, of hunting and fishing, and of games. Hyacinthus and Apollo spent so much time together, that Zephyrus, who was very fond of Hyacinthus, grew quite jealous of Apollo, and determined, as most jealous people do, to make some mischief. Zephyrus, perhaps you know, was the west wind, but thought to be a person by the ancient Greeks.

Apollo and Hyacinthus were having a fine game of quoits together one day, which Zephyrus watched with no very happy feelings. "This business must be stopped. What nonsense for people to idle away their time after that fashion," said he; but all the time he was thinking how much he wished Hyacinthus would come and live with him, and not be so fascinated with the elegant Apollo.

But the two friends did not heed the jealous breezes of Zephyrus, and went on with their sports. Apollo heaved the discus with great skill, and Hyacinthus, eager to seize it, ran forward, when Zephyrus, with a most powerful blast, was able to move the heavy stone a little from its course, just enough to cause it to hit Hyacinthus on the forehead. He fainted and fell to the ground. Apollo ran to him, and tried all his art to bring him back to life—it was all in vain. The handsome boy lay like a beautiful flower that has been cut down by the scythe. What Apollo could do for others when in trouble, he could not do for himself.

"Woe is me," he exclaimed, "what have I done, and to thee that I so loved? Would that I could die for thee. But one thing I can do. Thou shalt never be forgotten. I will tell of thee in my songs, and make thee renowned by my lyre. Ah, more, thou shalt become a beautiful flower, and bear forever the impress of my sorrow."

Before he had ceased speaking there sprang up from the ground that the blood of Hyacinthus had moistened, a purple flower, and on its petals was the Greek sign of *ah*, or of grief. This flower was the purple single Hyacinth, whose blossoms are full of sweetness, and on whose petals perhaps you can find a character that you will call the representative of the Greek *Al*.

If you do not find that, you will find this truth: that all our sorrows, all our griefs turn into beauty if we will let them, and become like beautiful blossoms to bless the world.

Something like the history of Hyacinthus and Apollo was the experience of Aunt Roxy, a dear, good soul, who never did anybody any harm, and deserved to have all the good things of this world in great abundance. A snug little home she had in a pretty white cottage, in one of the happiest of valleys, and, what was best of all to her, she had gained this pretty home by the careful saving of her own earnings for many years.

She was the village tailor, and went into the homes of the farmers and villagers to perform that wonderful feat of magic, the making from a formless piece of cloth a fine fitting pair of pants, or a comely jacket.

How the little eyes watched Aunt Roxy, as she cut, and clipped, and measured, and chalked! What a halo of glory rested on her head, as she sat in the sunny sitting-room, planning Tommy's first jacket and trousers. Even her very scissors points seemed to emit flashes of light to the little eyes that looked on, and wondered, and waited.

But Aunt Roxy did not spend all her energies in the clothing of the body. Her words were so gentle, and her praises and coaxings so effectual, that she became one of the best of teachers to the many children that she helped to a comfortable temper by a comfortably fitting garment. The emphasis that she gave to any word of advice always consisted of a cookie or an apple, when apples were a rarity.

It was astonishing how much love she gave and how much love she won. And yet withal Aunt Roxy was a lonely soul. She was an old maid. No happy voices echoed in the room of her pretty cottage when she came home tired from her work. No little feet pattered on her tidy floor. There was nobody waiting to be fitted there, and her measure and line lay useless in her bag when she was at home.

Some people do not mind this, but Aunt Roxy did. She thought every day of the homes she had left, and contrasted them with her own, and it always seemed cheerless to her, although she was so proud of it, and really enjoyed it so much. It was for this reason that she tried to make it as beautiful as possible, and so she planted flowers

about it, and twined beautiful vines, and adorned her walls within, and kept everything in the neatest possible manner.

And so after a time she came to love her home instead of a husband or child, and to think of it as a part of herself. She earned money for her home; she sought extra labor for it, and never felt too tired to do a little more work for the sake of a little more pay, that she might bring something more for the perfection of her cottage and its grounds.

And so it became a love of a place, just the pink of a home, and quite the pride of everybody, and especially of the women, who said with enthusiasm, "Why, she did it all with her own hands."

She thought one day to herself, "What can I do more? I have everything to suit me; but I will not stop working, not even for this one day, for Deacon Jones wants me, and I can earn a dollar." And so she went to her work and locked the door. She remembered afterwards what a hard thing it was to do, as if the lock said, "Don't go, Aunt Roxy; the little cottage wants you to-day." But she went, and the next time she saw the pretty home, the flames were pouring from the roof, and in a little while more there was nothing left of all those years of toil but a few black embers.

Who could tell what Aunt Roxy thought as she looked on and saw it all? Everything gone! All her past life seemed to be going off in a black smoke, and from the future came forth nothing. Nothing to work for now, nothing to come home to, nothing to think about. But Aunt Roxy never whined, and never claimed much pity. So she said cheerfully, "Well, it is not as bad as it is full of another habitation." But it was almost as hard for her to bear, for it had all her loves in it, all her pets, and all her ambition.

Nobody could tell how it caught, but it was supposed that Aunt Roxy in her hurry to get away to her work, left some little spark unconfined, which became a great fire, and past all staying before it was discovered.

Well, what was Aunt Roxy to do? To accept the many offers of a home that were made to her? She could not do that, she thought, for she had a good womanly pride, and wanted to be independent. And then it was too hard to live just yet in sight of so much that would make her always sorry. She did not want to be sorry. She never had been, but glad all her life.

So she determined not to go to live at Deacon Jones's or at Mr. Miles's, but to strike out into a new path. She determined to go to the city, and work. It was strange what decided her to do so, for she loved every beautiful thing in the country. But go she would, and she went, and then she was too proud to go back. She had entered a new path, and it was a fearfully tollsome one for her. She worked hard, and spent all she earned for few comforts. She had no cottage to clothe in beauty now, but only herself to keep from starvation. But in her troubles how rich she grew in one way. She found out many others that toiled like herself thanklessly, who had not her cheerful, courageous spirit. So there she began to give of her best gifts—her love, and faith, and hope.

It was not many weeks before she became the centre of many lives, suffering souls, who wanted just such a sun as she to shine upon them. When Aunt Roxy found just how it was in the world, how full it is of suffering and misery, she began to work again for a purpose. She sought better kinds of employment, that she might help in other ways than by kind words those that needed help so much.

Her little room was not like her cottage, but she began to make it a home to which the hard workers about her would love to come; and thus she was a sort of Lady Bountiful to the poor street in which she lived, bringing up to the sunshine of her windows the tired and toll-worn, the sick and weak, by the beautiful attraction of the love in her spirit. And this love grew greater day by day. How her heart warmed up as she came back from her labor and found that she was sought for by those who needed a comforter for body or for spirit.

Among those that needed her most were a feeble father and mother who tried to get good enough out of life to keep alive two hungry children. These people were not the sort of people that Aunt Roxy liked. They were coarse in their manners and speech, and with no attractive ways. But then they were in trouble, and so Aunt Roxy helped them. And to help them a little more she worked a little later and got up a little earlier in the morning.

And after awhile they got release from their earthly troubles by giving them up with their bodies. When they were dead what was Aunt Roxy to do? Why, take the children, of course, and take care of them. So she said to herself, and so she did. But she had never taken any care of children except to fit their jackets; how could she manage them at all? So her doubts said, but not so her faith, and Aunt Roxy had a home now to work for. At first she did not quite understand herself or the little ones, and made some mistakes; but after a time she learned just how much porridge would serve for breakfast, and how much gentle kindness would subdue a strong will. But the little ones were not well, and Aunt Roxy thought of the rosy-cheeked children of the village who used to dwell near, and sighed for the fresh air for the sake of the little ones. So one day she laid by her pride as she laid by an old shawl, and went back to her old neighbors, without any home or a cent of money, but with two puny children to care for.

And again she sought work of her old friends, who were only too glad to have her back. She hired a room over the store, and called it home; but her real home was the hearts of these little children. How she began to love them. With what gladness did she return from her work to be greeted by their kisses and hugs. How her heart blossomed out all over with love! Her life had a beauty in it she had never dreamed of. Sunshine seemed to take form and become little children. She loved the very cry of a baby and the fret of a child, not because they were pleasant of themselves, but because they told her of some want and wish that she could gratify.

"But there's your cottage," said Deacon Jones one day. "How snug it would be if you had it now! Just what you want for these youngsters!"

"Cottage? But I should not have had it if I had kept the old place. Dear me! it seems wonderful how I used to fuss and putter over that floor, I'd rather hear my Jesse toll across the sky than to listen to all the sweet sounds that I used to think so fine down there in the valley. Yes, I'd rather have Benjie's kiss than all the comfort I ever got in napping up vines and trimming shrubs. I'd rather have those children than twenty cottages and acres of gardens. Why, don't you see, Deacon Jones, that I was the blessedest fire that ever burned? I was growing straight into that cottage. I was becoming part of its lath and plaster; and when I died I don't believe I should have got a rod above it. I should have been bound to it like old Withers to the

haunted house. Now, you see, I've got two angels to love, and when I die I shall be at home with angels, and find the glory of the Lord straight off."

"Well," said the Deacon, "I don't know but there's a Providence in it."

"Don't know? Well, I do. It is just as if the Lord had sent me a trouble to bring me a joy; had taken me from a poor, mean sort of life into a great and glorious one. I can't think of anything but the blossoms that grow over the black ruins of my old home. They have come up more beautiful than ever, as if to show that the beauty of the earth is greater than the deformity of it. So from out of my black troubles have come up these great flowers that make my life just like heaven."

And so Aunt Roxy went on through life, finding many beautiful proofs of her theory that Providence never sends a sorrow without a blessing, a loss without a gain.

#### REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS

At the Delegate Meeting of Spiritualists, held in Huddersfield, Yorkshire, Eng., on the 23d of February, 1867.

At the Delegate Meeting of Spiritualists, held in Huddersfield on the 23d of February, 1867, called by the "Double Circle," to hear a report by E. H. Green, Esq., (one of the Circle, and delegated by the English Spiritualists), of his four months' tour in America, and to ascertain the progress of Spiritualism in that country; also to hear any suggestions for the Convention of Progressive Spiritualists of Great Britain, to be held in London in June or July, 1867.

The meeting was presided over by Thos. Etchells, Esq., in whose name, on behalf of the Circle, the meeting had been called together, with the hearty thanks and approval of John Hodge, Esq., of Darlington, President of the British Association of Progressive Spiritualists, who was, unavoidably, unable to attend.

Mr. Etchells, in calling the attention of the delegates to the objects of the meeting, felt great pleasure in stating that the call had been highly successful, not only in the large number of influential delegates present, but the call had been responded to by the able and most worthy Spiritualists of England, whose letters he placed upon the table, but the contents of which he could not, as intended, read to them, on account of their number. One great mark of progress he could not fail to mention, which spoke well for the progressive intelligence of those workmen and women who attended to the Private and Family Circle, the letters from such circles being really beautiful; and he could not help congratulating the most moral and intellectual and intellectual improvement which was apparent in those circles, which were composed of truthful investigators.

Regarding the circle to which he had the happiness to belong, he could only state that they had great confidence that ultimately they would be able to succeed in reducing the question of questions—*THE SOUL*—to a more beautiful and better understood living reality than had hitherto been known since the time of the commencement of the Christian era. Science had, until recently, been thought of as a place to which the noblest and most important question; but thanks to those noble investigators, who had done so much while they had bodies like our own, for their continued labors in again making it known and understood that they still lived and moved and had their being more—much more—alive now, and also better able to help us to reduce the great question to philosophical fact.

Regarding the brother who was about to enlighten the meeting with an account of his four months' tour in America, he could only now state—as they were about to hear from his own lips—that it had been a great success, all things considered. The question of the soul being able, under proper conditions, to leave the body, even before the dissolution of this earthly tenement, having had more than one successful demonstration, he would ask the delegates to do all they could to assist the circle with all the information possible, in this all-important inquiry. He would now introduce to them E. H. Green, Esq., who was received with gladness and great applause. He had, since he met them last, traveled more than twelve thousand miles, and had seen Spiritualism in all its phases. He had also received a promise from some of the leading Spiritualists of America, of papers to be read at the next Convention.

Our limited space prevents us inserting all the interesting facts communicated by E. H. Green, Esq., respecting his recent visit to the American Continent, especially as we were giving a more comprehensive report in another form; hence we will here confine ourselves to a very limited synopsis of his tour.

He sailed from Liverpool in September, 1866. Previous to his departure from England, the spirit-guides in connection with the "Double Circle," foretold various incidents which would occur during his journey. In confirmation of this he went on to mention the fulfillment of a prediction which had been made respecting an immensely fat man, who was to follow him as a passenger. Our readers may rest assured that each passenger underwent a strict scrutiny; but—alas for spirit prophesying!—no fat man could our brother discern. However, on the arrival of the vessel at Queenstown, the tender brought on board a well-known Irish giant, amid the shouts of the populace, and to the no small delight of our brother, who looked upon this as corroborative of what he had been told—said giant's age being eighteen years, weight thirty-two stones.

The next receipt was according to our brother, the difference of times he visited by the many interested in the great spiritual movement, including the principal mediums, lecturers and zealous laborers in the cause of truth and humanity; together with the warm sympathy evinced by the great body of Spiritualists in the success and dissemination of the various truths connected with our beautiful philosophy in Great Britain.

Our brother also adverted in the warmest terms to the great kindness received from the many friends who were to follow him as a passenger. The privilege of coming in contact with the many friends of the cause was a great blessing. He mentioned a few: Emma Hardinge, Mrs. Floyd, Charles Partridge, Esq., Dr. J. R. Newton, Dr. H. B. Storer and lady, Hon. Warren Chase, Andrew Jackson Davis, Esq., Mrs. E. J. French, Miss Lizzie Doten, Mrs. I. O. Hyzer, W. A. Danskin, Mrs. J. H. Conant, Rev. J. B. Ferguson, A.M., LL.D.; Rev. J. M. Peabody, A. B. Child, Esq., W. B. Dyott, J. H. Clark, Dr. L. K. Connelley, W. H. White, Esq., Walter Colby, Esq., Hon. Judge Leach, Mr. Hayward, Hon. Judge Edmunds, Dr. Gardner, and various others too numerous to particularize.

Special mention must here be made of the healing mediums of America, the most prominent of whom is Dr. Newton, who kindly invited our brother to be present during the healing of the sick by the laying on of hands, by which means the blind are made to see, the deaf to hear, the halt and the lame to take up their beds and walk. At New York Mr. Green received an invitation to attend a séance held in the house of Charles Partridge, Esq., so well known as the able editor of the Spiritual Telegraph, and President of the Society at Dodworth's Hall, at which were present Albert Day, Esq., Rev. Mr. Bennie, Emma Hardinge, and many others of the most zealous Spiritualists of New York. Emma Hardinge, after being entranced by various spirits, was influenced to hold a discussion, subject being "The Double," or the power of the spirit to leave the body, and give proof of its identity to friends at a distance. The spirit fully maintaining its ground, notwithstanding much opposition, stating that there was a medium present through whom the spirit, the real Emma, had manifested and given tests of identity, whilst the organism of Mrs. Hardinge was being influenced by spirits many hundreds of miles distant. Upon her return to consciousness, she was subjected to a very strict examination by the audience, whose theories, however, she soon put to rest by stating that she was for a conscious, not a spirit, of her spirit leaving the body, but also returning to the form. Our brother being called upon for his experience, fully corroborated that of Emma Hardinge, stating that he himself was not only conscious of leaving the body, but also of circumstances and places visited by his spirit whilst absent.

The whole narrative of Mr. Green's experience whilst in America, is full of interesting reminiscences of scenes, and intercourse with the most remarkable mediums of the age, and will amply repay the candid perusal of all investigators and sympathizers to the great cause!

Moved by J. L. Freeman, Esq., Huddersfield, seconded by J. H. Howarth, Esq., supported by Mrs. Etchells and J. Lister, Esq. (from York).—"That the cordial thanks of this meeting be given to Edwin Harrison Green, Esq., for the very able and kind manner he has manifested in laying so graphically before us his experience connected with the progress of Spiritualism in the United States of America."

Moved by E. Weatherhead, Esq., Kighley, seconded by Mrs. S. Chapman, Huddersfield.—"That the cordial greetings of this meeting be conveyed to our American brethren and sisters, for the very kind manner in which they have received our brother, E. H. Green, Esq.; also to the BANNER OF LIGHT, and the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, for the very liberal manner they have published our greeting sent through our brother; together with the favorable notice which the editors have given to our Huddersfield article, written by our brother and co-worker, Thos. Etchells, Esq., for the Convention of Progressive Spiritualists held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in July, 1866."

Moved by Mr. Naylor, Kighley, seconded by Mr. Shackleton, of do.—"That this meeting earnestly recommends to all Spiritualists who may desire to take part in the forthcoming Convention of Progressive Spiritualists of Great Britain, that they will prepare themselves with resolutions, papers, or addresses, embodying in as few words as possible the ideas they may wish to lay before the Convention."

Moved by D. Richmond, Esq., Darlington, seconded by D. Varley, Esq., Blithwaite, supported by W. Houghton, Esq., Almondbury.—"That the President be desired to call the attention of the Convention to the paramount importance of Private and Family Circles, believing that to all who may be wishing to investigate the phenomenon and capabilities of spirit power, the Family and Private Circles are as necessary to success as are the class-room of the scholar, and the laboratory of the chemist, in their particular departments of learning."

Moved by E. H. Green, Esq., Brotherton, seconded by J. Lister, Esq., York.—"That this meeting would strongly recommend the President to call the Convention for Whit-week, and, if possible, to commence with sermons or lectures, on Whit-Sunday morning and evening, by such of the friends as may feel impressed to do so, or with whom the President can so arrange; to be given in such places as our London friends can conveniently attend."

Moved by S. Howarth, Esq., Huddersfield, seconded by J. Lister, Esq., York.—"That the thanks of this meeting be given to the Circle, who have called us together at this time, and so liberally provided us with bodily and spiritual food."

Moved by J. Clement, Esq., Liverpool, seconded by W. Houghton, Esq., Almondbury.—"That E. H. Green, Esq., be requested to publish his four months' tour in the United States of America."

(From the Rochester (N. Y.) Express, April 29, 1867.)

#### Spiritualism.

Return of Margaretta Fox to Rochester.

We learn that one of the original "Fox girls," who, in 1848-9-50 visited New York, by or through whom the strange and inexplicable manifestations called "spirit rappings" and "Rochester knockings" were made, has returned here, and intends to afford those who desire to hear the remarkable sounds which formerly created a profound excitement throughout the country, an opportunity of doing so.

Since the introduction of the "rappings," a great variety of physical manifestations, believed by some to be effected by the direct agency of disembodied spirits, but by a great majority of the people regarded as a delusion or imposture, have obtained in various parts of the country. No scrutiny possible to those before whom these demonstrations were made served to detect any concealed apparatus or personal peculiarity by which they might be caused. Practical investigation was entirely at fault, and the whole matter was dismissed to the vast and shadowy realm of conjecture and imagination. The learned and philosophical were quite as much at fault in their efforts to explore this mystery as the vulgar and simple. The "mediums" who were supposed to be selected by the "spirits" to communicate with their friends and relatives still in the flesh, were always willing to exhibit their singular powers in the presence of the most acute and wise of thinkers, and although some of the most expert scientists patiently investigated the matter, so far as any examination of it could be properly called an investigation, they could not arrive at any conclusion satisfactory to themselves or to give a conjecture that satisfied the facts, as to what these rappings and other phenomena were from what sources they emanated, or by what power impelled. Rev. Dr. McViney, then of this city, now of Princeton, N. J., deliberately formed the opinion that they were "spiritual manifestations," and that they were the work of evil spirits, who were permitted to revisit the world and delude and destroy those who were so foolishly as to tamper with them, or to evoke from the dark profound the secrets that Duty has with a beneficent purpose sealed from human sight and knowledge. Dr. M. preached on the subject of "The Rappings," in the First Presbyterian Church, taking such ground as we have indicated, and this discourse was reported and published in the city papers.

With this introduction, we proceed to give a brief history of the origin and progress of the so-called spiritual manifestations. Many of our readers are familiar with the story, but it will be new to some, and not uninteresting to any:

"The commencement of the spirit rapping phenomenon was as follows: Sometime in the year 1847, the attention of Mr. Michael Weekman, who resided in the little village of Haverhill, Mass., was attracted by the reports of the rappings, and he was called to certain rapping sounds on the door of his house, which he was unable, by the most diligent efforts, to trace to any visible cause. Mr. Weekman soon after vacated the house, and the family of Mr. Jno. D. Fox moved into it. In the latter part of March, 1848, this family were startled by mysterious rappings that were heard nightly upon the floor of one of the bedrooms, and sometimes in other parts of the house. They endeavored to trace the sounds to their cause, but failed. On the night of March 31st, having been broken of their rest for several nights previous, they retired to bed earlier than usual, hoping to be permitted to sleep without disturbance. The sounds, however, were resumed, and occurring near the bed occupied by two of the daughters, the youngest girl, then about ten years old, attempted to hush them by the snapping of her fingers. When ever she would snap her fingers, the raps would respond by the same number of sounds. One of the girls then said, 'Now do as I do.' On the 3d of April, at the same time striking her hands together. The same number of raps responded, at similar intervals. The mother of the girls then said—'Count ten!' and ten distinct raps were heard. 'Count fifteen!' and that number of sounds followed. She then said, 'Tell us the age of Catly' (the youngest daughter) 'by rapping one for each year,' and the number of years was rapped correctly. Then, in like manner, the age of each of the other children was by request indicated by this invisible agent. Startled and somewhat alarmed by these manifestations of intelligence, Mrs. Fox asked if it was a human being that was making that noise, and if it was to manifest it by making the same noise. There was no sound. She then said, 'If you are a spirit make two distinct sounds. Two raps were accordingly heard. The members of the family by this time had all left their beds, and the house was again thoroughly searched, as it had been before, but without discovering anything that could explain the mystery, and after a few more questions and responses by raps, the neighbors were called in to assist in tracing the phenomenon to its cause. But these persons were no more successful than the family had been, and they confessed themselves thoroughly confounded. For several subsequent days, the village was in a turmoil of excitement, and multitudes visited the house, heard the raps, and interrogated the apparent intelligence which controlled them, but without obtaining any clue to the discovery of the agent, or the cause of the phenomenon. It was a spirit. About three weeks after these occurrences, David, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Fox, went alone into the cellar, where the raps were then being heard, and said: 'If you are the spirit of a human being, who once lived on the earth, can you rap to the letters that will spell your name?' and if so, now rap three times. Three raps were promptly given, and David proceeded to call the alphabet,



writing down the letters as they were indicated, and the result was the name, "Charles B. Rodman," a name quite unknown to the family, and which they were afterward unable to trace. The statement was in like manner obtained from the invisible intelligence, that he was the spirit of a pedlar, who had been murdered in that house some years previous.

At first, we are told, the raps occurred in the house, even when all the members of the family were absent; but subsequently they occurred only in the presence of the two younger daughters, Margaretta and Catharine. Soon after these occurrences, the family removed to Rochester, at which place the manifestations still accompanied them, and here it was discovered by the rapping of the letters of the alphabet in the manner before described, that different spirits were apparently using this channel of communication; and that, in short, almost any one in coming into the presence of the two girls, could get a communication from what purported to be the spirits of his departed friends, the same often being accompanied by tests which satisfied the interrogator as to the spirits' identity. A new phenomenon was also observed in the frequent moving of tables and other ponderable bodies without appreciable agency, in the presence of these two girls. These manifestations growing more and more remarkable, attracted numerous visitors, some from long distances, and the phenomenon began as it were to propagate itself, and to be witnessed in other families in Rochester and vicinity, while, as coincident therewith, susceptible persons would sometimes fall into apparent trances, and become clairvoyant, and renounce their raps and physical movements to be the production of spirits.

In November, 1849, at the request of an alleged spirit, a public meeting was held in Corinthian Hall, Rochester, for the purpose of submitting these phenomena to the investigation of a committee to be appointed by the audience, with the view to the publication of a report concerning their nature and claims, whatever the decision respecting these might be. The Misses Fox appeared upon the stage, the phenomena were freely investigated, and were subjected to many tests, and a committee appointed for their investigation. After having continued their experiments there and elsewhere for several days, the committee reported that they were unable to trace them to any mundane agency. From that time, and especially from the time the Fox girls arrived in New York City, in the following month of May, the alleged spiritual manifestations became the subject of extensive newspaper and conversational discussion.

The "Fox girls" were introduced to some of the most eminent of the learned faculty of New York City, and a variety of opinions were formed or expressed as to how these rappings were produced; but none succeeded in explaining them. Meanwhile, "mediums" multiplied, and manifestations of different kinds were made in many parts of this country and in Europe. The most celebrated of these was Hume, who exhibited his marvels before the Emperor of France and Russia, and distinguished people in the continent and in England. The older sister of the two girls who first introduced the rappings here, a married woman who resided in this city at the time, became quite as remarkable a medium as the younger members of the family, and was even regarded as producing more powerful and remarkable manifestations. This lady is now the wife of Mr. Underhill, of New York City, and continues to exhibit the wonders that have made the Fox family world famous. It is also said that the apparitions of celebrated deceased personages appear in the dim daylight, at the places where the seances are held. The younger sister remains in New York and retains her spiritual powers, but attends no public "circles."

Margaretta—now here—while in Philadelphia in 1852, giving public "manifestations," met the late Dr. Eliza Kent Kane, the great Arctic explorer, and a reciprocal attachment sprang up between them, which finally led to a promise of marriage, which does not appear to have been solemnized by any religious ceremony, but the relation was acknowledged in letters written to her by Doctor Kane. The claim of Margaretta to be regarded as the widow of the deceased explorer, has been subjected to a legal test, which is not yet decided. In self-defence she has published a volume of letters received from the Doctor, in which he gives expression to his affection in the most tender terms of endearment, and addresses her as his wife. This book is for sale at the bookstores, but we believe that the lady and her friends would rather prefer to withdraw it than to seek to give it wider circulation. After her engagement to Dr. Kane, (by whom she was placed at school, during his absence on his grand and last expedition to the Arctic seas,) and at his request, she has desisted from the exercise of mediumship in public. But while residing recently with a sister in Canada, the rappings recommenced, and her return to this city to resume the public manifestations, was imposed by the persistent commands of the invisible agents. Obedience to this, and upon a release from the obligation given to the Doctor, by the same means, she appears here. We shall probably be able to announce her further movements, if the design is carried out.

**Oracles—Chas. H. Foster, the Medium.**  
No nation, ancient or modern, having a literature, has ever failed to furnish evidence of a belief in the agencies and influence of spiritual beings. The records of the past teem with the utterances of prophets and the visions of seers. Kings, princes, priests and people, have ever consulted Oracles, and given heed to their mysterious language. Their revelations have been received as the voice of Deity, and been considered as divine counsels founded on a knowledge of the ordinations of destiny. The Hebrew prophet and seer, whether a wanderer in wilderness solitudes, or dweller in populous town or city, unveiled the affairs of the future, and exposed the concealments of coming events. The visitor of the oracles at Delphi, at Dodona, at Epirus, and other places in beautiful Greece, could learn the will of the gods and shape his conduct accordingly. Temples dedicated to Jupiter, to Apollo, and other deities, were the resorts of all those interested in the ascertainment of things pertaining to the future. Poets portrayed in immortal verse the manifestations of spirit power, and illustrated in their descriptions of the manners and motions of entranced mediums, the verisimilitude of their inspirations with those of like persons in our day. How exact is the resemblance of their appearance, in the action and exhibition of the Cumean Sibyl, while subject to the affluence of a spirit, which the poet fables or conceives to be a god:

Ventum erat ad limen, quum virgo, sacroscera fata  
Tempus, atq. dies, ecce defecit, et cuncta latent  
Autu fere, subito non voluit, non color unus  
Non complexu manere comas; sed pectus asepulchrum  
Et rube fere corda tumens, majore videtur  
Non mortale sonans, affata est nuntius quando  
Jam propterea dol.

But what student of the works of classic antiquity, has ever been instructed by the Professor in college or university, that the beautiful passage above quoted from the Latin Poet Laureate, illustrates the truth of Spiritualism. What person posted in spiritual phenomena, has not witnessed the peculiar color and countenance, the anhelation, &c., of the medium when under the control of a spirit, as depicted by Virgil?

As a treasury of spirit communications, and of the productions of minds largely influenced by spiritual forces, no volume can be found more serviceable and so useful as that known as the Bible, and accounted by all Christendom as sacred—as holy. This compilation from Jewish and Greek writings, is worthy of reference and consultation in all matters of human and earthly interest, as well as in those things relating to the life of the hereafter. It is amazingly misunderstood, however. The masses of men have no idea that its expressions, "the word of the Lord"—"thus saith the Lord"—"the burden which the prophet did see"—"God spake unto Moses," &c., indicate just what is meant, in modern phrase, by such language as this: "The spirit [of a person once an inhabitant of this earth] said to me"—"the communication to me was as follows," &c. The

multitude might forever remain thus ignorant, if left to be truly taught by their clerical teachers of the pulpit. How many of these instructors of the people are aware, and, if aware, dare tell them that the Hebrew prophets were writing, speaking and personating mediums, and, at times, were also seers or clairvoyants? How many of them have ever informed their hearers that John, whose book of the Apocalypse contains not only what, as seer, he saw and heard in a state of entrancement or infatuation, but what was penned by his hand for the Seven Churches of Asia, was both a writing medium and a clairvoyant? The books of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, &c., are collections of spirit communications, concerning things either seen or heard in visions by those prophets, and coming through them in some way—sometimes in words spoken—sometimes in words written. They and the Sibylline Oracles of Pagan antiquity, have close resemblance, and no doubt have the same spirit-origin and modes of presentation to mortals.

But my object is to call attention to that remarkable medium, of reputation world-wide, for oracular sayings and doings, Charles H. Foster, one of the most reliable and satisfactory seers and demonstrators of spiritual philosophy. He is now holding his seances in this city, much to the lasting benefit of multitudes, and to their increase of faith in the truths of our scientific religion. He informs me that he will remain here several weeks longer. Let the faithless visit him. Excuse my adoption of the German style of signature.

DR. HORACE DIESSER.

New York, May 1, 1867.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1867.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,

ROOM No. 3, UP STAIRS.

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LUTHER COLBY. EDITOR.

LEWIS B. WILSON. ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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

Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-communication and influx. It is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a communication between the human mind and the spiritual world. It is a science, a philosophy, a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; the relations of spirit matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is this occult and progressive, leading to the true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

### Spiritualism Abroad.

The letter published in last week's BANNER, from Edwin Harrison Green, Esq., of England, who has been making a tour of observation through the United States, with particular reference to the condition of Spiritualism, acquainted our readers with the state of the cause in the several towns and cities of England, and was no doubt perused everywhere with profound satisfaction. Mr. Green speaks warmly and gratefully of what he saw while among us, and of the cordiality with which he was welcomed and entertained. It is gratifying to realize, as we can do from such a letter as he returned, that Spiritualism is making such headway in England, as well as in the United States. In spite of opprobrium and epithets, thickly hurled at it by bigoted sectaries, it is steadily going on its way, conquering and to conquer the hearts and minds of the whole human race.

In a recent public lecture in New York, Judge Edmonds stated how many millions of acknowledged and accredited believers in Spiritualism there were in the country, and the world, and correctly remarked, as an inference, that the rapid spread of the faith was not paralleled by that of any religion known to man. It certainly has spread with remarkable rapidity; and because the sects, and the secular newspapers that cant sectarianism for the sake of repute and dollars, insist that Spiritualism shall show its assets in the churches it owns, the ministers it supports, the colleges it maintains, and the general costly machinery requisite for their own existence in society, and fall to discover what they make so ostentatious a parade of themselves—as if there could be no truth without all these paraphernalia, and no faith without these constant evidences of power, and no religion except it be entrenched within these material outworks—they invariably conclude that Spiritualism is a delusion, leading by swift and sure steps to insanity, the snare of the devil, and the worst existing enemy of man. And so the sects and their followers will no doubt continue to think until they are confronted with such an array of numbers as will compel them to think seriously of a matter which their prejudices are not near strong enough to defy.

We were made twice and thrice glad on the receipt of the letter from England already alluded to, because there were such positive and unqualified assertions in it of the spread and growth of Spiritualism in that country. The cause is progressing, gaining believers and influence, in London, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Nottingham, Manchester, York, Liverpool, Bradford, Huddersfield, and various other places. It has found a permanent lodgment at home in the North of England, whence its influence radiates in all directions. Some of the first and finest minds of the realm freely accept its noble truths in their full proportions, while others still, in Church and State, are indirectly influenced to promulgate the same, though unconsciously to their own perceptions. Perhaps a great share of the aggregate work accomplished is done by the instrumentality of these last. They are able to do what the others could not. The disintegration so noticeable in the Established Church, which is usually credited to what is styled the liberal influence of the age in which we live, is really due to the progress made by these same ever working truths of the Spiritual Religion and Philosophy.

The translator of the Works of A. J. Davis, in Breslau, Prussia, M. Wittig—whose letter was published in last week's BANNER—attests in unmistakable phrase the steady progress which Spiritualism is making throughout Germany. Some of his assertions are so encouraging as to almost thrill one on the reading; because they show that faith in the cause is implanting itself in the superior minds and souls of Germans—and these are very superior indeed, by howsoever high a standard they may be measured. M. Wittig assures Mr. Davis that his works are widely sought for in Germany among the advanced minds, and that the dissemination of the spiritual principles which they contain cannot fail to work a wonderful change in the mind of the whole nation. It must of course be in Germany, in this matter, as it is elsewhere. Wherever a new influence is planted, it does not fail to work its perfect work. What is wanted in Germany now is a more free access to the facts of Spiritualism; these will be multiplied as the familiarity with the laws of its philosophy is increased. The wide

spread of the works of Mr. Davis throughout Germany, will be attended with results which all believers in our exalting religion must desire.

In the same issue of the BANNER was given an article from the London Spiritual Magazine, from the pen of Mr. Thomas Etchells, of Huddersfield, Eng., on the subject of the progress of Science and Spiritualism. It is based on his paper, previously published, and on the commentaries made upon the same, entitled "Atmosphere of Intelligence, Pleasure and Pain." He states the interesting fact, in passing, that while his thoughts had often been occupied with what had been communicated to the circle of which he is a member, that all bodies in space throw off a portion of their essence, he considered that the thrown-off particles of our earth too must be mixed with those of other bodies; and that, hence, the spectrum that supplies the wonderful analysis of the constitution of sidereal bodies, must be more or less affected by this very mixture. Before he made public his thought, and while considering that it would be hooted at because given him from "the spirits," he took up a number of a scientific magazine and found precisely the same thing there! It was there stated as beyond a doubt, that the thrown-off vapor in the atmosphere caused dark lines in the spectrum! And in previous articles in the same scientific publication, he has fallen upon statements and suggestions that have been impressed upon his own mind by the power of superior intelligences. Hence he concludes, and announces the conclusion with all the emphasis possible to the world, that "Spiritualism, if studied with high and holy desires, will lead us to true science, will be a light by which our feet will not stumble, as do those who are led in the path of Materialism."

We are happy to revert, as we now do, to these increasing proofs of the growing influence of our elevating faith and philosophy. The world moves. Darkness is certainly to be driven out by light. The truths of Spiritualism are those of the universe, and therefore cannot fail.

### A Glorious Success.

It is wonderful as well as gratifying to notice the feeling manifested in regard to Spiritualism in the towns which Mrs. Horton has visited, and the great desire evinced to hear her lectures on the subject. It will be recollected that she is employed by the Massachusetts Association of Spiritualists, to speak in those towns where no regular spiritual meetings are held. She has already spoken in quite a number of towns, and on every occasion the halls were crowded to their utmost capacity, and in some instances many could not get within hearing distance. The most profound attention is paid to her lectures—which generally last an hour—and then frequently she is detained from half to three-quarters of an hour in answering the numerous questions asked by people in the audience. Even that length of time seems short to the anxious listeners, who appear loth to leave. Everywhere Mrs. Horton is treated with the utmost care and attention.

The truth is, the people are literally hungering and thirsting after the spiritual bread of life, which they can nowhere find except through the glorious philosophy of Spiritualism.

It must be clear to every mind that the work of sending lecturers into the field is a noble one, and should be amply sustained. There are many who are willing to contribute to this work, but have only been waiting to see if any good would grow out of it. We think the brief experience Mrs. Horton has already had, is a guaranty that this kind of missionary labor is just what is needed at the present day, not only in our State, but every State in the Union; and we hope our friends will at once do what they can to continue the good work.

### A New Spiritual Magazine.

We have before us the first number of a new Educational and Family Magazine, thoroughly and entirely spiritual in its character, published in London by James Burns, and entitled "Human Nature." It purports to be a "record of Zoetic Science and Intelligence," embodying Physiology, Phrenology, Psychology, Spiritualism, Philosophy, the Laws of Health, and Sociology. It is a comprehensive title, but with what branch of human life and nature does not the spirit of the new Reformation not have to do? The name of James Burns of itself would be a standing guaranty of its true merit and value as a publication. He is known all over England, as well as among spiritual readers in this country, as among the foremost of the advocates and supporters of our exalting faith. He has borne the heat and burden of the day for the cause of Spiritualism. What he endorses and recommends, therefore, is certain to be as it ought to be. The contents of this initial number of "Human Nature" are various, but remarkably readable. Besides other matters, Spiritualists are apprised of all movements taking place in England that affect their interests and belief. The "Reports of Progress" given are just the thing needed. We welcome this new comer into the ranks of Reformers, and bespeak for it wide room and earnest support. There is life and progress on every page. It has the ring of the true metal. It not only proclaims truth in all its forms as manifested, but it is enterprising and alert in doing it. Its spirit is that of thoroughness and genuine regeneration.

### Spiritual Meetings in Music Hall.

Mr. L. S. Richards is progressing finely in his arrangements for lectures on Spiritualism in this city next winter, having engaged Music Hall for that purpose. The course will commence the first Sunday afternoon in October, and we are happy to learn that Judge Edmonds, of New York, is to deliver the first lecture. There are thousands in Boston who are anxious to hear the Judge speak upon a topic he is so familiar with. Years ago when he spoke in Music Hall he had an immense audience. After him we are to have the eloquent and talented Thomas Gales Foster, of Washington, who spoke in the same hall some eight years ago, to large numbers, who will never forget the glowing eloquence with which he won their close attention. Negotiations are making for other speakers, among whom will be a good proportion of ladies.

### The Liquor Law.

The Supreme Court has decided the Massachusetts liquor cases against the dealers. Chief Justice Chase delivered the decision, lately, in the case of Puryear against the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on a writ of error from the State Supreme Court, and the decision is against the exceptions taken on every ground, and especially as to the plea that payment of internal revenue tax on the liquors rendered their sale legal, in spite of State law to the contrary. The constitutionality of the prohibitory laws has now been affirmed at every point assailed, and they must therefore be submitted to so long as public opinion keeps them on the statute book. Legal resistance to them is exhausted. And yet the liquor traffic is as prosperous as ever in this city, we are credibly informed.

### Foreign Missions.

There is an immense amount of humbug about the foreign mission business, and the leading journals and reviews of Great Britain ventilated the fact long ago. Occasionally we meet with comments on the subject that touch the very core of it, and lead us to see with new force the way in which people dupe and are duped by this foreign mission business. It appears that but one side of the case is presented; anyhow. The "A. B. C. F. M." see and present only the reports of their agents, and this Board receives the countenance and support of the Protestant "clergy" of this country. To find out if missionary operations are conducted on right principles, and are deserving of continuance, the case ought to be discussed from both sides, by those mainly who have witnessed those operations for themselves. But no such thing is allowed. The actions of missionaries are not allowed to be questioned by native converts and co-workers.

So many thousands of dollars are annually given by our generous people to the missionary cause, while the worthlessness or unworthiness of its agents is steadily refused a discussion from those best competent to discuss it, that it is high time public attention was directed to the matter in a serious way. This requires to be done in Turkey especially. One of the prominent Protestant Christians of that country, with whom the missionaries themselves converse, pray and commune, writes as follows:

"If I attempt to test the conduct of these men [the American missionaries in Turkey], by the rules of goodness, only infidelity will be the result. They lie shamelessly in public, though such awful conduct on their part seems impossible. I am amazed at the long-suffering of God. The other day Mr. — made certain statements which I am sure he does not believe himself. It was on the occasion of the Anniversary of the Christian Alliance. He gave a statement of facts which he said he saw in Asia. As I listened I could not help thinking, 'If this man dares to tell such evident lies here, in the very locality where the things asserted are supposed to have occurred, what would he not say in his reports to America!'"

From the above, the effect of the preaching of such men may be easily imagined. It is a painful reality that those who have enjoyed the teachings of such missionaries are very inferior in their morality to most of their neighbors. Although things may look differently to a superficial observer, yet careful scrutiny will prove the truth of my assertion."

### Further Testimony.

We published what we saw and knew, last week, relative to the remarkable healing powers of Dr. J. R. Newton, 20 Boylston street, in this city, and closed our own testimony with an extract after a similar fashion from the Evening Press of Providence. We now introduce additional evidence in the Doctor's favor from the same quarter, which our readers will thank us for repeating. A man named Ozias C. Danforth, who had been lame for seven years, and been obliged to use a staff, walked and ran like a boy across the platform, in the presence of the audience. Wm. C. Tuttle had not walked at all since he was three years of age, which was seventeen years; had to use crutches, and to be carried up stairs by two men; he, too, went without aid across the platform, and has been walking about the streets of Providence since without the crutches.

A case of paralysis was also greatly helped, and perhaps cured on the spot. Mr. Alfred S. Buffington, residing on Friendship street, came up to the Doctor and desired that his daughter, Mrs. Winslow, then at home, might be treated. Dr. Newton took him by the hands, and said "the lady will feel a shock and be cured;" at the same moment he brought up his arms, and suddenly brought them down, and said that the magnetic current would be transmitted to the lady. He likewise requested that the time be observed. The reporter of the Press was informed by a gentleman who called there in the afternoon, that the lady felt the shock, and at once experienced violent nausea; after which she became better, and continued to convalesce. These are but a few among the numberless cases that attest the wonderful mediumship of Dr. Newton.

Dr. Newton's rooms at 20 Boylston street, are crowded daily with patients, and many remarkable cures are performed. We shall report several in good time.

### The Way to Accomplish the Object.

We commend the following proposition to the attention of Spiritualists and all others on board the car of progress. The object is one of vast importance, and as Mr. Davis inaugurated the system of Children's Lyceums, he seems to be just the one needed to carry out the work. There are hundreds of places where Lyceums could be started and kept up if Mr. Davis could visit them and set the machinery at work, and infuse the right enthusiasm among them as he does wherever he goes. Allusion to this subject has before been made in the BANNER.

Mr. A. J. Davis—I perceive by reading the "BANNER OF LIGHT" that you and your companion have offered to travel throughout the country for the purpose of establishing "Progressive Lyceums," for the sum of twelve hundred dollars a year, and that one gentleman in New York has subscribed five dollars. Now I write for the purpose of saying that I will be one of two hundred to give five dollars each, which will make one thousand dollars. It seems as though there might be enough willing to pay smaller sums to make up the other two hundred and your traveling expenses, and set you to work immediately.

Rockville, Ct., May 1st, 1867.

### Testimonial to Mr. Garrison.

William Lloyd Garrison was among the passengers who sailed from this port in the steamer Cuba, Wednesday week, for Liverpool. He purposes to visit Europe, and be absent a year or more, and attend the World's Anti-Slavery Conference, to be held in Paris in August next. It is well known that an effort has been made to raise and present him the sum of \$50,000 in view of his life-long and successful labors in the anti-slavery cause. A few of his friends went on board the steamer just before the vessel left the wharf, and Rev. R. O. Waterston on their behalf made known to him that \$30,000 of the sum had been paid in and was now subject to his order. Mr. Garrison expressed his earnest thanks in a few words, the time being too short to allow of any extended remarks, and after a general shaking of hands and wishes for a pleasant journey the affair was ended. A salute was fired from the cutter and the school-ship in honor of the distinguished passenger, as the steamer went down the harbor.

### Meetings in New York.

It will be seen by a notice in another column that the Society of Spiritualists, which formerly held meetings at Ebbitt Hall, corner of Broadway and Third Street, have leased Masonic Hall, No. 114 East Thirtieth street, between Third and Fourth Avenues, where they will hereafter hold meetings Sunday forenoon at 11 o'clock, and at 7 1/2 in the evening. The Children's Lyceum will meet at 9 A. M.

### Congratulatory.

Our cotemporary over the way, THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR, made its appearance last week in an entire new dress, and looked as neat and prim as a lass of sweet sixteen. The number before us commences the thirty-seventh volume. The present editor and proprietor, if our memory serves us, have been connected with the paper, about twenty-seven years. We know Messrs. Seaver and Mendum well. If all men lived as conscientiously and truly as these gentlemen, we should have far more happiness in the world than at present. They are and ever have been earnest seekers after truth; and, knowing this to be the case, we have always held them in great respect. Of course we do not endorse their peculiar views any more than they endorse our spiritual theory; but we should be derelict of duty as chroniclers of passing events, did we omit to advert to the apparent prosperity of our neighbors. The paper, too, contains much excellent reading, exactly suited to the inquiring minds that are just being awakened from the deep sleep the narcotic teachings of Old Theology have cast over them for so many years. A New Era is about to dawn upon mankind, and it will be inaugurated mainly through the diffusion of Liberal Thought. This will do more to pave the way to the citadel of Truth, than the teachings of all the credulists in the universe. Upon the influence of a liberal press the editor thus discoursed:

"The cause of Humanity needs such papers as the Investigator, and will continue to need them, as long as ignorance, intolerance and superstition shall darken the bright heaven of Truth. Our moral skies are yet overshadowed with clouds of error, which hang like a weighty incubus on the fair prospect of man's progression, and the kindling light of reason should be hailed as the blessed messenger of man's redemption from the dismal reign of priestly terror. In this light we hope always to see our paper go forth, smiling as it were in the sunshine of a cheering prosperity, unwarmed and undimmed by the fierce storms of sectarian bigotry."

### Meetings in Charlestown.

We are gratified to learn that our friends in Charlestown have concentrated their forces, two of the societies having merged into one, and that they will hereafter act together as a unit. Spiritualists are beginning to perceive fully the practical force of the time-honored adage, that "in union there is strength," and are governing themselves accordingly.

On Sunday, May 5th, our co-laborer, Warren Chase, paid us and our Charlestown friends a visit. He lectured in Washington Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, to densely packed audiences. The close attention given to the speaker from the commencement to the close of his lectures is sufficient evidence of their appreciation. The only regret is that he could not be retained for a longer period.

Mr. Chase is one of the ablest and about the oldest in the field as a lecturer, and has visited and spoken in more localities in this country than any one else. In this way he has done an immense amount of good for humanity, by expounding to the people the philosophy of Spiritualism and pushing forward other needed reformatory measures. He has not yet, however, finished his labors in the field, but holds himself in readiness to speak, on Sundays, in places he can reach in a day from New York City. The rest of his time is employed in our Branch Office.

### War in Europe.

The Luxemburg question is the all-absorbing topic of conversation in European political circles at the present time, and if we are to believe the statements of the Paris correspondent of the London Times, France means war. The writer says:

"There is now no doubt of the extensive war preparations by the French Government, in spite of all denials to the contrary, official and semi-official. I heard yesterday, from an officer of high rank, that twenty battalions of Chasseurs and the whole of the infantry of two corps d'armées are actually armed with the Chassepot musket. As this weapon is said by competent judges to be superior in every respect to the Prussian needle-gun, and as the men seem convinced of the fact, there is no fear of any panic arising on that score. The commands are said to be actually arranged, in case of the worst. The Emperor, it is said, will take the command-in-chief, with Count Palikao (General Montanap) for his Major-General; and Marshals MacMahon and Bazaine are, it is expected, to have important positions. It is certain that the war is beginning to pervade the troops, who have learned to hate the Prussians more than any other enemy they ever came in contact with. A change, too, seems to be gradually coming over the population—the masses of the population of Paris. It is a great advance when we hear them say the Emperor is in the right when he insists not on the annexation of Luxemburg, but on its evacuation by the Prussians."

### Meetings in Fitchburg.

The Spiritualists of Fitchburg, after a quiet slumber, have waked up in good earnest, and again resumed regular meetings on Sunday, and have engaged Belding and Dickerson's Hall for that purpose. Miss Laura V. Ellis has recently been holding public seances there, with very general satisfaction to large audiences. This renewed interest in the spiritual philosophy is exciting the attention of the disciples of old theology, and they are beginning to bestir themselves so as to divert the attention of the religiously unsatisfied people in other directions. It's useless, for the heaven will work in spite of all mortals can do. The invisibles work unseen but not ineffectually.

N. A. Abbott writes us that Dr. Williams is closing a good work there by healing the sick and giving tests. Also that they are desirous some one visit them who can organize a Children's Lyceum.

### The Work of a Few Years.

The New York Tribune, in noticing the emancipation of the slaves in Brazil, sums up freedom's triumph as follows:

"Six years have witnessed the emancipation of 25,000,000 serfs in Russia, the liberation of 4,000,000 slaves in the United States, and the virtual manumission of 3,000,000 negroes in Brazil. It is a glorious six years' work—32,000,000 of men restored to freedom, and a curse taken off three of the largest empires in the world! The little that remains to do cannot rest long undone. The miserable relic of barbarism lingers now only on a few islands belonging to the Spanish crown; and the slaveholder who, in the face of the events of the last few years, hopes to retain the right to buy and sell his fellow-man, even in those islands, must be sanguine indeed."

### Mercantile Hall Meetings.

May 5th, Miss Lizzie Doten gave a pretty clear and lucid exposition of the subject of food for spirits. At the close of the lecture she gave an inspirational poem, which will be found on our first page. She will lecture each Sunday afternoon during this month. The hall is crowded every Sunday with eager listeners.

### Healing Medium in the South.

We notice in the Yokaburg (Miss.) Herald, accounts of cures performed by Dr. E. B. Roberts, in New Orleans. Dr. Roberts is meeting with continued success as a healer.



**Mr. Dyott's Building Project.**

We again call attention to Mr. Dyott's noble project of securing a temple for the use of the Spiritualists, for meetings, and the Lyceum, in Philadelphia. Capitalists run no risk in investing in the enterprise mentioned below:

**AN OPPORTUNITY FOR A SPECTACULAR INVESTMENT**, one for which unimproved real estate security will be given for the whole amount, and a guarantee of the return of principal and interest within three years, if desired.

This investment will repay the person or persons who have the privilege of making it with an *immortal fame*, and a fund of happiness that the price of a kingdom would be dross in comparison with. This is no chimerical or visionary scheme, but a clearly demonstrable fact, and contemplates merely the loan of One Hundred Thousand Dollars for from two to three years, the money being secured upon real estate. The object is to furnish a Hall or Building for the Children's Progressive Lyceum, the maintenance of Lectures upon Spiritual, Religious, Scientific, Philosophical, Educational and Humanitarian subjects, where a thorough and Scientific Musical Education may be acquired; where physical culture and the laws of health shall be taught; where the reasoning faculties of the young shall be educated and developed; where Eloquence, Rhetoric and Oratory shall be cultivated, and where a free Library and Reading Room shall be established.

The benefits conferred by this investment are too numerous to speak of in this article. I would, however, say, the privilege of conferring so great a blessing upon the Children's Progressive Lyceum and the cause of Spiritualism, is not confined to a resident of this or any other city, but is open to any gentleman or lady of Philadelphia, New York, Boston, or other cities, and will involve the person or persons who furnish the means in no responsibility, labor or care in the carrying out of the design. Particulars will be furnished to any one desiring them, either by letter or in person. **M. B. DYOTT**, 114 South Second street, Philadelphia.

**Anniversary Week.**

A general Convention of Spiritualists will be held in the Melancon, Tremont Temple, Boston, on Thursday and Friday, May 30th and 31st, 1867. All Spiritualists and reformers are invited to attend. No special subjects for the deliberation of the conference are put forth, as it is hoped that the occasion will be generally improved as an annual season for social greetings and general conference upon all subjects tending to the improvement and elevation of our common humanity, without distinctions of race, sex or religious belief. The conference will assemble at 10 o'clock A. M. Thursday, and hold three sessions each day.

The above announcement was handed to us by Dr. H. F. Gardner, who, it seems—as in former years—has again taken the responsibility of engaging a hall and calling the meeting. The Doctor, however, would be very happy to have the friends in this city contribute the amount of \$60, to defray the expense of the hall, so he can throw the doors open free to all; and we hope it will be done; for on such an occasion, above all others, all should have free access, the same as they do to the other anniversary meetings.

**Meetings in East Boston.**

We of the "Island Ward" having inaugurated a series of meetings, wish to give vent to the joyousness of our being and the flattering success of our enterprise. Dr. Hodges, an able worker, who heals both soul and body, inaugurated our meetings. His lectures were much appreciated, and we would recommend all societies in want of a good, sound, logical and philosophical speaker, to engage his services. Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn followed with her plain-spoken statements, her lofty poetic strains. This estimable lady left a profound regard for the philosophy she vindicates upon the minds of the inquiring people. Cephas B. Lynn, the young speaker, has addressed us for two Sundays. His speaking was a complete success. His fine voice, impressive delivery, and scholarly language, tell us that he is destined to rank high in our glorious army. The Lyceum system brought forth this eloquent speaker. We have thus far been blessed in our spiritual advisers, and we shall continue on, with souls reaching upward! upward!—L. P. F.

**Female Doctors in England.**

Our friends on the opposite side of the Atlantic are beginning to appreciate women doctors. The Old World is really catching the inspiration of the New. Hear what the *London Spectator* says: "We have heard the opinion of one of the most eminent of our living physicians that one of the new lady physicians is doing, in the most admirable manner, a work which medical men would never even have had the chance of doing. Mothers bring their children to her in hundreds to consult her on really important points, on which they freely admit that they would never have thought of asking advice at all had she not been accessible to them. And we should not be surprised to find that even in law, as certainly in literature and art, special fields of exertion quite consistent with feminine instincts will spring up, if they are only looked for."

**American Arts Abroad.**

"Carleton's" letter from Paris concerning the World's Exhibition, announces the gratifying and important fact that our American mechanics have carried off the first honors in the department of locomotives—the gold medal having been awarded to the locomotive "America," contributed by the Grant Company, of Paterson, N. J. There was a stiff competition for the honor, France, Austria and Russia having each several machines, but the "America" outshone them all and took the gold medal.

**New Music.**

From G. B. Russell & Co., 126 Tremont street, we have just received the following new musical compositions: "Her heart is all my own," words by H. D. Smith, Jr., music by Charles Hess; "What's the matter, Uncle Sam?" by H. D. Smith, Jr., music by Alfred Lee; "She sleeps beneath the roses," words by Mr. Smith, music by E. N. Catlin; "Lasse with the hazel eye," words by Stephen Glover, music by H. Dexter Smith, Jr. The above are all pretty melodies.

**Sale of the Pierpont Estate.**

The late Rev. John Pierpont's residence and grounds in West Medford, were sold at auction on Monday, May 6th, for \$3000 cash. The library and furniture brought large prices. A portion of the library was given by request of the late Mr. Pierpont to Harvard University. There was a large company present of the friends of this distinguished gentleman from Boston and vicinity.

**Bangor.**

The Spiritualists of Bangor, Me., have just organized, aided by Mr. and Mrs. Davis, a first-class Children's Progressive Lyceum. So the good work goes forward. Bro. A. E. Carpenter is engaged in the same work at Foxcroft, Me.

**Convention at Blue Anchor, N. J.**

The call for a Five Days' Convention, to commence June 12th, at Blue Anchor, N. J., will be found on our seventh page.

The Paris exhibition building has been insured for 7,500,000 francs.

**ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.**

We have received a report of the proceedings of the quarterly meeting of the Genesee Association of Spiritualists, held at Batavia, N. Y., the last of April, which is crowded out this week, but will appear in our next issue. Our friends had an interesting time of it.

See notice in another column of the new spiritual songs, with choruses, by John P. Ordway, M. D. They are just what is needed in spiritual meetings. They are much admired in this city, where they are sung by the choir at the spiritual meetings in Mercantile Hall, with fine effect. The price of each is 30 cents, postage free. Send your orders to this office.

Miss Margaretta Fox announces that she has been released by the invisible agents from the obligations imposed upon her by the late Dr. Elisha K. Kane not to use her medium powers in public, and has returned to Rochester, N. Y., to resume her public seances. An interesting article on this subject, from a Rochester paper, will be found on the third page of our paper.

**Medford.**—Chauncey Barnes is holding meetings in the Town Hall, in Medford, Sunday afternoons and evenings during this month, also every Tuesday and Friday evening in same hall. Thus far he has had a good attendance. He also helps the sick and gives tests. He is doing his work in his own way, and we hope good will result from it.

**SPIRITUAL CONVENTION IN ENGLAND.**—The friends of Spiritualism are to hold a Convention on Whit-Tuesday, in London, and earnestly request that friends in this country send them words of encouragement and hope. We invite attention to the report of the recent meeting at Huddersfield, on our third page.

The sick and afflicted are referred to the advertisement of Mrs. Chappell, who, besides giving her attention to healing, will receive calls to lecture.

Bury your troubles, but don't linger about the graveyard conjuring up their ghosts to haunt you.

The new Masonic Temple, in this city, is to be dedicated on the 24th of June next. Preparations are making to accommodate twenty-five thousand visiting brethren of the Order.

Kingston, Mass., owes no debts and has no papers.

Some Boston Yankee has invented a cow milking machine which works like a charm. By a very simple arrangement the working of a rubber diaphragm produces upon the four teats at a time a sudden, strong, remitting suction, like that of a calf, and the cow is milked and stripped dry in a couple of minutes.

The Pope has convened a general meeting of bishops at Rome for next June. Some of the bishops of the United States have already left for the Eternal City. Bishop Williams, of Boston, leaves on the 20th of June.

"Ma," said a little girl to her mother, "do the men want to get married as much as the women do?" "Pshaw! What are you talking about?" "Why, ma, the women who come here are always talking about getting married—the men don't."

By reference to the advertisement in another column, it will be seen that Mrs. Crook desires the services of several clairvoyant, developing, seeing and physical mediums.

Great wealth does not bring health or happiness always. The Count de Greffulhe, the richest man in France, died April 7th, at the ripe age of ninety-two. His fortune is estimated at fifty millions of dollars, and it is said he has not enjoyed a well day for the last seventy-five years.

With the close of the present year expire all German copyrights whose term has been extended by special privilege. This will set free the writings of Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, Herder, Körner, Bürger, Jean Paul Richter, and others; and cheap reprints of many are already announced at Berlin.

Ristori has performed one hundred and sixty-eight nights in this country, and the gross receipts have been about \$450,000. Ristori's share of this is about \$270,000, of which \$200,000 is probably clear profit after deducting all expenses.

Coral jewelry has become so fashionable in Paris that it commands in the rough a price equal to about twenty times its weight in gold. The rose pink variety is most esteemed.

There is as much sound sense, as much true honor, and as much real independence to be found under the coarse working jacket of a mechanic as beneath the ermine robe of a peer.

At least two hundred thousand freedmen—one-fifth of what is reckoned as the school portion of the colored population—have learned to read within the last two years.

Thomas Ball's bust of Edward Everett has been placed in the Public Library in this city. As a work of art it is pronounced almost faultless, and represents the features and expression of our late distinguished townsman, with the nicest fidelity.

Manufactories of pottery ware and paper have been established at Golden City, Colorado.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT has just entered upon its twenty-first volume. The editor, in speaking of its success, gives the blessed angels credit for aiding and guiding those who stand at the helm of the BANNER. The Children's Department is under the charge of Mrs. Love M. Willis. No better or worthier person can be found to take charge of the children of the BANNER. The young folks all love Mrs. Willis, because they cannot help it, and do not want to.—*Little Bouquet*.

Under the judicious management of Warden Haynes the profits of the State Prison at Charlestown, Mass., amount to \$2000 a year. Heretofore the institution has been a burden to the State. The prisoners are said to be well cared for by Mr. Haynes.

It is far easier to see small faults than large virtues.

**Mr. Loveland and the Gorilla.**

"The mode of life in the spirit-land, is just as incomprehensible to us as our life is to the Gorilla."—*J. A. Loveland, Banner of Light, April 17.*

We consider the above the most astounding statement ever made by an intelligent Spiritualist.

If the modes of spirit-life are incomprehensible, the spiritual laws of which those modes are the exponents are equally beyond our apprehension, hence, the enunciation of those modes and laws by spirits, through media, would be like teaching ethics to a Gorilla.

If this life is not the key to the future, both in respect to natural methods and primal laws, then supernaturalism is the correct theory, and Spiritualism is as foolish as it is incomprehensible.—*T. L.*

**The London Spiritual Magazine.**

The April number of this excellent monthly is received and for sale at our counter.

**New York Department.**

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WARREN CHASE, LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT.

**Our Book Trade.**

Complete works of A. J. Davis, comprising twenty volumes, seventeen cloth, and in paper. Nature's Divine Revelations, 30th edition, just out. 5 vols. Great Harmonia, each complete—Physician, Teacher, Seer, Reformer and Thinker. Magic Staff, an Autobiography of the author. Penetrating Harbinger of Health, Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions. Morning Lectures (20 discourses) History and Philosophy of the Philosophy of the Future. Discourses of Spiritualism. Providence, Harmonical Man, Free Thoughts Concerning the Light, Present Age and Inner Life, Approaching Crisis, Death and After Life, Children's Progressive Lyceum Manual—full set, 42.

Complete works of Hudson and Emma Tuttle—Arcana of Nature, 2 vols.; Physical Man, and Blossoms of our Spring—4 vols., 45.

Complete works of A. B. Child—Whatever Is, Is Right, Child, a People, A B C of Life, Soul Admity, and Lily Wreath, 5 vols., 45.

Complete works of Warren Chase—Life Line of Lone One, Fugitive Wife, American Crisis, and Gist of Spiritualism, 4 vols.—24 paper, price 45.

Works of Henry C. Wright—Marriage and Parentage, Kiss for a Blow, Errors of the Bible, Unwelcome Child, Self-Abandonment, Empire of the Mother, Living Present and Dead Past, 7 vols., 45 paper, whole set \$4.

Complete works of Thomas Paine, 3 vols.—price \$6.00. A very large assortment of miscellaneous works on Spiritualism is now on our shelves, with a good supply of other liberal literature. Those who want a copy of "A Few Days in Athens," by Frances Wright, must send \$1 soon, as the last edition is nearly gone, and it is not to be republished at present.

We have also a few copies of Eliza Palmer's Principles of Nature, valuable work, out of print; price \$2. A valuable return for \$1 will be a copy of J. C. Edmonds on Reconciliation, and A Peep into Sacred Traditions by G. B. Abbott. Send the \$1, and try our judgment on Politics and Religion.

**Popular Medicines.**

Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, Dr. H. B. Storer's preparation of Dodd's Nerve and the Neurophatic Italian all continue to bring words of approbation to our office. There is certainly virtue in the Powders and Nerve, for we have tried them, the first by proxy and the second by person.

**Voices of the People.**

Congratulatory messages and words of hope and promise reach us daily from far and near, assuring us of the spread and value of our philosophy. On the Pacific slope of the Rocky Mountains, from Peru to Oregon, we get tidings of cheer, and evidence of communion with spirits. Father Beeson sends word from Oregon that the demand for mediums is great, and inquiry earnest and sincere. Peru sends for the BANNER, and we send it each week, with its messages from the better land to this "summer-land" of earth. Lower California is to be settled by Yankees, and Spiritualists are going to that delightful climate and rich soil—rich in ores as well as the raw material for fruits and grain. Nevada, Colorado, Utah and New Mexico have voices and pens defending spirit-life and intercourse. Indeed, wherever American enterprise and Yankee perseverance have penetrated, the spirits have found friends of the cause. It seems to us that the spirits have taken the missionary work into their hands, and are doing much that we neglect or could not accomplish. Two monthlies in London prove it is not dead in the parent country, and the extent of demand for our literature in all countries where our language is spoken, show that life and growth belong to Spiritualism.

It certainly is the hope of the world, on which alone we can hang the evidence of future life. All other hopes have failed to go beyond faith; this goes to knowledge, and anchors hope in the rock of science. It is no wonder it spreads, in spite of the ridicule of time-servers, and hate of bigots. Joking and scandalizing, cursing and praying, will not stop it. The daylight will come and shine, however much the institutional religion loves darkness and ignorance. The people shall know the truth, and "the truth shall make them free." Woman and man, side by side, with equal rights, shall learn to so live here as to gain the greatest amount of happiness hereafter.

**Schools.**

We are most happy to inform the readers of the BANNER that there is a Female Seminary owned and conducted by the Bush Sisters, known as the Belvidere Seminary, at Belvidere, N. J., which is an exception to our general remarks, some weeks ago, on the sectarian control of the high schools of our country. This school, although obliged to use the school books that are saturated with a false theology, is free, as we have the best assurance, from all religious bias from the teachers; and is conducted on the best and most natural and rational principles of moral and intellectual development, and we think the course of the teachers highly commendable in keeping the young pupils away from the exciting religious rivalries, in which so many children have been frightened with the terrible description of hell—a religion which, instead of relieving them, would draw them into a miserable condition of fear and hypocrisy. We are most happy to learn that this school is prospering, and deserves all and more than it receives of patronage from Spiritualists and reformers generally. The time is certainly near when the people will have schools free from theological control, and school books that are not filled with the subtle poison of sectarian pride and prejudice. The sacred fables, like the sacred idols of ancient times, must give way to reason, and take their place among the curiosities; not as holy relics, but as relics only of the superstitious age in which they originated. Give us free schools, free speech, and a free press, and we will soon root superstition out, and convert our heathen temples into schoolhouses, taking down the steeples and pulpits, and making the seats free at lectures and knowledge useful in saving persons from the vices into which so many now plunge, regardless of church or preacher, or scientific knowledge, and mainly because science and religion do not work together, but counteract each other.

**Human Nature: A Monthly Record of Zoistic Science and Intelligence.**

The first number of this sprightly and enterprising periodical, published in London, Eng., by our earnest, able and devoted brother, James Burns, is on our counter, and can be had through the mail for thirty-five cents. This number contains three chapters of "Ideal Attained," by Mrs. Farnham, a book now out of print and for which there is much demand. It will be continued and completed in succeeding numbers, and those who want a copy of the book, by sending here soon and each month, will get the worth of their money in other matter and have "Ideal Attained" gratis. We rejoice at the appearance of this new messenger, bearing good tidings to the sorrowing and suffering ones of our world, for it will carry in each number the assurances of another and better life, and its nearness to and communication with this. Mr. Burns is one of those persevering and earnest men who never take hold of the plow and look back, and his journal meets a hearty welcome here.

**May Day.**

Every horse that can pull, every child that can scrub, every man that can lift, every woman that can scrub, is engaged to-day in some way connected with the moving and cleaning. Those that move (and they are legion), are rubbing furniture and old crockery, and those that do not move are cleaning for summer, which is soon expected. The shifting tenements and raling rents are be-

coming a dead to the city worse than the cholera or small pox. Business is nearly suspended, except collecting rents and revenue, which go on the same in sloth and health, public or private.

**The Rhus Wine.**

A new and valuable, pleasant and medicinal wine has been recently patented for the discoverer, Dr. E. G. Holland, of 55 East Twenty-eighth street, N. Y., who is now largely manufacturing it from the sumach berries—*rhus glabrum*—that grow in such abundance along the banks of the Hudson. The first thing that astonished us on tasting or testing the qualities of this wine, was that it was not sooner discovered. Like the valuable tomato, these berries have been admired for their beauty and only occasionally used by Indian doctors and Thompsonian root-gatherers, while they contained actually all the properties for a more pleasant, less offensive and far more curative wine than the grape, and equal if not superior to the elder berries. A few years will give these berries and this extract as permanent a place in the medical as the tomato has in the culinary department. The medicinal properties of the sumach were known to the Indians and to Thompson and to some of the medical faculty, but the bark was more frequently used than the berries. This new preparation is still better adapted to the cancer, sore throat, scrofula, bowel complaints, &c., than most other remedies, while it furnishes a harmless and very pleasant beverage without the objections of the intoxicating drinks. Dr. Holland, the discoverer, recently gave some very interesting lectures at Dodworth's Hall, for the First Society of Spiritualists in this city. He is a talented and efficient worker in our ranks, and we are confident he has a valuable discovery, patented and owned exclusively by himself.

**The Impending Epoch, Augusta, Ga.**

The May number of this earnest and truthful little sheet, speaking of Spiritualism and the new gospel in that garden of our country, so recently made desolate by war, is on our table and well filled with interesting items. We are truly glad that this is to be found among the signs of promise for a renewal of life and hope in the South. Spiritualism had friends and believers—a large number—in the South before the war, many of whom have not been heard from since; but the bursting forth unexpectedly of this paper, with its flag proudly unfurled, shows that they are not all gone, either to spirit-land or other lands. We have what we call reliable assurance that one long Spiritualism is to have a large and lasting revival in the Southern States and sunny clime of our country. May not this paper be one of the signs?

**New Sign.**

Our BANNER is unfurled to the breeze and floats over the heads of the saints and sinners that pass up and down Broadway. In large letters our name and business hangs out opposite the American Museum, and can be seen for half a mile or more either way, and on both sides of Broadway, so our friends will have no trouble to find us if their faces are turned a little heavenward. Look out for the sign, and call for the books; we have them now, and are ready to send them by mail or express anywhere the lives run. Sign, BANNER OF LIGHT—SPIRITUALIST BOOKS.

**Dr. Persons in New Orleans.**

New Orleans papers reach us every week bearing testimony, with certificates and names, to the wonderful cures performed by Dr. Persons, at the St. Louis Hotel in that city. We have alluded to the healing powers through spirit assistance of Dr. Persons before, having witnessed them ourselves, and we are glad he is healing the sick and lame in New Orleans, as that is an important locality for the manifestation of spirit-power and presence. The Doctor comes North next month.

**London Spiritual Magazine.**

The April number of the London Spiritual Magazine is still on our counter, and a few yet of the March number. So good a journal as this should not be allowed to get dusty on our shelves. Its testimony is what thousands in this country need, and even the old numbers are well worth the price to read, lend, or give to "the minister," as they would grace his library after we read them. We will send numbers dated before January, 1867, for twenty cents each.

**To Correspondents.**

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.] JOHN LOGAN, NEW ZEALAND.—Letter and money received. E. C. GRANVILLE, VT.—The address of Wm. P. Anderson, spirit artist, is box 2311, New York City.

**Business Matters.**

THE RADICAL for May is for sale at this office. Price 30 cents. COURT BENJA'S POEMS, just issued in book form. Price \$1.00. For sale at this office. JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps. DR. L. K. COONLEY, healing medium. Will examine by letter or look of hair from persons at a distance. Address, Vineland, N. J.

THE LATEST NOVELTY for the health and comfort of the ladies is without doubt BACHELIER'S PATENT SKIRT SUPPORTER. It needs only to be examined to be at once adopted. It completely removes the weight of the skirts from the hips and loins, and does away with the bearing down and dragging of them. Dry and fancy goods stores have it. Principal salesroom, 405 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

THE TREATMENT for NEURALGIA is simple and yet effective: it is Dr. Turner's TIC-DOL-ORUM or UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA pill. This disease cannot be withstood and the attack of this medicine. Likewise headache, hysteria affections and prostration of the nervous system are removed by its occasional use. Apothecaries have it. PRINCIPAL DEPOT, 120 TREMONT STREET, Boston, Mass. PRICE \$1.00 PER PACKAGE; by mail, two postage stamps EXTRA.

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

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Enabling persons—media especially—to forecast or foretell the future, on Raymond Lully's wonderful system. Price \$1. I have secured the copyright of the "CLAIRVOYANT'S GUIDE, and GUIDE TO CLAIRVOYANCE." Price \$1. Circulars descriptive of both the above, 10 cents.

MARY P. CHOOK, Rosicrucian Rooms, 21 Boylston street, Boston, Mass.

**TO MEDIUMS.**

I wish to secure the services of a few good and reliable medical, general clairvoyant, developing, seeing and physical Media. Address or apply in person at the Rosicrucian Rooms, 21 Boylston street, Boston, Mass. **MARY P. CHOOK.** May 18—1w

Show me a man of sour, morose disposition, one who entertaining good will toward none, and I will show you a dyspeptic. Dyspepsia is the bluest of all diseases. Rev. Mr. Alken testifies that Cox's DYSPEPSIA CURE cured him after fifteen years suffering.

**ADVERTISEMENTS.**

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

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Songs and Choruses for Spiritual Meetings and Circles.

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**SPIRIT FORMS.**

I HAVE recently been enabled, through the spirit influence, to produce shadowy representations of those who have gone to the "Summer-land," the most perfect of which is one of the late

**EDWARD EVERETT.** other forms being very vague, although I am assured that as I develop, the veil will be lifted from my eyes, and all forms will be made clear and distinct. The picture of Mr. EVERETT (as he now appears) is pronounced by all who have ever seen him during life here to be perfect both as regards form and features. Copies nicely finished will be sent to any address on receipt of price (\$1.00). Address, H. R. HASKINS, Photographer, Pontiac, Mich. May 18.

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

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

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

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

Mrs. CONANT 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 Circle for answer by the spirits, are duly attended to, and will be published.

### Invocation.

Mighty Allah, the soul of thy servant who worshipped at the shrine of Mahomet, would pay its vows and breathe its prayers to thee through the lips of the Christian woman. Thou art higher than the mountains; thou art deeper than the valleys; thou art greater than all worlds; thou art perfect, and good, and holy, and all thy children everywhere worship thee. May these Christians live in their Christ, and their Christ in them. And when harsh thoughts against their fellows would come forth from their lips, may their Christ kill them ere they become words. May all the deeds of these Christians be called holy and good by their Christ. May he water the flowers in the garden of their souls, so that the fragrance shall nourish them; so that their friends who come to them from the land of the departed may be sustained in their love and remembrance. And when the great book of their earthly life shall be closed by the Angel of Death, may the great book of Eternal Life be opened to them by the Good Angel, and their names written there by the pen of their good deeds, and made so permanent that not an Eternity can erase them from the fair pages of that Book of Life.

Mighty Allah, the thoughts of thy children everywhere are blended together in asking to know thee. Breathe thy life upon all souls, that all souls may recognize it, and worship at the shrine of Eternal Truth. April 1.

### Questions and Answers.

**CONTROLLING SPIRIT.**—Your questions, Mr. Chairman, are ready to answer.

**Q.**—By A. Howe, of Mainville, O.: Has our spirit any employment during the hours of sleep? If so, what?

**A.**—That is not possible to determine, since every moment of life brings its own cares, its own peculiar phase of being, and its own peculiar demands of each individual spirit. Sometimes the soul or spirit, during the repose of the body, is enabled to wander from the body, not separated entirely from it, but able to go forth from the tabernacle of the flesh, taking cognizance of things by which it is surrounded, living absolutely for the time being in the spirit-land. The soul or thinking part of man being but an aggregation of thoughts, is not bound by the flesh. It is absolutely free in itself, being born of the great fountain of freedom, God.

**Q.**—By T. S., of Philadelphia: Is war and blockade a natural result growing out of our imperfect national institutions?

**A.**—We believe it is. Life, intellectually, morally, physically and spiritually, progresses by slow and distinct degrees. We believe that the time will come when earthly governments shall be so far perfected as to entirely ignore the existence of warfare. But this will not take place until mind has grown large enough to develop such a government, for all governments are but children of mind, born of the peculiar condition of the mind of the present day; the day in which the government exists having to be sure, a certain dependence upon the past, and a certain relationship to the future, yet it absolutely belongs to the present. Therefore your governments today are but a natural result of the present condition of mind.

Warfare, bloodshed, and all those circumstances of lesser good, are by no means to be sought for. But, on the contrary, you should strive earnestly to labor in conjunction with the great forces of Nature by which you are surrounded, which you live in. Thus you will grow rapidly out of these conditions. The majority of minds are not prepared for a higher government—a few minds perhaps are—but they are like advance guards, they would be ready for a different kind of government. But Nature always adapts her conditions to the necessity of the majority. If the majority of minds at the present day have need of a government wherein war and bloodshed are tolerated, then you may rest assured that such a government will have an existence. When the majority need something higher, rest assured something better will be given.

**Q.**—By the same: Do great warriors, such as Generals Washington, Jackson, Napoleon Bonaparte, and others of the same class, suffer great grief and sorrow in the spirit-world, in consequence of their acts and deeds growing out of their profession in earth-life?

**A.**—Every imperfect condition of life begets its own chastiser, and also its own teacher, out of the imperfect into the more perfect. If souls do sin at all, out of the very sin is born the judge, the accuser, the power that will redeem from the sin. A Washington, a Napoleon and a Jackson do undergo suffering for mistakes made in their earthly pilgrimage. But their sufferings are of such a character as to be able at all times to admit the sunlight; for in their advanced mental condition they have this assurance: that mind cannot stand still. It is always growing, therefore they themselves are always progressing, leaving the lesser good and advancing toward the higher. This leaving the lesser good, you may call correction of the mistakes of life. Suffering is an absolute necessity of the soul. It advances by it, overcomes the lesser good of life. Storms clear the atmosphere of the earth. And so these mental storms, these great storms that sweep over the soul at times, every one of them are of use; and the soul from time to time advances into a more perfect understanding of its relation to God by virtue of the storm.

**Q.**—By the same: As God is a spirit, and spirit is life, and life pervades universal space, then I ask for information, has not every atom inherent life in itself, according to its peculiar organization?

**A.**—Yes, certainly.

**Q.**—By the same: Is the Christian Church of the North justifiable in its unforbearing conduct toward our Southern brothers? We have been instructed by our Ancient Teacher to forgive not only seven times, but seventy times seven.

**A.**—In one sense they are justified; in another they are not. They are justified of themselves, but those who stand above them do not justify them. Those who stand above you, see your deformities; therefore they cannot say that all you do is just. The many Christian churches that find a resting-place all over the world, have yet to learn how to follow Christ. As yet they never have, not as a whole. There are beautiful but rare exceptions, but as a whole they have never followed Christ. The Christian principle which leadeth man out of darkness into light, and knoweth not truth, is full of charity, long suffering, forbearance. And all those virtues that are supposed to belong to Christianity, the Christian Church knows very little concerning. It is true that very large outward professions are made, but there is more profession than possession. Christ was exceedingly humble. Is the Christian Church following the humble Nazarene in that respect to-day? Nay, Christ was exceedingly forgiving. Is the Christian Church also forgiving? We think not. Christ taught all kinds of perfect good. Where are the Christians in that respect to-day? We do not wish to cast censure upon them, for they are dear, very dear to us. But they who are the truest friends, are those who tell us of our faults and kindly admonish us. Jesus the Christ saw clearly the faults of his followers, nor was he wont to denounce them. But by his own pure life he was a guide, a teacher. He shed a holy influence, which he said would extend through all time. And we believe it will. The Christian Church, in its devout worship of the form, has forgotten the spirit. And therefore it is that we hear loud denunciations against the children of our common Father. The North talks in very harsh terms of the South, and the South in turn of the North. Now when the true Christ-principle shall be born in the heart of every Christian, this will cease. April 1.

### Betsy Soule.

I am constrained to believe that it is the duty of every soul who is able to return, declaring the reality of this New Dispensation, to do so. And it is, I believe, particularly the duty of those to come back, if they are able to, who were opposed to this great movement of God's when they were here.

I was not able to see the beautiful light, the great truth that had an existence in this Spiritual Philosophy. So I said it is a great delusion, a device of the devil to lead God's children away from their duty. I used to repeat to them that passage of Scripture wherein we are warned against communing with familiar spirits; and I honestly believed it was a great sin to have anything to do with or believe in what I considered a religious delusion. But I am able now, thank God, to come back and declare that I was myself deluded.

I lived on the earth eighty-two years, and I think during that time I had no positive knowledge of a life beyond the grave. I tried to believe in it, but it was so far away that I could not seem to grasp it. I would reason, and wonder where heaven was, where hell was, where God was? But I could not form any definite ideas of their whereabouts. I used to always end by saying, "We can never know about these things till we come to die."

My name was Soule—Betsy Soule. I'm from Sandwich, Massachusetts. And I want all my people to know that I can come back, and that I have come—I believe by the will of God—to overthrow the temple, the religious temple that I helped to build on the earth.

I have learned many things since I have been in the spirit-world—which at the time of my death was 1853, in February, 1853—and I was then hoping to be ushered into the presence of the Saviour, to dwell with him and his saints forever. But I want those who are left to know things are very different from what they expect. The spirit-world is as natural, as tangible, as real, and more real than this earth-life; and the better you are here, the more good deeds you do here, the more kind thoughts you indulge in, the better off you'll be in the spirit-world. That's all that you need for a mantle of righteousness—all you need. You don't need any Church—that's Church enough; you don't need anything else at all. It's all you do need.

I want my son Joseph to know that I can come back; that I am very happy; that this beautiful light, this Christ-principle that is in life, I'm interested in. I said I never should be, because they said like this: "I should n't wonder if grandmother should become interested in it, because she's so hard upon it. Those who are so hard against things, are generally the first to be converted."

Well, I'm converted, tell them—I'm converted. I'm converted, and a glorious conversion it was, too. I was terribly disappointed when I first got to the spirit-world, and learned what it was. I don't know but that was the suffering that was necessary to bring me out into clear light.

Oh, I thank God that I live, and I bless God that I have the power to return. I say God—well, the good that is everywhere. That's all the God, I think, that we shall ever know; that's enough to know. Good-day. April 1.

### William Comings.

I'm not used to this mode of return, but I am anxious to reach the friends I have left.

I am William, son of Mrs. Ann Comings, living near Hatcher's Run, Virginia. I was killed almost within sight of my mother's house—yes, within sight of it, and was buried very near my own mother's place, in the garden.

I then had no knowledge of this way of coming back; and the last thing I thought of was, I hope I shall live long enough to be taken to the house. But I died in a very few minutes, I believe, and the ground was occupied by Federal troops, for they were winning on us fast.

I want her to know that William is alive, if he has lost his body, and he's able to talk, too. I want her to know that I've met a great many of our friends, and the most of them are equally anxious, like myself, to come back.

You won't forget the place, will you?—Hatcher's Run—because there are others there of the same name, and I want you should be sure to make no mistake. April 1.

### George Perkins.

I am here by the assistance of one who assisted me out of my own body. He, thinking he did me a very good turn then, to use his own language, said, "One good turn deserves another—I'll show you back again."

He calls himself James A. Jarvis, and he's from Illinois. [What town?] He did n't say; but at any rate he seems to be well posted in these things, and he's been very efficient in showing me back here.

You see, it was like this: He was on picket duty, and so was I. I wandered into the Union lines. He demanded the countersign. I could not give it, and so he gave me a pass aloft.

Oh I'm a rebel, sir, and have no disposition to do it. A few days after, at the battle of Winchester, he was killed. And so in the course of our rounds in this new life, we met, and by instinct—it must have been that—we recognized each other, though I don't know as we ever saw each other here. But we recognized one another there, and he told me the way to come back. First I believed it was the Yankee lie, but I thought I would try it on, at all events.

I have a mother and sister, and also two brothers that I should like to reach, if it's anyway within the bounds of possibility.

I am from Caryville, Virginia, sir; that is, I hailed from there; and I want to get back there, not exactly as I am now, but somehow after the right fashion. [You want them to find you a medium.] Yes.

My name is Perkins. I want to get to them and talk as I do here. My given name, George. I want to go there, you understand? [Yes. Do you think they are residing in the same town now?] They were there when I left them.

He showed me here, and he says, "As I was able to help you out of your body, I'll help you back again. Of course I know the way."

I do n't know what to make of him. He's one of these persons that know about these things that's way ahead. I don't understand him. He says, "I was acquainted with people that were dead, and talked with them. It's nothing new to me, this coming back after death." [Wasn't he mediumistic himself?] Yes, no doubt. Well, I shall be very thankful to receive all such favors.

I was a little inclined to be rather disposed to fight when I met him; I knew him by feeling; I felt who it was. And he, on the contrary, was disposed to laugh at my anger. So I cooled down. He's a strange fellow. [You think your friends are still in Caryville, do you?] That's what I don't know. Did n't know I could come back. [Is Jarvis here with you?] Yes, we're both here. He tells me he goes back to his folks. I don't know about that, suppose he does, for he has n't led me wrong yet. [He'll do you good service.] Yes.

I have met my father, and a good many others, but I don't know what's ahead. I want to know what's ahead. I'm in the dark—I'm in the dark. I do n't know what's coming. I had no fixed belief in hell. That's what all my folks are looking for. I want to know is there any such fixed place? [No; it depends upon your state of mind whether you dwell in heaven or hell.] Pretty evenly divided, then, perhaps, for sometimes I used to be pretty happy, sometimes very unhappy. I couldn't always tell what was right. [Do n't urge any one into a fight.] Oh no, I'm done—I'm done with that now. April 1.

### Lillian Barnes.

I'm Lillian Barnes. I was born in Cherry Valley, New York State. I was eleven years old; and I have been in the spirit-land—it will be two years next month. I died of diphtheria, they said; I suppose I did. My father was away when I died, and so I thought I would come back to him, because he felt so very bad that he was not with me when I died. He does business in Hamilton, Canada West; and he was there, and I was only sick three days when I died. Mother died, too. [When?] When I died. I went first, she came afterwards. I don't like to say die. I don't like to say death. I do n't like dead bodies. I do n't think I'm dead, do you? I want my father to know that I shall improve faster in the spirit-land than if I had stayed on the earth; because now we're never sick, and we learn a great deal faster.

I was going to Montreal the next year, to a Catholic school, but you see I'm not there now. I did n't think I should like to go there, and mother didn't want me to go. She said she "should rather I would die than go there," because she was afraid I'd be a Catholic. But I told her if I ever went I never should be. My father was n't a Catholic, only he wanted me to go there because he thought we got the best education there.

I wish to tell him I can get along faster where I am than I should if I'd gone to Montreal. When he passes through the change, he'll be surprised to see what progress I've made. I'm getting along very fast. Unless he comes very soon he won't hardly know me. And you'll say, too, I am happy in the spirit-land, and I think I'm a great deal better contented than I should be at Montreal. I thought I should be homesick if I went there. He didn't—father said I wouldn't. He said I should like after I got there. But I think somebody did n't want me to go, and so—well, I suppose God did n't, so I changed worlds, and found a better school. I had the cross and the ring he sent me, and the cross was on my neck when I died, and it stayed there, because they did n't like to take it off, I think.

[To the Chairman.] I thank you very much, and if I can I'll help you. [Is your mother here with you?] Yes. She never likes to talk much before folks, so she would n't speak here. [Does she send any greetings to your father?] Oh, yes, I know she would, because she felt very sad to leave him so suddenly. [Did she die of diphtheria?] Yes. I do n't know where we got it. The teachers in the spirit-land say, in the air. Oh, I don't care now, mister, anything about it. I am glad I am in the spirit-land, not dead, but living. Good afternoon, mister. April 1.

Seance conducted by William E. Channing; letters answered by Henry Wright.

### Invocation.

Our Father, the brightness of this vernal day greets us like a gem adorning the brow of Eternity. It has followed the tears of yesterday as if in compensation, and the heart of Nature is glad, rejoicing in her robes of sunshine and beauty. And so the hearts of thy children go out in gladness to thee, after the tears of human sorrow have passed away, when the sunshine of thy love and the consciousness of thy nearness dawns in upon the sacred altar of soul.

So, oh Lord, we thank thee for human sorrow. We praise thee that thou hast ordained that sunshine shall not be the only agent employed in giving birth to the budding rose. We thank thee that thou hast so beautifully and perfectly ordained all things in life; alternating day and night, sunshine and showers. All these things are teachers to our souls, showing us thy way and informing us that variety is given so we may rejoice in the glory of change. If all days were full of sunshine, we should weary of time and eternity. If our hearts were always full of rejoicing, we should know very little of heaven. But because of sorrow, because of tears, because of the deep vales of human anguish, we know something of the joys of heaven, the joys that the mortal experiences when she enters the courts of the Morning-Land, and finds there her little one to greet her in the radiance of perfected beauty. That is compensation enough for the tears she shed

over the cold form of her loved one at the change called death. Oh, thou dost all things well. We will trust thee, love thee, worship thee everywhere, as our kind Father and tender Mother, Amen. April 2.

### Questions and Answers.

**Q.**—By J. E. H.: Is it possible for the personal, individual identity of the human spirit ever to be lost or absorbed in the Deific Principle or God?

**A.**—No, we do not believe it is possible. But the soul, as an individuality, is perpetually changing in its manifestation. It may not be today what it was yesterday. You lose your human or earthly individuality as you journey through the spheres of mind, or the spirit-land. You cast off, one by one, the small clothes of your childhood, having grown too large for them. And in this sense you lose your individuality, or change it. But we believe that the soul, as a distinct entity, an individual power, is such eternally. It is ever in the bosom of the Father. It is never separated from God. It is always absorbed in Deity; and yet the soul of Deity may be said to be composed of all souls, each possessing a right to its own individuality, and holding that right by virtue of the power God has invested it with.

**Q.**—By L. B. Hopkins, of Nevada: Did the crucifixion and death of Jesus Christ relieve any human being from any penalty incurred by the violation of a law of God?

**A.**—No, certainly not. The crucifixion of Jesus the Christ was the result of darkness, the mental darkness existing in that age. You crucify souls continually, by virtue of the darkness of your age. We have no faith in that leaning upon the shoulders of any individual for salvation of our sins. We believe that every soul must take care of its own mistakes, must travel for itself to the Kingdom of Peace or Heaven. Vicarious atonement, we know, is part of the religious belief of many sects. But it is a fallacy that belongs to darkness, in which the soul takes no part; for the soul, as a soul, knows well it is dependent upon itself for salvation.

**Q.**—By A. B. Dunbar: Why is it that after losing a hand, arm or leg, if it be placed where it is in a cold, damp or cramped condition, the loser of it will suffer from its being in such condition, by having all the feelings consequent to such condition?

**A.**—As long as there is any magnetic life remaining in the separated member of the human body, so long the human body will be more or less under its influence. When the magnetic and electric life has departed from the severed member, the loser of it will cease to suffer. Until that takes place, there is a perfect rapport between the two. The electrical member which is left, which is virtually the member spiritual, is in constant rapport with the member that has been separated, that is, the member external. If the separated member is in a cramped condition, then it is the spiritual member that suffers, the living member that is in rapport with brain life. There is a beautiful law underlying this branch of science. It would be well for scientific men to make this a study. It will lead to grand results. It will open the door to an arcana of science they never have entered; and we pray God that the time will come when they will consider it worthy of investigation.

**Q.**—By the same: I would like to have the passage of scripture found in Matthew iv: 1-11 inclusive, explained, it being as follows:

1. Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil.
2. And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterward an hungred.
3. And when the tempter came to him, he said, If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.
4. But he answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.
5. Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple, and saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hand they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.
6. Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.
7. Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; and saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.
8. And Jesus saith unto him, Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.
9. Then the devil leaveth him, and behold, angels came and ministered unto him.

What are we to understand the Spirit that led him (Jesus) into the wilderness, the devil that tempted him, what the temptation, what the angels that came and ministered unto him, to have been?

**A.**—We believe this to have been a spiritual experience through which Jesus was called to pass. A great field of labor was before Jesus the Christ, a wondrous work was ready for him to do, and it were not strange that his attendant angels should demand to know if he were wise, if he was of sound spiritual faith, and could be trusted in the deep vales of human temptation. We say it was not strange, and we believe this was a spiritual experience, forced upon Jesus by his attendant angels. April 2.

### N. P. Willis.

I to-day, for the first time in my life, realize how sublime a thing it is to live. When the freed spirit for the first time looks back upon the chrysalis from which it has emerged into eternal life, it realizes the perfectness, the grandness, the divinity of life. It was but a creeping thing when here, but in that glorious land where the soul enjoys freedom, it is no longer a creeping thing cloyed by earth. But it is free, gloriously free; and the past, the present and the illimitable future are all its own. The aspiring spirit receives an answer to its aspirations. The poet hears everywhere in God's universe one grand strain of harmony, and his soul is wrapped in its heaven, and he rests from the weary disturbances of human life.

Oh, the freedom of the soul! Oh the glory that clusters around the brow of the delivered spirit, no human sense can conceive of! It is past description. It is a glory that the senses cannot take cognizance of. Entranced by the joys of heaven, the sublime realities of eternal life, oh how grand it is to live!

Were I an artist of sufficient power, I would make the attempt to picture to the children of earth some of the grand scenes of this morning-land of life. But I cannot; I have not the power. Suffice it to say, that it is grand beyond description. April 2.

### Annie Mears.

It is in vain that the returning spirit seeks to portray the glories of the spirit-land to those who remain on the earth. Mr. Willis has spoken truly, when he says the human senses are not capable of conceiving even of the glory of the spirit-land, and of the joy that floods like sunlight the spirit when it finds itself redeemed from the thralldom of the flesh.

I suffered for eleven weary months here, longing daily and hourly for release. And when at last it came, and I was entirely free from the worn-out casement, oh what joy! what a wild sense of delight, came over my spirit! "Free?" I said. "Oh, is it possible I am free?" And when my friends in the spirit-land answered, "Oh yes, you're free," I was so rejoiced that I said, "No heaven can ever exceed this."

But the soul finds many ways in which to enjoy itself after death; and one of the ways is returning to those it has left, to inform them concerning its home in the spirit-land. Oh, if souls in the body could only realize how intensely anxious all their spirit friends are that they should know of these things, it seems to me they would more than meet them at the bridge; that they would almost go over and clasp them in their arms.

My name is Annie Mears, from Philadelphia. I had no knowledge of returning when I left my friends, and they may be surprised to know I can come. But if I can only infuse some of my own intense anxiety concerning this matter into their souls, I shall be amply repaid for coming here to-day. [Will they get your message?] Yes, it will reach them, through liberal friends. I would not say they are not liberal, for they are, perhaps, very liberal in everything save this one thing. They cannot as yet understand it, because the book has never been opened to them. But I propose to open it, and show them the nearness of the heaven whither they suppose their friends are enjoying themselves, unconscious of the sorrows of those they have left here.

'Tis not so. We know of the sorrow that besets the human soul. And if we did not see a way out of that sorrow for the human soul, we should indeed be sad. But we know that there is a sunshine that follows every shade of sorrow. And I want my friends to know that the severe vicissitudes through which they have been called upon to pass of late, are all for good; and the day will come when they will bless the Giver of all Good that he bestowed them upon them. All these things are for good. And I want them to cease to mourn, and learn to have faith in that God they profess to love and serve so well. It is not a good display of faith when we mourn at the wise decrees of God. It is not wise to say we have faith in God, and yet murmur at his dispensations.

I am happy, and for the benefit of those who are left on earth, I would say I am in the company of those who are dear to me, who passed to the spirit-land before I did; and they all join me in sending love to those I've left.

And to the dear friend who presented me with a rose-tree during my sickness, I would say, the memory of it is a spiritual rose-tree in my garden in the spirit-world, and I enjoy it, oh so much! Good-day. April 2.

### Samuel Davis.

I'm Samuel Davis, and I've come to send a message to my boy Jackson. I want to tell him that the philosophy that the spirits teach through him is true. I know he's aware of it, but I feel like coming back here and telling him I know it's true. And I want to tell him, too, that I was right close by him when he was standing beside my body, before it was laid away. And I was so near that I could understand the remark he made to a friend of his who stood near me. It was this: "He has n't yet ascended; he's here."

That was true; I had n't entirely separated myself from the body; I was there, and I seemed to hear what he said, through waves of sound that conveyed the meaning to me.

I'm very happy in the spirit-world; perfectly satisfied; and I'm proud to be able to come back and declare that I was right; that the intelligences who took him when he was a little boy are wise and good, and they have instructed me in many things since I came to the spirit-world, and assisted me a great deal.

I have met his mother, although we're not together. She is entirely different from me, so we are satisfied to live apart. She's better, better than I am.

And I hope he'll be spared here on the earth to do good, a great deal more good than he has done, and never get out of the way of doing well.

[How long have you been away?] Only a few months. You know my boy Jackson? [Andrew Jackson Davis?] Yes. [Of course we do.] Well, then, you'll see he has my message. [He'll get it, I suppose, because he has the BANNER.] Good-day. April 2.

### Margaret Agin.

Well, sir, I have the boldness to come, by the goodness of God, and I hope you will not say anything agin it.

My name is Agin, sir, Margaret Agin, sir, and I am from Lowell, and I come about the children. [What of them?] Well, it is like this: James—that's their father—well, he's not very good; well, he's not fit to take care of them, and I'd like me sister Mary to put them into the Catholic Institution here, and I'll help her take care of them. [Is your sister at work?] Yes, sir, she's at work in the mill.

He'll not care at all, he'll not care at all what's done with them, so they'll not trouble him. [How many have you?] I have three, and I want her to bring them here and put them in the Catholic school, in the Charity school here. I've been looking round here, and I like it much.

Well, you see it's like this: James drinks, and it's bad, anyway. He's not fit to bring up my children, I know very well. I can't be happy. I got the permission to come back this way. I was showed the way to come, and I hope to reach Mary. The priest told me in the spirit-world that your paper goes in the house, in the boarding-house, where some of the girls are that knows me sister. They will show it to her. That's it; the priest told me that, and he won't lie in the spirit-world, I know.

That's what I come for. I would be happy if it was n't for that, I'd be very happy. I got out all right, and I do n't know—well, the priest has told me that this is the purgatory I've got to go through; when I get the children well taken care of I'll be out of it.

I've been in the spirit-world, sir, since the first part of last winter; yes, sir. [Do you know what street your sister lives on?] I do, then: Suffolk street.

Well, I was thinking about I have nothing to pay. [No matter.] Ah, God bless you! I'm much obliged to you. I'll try all I can to help you. Good-day, sir. April 2.

### Mary Sullivan.

[What have you got to say?] I come to tell my mother that my father's dead, yes. [Where did he die?] He was killed—he was killed in the war, and the folks say he was n't killed. And they say he deserted, and feels ashamed to come home. My mother feels bad. Since I've died, I've seen him. He's dead, and I come back to tell my mother.

My name is Mary Sullivan, and my father's name is James; and he's dead. He's in the spirit-land, and I want my mother to know it.







# Banner of Light.

## WESTERN DEPARTMENT:

J. M. PEEBLES, EDITOR.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT. Letters and papers intended for publication, or communications for publication in this Department, etc., should be directed to J. M. PEEBLES, Local matter from the West requiring immediate attention, and long articles intended for publication, should be sent directly to the BANNER OFFICE, Boston. Those who particularly desire their contributions inserted in the Western Department, will please to mark them. Persons writing us this month, will direct to Providence, R. I.

## The Slanders of Christian Missionaries.

In earliest childhood we heard of Chinese mothers murdering their female infants—of Hindu faith and practice compelling widows to perish on burning piles. These, with other theologic falsehoods and dogmas, were continually thundered in our ears from sectarian pulpits. We believed these priestly reports—believed them upon the testimony of Sunday-school teachers, missionaries and Christian ministers. Ago and investigation, however, have taught us that they, like many of the clergy now officiating, were either pitiable ignoramuses or malicious falsifiers of facts. We make these assertions because of conversations with Chinese scholars—because of the testimony of interpreters, translators and a recent cursory perusal of some seventy volumes of the Asiatic Journal.

That the practice of voluntary cremation of Hindu widows (like the common practice of Christian women producing infanticide) did exist to a limited extent for a time, we do not deny. But mark—not in accordance with the Vedas, nor the teachings of the most ancient Brahminical dogmas. Even the later Vishnu Moonhee says: "Let the wife embrace either a life of abstinence and chastity, or mount the burning pile." Kendall, whose authority none will question, says: "We find this custom condemned either in substance or form in a multitude of native writers." He further declares, writing from Calcutta, in 1822: "The general impression of the country is against it."

The presumption, self-sufficiency and self-righteousness almost everywhere manifest in American life, are deplorable national characteristics. All nations, all religions, and even professed reformers, are apt to undervalue the positions and labors of others. Justice seems eclipsed and toleration numbered among the lost virtues.

It is popular for Churchmen to talk about the immorality of the Hindus and Chinese—popular to draw odious comparisons between their religions and the religious doctrines of Christians. Such comparisons, however, when rightly, justly drawn, can result only in detriment to Christianity. The most scheming, wicked, warlike and child-murdering nations on earth are the nominal Christian nations. Their national and individual crimes are absolutely fearful. China and India should unite in sending missionaries to enlighten and moralize Christians.

The eminent Abbe Dubois writes in his "Lectures on the State of Christianity in India," (with the addition of) "A Vindication of the Hindus, Male and Female, in answer to a severe attack made upon both by the Reverend . . ." This will go far toward undeceiving Europe as to the morals of the Hindus, the comparative morality of Christians and Hindus in India and elsewhere, and generally upon all those Indian topics, concerning which European ignorance is the most presumptuous, and the most liable to be misled.

The following from a highly enlightened Roman Catholic missionary, speaks for itself. The spirit of impartial justice he manifests is admirable. Listen:

"A nation depicts itself in everything: the Chinese have a greater number of poetical compositions on filial piety, conjugal love, fraternal affection, the union of families, the afflictions of one's country, etc., than all the lettered nations together, or the other side of the ocean."

## Wearing Mourning.

Among other customs, at once inconvenient and absurd, is that of putting on mourning apparel when a friend passes to the morning-land of immortality. It is fashion that does it. And fashion is quite as rigorous at a funeral as in a ball-room. The origin of the mourning garb is traceable to the land of the Orient. The Jews used "sack-cloth and ashes." Of other Syrian nations, some wore yellow, some blue, and others white. The California Indians make a paint of pounded corals, ashes and pitch, painting their faces and daubing the mixture into their hair. Enlightened churches, seemingly somewhat in imitation, drape their persons in black. This etiquette of grief tells the mourner about how intensely to mourn, in what manner to mourn, how long to mourn, the most genteel way to mourn, how many days to refuse receiving calls, when to return into society—and has, in fact, so thoroughly systematized the mourning business, that stores and shops advertise "mourning goods." Hence we have it that a solemn-visaged clerk clad in sepulchral tones to a lady customer just preparing to mourn, "This, madam, is the light affliction department; the heavy bereavement is further on." Soul-sick are we of this mourning by rule—of this being influenced by fashion—of this continual asking what will the people think, and all these heartless customs and conventionalities of civic life. Freedom is the watchword of the incoming era! Putting on mourning garments seems utterly useless, is a burden of expense to the poor, is no sure index to the inner feelings, is quite generally a mere fashionable custom, and for a Spiritualist believing in, and perhaps holding blissful converse with the immortalized loved ones, it is decidedly a manifestation, to say the least, of bad taste.

## Rev. E. C. Towne's estimate of Universalists.

This prominent Unitarian clergyman, whose star is in the ascendant, vigorous in intellect, rich in thought, and full of promise as a timber-gatherer for the reconstructed church of the future, tenders his compliments to the Universalists in the April Radical, thus:

"The leading Universalists to-day will, if they can, put any man out of the ministry who does not receive 'Christ Jesus and his Evangel' after the spirit and fashion of accredited Christianity. Dispensing with a big bell hereafter, they keep a little bell for heretics here."

You've hit the nail on the head, Bro. Towne; a sect is a sect with creedal persecuting tendencies the world over! When Spiritualists become sectarian and intolerant, count us out. Freedom is our watchword, the enlightenment and spiritual elevation of humanity our purpose.

## Dr. L. G. Smedley.

"They shall lay hands on the sick and heal them." This was the promised sign. Seers and healers in all periods have thus practiced, and yet all hands are not clean hands, all magnetisms not healthy, all spirits not wise in their medical administrations. But the spirit circle controlling

Dr. Smedley, of Jackson, Mich., seems to perfectly understand the human organism, and the magnetic methods of restoring health. His reputed cures are veritably such, converting skeptics and churchmen to Spiritualism, thus doing the double work of giving them at the same time a sound body and a sound mind. He richly deserves the harvest he is reaping. See his advertisement in another column.

## Propositions from Proclus.

This eminent thinker and admirer of Plato was born near the commencement of the fourth century. History affirms him to have been a great Theurgist, and sufficiently scientific to have burned the Vitallian ships with concentrated sunbeams during the siege of Constantinople. His immediate friends considered him endowed with superhuman powers, and almost infinitely superior in learning and wisdom to the Christians that violently persecuted him because of the books he wrote against them.

He seems to have aimed at the construction of a perfect system of Theology, based upon the philosophy that God was the Infinite Soul—the all-interpenetrating spirit of the universe. Grounded upon this basis foundation, and accepting the very ancient theory of emanations, he richly embellished it with all those more philosophical mysticisms that prevailed in the Orient. Draper says he taught, "That to know one's own mind was to know the whole universe, and that knowledge was imparted to us by illuminations and revelations from the gods."

He commences Book VI, on the "Theology of Plato," thus: "The hebdomatic eternity, therefore, of the intellectual gods, has been through these things celebrated by us in accordance with the mystic conceptions of Plato." His propositions are profound, and generally followed by elucidations and demonstrations; and they are demonstrations, too, that almost universally carry conviction, because corresponding with the soul's deepest intuitions. Note the following, as among his two hundred and twenty-one propositions:

"God is the infinite spirit-presence filling all things animate and inanimate.

God is self-subsistent; everything self-subsistent is unbegotten and incorruptible.

Everything which is primarily eternal has its essence and energy in eternity.

All things are in all; but appropriately in each.

Every power is either finite or infinite; but every finite power derives its subsistence from the infinite, and the infinite subsists from infinity.

Everything self-subsistent is convertible to itself.

Everything which proceeds from a certain thing and is converted to it, has a circular energy.

Everything which is generated is generated from or by the inter-relations of a twofold power.

Every producing cause gives subsistence to things similar to itself; and every progression is effected through a similitude of first to secondary natures. The divine descends.

Every order, beginning from a monad, proceeds into a multitude coordinate to the monad, and the multitude of every order is co-related to one monad.

Every monad which ranks as a principle, gives subsistence to a twofold number; one, indeed, of self-perfect hypostases, but the other of illuminations which possess their hypostasis in other things.

The one Infinite is a self-perfect unity, and every divine number is musical. Every deity except the One is partible.

Everything which is in the gods preexists in them according to their peculiarities, and the peculiarity of the gods is unique and super-essential; hence all things are contained in or imaged from them uniquely and essentially.

All divine notes are in the gods psychically; but those that participate of the highest intellect are the perpetual attendants of the gods.

Every intellect has its essence, power and energy in eternity.

Every soul is indestructible and incorruptible, and also self-vital, as connected with the Infinite Soul.

Every partible soul has indeed an eternal essence; but its energy is accompanied with time.

Every soul is essentially eternal, and primarily uses a perpetual body; it is, therefore, unbegotten and incorruptible—a divine unity in duality.

Every mundane soul uses periods of its proper life in institutions to its former state.

Every divine soul is the leader of many souls that always follow the gods; the series are numberless.

Every partial soul descending into generation, descends wholly; nor does one part of it remain on high and another part descend. As the descent, so also the ascent; for all things divineward tend."

## THE PEARL WITHOUT PRICE.

BY H. CLAY PREUSS.

What precious pearl is that, whose priceless worth Transcends the richest kingdoms of the earth? What crowns the noblest hero in this strife, And makes an epic of our mortal life? What proves man's royal lineage from on high? It is the will to do the right or die!

Compared with this, what's earthly wealth or fame, But tinsel gew-gaws for our mortal frame? While this secures our rank on heaven's rolls—God's perfect autograph in human souls.

All men it honors—those who soar or plod—"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

## Christening Children.

Christening is not baptizing—is simply naming. There's but one true baptism—that of the "Holy Ghost," better translated Holy Spirit; that is, the descent of a most excellent spiritual influence from spirits and angels that tread the courts of the Eternal.

Requested by several parents, while speaking in New York, we christened their children in the hall, and gave them, as impressed, their appropriate spirit-names. It was pleasant for us to gratify these fond parents, and we think the general influence derived therefrom excellent and spiritually elevating. The gentle, loving Nazarene took little children in his arms and blessed them, saying, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Isaiah beautifully referred to the Good Shepherd thus: "He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom." The ascended Willis sweetly sung:

"She stood up in the meekness of a heart Resting on God, and held her fair young child Upon her bosom, with his gentle eyes Gazed in hers, as if she said, 'God, To whisper the baptismal vow in Heaven.'"

Such harmless forms as reuse the soul to deeper spiritual thoughts, awake the nobler sensibilities, cause an outflow of new-born sympathies, and kindle in the consciousness a diviner responsibility, are, at proper times and seasons, as practical as beautiful.

## The Prospects in Battle Creek, Mich.

The lamented Eliza W. Farnham once termed this city the old "Fort of Reform." With the very dawn of Spiritualism, spiritual meetings were here established, and with brief cessations have been continued to the present. Recently there's been an increased zeal manifest among the friends. They have leased a fine hall for two years, are fitting it up in a neat style, and purpose to have regular speaking during the year. The congregations are large and harmonious.

While congratulating the friends relative to this late movement, we wish to personally extend our thanks to Mrs. D. N. Brown for the basket of

flowers, that, prompted by a true kindness of heart as well as an appreciation of the beautiful, she weekly weaves and arranges with most exquisite taste for the speaker's desk. Beautiful will be her bow among the many millions that dot the ever-blooming gardens of the angels. Ladies everywhere, intoxicated with lectures with the perfumes of roses, and the melting melodies of music.

## Educate the Girls.

Yes, in mercy educate them! Educate them to a sense of the responsibilities of life. Educate them to know that the term girl should not be used to signify a being whose only aim is to dress prettily, sing sweetly, and dance charmingly that she may thereby "catch a beau," nor the term woman to signify one who in gaudy dress and trailing skirts promenades the streets, solving mentally no higher problem than the momentous one of out-dressing her neighbor. How can you blame them for not becoming anything more, when all the mental and moral forces which have surrounded their lives have swept them in an irresistible current toward this channel?

"Educate the freedmen," cry thousands of voices, and we join the cry and echo to the chorus our hearty amen. But educate the girls—who will help us to sound that cry? Will not the very ones who give so liberally and cry so "lustily" to aid in educating the freedmen, scout this idea with sneers and sarcasm? As well blame the freedmen because they came from their bondage in a state of ignorance, as to educate your daughters to become the silly creatures and toys of fashion, and then blame them because they do not become noble, earnest women!

Bro. Peebles sarcastically exhorts Elizabeth Cady Stanton, as she "rolls along her lecture tour" on equal rights, to ring praises on the "lady" who had sufficient sense to thank the gentleman who in the kindness of his heart gave her his seat in a street car; but we should rather thank heaven that the educating influences which surrounded the lady's girlhood were not so belittling as to render her deficient in common courtesy. How many parents are there even among reformers who once think of giving their daughters the same intellectual opportunities they afford their sons, or of inciting in them any higher aspirations than to catch a husband? Had Anna Dickinson been the petted child of affluent parents, and all her life been schooled to the idea of the inferiority of woman's work in life's drama, she never would have stood where she now stands. Had Elizabeth Cady Stanton been educated with no higher aim than that of the fashionably dressed Broadway promenade, she would not now be bravely fighting the battle of right.

And I would say to all parents, if you desire your daughters to become brainless flirts, their only aim in life to marry one whose income will suffice for their support, you have only to educate them to this idea, and in so doing you will have fully nine-tenths of the civilized world to aid you and little to oppose you, save the common sense of your subject; and you will probably receive but little opposition from this source, as the present fashionable mode of educating young ladies serves most effectually to annul that quality in their minds. But if you wish them to become women in the nobler sense of the word, you have only to educate them to higher aims in life, and your efforts will assuredly meet their deserved reward.

New Milford, Conn.

## Waukegan, Ill.

The friends of Spiritualism in Waukegan, Ill., have again organized their forces for a renewed and vigorous campaign against the dogmas of error and superstition, and in the interest of religious liberty and spiritual progress.

I have spoken there two Sabbaths, and am engaged to speak there every other Sunday the coming summer.

Dr. LEO MILLER.

## Progressive Lyceum Missionary Fund,

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

STATEMENT FOR APRIL.	
April 7. To railroad expenses Brooklyn (N. Y.) Lyceum and return to Orange, N. J.	\$ 2.00
" 10. To attendance at first Leaders Meeting, Brooklyn, N. Y.	2.00
" 21. Comm. to deliver explanatory lectures and organize Children's Lyceum.	27.00
" 26. To salary for the month, at \$25.00 per Sunday.	100.00
	\$131.00
April 11. Cash from Mrs. Taylor, of Brooklyn.	\$5.00
" 30. Received from Bridgeport Progressive Lyceum.	40.00
Cash from E. M. Clymer, Esq.	85.00
Balance due.	\$165.00

Bangor, Me., May 1st, 1867. A. J. AND M. F. DAVIS.

## Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles.

Received from	
Friend, East Bridgewater, Mass.	\$1.00
E. S. Carpenter, West Flat, N. Y.	50
J. C. Barker, Lawrence, Mass.	1.00
Wm. Wesscott, North Andover, Mass.	1.00
Friend, Boston, Mass.	1.00
W. Freeman, Philadelphia, Penn.	2.00

## Donations to the Jackson Fund.

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

Received from	
Margaret Williams, Fly Creek, N. Y.	\$ 50

## Donations to Aid the Poor.

Received from	
Friend, East Bridgewater, Mass.	\$1.00
Susan M. Howard, Winchester, N. H.	25

## SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Boston.—Miss Lizzie Doten will lecture each Sunday afternoon in May, in Mercantile Hall, 18 Summer street, commencing at 8 o'clock. Address, \$1.00.

THE PEOPLE'S MEETING.—The Progressive Bible Society hold meetings every Sunday, No. 3 Tremont Row, Hall 67. Free admission. Address, \$1.00.

LECTURE.—Followed by conference of circle, at 7 and 7 P. M. Miss Phelps, regular lecturer. The public invited.

Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 8 o'clock. The Children's Lyceum at 10 A. M. Conference at 7 P. M. Circle at 7 P. M. C. H. Rines.

EAST BOSTON.—Meetings are held in Temperance Hall, No. 5 East Boston, every Sunday, at 7 and 7 P. M. Free admission. Address, \$1.00.

CHARLESTON.—The Children's Lyceum connected with the First Spiritual Society of Charleston hold regular sessions at Washington Hall, every Sunday forenoon, at 10 A. M. Free admission. Address, \$1.00.

CHICAGO.—The Associated Spiritualists of Chicago hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening, commencing at 7 and 7 P. M. The Children's Lyceum at 10 A. M. Free admission. Address, \$1.00.

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