





in the realm of matter. With a firm reliance then, friends, upon the spirit-world, as instruments in the hands of the great Father of humanity for the purpose of bringing about the complete redemption of his children from their low and groveling conditions—from the condition of the first man, Adam, who was of the earth earthy, to that of the second man, who is a quickening spirit; and as we realize this, we shall come out of all these inharmonies, and dwell in peace in the knowledge that all things work together for good.

#### CLOSING OF THE CONVENTION.

The President said that the business being all completed, we are about to close the labors of the Convention. The Secretary will read the minutes of the afternoon and evening sessions.

Dr. Child remarked:

**BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF THE FOURTH NATIONAL CONVENTION.**—Will you allow me a few moments? I accepted the position of Secretary of this Convention knowing that it involved a vast amount of labor, but my heart and soul are in the work, and I intend to labor while I have the ability. I have met here many old and familiar friends, and a large number of new ones whose faces I had not seen before, and as I have looked into your eyes and felt the warm, friendly grasp of your hands, I have been deeply repaid for the effort of coming to this Convention. Friends, may we all return to our homes with renewed strength and firmer resolves to labor on in the great work of humanity with the angel-world, and under the blessed smile of our Father in heaven.

The minutes were then read, and after a pause, when the motion to adjourn was made, the Secretary read the following minute:

Having been favored in the various sittings of this Convention to transact all the business which has come before us, even though the conflict of ideas has at times produced some discord, we are still convinced that "error of opinion may be safely tolerated, if reason be left free to combat it." The evidences of the progress of our cause—the increased and increasing interest, which is being awakened over the entire world in it, are encouraging to us. Trusting that each succeeding year shall find us, individually and as a Convention, advancing in all that is desirable for us, we now adjourn, to meet at the Call of the Executive Committee next year.

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., Secretary.  
634 Race street, Philadelphia.

### Correspondence in Brief.

**HARRIET DAYTON, ANDOVER, ASHTABULA, CO., O.**—Light is beaming in this direction, and many are coming out in the defence of free thought. Bro. O. P. Kellogg is doing a good work here. He is a talented speaker, and does well for the cause of truth. He speaks here the second Sunday of each month.

**VINELAND, N. J.**, says a correspondent, is fast becoming a beautiful place. It was but little more than six years ago a wilderness. The town now contains ten or eleven thousand inhabitants, with fine streets and houses of various styles of architecture, some of which are very fine and imposing in their appearance. New store buildings—a good proportion of them are built of brick—are being erected almost daily, displaying all of the various kinds of merchandise which the place demands. The climate is fine and healthy, and the soil well adapted to fruit, vegetables, cereals and grass. Many of the fruit farms and gardens are already very beautiful. Vineland is settled principally by people from the New England States and New York. Some are from the West, with a sprinkling from Pennsylvania and New Jersey. They are intelligent, energetic, and working to make the place what its founder, C. K. Lewis, intended it to be—one of the most beautiful spots on this part of the earth. And they will succeed.

**N. E. MARCY, President of the Spiritual Association, Wellington, O.**—We have organized a Society, calling ourselves Friends of Progress of Oberlin and vicinity; although few in number, yet earnest in purpose. The Oberlin Faculty, with all its learned Professors, bring their theological batteries against us to dishearten us, and forbid their students attending our meetings under penalty of expulsion. I have been told that some have already been expelled for this offence. But we have every reason for encouragement, notwithstanding all opposition, for we know that we have the spirit-world to strengthen and uphold us, and Old Theology cannot prevail against us. Mrs. F. A. Logan, of New York, favored us with her ministrations of love, and awakened considerable interest in the Children's Lyceum question. Had it been in the spring-time, we should at once have organized a Lyceum. Mrs. Logan is earnest in her work, and we bespeak for her a kindly reception wherever she goes. We hope the good angels will continue to send us earnest and efficient speakers.

**J. NEWELL, YPSILANTI, MICH.**—For some time I have felt it my duty to drop a few lines to the fountain source of knowledge from whence we receive so many beautiful facts in relation to our spiritual faith. Though we are situated (it might be thought by some) in the far off West, we feel, and without boasting we say that it is the center and garden of the world. But regardless of that, oh how we feel for spiritual facts such as come so freely through our mediums in various parts of the country. And why, I ask, is it that some kind, loving angel will not drop down amongst us, and prescribe for our spiritual wants? Within the last year we have had but very little spiritual speaking. For two years previous to that we were well supplied with good speaking from various mediums. There is quite a number of us, when together, and material enough around us, to call one of the great halls in the land, for a head and center; if you could only persuade some kind, able and loving spiritual medium to come and settle down for a season with us—in one of the most beautiful cities of the West—we will do all we can to aid and assist him or her to build up that most noble of all philosophies, Spiritualism.

**SARAH GRAVES, BERLIN, MICH.**—The cause of our philosophy is progressing in this vicinity. After our grove meeting in August, we engaged our noble sister, L. A. Fennell, to give us two more lectures. The appointment of a meeting for conference meetings, as we had been prohibited from speaking in the social meetings of the Orthodox in this place, and told to hold our own meetings—to be held in the public school-house. The result is we have had some opposition and a full house. But our opponents have used their last weapon, ridicule, and retired from the field, saying they "did not envy our position, setting ourselves up as a mark to be buttressed." Truth is a rock, against which they will break and not injure us in the least. They are now trying to break up our meetings by closing the house against us. We are holding circles for development, which awakens thought and inquiry. When I came from Grand Rapids one year ago, there was no interest in Spiritualism here; but now the people begin to think for themselves. But it needs much labor and careful living to be a good book to be read by all men. The angel-world is ever near us, and we that give our lives to the promulgation of our gospel know we have need of the sympathy of all true men and women to sustain us in our arduous work.

**E. SPRAGUE, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.**—In the Call for a Quarterly Convention of Vermont, to be held at Middlebury, Vt., in January next, I notice a "heartily welcome" to speakers, &c., from other States. I and several speakers from other States attended their annual meeting at Royalton, last August. A Committee of Messrs. Walker, Palmer and Wilder were appointed to superintend the meetings, designate speakers, conferences, times, &c. The Committee announced in open meeting, "if there were speakers who wished to speak, they would report themselves to the Committee."

I saw Mr. Wilder the next day, and remarked to him, "It was placing a speaker in very indelicate circumstances. If they wished to hear any speaker, they could have him or her by asking. If they did not wish to hear me, it was the height of impudence for me to impose myself upon the Convention." He made no dissent. Some of their speakers were put toward two or three times, while far abler ones (not yet invited) were invited to speak at all. Now, that speakers may know what to expect, I write concerning their rule. I would never attend their, or any other Convention on such terms.

### 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 day."  
(Lionel Hunt.)

(Original.)

#### NELA HASTINGS.

CHAP. X.—SPRING FLOWERS.

Two winters' snows had fallen on Lucy's grave, and the second spring had come, and the tender grass was creeping over it, and the maple tree above it was red with its early blossoms. Nela, Rosa and Tony had come with offerings from the woods and fields, and were busy in trying to make violets feel at home in that quiet spot, and to make fern and ivy grow beside the white head-stone. It was a warm day, and they were heated by their exercise and sat down not far off for rest.

"It looks very sweet, doesn't it?" said Nela; "somehow these violets are just like Lucy, and I like to come here now; but in the winter was 't dreadful? I shivered all over when I looked this way."

"I do not see the use in people's dying, anyhow," said Tony. "If I had made the world, I would have made everybody live till they got to be so old they would not want to live any longer."

"Well," said Nela, "I hope I won't die for ever and ever so long, it's so nice to live."

"But there comes Mr. Graves; I was just thinking about him," said Rosa; "he says it's all living; that we don't ever die."

"Well, I suppose he thinks so," said Tony; "but when I see that little grave there, I can't for the life of me tell how he makes it out."

"Ah, children, I did not think to find you here," said the old gentleman, coming among them as a companion would come. "I fancied you were up the brook hunting for pussy willows, or making whistles out in the field. I love to come and sit here once in awhile, it's so restful and sweet. It's like coming to a high hill on a journey—a looking-off place. It seems to me like a spot lifted up for me to see all about the spiritual kingdom, just as our mountains and hills give us the range of the whole country round about."

"It looks dreadful to me sometimes," said Nela, the tears gathering in her eyes. "I want to go right down into the ground and bring Lucy up, and look into her face and love her, and because I can't get to crying, and then I can't see even the flowers."

"That's so, little one; tears shut out the beautiful sights from our eyes, and hide from us what would be most pleasant. But if you are not in a hurry, let me tell you one of my stories."

"We are never in a hurry when you want to talk," said Nela, "only I keep wondering where all your stories come from."

"I expect," said Tony, "they are the blossoms that come out, just as the maple tree is full, and if we pick all we want to-day, we shall find a plenty more to-morrow."

"That's hardly true, my boy. My life was a rough and hard one, a kind of winter; but I was getting ready for a spring-time, and before long my spring will end in a glowing summer. But to begin:

A mother once said to her children, 'Do not linger here longer, but start on your journey. I have your garments all prepared. Come, Cela, here is yours—a lovely rose-tinted tunic ornamented with pearls. Could anything be fairer? But mind you, the pearls will fall off with ill usage, and the texture of the garment will be spoiled with carelessness or neglect.'

Here is yours, Munda. It is of splendid green, with diamond trimmings; see how they glister! Nothing but heedlessness need make you ever ashamed of your attire, for these gems will brighten as you journey on; but they will be lost, never to be regained, if you go among the brambles and thorns.

Come, Flora, here is yours—a white mantle, covered all over with the blue turquoise. It is large enough to envelop you, and more beautiful than a white cloud on the azure sky; but let it drag in the dirt, and it will be like the grey mist when the sun is down, and the gems will be in the sand where you cannot recover them."

Well, the children started on their journey. The day was fair, and the earth seemed like a garden of blooming beauty. There was nothing but joy for them as they went among singing birds and murmuring fountains, or rested beside the softly flowing water. But nowhere does the sun forever shine. The night came on too soon, with its chill dampness, and the travelers did not seem to be prepared for it; but they decided to rest as best they could.

Cela was a thoughtful little thing, but she thought more of the stars than she did of her mother's advice, and gazed at the moon instead of gathering up her tunic, and having a care of her lovely pearls. The morning came with heavy clouds, but still the travelers knew they had better move on. Cela's pearls looked already dim, but she unbound her girdle and let the winds sweep through the folds of her tunic. It shook like a fall. The winds tattered it, and the pearls fell as the dewdrops fall when the south wind shakes the Meadow Park. She shivered with the chill and cold, but she bound not up her garments; weary and depressed she sat down beside the sea, and stretched her eyes far away with longing. She saw white sails and she beckoned to them, but they did not come near. Through another weary day and night she dragged herself in her tattered garments. They were dim as the soil she trod upon, and the pearls lay all back along her track; scarcely one was left upon her tunic.

"I will return to my mother. She sent me forth on this journey, and if she bids me I will travel on; but if she is the dear mother I believe, she will give me another garment."

"Oh, child of my heart!" said the mother with open arms, "thou hast come back sooner than I thought, for after these clouds would have dawned a beautiful morrow; but thou couldst not bear the tempest and the rough wind. Little one, thou art dearer to me than ever! Take off that torn and tattered garment. Thou hast scattered thy pearls and lost thy beauty. But who can complain or chide thee? It was a rough, hard way, and thou hadst had no experience to teach thee."

"Then thou wilt not send me out again?" said Cela.

"No, no, sweet one, not without thy new garment."

And she unfastened the worn, soiled garment and laid it aside where she might never see it, for it was no longer of any use. But she put upon her a garment compared to which the other was dull and disagreeable. It was as light as the glowing mist of the mountain, and as radiant as the sky at sunset. Its pearls and gems had in them an inward fire, so that they glowed like stars and moon rays.

"Now," said the mother, "thou must not go, my child, in the same path that thou didst journey in before, but over the mountain into the land of sunshine. There nothing will mar the beauty of thy garment, but it will grow brighter day by day."

Munda and her sister replied when they knew that their sister had put on a more beautiful garment and had departed to the land of the sunlight.

"She should have gone with us," they said. "The way was no harder for her than for us."

"But her garments were so torn she could travel no further," said the mother.

Then they fell to weeping because they should no more see the rose-tinted tunic embroidered with pearls.

"It was as lovely as the morning," said Munda. "How we used to watch for it through the flower-arbors and the groves. It was just what we needed—that garment so bright and beautiful!" said Flora.

"Did you not know, my children, that it was only the garment that I cast away? Cela has now another more radiant and lovely."

"Do not tell us of it," said Munda reproachfully. "We want to see the pink and pearl garment that made our way so bright."

"Why, my children, what folly you are talking! I say to you the garment only is lost. Cela has a more beautiful one now."

"You speak nonsense to us! We will not look for her in other garments," said Munda.

"Oh, children beloved, can I not show you how little is the garment, yet how dear is that which the garment covers? Behold that heap of rags! You will not touch them for their blackness, but that is all that is left of the beautiful garment that you call your sister. Go your ways, and perhaps you may yet meet her in her shining beauty, with the garment that cannot be torn and rent, and whose pearls will never lie in the dust."

But the sisters would not be reconciled, and went forth again on their journey sighing and lamenting. Often their sister stood before them, but they would not recognize her. They remembered only the tunic of rose and pearl, and would not call anything else their sister.

After many weary journeys, Munda's garments of green and diamond lustre grew dimmed. Then were storms and clouds, cold and weariness, and the gems fell off her emerald robe, and its texture was so injured that no one would have known it as the same that her happy mother wrapped about her when she sent her forth. She was weary, too. The way had been long, and she would not have it cheered by the light that Cela would have thrown about her. She could travel no further, and, worn and dispirited, she returned to her mother.

"Oh, mend my garment, my mother; it is all torn and tattered; its edges are heavy with mud, and they drag at every step. But patch it up; bind it about me."

"But, child, did you not know I had a garment more beautiful than the other? It is all prepared for you, if you will only take off this one and put it on."

"I will not," said Munda. "I am perfectly satisfied with this. How can I tell that I shall like the other? This I have worn so long I know all about it."

"But I tell you the other glows like the sunlight on the water; it is brighter than anything I can tell you of. It is like the gems and the flowers and the sunsets that you so love. Come, darling, let me put it on you."

But she would not, and clung to her poor shreds until helpless; then the good mother loosened the bands, unclasped the hands, and put on the shining garment, and she awoke as glad as a child, and went forth to search for her sister. She soon found her and said:

"I would not know you when I needed you most. Let us go together for our Flora. She is weeping that she cannot find us."

Flora had kept her garment with the most care. She had not allowed it to drag in the dirt, but still she was becoming weary of it. The two sisters met her and walked with her, and she thought the sun shone with an unusual splendor; but at last she said, "Nothing else could be so like the morning save Cela, and the summer's radiance was all in my beloved Munda. Oh, my sisters, come and walk with me, and bring me your pearls and gems to keep my garments bright."

And they brought the rarest gems of light and put upon her; until her garment shone so that no one thought it old. Wherever she went she shed forth light. The world seemed the more beautiful for every step she took. Every gem that fell from her garments was replaced by another, that glowed more brightly than the one that was lost.

When her journey was ended, she came to her mother and said:

"Thou didst give me a beautiful mantle, and I have worn it long. Take it now, for I have seen another that awaits me, that will be lighter and brighter. I lay this down gladly, and go hence with a happy heart, for in my new garment of light I shall tread the paths my sisters tread."

The old man paused. The sun had been shaded by a cloud, but now it burst forth with a sudden radiance; it lighted up his silver hair and beard, and Nela, looking up, said:

"Are you Flora with the white mantle, grandpa?"

"I hope I am, my child, for I am almost through my journey, and I see those who have put on their shining garments, and I know one awaits me."

"Then I am to be Munda," said Nela with a sigh. "I was just saying I wanted to live ever and ever so long; and I am sure I was looking for Lucy out here under the violets we have planted."

"There lies the tattered garment she could not longer wear," said Mr. Graves. "She only cast it off, and her mother earth took it. She is just the same to love us and care for us, but she has on a brighter garment. When the body gets rent by disease, and its uses and beauty are lost, then the spirit lays it down, and puts on one finer and more beautiful. But the spirit is the same. Who would have made Lucy drag her tired body longer? Its rose tint was faded and its pearls lost, but her spiritual one can never grow dim, but brightens each hour of her new life, for through it shines forever the brightness of her spirit."

"And then you called the good mother that gave our garments—" said Tony, hesitating.

"I called her Nature. She is a loving mother, and our natural bodies are beautiful gifts from her. They are full of wonder, and we should never abuse them. We have no right to spoil these wonderful garments. But we should take good care of them, keeping them from all that can defile them. Then when we cast them off, we should do it naturally and gladly. The good old man that dies, lies down as one who gently falls asleep and awakens in the new life."

"But, grandpa, Lucy was not to be blamed because her garment got torn."

"No indeed. She was a frail little flower, that no one knew well how to tend. Perhaps if she had early had all the loving care she needed, she

might have been a stronger plant; but that is not for us to say. She could not travel longer with her frail mantle about her, and we should not regret that she laid it aside, but try to recognize her in her new and brighter attire. For the spiritual body is as much fairer than the natural body, as the flower is fairer than the soil. But come, let us make the spot beautiful where we placed the fair but torn garment. Let us plant God's letters here, that every one may read."

"What do you mean, grandpa?" said Nela.

"I mean flowers. They are living words, that tell how everything that has life is bringing forth something more beautiful. Yes, put violets on her grave, to tell of all she was; but through the flowers read the eternal lesson of beauty. It cannot die, but, puts on new forms continually. I want nothing to speak of eternal life from my grave, but the springing flowers and the creeping grass."

[To be continued.]

#### Riddle.

A word of five syllables.

My first is a pronoun  
In the possessive case;  
(To me it's as plain  
As the nose on your face.)  
When my second you find,  
Please do not flout it;  
'Tis a kitchen utensil—  
Can't well do without it.  
My third is a vowel;  
Do you object to the letter?  
Call it a pronoun,  
If that suits you better.  
My fourth is an exclamation;  
Can you not see the point?  
You must recognize it,  
Or my whole's out of joint.  
My fifth is the name of a note;  
You will find it, if you look,  
On the staff of the music  
In an old-fashioned book.  
My whole is the name of  
A place of some renown  
In the West India Islands,  
Claimed by the Spanish crown.  
P. O.

### Original Essays.

#### THE WORK OF SPIRITUALISM.

The writer has with great profit read the Banner of Light for many years past, and does not intend ever, voluntarily, to allow his subscription to expire. In it are taught truths such as no other publication contains. It has been the great pioneer in the field of human progress, and has opened the way to free thought and free expression. The numbers who through its instrumentality have shaken off the man-made creeds of the popular churches, can scarcely be estimated. The truths which it advocates, unlike the mere theories of theologians, are capable of absolute demonstration.

Spiritualism has something definite for a basis, viz: the most unquestionable proof of the continued existence of man, after the dissolution of this "earthly tabernacle." This great and startling reality has no place in the system of any of the numerous sects into which the Christian world is divided. Not but they have a sort of indefinite and intangible theory of a life after this, mixed up with various equally mysterious notions of revenges and rewards, heavens and hells; but the imagination of every individual is left to fill the details as may best suit his own peculiar notions. Mostly, however, they have an endless hell, made up of actual physical torture, and an equally enduring heaven, where the only occupations of its inhabitants will be acts of worship, such as the Church prescribes. But when these future states of existence shall commence—whether immediately after the termination of this life, or whether the soul shall remain dormant through countless and indefinite ages, until a general resurrection and judgment, they either disagree or have no definite idea. What kind of a world that is—I mean in regard to scenery and material objects—into which we shall pass after this life, or whether it be a material world at all, the theology of Christendom leaves us entirely in the dark.

Spiritualism, on the contrary, gives us exact and specific information on these points. To me, it is a subject of tremendous and absorbing interest, to know the sort of a world of which I am soon to become an inhabitant.

The time which any of us can hope to remain on this earth is short. The life to come is the principal life. We are like travelers going to a far country, and like them our chief interest should be in what lays before us.

The truths taught by simply unfolding the laws of Nature are most beautiful, mainly because they admit of absolute demonstration.

This is all there is of Spiritualism—a mere unfolding of Nature, nothing more. It finds the magnetic cord connecting all things, all material and all spiritual essences, and simply following along its course, examines, classifies and determines. It learns by actual demonstration the great truth, that

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

These great truths, so intimately connected with the well being of man in this world, as well as in that upon which we shall soon enter, are now making unparalleled progress. It is not quite so unfashionable now to be a Spiritualist as it once was.

The thinkers—at least four-fifths of all the advanced men here in California—are now either openly or secretly, in greater or less degrees, converts to these great truths. They say, very truly, that Spiritualism affords the only tangible ground for hope or belief in a future state of existence; that the Bible (taking it for true) when reduced to a point, teaches and proves absolutely nothing upon this subject. The few obscure intimations which it contains are not sufficient to found any belief or any theory upon.

But when Spiritualism comes with its actual messages and communications from those once mortal, and who dwell amongst us, now on the bright shores of immortality; when they come with such circumstances of identity as carry with them irresistible conviction, telling us of the actualities and surroundings of their present; when, availing themselves of this magnetic cord, they speak to us through the material substances which surround us—through the organism of our fellow-mortals—by words uttered, by writings, by movements of ponderous bodies, by the melody of musical instruments, by paintings, by utterances in foreign or in dead languages, and in various other ways—then something tangible and actual is presented upon which to found a belief. When, in addition, some of the more favored and more highly developed actually enter the precincts of that other world, and hold real converse with its inhabitants, seeing as reality as they ever saw them upon the earth, the loved and lost who have gone before, and conversing with them face to

face, then to such so highly favored, belief becomes merged in absolute knowledge. Health and hope have been actually in this life commuted. They no longer need search for evidence of immortality, and their only care is to cultivate and develop their higher nature, and enter amongst the choice spirits and the advanced society awaiting them.

But all are not thus favored. The writer is not amongst the favored ones in this respect, but is compelled to take his evidences second-hand—to believe from what has happened to and through others, and not from personal experiences. And yet the proofs afforded to me through these means are of the most convincing nature.

No doubt much that passes under the name of mediumship is unreliable. This we all admit. Not that the assumed mediums are in all cases impostors. They are mainly honest, but sometimes self-deceived. They are mostly of an impressive organization, and capable, by an act of the will, of passing into a mesmeric state, and while in this state may give utterance to thoughts and enunciate ideas which have no source beyond themselves. The spectators may jump to the conclusion that the utterances are from the denizens of the unseen world, and, indeed, they may purport to be such. The mesmerized subject may have passed into that state with the thought of spirit-intercourse uppermost in his mind, and this one predominate thought may have produced all the supposed communications.

But aside from all this there are abundant evidences of genuine spirit-communication. Many of these so conclusive as to preclude all ground for dispute, I could cite as having occurred in my presence. They are of a nature similar to those from time to time published in the Banner. On the internal and indisputable evidence afforded by these "tests," an enduring and unwavering faith must follow.

But Spiritualism teaches more than simply that we shall continue to live amidst the enchanting scenery of another world. It teaches love—love to God and to man; and it is this great principle which will, in time, be extended to all the affairs of human society, lifting up the bowed down—encouraging the weak, reforming the vicious, instructing the ignorant, and banishing bigotry and "all uncharitableness" from the world.

Slowly but surely the great world of mankind is approaching this goal. Every struggle against wrong, every true reform, whether in Church or State, in religion or government, is a step in this direction.

As true knowledge increases, so will true love to man increase with it. Priestcraft and priestly dictation will be the first to fall. Indeed, in all truly enlightened communities it has already fallen. Only the ignorant, the narrow-minded and the prejudiced give it their support.

Enlightened congregations and societies, even of our so-called Orthodox Churches, no longer listen to the senseless jargon of thirty, or even twenty years ago. Election and reprobation, the inscrutable decrees of God, the plan of redemption, man's fall and total depravity, and kindred subjects, have given way to lectures upon our conduct toward the other, literary dissertations and other subjects of practical interest. All this, not because the priests or their theology have changed, but because the age in its enlightenment has outgrown these husks.

Even our magazine literature is beginning to be controlled by the market (so to speak), as witness "The Haunted House at Watertown," in the August number of Harper. That respectable and popular periodical would hardly dare to have published such a narrative three years ago. And we may claim this as a striking evidence of the giant strides of truth within that time. I have no doubt but that a large majority, perhaps two-thirds, of the subscribers and readers of Harper, are of our faith, and in giving place to the narrative, the publishers have only and fairly met the wants and sentiments of their patrons.

But I fear I am writing quite too much. The subject opens before me, and I must stop.

I may hereafter say something about our local affairs, but enough for the present. A. M. C.

San Francisco, Cal., 1867.

#### PRE-EXISTENCE.

BY L. U. REAVIS.

It is only possible for the navigator, sailing over unknown seas, to take his ship the most direct way to a new continent the first voyage; much time may be lost in sailing off the direct line, and much delay grow out of the confusion between the officers about matters which they know nothing of, and are unreal. So it is with the struggles of a new science or philosophy. Vague and false notions will often create discussion and confusion without conferring a particle of interest upon the cause at issue.

Spiritualism is the new budding forth and advanced growth of the religious element of man; it teaches of creation and of the life that now is and is to come; but it teaches not of life before creation. It teaches not of the existence of human beings before a cause to produce them.

But in the mazes of a new faith and philosophy, the best are apt to become bewildered and dazzled by the effulgence of a new light. It is a matter of regret that some are so strayed from the path of truth as to waste their time in writing long articles to prove the preexistence of a human being. Whoever reads one of these articles will be reminded of the old theology and its kind of evidence. Read one of the old sermons in defence of some doctrine of theology, and you will find in evidence profuse quotations from ancient writers, apostles, prophets, &c., &c. Read one of these articles on the preexistence of the human being, and you will find quoted in evidence all the vague and the lucid imaginations of the poets and enthusiastic philosophers. Who can accept such for argument, and especially in favor of a vagary that has no possibility of truth?

He who argues for the preexistence of man, knocks the foundation from under all philosophy, for we must accept a beginning of each manifestation of creation in its own way, and he who argues for the preexistence is compelled to follow his argument back forever.

Each planet, like a tree or a vine, bears its own fruit, and man is the ripest fruit on the tree of life. He is a product of law. His existence and individuality have been distilled through all the formative and creative processes of the planet, and here we first begin to be.

It is easy to conceive how men and women of fertile imaginations can with unbridled license put into lines imaginings which they know not of; but it is impossible to conceive of the existence of a race of beings who come into existence without any cause of creation.

"I say, Jones, how is it that your wife dresses so magnificently, and you always appear out at the elbows?" Jones, (impressively and significantly,) "You see, Thompson, my wife dresses according to the *Gazette of Fashion*, and I dress according to my Ledger."



\_\_\_\_\_



according to the *Gazette of Fashion*, and I do







## Letter from Emma Hardinge.

To my dear and ever-remembered friends in America: Have I forgotten or neglected you, most dear friends? Truly I could well excuse any of you for asking these questions and attributing my long silence to the affirmative of either. Yet it would be far from the truth were you to do so, as I hope to show you. My first three months in England, namely, August, September and October, were spent in the harassing details of private business and the attempt to find the proper location which would suit, in all respects, to make my dear mother a home after seventy-four long years of weary life-pilgrimage. The haven of rest at last secured, furnished and fitted, under a thousand disadvantages needless to enlarge on, I cast my eyes about me to find matter of sufficient interest to record for my dear American friends.

Finishing nothing but what the pages of the London Spiritual Magazine amply supply, or the exclusive nature of the home circle denies publicity to, I deemed it useless to write, and that merely for the sake of reiterating the assurance of kindly remembrance which, for so many years, my friends and co-workers must have had the opportunity of realizing for themselves. The dark circles now so popular in London, would, I well know, afford no light, or find any sympathy with American Spiritualists, and, however I may regret that no other kind of public evidence of spirit-communion seems to be attempted here, I know that the power exists in abundance, and when sensible men and women grow weary of the penurialties of the dark circle, the abundant medium-powers that exist here will be directed into more high-toned, useful and healthful channels. Meantime the noble William Howitt still launches his thunderbolts of spiritual logic and world-wide testimony against Phariseism and skepticism.

The good, true and learned editors of the London Spiritual Magazine cast their bread upon the waters, with an amount of unselfish self-sacrifice little dreamed of by those who withdraw from Spiritualism when it doesn't pay, and hundreds of private circles spread the heaven which must in time fulfill its appointed work, however silently the process is effected.

One fortnight ago I gave my first lecture since crossing the Atlantic, in the great Scottish Bazaar of Glasgow, and I may say without equivocation or reservation, that I never before met a more faithful, zealous and devoted body of Spiritualists than the Glasgow Association. There is much medium power amongst them, and one of their number, a "trance painter," described in a late number of the London Magazine, is giving wonderful and convincing tests of the power of spirits to return and reenact their earthly labors through a human organization. I had the usual gauntlet to run amongst a prejudiced clergy and a servile press; but the lectures were well attended, loudly applauded, and all too warmly appreciated by the noble, warm-hearted friends at whose instance they were given. A charming public Scotch tea-party, a gathering peculiar to the people, delightful, social, yet highly flattering to the subject of such testimonial meetings, was given in my honor, at which my generous entertainers presented me with a charming album and a most tasteful brooch and bracelet, made of the beautiful pebbles of the country.

To me the chief points of interest in our meetings were a Sabbath night lecture and a political one in sympathy with Garibaldi. To us who have in America our organized Sunday meetings by hundreds, and our speakers discoursing on politics as familiarly as Spiritualism, these subjects seem in no wise remarkable enough to allude to; but our Sunday meeting was held in the land of John Knox, and in a city where the magnificent cathedral is destitute of an organ on strictly pious principles.

Think then of a woman conducting a religious service, and an immense packed congregation not only listening to her, but joining in singing the hymns under the solemn and melodious accord of those old Scotch covenanting folk rose in chorus loud enough to be heard over the waste of Atlantic waters, in my own beloved city of New York. Think, too, of the followers of St. Paul, whose stern denunciations against *women speaking*, &c., are on every lip, listening in a mass of over three thousand persons to an oration on "The Freedom of Nations" and Garibaldi, and then joining in cheers loud and long enough to have reached the Italian Patriot in his captivity!

It is all over now, but has left behind it the memory of a signal success for Spiritualism, and a conclusive evidence to my mind what ENERGY, ZEAL and FIDELITY OF PURPOSE can achieve; qualities to which my brave Scotch friends owe all our successes, and without which nine-tenths of the defeats and failures of Spiritualism may be attributed.

Last Sunday we commenced a series of Sunday evening meetings in London, at which I am engaged as the lecturer. To sustain these meetings it has been deemed necessary to charge a small admission fee, an act which brought down upon us the wrath and denunciation of the *holp* Society for the observance of the Sabbath. These amiable Pharisees kindly warned us of our danger, and mildly suggested that by act of Parliament we must stop or be prosecuted. My Committee waited on the Secretary of the pious Society, saw the pious man, and urged our claims to be considered *pious likewise*. All was in vain. "We must stop," or be prosecuted, fined, imprisoned, and what not, unless we took proper steps to protect ourselves. "Ay, indeed!" urged one of my Committee, "what steps would you advise?" The pious Secretary, utterly taken aback by the cool assurance of this appeal for advice how to cut his own throat, replied unwittingly: "You must be registered as a religious Society." "Nothing could suit us better," was the reply; and in two hours from thence we were registered, and now commence next Sunday afresh, as "The Spiritual Church." I need scarcely add that we sent complimentary tickets of admission to the pious Secretary, who has taught us how to avoid the blast of his theological thunder. So now we have in the city of London "A Spiritual Church." Its future life, history, success or failure is with him who seems providentially to have ordained it without will of ours, and certainly very contrary to any wish or effort of my own; but "His ways are not as our ways."

And now, beloved friends, I am once more in harness; abroad, doing the little time, circumstances and health will permit me; at home, striving to wade through the immense mass of testimony concerning the work that has been wrought for us by spirits in America, preparatory to inscribing the same in compendious form in my promised work. Memory is ever busy with me, and America and Spiritualism form its most engrossing themes. I will write as the spirit moves me, or come as the spirit sends me; but I am now and ever the devoted friend of America and Spiritualism.

EMMA HARDINGE.  
I can be addressed, as usual, care of Mrs. Wilkinson, 136 Euston Road, London, England, where prepaid letters are received; half-paid ones being charged double, have, as I hear, been sent away by the score. I am sorry for this, but cannot avoid it. London, Eng., Nov. 21, 1867.

The Banner of Light is issued on and on sale every Monday Morning preceding date.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1867.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET.

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WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

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LUTHER COLBY. EDITOR.

LEWIS B. WILSON. ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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## A Chapter from "The Arbutus."

The description of the death of his aged father, in this latest book of Andrew Jackson Davis, is perhaps as interesting as any spiritual narrative to be met with, and will richly repay the perusal of all. After speaking of death, and assuring us that it comes to us as a friend to disburden and release us, having no power whatever over the emancipated spirit, Mr. Davis quotes approvingly from Henry Ward Beecher's writings in the same strain, all full of comfort and balm for the depressed and doubting heart, and then proceeds to give a rather detailed account of his venerable parent's physical disrobing and his subsequent birth into the new and beautiful form of immortality.

"It was precisely a quarter before six o'clock, Monday afternoon, April 10th, 1866," says he, when my venerable father closed his physical eyes forever. Those eyelids which had been raised and dropped, opened and closed, in keeping with the laws of action and rest, during eighty-three years of earthly existence, went down over the fixed gaze for the last time. He 'died,' externally, when 'life' in the temple became heavy and a burden.

For years, his chief source of entertainment consisted in books and the liberal publications of the day. The Banner of Light, published in Boston, was my father's favorite paper. It is the only spiritualistic organ that was ever unflinchingly and unwaveringly devoted to the advocacy and demonstration, through facts of mediumship, of the Central Idea of Individual Immortality. My father used to read every week the communications through Mrs. J. H. Conant. And many times he said: 'As soon as I can, I will go to Boston; and you'll hear from me through Mrs. Conant.'

Many hours of each day, during the last three years, his thoughts were devoted to subjects concerning the 'inner life,' and especially concerning the prospect of existence in the 'Summer-Land.' With reference to 'death,' he invariably expressed himself perfectly satisfied. Several times, during the last twenty months of his life, he had visions of the higher and better world. It was my privilege to witness the rolling down of life's curtain, which shut from his material senses the outer world of effects in which we yet dwell; but I was not prepared, just at that hour, to withdraw to the secret closet of clairvoyance.

On the subsequent morning I arose somewhat earlier than usual, and was the first to open the north door of the hall looking upon the garden. I walked out upon the stoop, and halted at the second step of the short flight of stairs outside, and looked lightly against the west banister. At this moment I felt a commotion in the atmosphere at my right hand. In less time than I can write this sentence, it had reversed the poles of outer consciousness. In a word, I was translated into a most perfect state of clairvoyance.

The movement of the air was like that caused by a body passing with great swiftness through the immediate space. With my attention thus attracted I turned to the right, and at once saw my father in the act of passing out from the hall into the atmosphere, on a plane level with the floor of the stoop! The face was his own in every essential feature and line of expression. His motions seemed to be the result of some will power, or intelligence, outside of his consciousness. He walked out with a kind of indecision, or languor, and with the air of one unconsciously and casually to one moving about in a somnambulic state. There was, however, an expression upon his countenance of complete repose. No child in the slumber of innocence ever looked more serene and happy. It was the expression of 'rest' and profound satisfaction; and along down over his shoulders and new-born body there flowed and shone the same indescribable atmosphere of contentment and beauty.

It appears, on subsequent examination, that he was obedient to the will of another individual, who was observed standing to the east. His father, he believes, was in a state like that known of somnambulism, and he did not awaken on "touching the side of the spiritual man, who stood waiting for him on the northeast corner of the house." "Immediately after he had reached the other's side, the twin rose rapidly toward the east, and passed beyond the reach of my already retiring vision. Thus my father withdrew from his earthly entanglements."

Mr. Davis hastened to tell "Mary" what he had seen. On going up stairs, not long after, he chanced to step into a small bedroom not far from the chamber in which his father died, and there "most distinctly realized that, in that unoccupied spot, the final spiritual organization which [his] father bore aloft, on the wings of the morning, was formed and prepared for the eternal pilgrimage. The atmosphere was still warm with the constructive process, which had been so beautifully carried forward during the night."

It was many months before his father communicated through Mrs. Conant, at the Banner Circle Room, as he had promised; but the son found a "message" in our columns on the 28th of last May from his departed parent, the whole of which he properly appended to his deeply interesting narrative. That the reader may look for on the pages of the book itself. For ourselves, we need add nothing to a sketch whose impressiveness cannot be deepened by words few or many.

## Grand Christmas Presents.

"ARABULA," the new and highly interesting work by Andrew Jackson Davis, just issued and for sale by William White & Co., 158 Washington street, Boston, and 541 Broadway, New York, is just the book that Spiritualists should purchase to present to some dear friend as a Christmas Gift.

Also another new work by Mr. Davis, entitled "A STELLAR KEY TO THE SUMMER-LAND," is in press, and will be ready to issue from this Office and our Branch Office, early next week. This volume is illustrated with diagrams and engravings of celestial scenery, and treats scientifically and philosophically of the evidences of the existence of an inhabitable zone or sphere among the suns and planets of space.

Another very elegant volume, suitable for a Christmas Present, is Lizzie Doten's book of "POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE." A fifth edition, full gilt, has just been issued by William White & Co.

The above books will be forwarded by mail to any address upon the receipt of price, viz: For "Arabula," \$1.50, (postage 20 cts.); "A Stellar Key to the Summer-Land," \$1.00, (postage 10 cts.); "Poems from the Inner Life," \$2.00.

## "Face the Sunshine."

This very beautiful and highly suggestive poem, by Miss Lizzie Doten, published in the Banner of Light two years ago, was fully appreciated at the time by our numerous readers, and the great demand for it rapidly exhausted the edition. Miss Doten repeated this poem on the occasion of the opening of the spiritual meetings in Music Hall. Since then a great number of friends who heard it on the occasion referred to, have desired us to reproduce it in our columns. We shall do so with pleasure. It will appear in our forthcoming number.

The Spiritualists of Rock Grove, Floyd Co., Iowa, and vicinity, have organized, under the laws of the State of Iowa, for the establishment of religious corporations, as the Rock Grove Association of Spiritualists, with the following board of officers: William Dean, President; Ira B. Dean, Vice President; Matilda A. Whitney, Secretary; Mary A. Dean, Treasurer.

## Mercantile Hall Meetings.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 1st, Mrs. Mary J. Wilcoxson addressed the Society at Mercantile Hall. Previous to commencing her discourse, the lecturer recited a poem purporting to come from Edgar A. Poe. She stated that she was a living example of the direct power of spirit control, never having had the advantages which many possessed for obtaining information in early life; everything given through her organism was entirely from without.

After singing by the choir, the lecturer was entranced, and proceeded to deliver an address on "Inspiration," which she defined as the life of the soul—the moving power of all things in the heavens and on earth. Man was the spiritual prophesy of all things







## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT is written by a person who has been visited by the Spirit of God, and whose name is written at the end of the message.

**Mr. J. H. Conant.**  
While in an abnormal condition called the trance, these Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. The questions propounded at these circles by mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names.

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

**The Banner of Light Free Circles.**  
These Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (upstairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at 2 o'clock, services commencing at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

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

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

### Invocation.

Our Father, let thy blessing consciously rest upon these waiting mortals; grant that the sunlight of spiritual life, like the aroma of summer roses, may enter their spirits, causing them to rejoice in thee. Grant that some angel may turn a leaf in the record of their lives, which shall tell the glorious tidings that shall assure them of a land beyond the tomb, of a summer-land where the spirit is never cold, is never hungry nor weary, but where it finds all its wants attended to through the everlasting love of the Father, the great Spirit of all life. Oh, thou who art with us this hour, we feel that thou hast ever been with us. Though men tell us we can wander from thee, and thou canst depart from us, yet in our soul's inner life we recognize thee ever there. Thy presence is our all. Without thee we should fade away forever. Thou art our strength; thou art our all; and we will walk with thee through all the circumstances of this eternity, for we know thou art strong and wise, and we know thou wilt be ever true unto us. We feel that the sun can be no more constant to the earth than thou wilt be to our souls; and we feel that all the flowers shall die others shall be called into life. When deep sorrow settles upon us, we feel, as we know, that there are joys yet in store for us, that shall recompense for all sorrow. Our Father, we hear thee the prayers and aspirations of thy children. We have gathered them like summer flowers, and we will bind them in wreaths, and oh, grant that their own faith may endow them with immortality, so that they shall be an ever-present blessing unto them. Oh, grant that their prayers may be so filled with faith that they shall draw unto each one who prays a speedy and satisfactory answer. Our Father, as these earthly blossoms (referring to flowers upon the table) send out their silent praises, so do our souls praise thee, so would we learn to worship thee in the beauty of holiness and in the simplicity of nature. Oct. 17.

### Questions and Answers.

**CONTROLLING SPIRIT.**—If you have queries, Mr. Chairman, we are ready to consider them.

**Ques.**—What do the intelligences controlling think of the criticisms of "Justice" in a late Banner?

**Ans.**—That article has already been answered, and we have nothing further to say concerning it.

**Q.**—Does the fact of one's having committed suicide impede his progress in the spirit-world more than if another had killed him, or render him more unhappy?

**A.**—Yes, because the soul that has committed suicide, as you term it, is very apt to learn that that is not the better way; very apt to learn that it must, through severe experience, learn of the better way, and very apt to learn that it would have been far easier to have gained the experience that was necessary for the soul, in and through its own body, than in any other way; therefore it must, of necessity, drink more or less deeply of the cup of remorse. But, like all other mistakes in life, it always carries its own antidote. When a sufficient quantity has been ministered unto the spirit, it comes forth washed clean, regenerated and rejuvenated, and ready for the march of life.

**Q.**—Can there be a possible case conceived in which a man would be justified in taking his own life?

**A.**—To those who would take their own lives, or destroy their own physical existence, it is, in a certain measure, right. It is right to them; but when compared with the great, eternal law, when held up face to face with that, it is not so near right as some other course would have been. It is a certain degree of right, but a lesser degree than many others. Now as all souls aspire to make the most of their surroundings, as all desire to gain as much happiness or heaven as it is possible for them to, we would counsel that you all avoid suicide, because that is not the very best way.

**Q.**—How do we reconcile the existence of evil in this world with the goodness and wisdom of God?

**A.**—We reconcile it in this way. As God is everywhere, and as there is no place without him, no condition without him, so then, God is in what you call evil, and being stronger than the evil, it is amply able to take care of it. I believe that all the experiences of life, all the conditions of life, however low they may seem to be, are of a necessity, a necessity growing out of the condition of the earth upon which you exist, a necessity growing out of the condition of the planets by which you are surrounded, and a necessity growing out of your own internal and external condition. Therefore, if this position be a correct one, the goodness of God is displayed in the exhibition of the so-called evil, as it is displayed in any other condition in life.

**Q.**—In Isaiah xlv: 7, the record says, "I form the light and create darkness; I make peace and create evil; I, the Lord, do all these things." How will you explain the passage?

**A.**—That which precedes the paragraph in question and that which succeeds it will give as clear an answer as will be possible for us to give. We recommend you all to read the chapter in which that paragraph is enclosed. Oct. 17.

### Samuel Hahnemann Tyler.

I am peculiarly situated. I have an earnest desire to meet my friends West and North, as well as many I have South, but I have also a degree of reluctance in coming here, and for this cause: Thirteen years ago I left my friends; my father and mother were then living. My mother is on

the earth now, but my father is here, although I did not know it till I came myself. I became very restless at that time, and possessed of a desire to go to sea. My father opposed it, and my mother opposed it, and all our friends opposed it. My father had intended fitting me for the medical profession, but I never had a taste in that direction, and always fought against it. So he fought one way and I another, till the result was I ran away. I went first to London, then to Havre, and then pushed on to the Sandwich Islands. I was going the rounds for about four years, and I finally brought up in California; and shortly after going there I was very sick, and my friends received intelligence that I died, but that was not so. On the contrary, I then got well, and, after staying in that country some six years, I came again to the States. I never thought it worth while to come, for I had engaged in a certain profession which I knew my father would feel very bad about if he came to know it. So I thought it best to stay away, and, in the course of my rambles, I brought up in New Orleans, and it is only nine days ago that I died. I fell a victim to the fever. I had heard something of the spirit's return, but had no particular knowledge of it. But some of my friends—some that I was associated with—told me something about it, and it was through them that I received all the knowledge I had before death.

One of those associates died four days before me; and I was led to think from some cause—I did not then know what—that he was dead, before I knew it. And I asked those I thought would know, and they gave me evasive answers, and so the matter rested. But he says he was with me and impressed me with a knowledge of his death. At any rate, he met me as soon as I got clearly through. He came with my father, who had become in a measure purged of his old notions, and gave me a very cordial reception. I had been what he in his earthly life would have denounced most bitterly. It is through his urgent entreaty that I make the effort to come here. He is not able himself, because he says he cannot seem to come into nearness or rapport with the medium, the subject. But as he found I could, he was fully determined that I should send some message to our mutual friends. I would say if my friend Daniel S. Stevens remains on earth, my friends at the North can write to him, and from him gain material evidence concerning what I have through a hard struggle given here to-day. I am not so foolish as to expect they will believe simply because I know that I can return. But I only ask them to believe if my statements are correct, after they have proven them to be so by material evidence.

Write to Mr. Stevens at New Orleans, and, if alive, he can give the information. He told me he should leave that accursed precinct as soon as it was possible, so he will be very likely to be making tracks somewhere if he do not get called away.

My father informs me that my mother is with my younger brother in St. Louis, and he also informs me that my brother will receive me like other friends who know concerning this philosophy. I would ask that my mother forgive me for all the sorrow I have caused her, and as proof of her forgiveness, to ask me to come nearer home where I can talk with her so that she will understand how I am situated, and what she may expect when she changes conditions of life. I am Samuel Hahnemann Tyler, son of Theodore H. Tyler. I would think that the great scourge, yellow fever, was around me and within me by my feelings, but they say it is only the result of a psychological power which I do not understand. Oct. 17.

### Mary LeRoy.

Oh! how wonderful, how gloriously beautiful is the law which binds cause and effect so closely together! The earth and the souls belonging to earth being ready for the birth of modern Spiritualism, modern Spiritualism has been born; and it is so closely allied to Nature that no angel has been able to draw the line between Nature and the manifestations of Spiritualism. I thought I perceived much of the glory of this philosophy before I died; but oh, it hath not entered into the heart of mortals to conceive all the glory that attends these returning spirits, whose name may be called legion. They fill the earth with a halo of mental glory that nothing else could have produced. God is here and God is everywhere. I was forcibly struck with the closeness, the absolute oneness of the condition of the spirit just before death, and its condition as it returns here. Why, the one who has just left has kindled a fire throughout this entire physical form that could scarcely be equaled by Mr. Vesuvius. He passed out in this condition, and he has returned upon the bridge which death has thrown over between the two worlds. How glorious, how wise our Father must have been when he ordained that the spirit should return to earth so perfectly. I find myself still laboring under the distress of body that I labored under as I passed out. I return to add my testimony to the many, many who have returned telling of a glorious hereafter. I come to say to the dear friends I have left, far toward the setting sun, the glorious philosophy of Spiritualism is true. It is true. There is no delusion here. I have proven it. Before the hand of death was laid upon me I rejected the truth of modern Spiritualism; but after that I myself was unfolded to behold the angels and to talk with them, and I felt its truth. But now I know it. And to the dear family I have left I can only say, "Pursue your way in this glorious philosophy without faltering. Learn all that is possible for you to, and when your time comes to change worlds, God grant you may come as happily as I did. God grant there may be no more shadows attending your death than attended mine, for it was all sunlight, save the pains of the body. My spirit rejoiced in the glory of the spirit-land long before I entered here, and oh I prayed earnestly that such might be the lot of those I left. I want them to know that I shall watch over them and do all in my power to assist them to gather these beautiful truths, that they may bind them around their brows to become lights lighting them across the river of death.

The Angel of Change said to me, last April, "Come," and I did come to the land of souls. I am Mary LeRoy, from Golden City, Colorado. Oct. 17.

### Matthew McGinness.

I am not so I can say much here. Though I have not the looklaw, as I had when I was here, I have such a tightness there I feel pretty uncomfortable. I was a private in the 2d Illinois cavalry. I was wounded at Bull Run, but I did not die there. I was along time coming out. They thought my wound was all healed, but it broke out again and I died with the looklaw. I was in the hospital at Newbern, and what brings me here to-day is to say to my brother James that it is all right for him to do just what I see he is doing to recover those things that belong to him and to me. But it is not very good policy to be so long about it. It is better to hurry it up, so that the lawyers will not get the most of it. They are a curious set, and

they will take all you have got if you don't have eyes all round you. Now what I want is for my letter to go to my brother, James McGinness—my name is Matthew—and he knows how I died, and all about it. And what I come here for is to help him all I can; but most of all that I come here for is to let him know I can come. [Where is your brother located?] In Springfield, Ill.

Massachusetts is a pretty hard place. I stopped here two years; I was in Boston some nine or ten months, and I was in Taunton and New Bedford, but I didn't like it at all. [You liked Illinois better?] Oh yes, sir; you can take a long breath there. I don't know—the people there are different—somehow they are freer, they are more benevolent. I don't want to say anything about the people here, but I don't like them at all. I never was used so badly in my life as I was in Massachusetts. So I ain't got much to say for it.

When I went into the army my brother wanted me to go to Massachusetts, because they were paying bigger bounties. But I told him I wouldn't go for all the bounties they were paying and twice as much more. I had enough of it when I was there. Yes, sir; and I suppose some of the folks here might say I might go further and tell why I don't like it. But that is my business, and nobody's else. I am as good now as one-half the people that have so much to say about their religion, and carry such long faces and full pockets. I've seen enough of it. It is all very well to talk about having so much religion, but if I don't mistake very much, the most of them have the most part of their religion in their pockets.

James is pretty free himself, and I know he will get what I send to him, and I will just say if there is any way he can reach some of those folks, so I can come, we will have a right good chat, such as we used to have when I was here. The last thing he gave me when I was going away, was a fine fancy pipe, and I just want to say that I broke it before we were two hours on the road. We got into a crowd, and it got broke. I tell this, you know, so he will know it's me. Good-day, sir. Oct. 17.

### Sylvia Ann Howland.

I did not feel of coming here to-day; but after I got here I felt such a strong anxiety to come and tell you that it's all turned out right—all turned out right—and I am satisfied. I am thankful that there were some brains displayed in the decision. It is decided! The case is decided. Sylvia Ann Howland. Oh, I am glad! I am glad! [I've had trouble enough. When was it decided?] These two weeks it has been decided. [I have been away, and had not heard of it.] Oh, nobody has heard of it. The decision is not made public. No, indeed! But I thought it would be a satisfaction to you to know. [And it is decided against your niece?] Yes. [How did she feel in regard to it?] Oh, she always did when anything went against her—very mad, of course. Oh, she gave me a great deal of trouble here. But it was nothing to what I've had to bear since my death. She is married now, and she has gone across the water, and I hope her husband, Mr. Green, will contrive some way to spend every dollar of her property, so that five years hence she won't be worth a dollar. For she will certainly sink very low in the spheres if it isn't taken away from her, and I don't want to see her conditioned as I know she will be with her inordinate love of money. It is terrible! It is terrible!

Oh I am glad! It was very, very annoying to me. It affected me just about as it used to when she used to be constantly talking to me about making my will in her favor. I used sometimes to think I should go wild, she would annoy me so. And you see I have been kept right in that element all the time since I left. But it is growing clearer—it is growing clearer now. Oh my poor, dear father, if he had known—if he had known as much before he died as he knows now, he would have done so much differently!

Oh I want to say to all my dear friends who have sent me a kind thought over the river of death, I have received them all, and have treasured them all up—they were blessings to me. I am sorry I did not know as much before I died as I know now. [Would you have seen your property distributed while you lived?] Yes, indeed! Yes, indeed! and I would have seen the good fruits that would have resulted from it. Oh, how little we know what to do when we are here. Seems to me we do live so in the dark. [You think differently now about our withholding your communication?] Oh yes; I told the other chairman here that I was satisfied it was best. But you can publish it now; you will find it will be only a verification of what the public did not know. It will all be proven true—every word of it.

Oh if I had only known what I know now, before I died! But it is all right, I suppose. Good-day, sir. Oct. 17.

Scéance opened by William E. Channing; adjourned by "Cousin Benja."

### Invocation.

Thou sun of truth, whose eternal rays gild the mountains and the valleys; thou whose power entereth all forms of life; thou who guardest us all; thou who giveth to each soul an inheritance of eternal life, our Father, thou Spirit of Time and Eternity, we come to thee this hour with our praises and our prayers. Though the whole earth is filled with praises to thee, though the anthem of each seems to reach us even now from the land of souls, yet thou wilt not reject our humble offering, though it cometh to thee from the cold shores of mortality. Thou Spirit of Love, grant that thy children in mortal may more perfectly understand thy workings through life. Oh grant that their inner lives they may be they may know in their lives that thou art there also. Our Father, we praise thee for all the varied experiences of life; for the darkness, for the light, for all that which men call evil, for we know that thou wilt transform it to good, and by thy wondrous laws thou wilt finally change all hell to heaven, and every soul shall learn to know thee as a God of love, and as a God of justice and of power, ever present, a something that can never forsake us. Oh, grant that thy children everywhere may speedily lay off all superstitious darkness concerning thee, and learn that thou art a God as near unto them as the sunlight to the shade. Oh, grant that the voices of thine angels may reach every soul. Grant that thy children in mortal may no longer close the doors of their senses against the calls of those who have passed the river of death. Oh, may they ask whence cometh the call. May they pray earnestly, oh Lord, our Father, that thy light may shine brightly, till they too shall be called to the land of souls. Grant, oh Father, our life, that thy children who sorrow everywhere may know that sorrow is but one of the experiences of life, for which they shall receive ample compensation. Oh let them understand that thou art first in all thy dealings, and that thy love embraces all, that the mantle of thine immortality is thrown over all thy children, and thou wilt finally draw all to thyself, so that they may realize their highest hopes of happiness, and may enter that heaven they have reared for them-

selves. For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever. Amen. Oct. 21.

### Questions and Answers.

**Ques.**—Why do aged people require less sleep than the young and middle aged? Or why do they sleep less?

**Ans.**—It may doubtless be attributed to their electrical condition. Youth is possessed of more magnetic life or force than is old age. Magnetic force induces sleep, rest, a quiet state. The electric forces induce the same to a less degree, therefore the aged require less sleep than the young. It is because they live more in the electrical element than in the magnetic. As the body grows old, or becomes worn out by the circumstances of time, it loses its magnetic properties. You know when death approaches, the body begins to grow cold, the electrical forces gain the ascendancy, the magnetic life retires. You are perpetually nearing death, and the older the body grows the more it parts with its magnetic life, and becomes connected with and influenced by the electrical forces.

**Q.**—How should an old person proceed to regulate the hours of repose so as best to preserve health and vigor?

**A.**—There can be no general standard set up. Every one must regulate the hours of repose for themselves. There must be a regulation for each individual. What would answer for one, would not for another. One special individualized life requires perhaps eight hours, another ten, and another only four. The requirement varies according to the physical condition of the individual.

**Q.**—What is the meaning of the following passage of Scripture? "And every spirit that confesseth not that Christ is come in the flesh, is not of God. And this is that spirit of Anti-Christ, whereof ye have heard that it should come, and even now already it is in the world."

**A.**—The opponents of Spiritualism use this passage in proof against the godliness of Spiritualism. But like many other passages in the Holy Scriptures—so-called—they do not understand the hidden meaning of the external expression. He who does not confess that the truth finds expression in human life, is antagonistic to truth. We do not believe in any such personality as an Anti-Christ. Pardon us if we seem to set the Bible aside, gathering authority from Nature. To us there is no Anti-Christ, however much there may seem to be. For as Christ is but an expression of the grand eternal principle of truth, and as truth is everywhere finding expression through all the circumstances of life, everything is true to the cause that produced it. Therefore if truth is everywhere, and all things are obedient to the cause from which they have been born, there is no room for Anti-Christ. You may as well talk of a personal devil as holding the reins of one-half the government, while God holds the other. We believe in one God, one supreme, eternal power, governing everywhere, governing over all past eternity, governing in the present, and reaching out into all future eternity.

We have been requested by the late President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln, to answer a question, for him, that has reached him from all parts of the country, but with particular force from certain friends in the Republican party. The question is this: "Will our honored President return—if it is possible for spirits to return, communicating with mortals—giving us certain knowledge concerning his earthly property; telling us clearly and distinctly whether or no his widow is in poverty? He must understand—if he hovers near earth, and has the good of his party still at heart—as we are told by spirits that he has—that that party must of necessity suffer somewhat from the reports in circulation with reference to Mrs. Lincoln. Now as many Spiritualists are scattered throughout the United States, and particularly throughout the Republican party, would it not be for the interests of the party in question, if President Lincoln should return, giving a fair statement of the case in question?" President Lincoln has authorized us to give a very brief answer to these interrogatories, and the answer is this: "I refer you to my administrator, Mr. David Davis. I do this, first, because it better suits me than any other course; and secondly, because I do not desire to enter that particular course of action again that you desire me to enter; and thirdly, because I never wish to blaze my family matters before the world. Were my will law in the matter, I would prefer that all my family matters remain within my family circle. But as they seem to have gone out of that circle, I have only to say to those friends most interested, apply to my administrator, and he will give you the information you desire." Oct. 21.

### Isaac Hobson.

I would send some intelligence to friends I have in Maine, Massachusetts and New York. I am hardly fit to undertake the responsibility of return, but I am not easily induced to turn back, however hard the road may be. I was born in Bath, Maine, in the year 1825, and I died in Galveston, Texas, three weeks ago. My name is Isaac Hobson. What induced me to make this almost unwarrantable effort, is the fact that when I was North last season, I met with some friends whom I had not met for several years, and during the time we had not heard from each other my friends had become Spiritualists. I ridiculed them for their belief in the "nonsense," as I called it. But they assured me that the time would come when I should think differently. I said, "Well, if it does, I will let you know." "Good!" they said; "as soon as you are free, and have the true faith, let us hear from you." I am dead, but I am sensible of life, and as I am, I infer that they were right and I was wrong. I furthermore said that I would not be afraid to bet the finest horse in the country that they would throw up their delusion before I should become converted to it. I owe them the horse, and were I conditioned to pay, I would do so. Oct. 21.

### Capt. Wm. E. Hacker.

Good afternoon, sir. I believe you are the gentleman I addressed when I visited this place some time ago. I am Capt. Wm. E. Hacker, of the 3d Pennsylvania Infantry. I have obtained permission to say a few words this afternoon of thanks to my father, for his promptness in calling to investigate concerning the truth or falsity of modern Spiritualism. It has given me a great deal of satisfaction to know that my father received my message, and that he is disposed to learn for himself concerning these things; and I want to say to him, and to all the dear ones I have left, wherever you shall find a way open by which we can return, I will meet you, and do all in my power to satisfy you of the truth of this great and glorious philosophy. I could not begin to show those I have left how much joy I have received from the knowledge that I was even heard in my call across the River of Death, by those so dear to my heart. It has constituted much of my heaven, and the interchange of thought between them and myself, I expect will constitute a great part of my heaven for some time to come—at least I hope it will. Many thanks, sir, for your aid. Oct. 21.

### Johnny Joise.

How do you do, sir? [How do you do?] Pretty well. I have not been here for some time. [What have you new to-day?] I have only this new to say: I don't want my friend to get discouraged because everything seems to come between him and the right track. A great deal of power is used to throw him on the wrong track, and those who know best about it here tell me to say to him that although the road is long and there are a good many brambles in the way, they have every hope of his final success—and if I had not I would not wait; I would just come right out with the whole story. I see he has thought two or three times lately that perhaps I had given it up; perhaps I was not as near him as I had been; but I have not been able to come. And there is no necessity for my coming, for the teachers say here that most seeds germinate best in the dark—should keep pretty quiet about anything you do not want any help in ferreting out. And I am sure I don't want any help. That is, I want help in doing the material part, but I don't want any help in the spiritual part. He made Belle, because it is very likely he thought it would be found out, any more than the Parker murder that was committed twenty-six or seven years ago. Well, perhaps it won't; but that is not the way I see it. Oct. 21.

### Frankie Hall.

Tell mother I got well now. Is this Boston? [Yes.] I lived in Lowell, I am Frankie Hall. Can you speak a little louder? When I am in the Lyceum I can talk loud. Mother wanted me to come and tell her I was happy. I am happy, only I want her to come with me; and the guardians said I might ask her to come, but they did n't think she would for a good while. There is pretty flowers here—everything here that is pretty. I want to go now. I was five years old. [Had you any brothers or sisters?] Yes. I am going to be older when I grow. My guardian told me to tell you I would speak louder next time. [Were you sick long?] No, only just a little while. Oct. 21.

### Lucy Tilton.

I am Lucy Tilton, of Dayton, O. And I want you to tell my children that my body never will be resurrected, and I don't want it to be. And I don't like the idea of the resurrection. The earth-life is nothing but a dream-life, and we sleep long enough. I slept long enough here, and I don't want to sleep any longer. No, I don't. I waked up when I died. You are all asleep, every one of you, and you will find it out when you get to the spirit-land. Talk about sleeping perhaps half-a-dozen thousand years. Talk about sleeping till the angel Gabriel comes to wake you up. No. I want them to get rid of that idea—not to be thinking that my old body is coming round again. Taint so. No, it aint. What a curse it would be, supposing it was true. I'd have to take my old body, worn out as it was, I'd have to take it. Why, my feet was so I could n't use 'em much; and my hands, I could n't use 'em much. And then talk about my coming back to take on that old body! No, I don't think God was a very foolish God. Yes, I am sure I should. And think of my children and grandchildren! If the body is going to be raised, just think of it—just think of it! When I come back here I have to be just as I was. But the idea of my taking that old body, and living nobody knows how long—why, I'd rather be annihilated. Yes, I would. I lived over eighty years in it—long as I wanted to. I am glad to go. I prayed to have it gone long before I died. The idea! Tell 'em to get rid of it just as quick as they can.

I went to sleep in my chair—I died in my chair. But I was asleep all the time I was here. Now I'm just as wide awake, just as happy as I can be; and I am young, I am young as I ever want to be. I am not old and weak and diseased, as I was when I was here. What an idea that I must come back and take on that old body again! Perfectly ridiculous!

My little granddaughter was the first one who told me what they said. And I said I was going right back to tell them it wasn't true. I shan't never take that old body again, and God don't want me to. No, I used to think so myself. [Did you get rid of the idea before your death?] Yes, I did. They thought it was because my mind was growing weak. It wasn't any such thing. I was in just as good condition to think on those subjects as I ever was. And I kept thinking, thinking, thinking that I didn't want the old body, and wasn't going to have it. [You wish this sent to all your friends?] Yes, to all of 'em. They are all thinking about the resurrection of the body—the literal resurrection of the body. Now just see here—how absurd! Here is my little granddaughter, Lucy, who died before she was six years old, and now she is a young lady. The idea of her going back and taking that body! Why, it would n't fit her. And my old body! Why, don't you suppose before the angel Gabriel would come I should progress some, so I'd want a better looking body than that? Yes, to be sure I should. [What was the name of your granddaughter?] Sophia Tilton. Oct. 21.

Scéance opened by William E. Channing; letters answered by John Stevens.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

**Tuesday, Oct. 22.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Col. N. W. Daniels, to his wife and friends; Sam. Sanborn, of New Orleans; Mary Eliza Lee, of Winchester, Va.; Rosalind Jones, of Memphis, Tenn., to her mother.  
**Thursday, Oct. 24.**—Invocation: Capt. John O. Starkey, to his brother Alexander, his wife, and other friends in Savannah, Ga.; Sarah E. Storey, of New Orleans; John T. Clark, to his mother; Henry A. Robinson, of Five Points, New York, to his friend Mrs. Brown.  
**Friday, Oct. 25.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Josephine Burroughs, of Chicago, to her Aunt Mary Allen.  
**Tuesday, Oct. 29.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Mary Eliza Truman, to her father, in Richmond, Va.; Henry S. Trimet, of the 25th Mass., to his friends in such things as Cowdin, 56th Mass., who fell at Cold Harbor, Va.; Timothy McCarthy, of Taunton, to his family.  
**Thursday, Oct. 31.**—Invocation: Tribute to Ex-Gov. Andrew Johnson, and Answers: Melchizedek Haddock, of Portsmouth, N. H., to his children; John T. Clark, second officer on board ship "Lord Nelson," to his friends in such things as Townsend, of Charleston, Vt., to his brothers and sisters; Georgianna Curtis, to her father, in Norfolk, Va.  
**Monday, Nov. 4.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Albert Kendall, of the 12th Mass.; Lieut. Wm. White, 12th Mass., of Boston; Prince Edward, a slave, to his master, Ingalls, of Ingalls's Plantation, 14 miles from Richmond; Eliza Beth Garland, to her friends in France.  
**Tuesday, Nov. 5.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Katie Wascum, of Louisiana, to her father, Capt. Nathaniel Wascum; Henry A. Hubbard, 27th Mass., Company I; Thomas Van Wayne, of Booneville, Boone Co., Ill.  
**Thursday, Nov. 7.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Sally Thornydale Hill, to friends in Louisville; Mrs. Maguire, to sister Alice, orphan asylum, St. Mary's, N. Y.; James J. Darreut, 10th Mass., to friends.  
**Monday, Nov. 11.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Flora, a slave, to her mistress, Miss Lizzie T. Porter, Raleigh, N. C.; Margaret Welch, Cross street, Boston, to her son, James Welch; Edward Moore, London, to his family; Willie White Campbell, to his mother.  
**Tuesday, Nov. 12.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Henry Leteale, to his children; Amos J. Channing, to his mother; Stephen Dudley, of Boston, to his son.  
**Thursday, Nov. 14.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Wallingford, to his son, Thomas Wallingford, Newcastle, Eng.; Evangeline Halfrey, of St. Louis, to her mother; Michael Reagan, of Boston, to his brother, Thomas; Esther Maria Crane, to her friends in New Orleans, La.  
**Monday, Nov. 18.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Jesse Rogers, of Palmyra, Me.; Olive Barrett, of Boston, to her children; James Connelly, of Lowell; Charles Hunter Garfield, of Cincinnati, to his mother; Capt. Theodore Soule, of Virginia, to his friends.  
**Tuesday, Nov. 19.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Maria A. Gray, of San Francisco, Cal., to her mother; Hiram S. T. Bowers, who died in Liverpool, to his friend Elias Dargatz, of New York; Charles Four; Samuel Cole, of the 8th Michigan Cavalry, to his brother James.  
**Thursday, Nov. 21.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Ellen Reed Wade, of Boston; William Pierce, of Newport, Me., to his brother; Matilda Frances Lyon, of Fall River, to her parents.  
**Monday, Nov. 25.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Clara Davis, of Savannah, Ga., to her father; George H. Simmons, of Fitchburg, 18th Mass., to Maj. John Kimball; Benjamin B. Butler, to his family.  
**Tuesday, Nov. 26.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Cornelius White; Moses W. Leavitt, of Chicago; Freddy Harmon, of New York, to his mother; Sarah E. Smith, of Hamilton, C. E.  
**Monday, Dec. 2.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Henry Hacker, of Manchester; Joseph H. Channing, of Boston, to his children; Mattie Anderson Bell, of Columbia street, New York, to her mother.

### Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles.

Received from  
Henry Harg, St. Louis, Mo. \$2.00  
Mrs. L. North, Bridgewater, Mass. 1.00  
Mrs. B. O. Water, North Abington, Mass. 1.00  
Mrs. Lydia Fuller, Compton, G. E. 1.00  
Mrs. K. W. Cambridge, Mass. 1.00  
Mrs. E. Craig, Fort Caboon, Nebraska. 1.00



## Spiritual Quarterly Meeting at Bann-

dolph, N. Y.  
The Spiritualists, Infidels and friends of human progress will hold their Third Quarterly Meeting at Randolph, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., on Saturday and Sunday, the 21st and 22nd of Dec., 1867, for a free discussion of all moral questions in relation to man's existence. Lyman O. Howe is expected to be present. Other able speakers will be invited. All classes are invited to attend, and they shall be heard. Homes will be provided for all. Good music on the occasion by Chester Tuttle and Bishop Neal. A. BUSHNELL.  
Napoli, N. Y., Nov. 24, 1867.

## Married.

Nov. 20th, by Lois Walbridge, Minister of the Gospel, at the home of the bride, Eliza Crawford and Mrs. Louis P. Underwood, both of Niles, Floyd County, Iowa.

## Obituaries.

Born to spirit-life, Nov. 13, 1867, Mrs. Julia A. Perkins, wife of Mr. Henry M. Perkins of Stoughton, Mass., aged 58 years 9 months.

Mrs. Perkins was taken violently ill, the Tuesday previous to her passing away, of inflammation of the liver, producing jaundice, and on the 10th of the next day she peacefully passed away. Her death was a surprise to all who knew her. She was a devoted wife and mother, and a true friend. She was a member of the Baptist Church, and a faithful attendant. She was a woman of great piety and charity, and her death was a great loss to her family and friends. She was a woman of great piety and charity, and her death was a great loss to her family and friends.

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## Miscellaneous.

**DR. HALL'S  
VOLTAIC ARMOR,  
OR  
Magnetic Bands and Soles.**  
THE  
**GREAT SCIENTIFIC REMEDY  
FOR COLD FEET,  
RHEUMATISM,  
NEURALGIA,  
PARALYSIS,  
NERVOUS HEADACHE,  
DYSPEPSIA,  
SCIATICA, and  
ALL NERVOUS DISORDERS.**

THE MAGNETIC INNER SOLES can be depended on as a positive remedy for Cold Feet, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Nervous Headache, Dyspepsia, Sciatica, and all Nervous Disorders. The Voltaic Armor is a positive remedy for all the above named diseases, and is a positive remedy for all the above named diseases.

**MAGEE STOVES, RANGES AND  
FURNACES.**  
MAGEE Parlor Stoves, unrivaled for economy, power and beauty.

**MAGEE Cook Stoves,** superior to any stove ever sold in this market. Ten thousand of these Stoves have been sold within four years.

**MAGEE Ranges,** unsurpassed in beauty of finish, economy and durability.

**MAGEE Furnaces, Brick and Portable.**  
No furnace ever sold in New England has given such general satisfaction as the MAGEE FURNACE.

It is economical in fuel, and possesses all the good qualities desirable for heating houses and public buildings in the most satisfactory manner. Every Furnace warranted.

**POND & DUNKLEE,**  
87 & 89 Blackstone street, Boston, Mass.  
Sept. 14-15w

**SOUL READING,**  
Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.

MR. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that they have been successful in the treatment of diseases. They have been successful in the treatment of diseases.

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## Mediums in Boston.

**DR. GEO. B. EMERSON,**  
Spiritual Movement Cure,  
OFFICE, No. 1 Winter Place, Boston, Mass. Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

**DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE,**  
AT NO. 230 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON.

THOSE requesting examinations by letter will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age. 15w-Oct. 5.

**MRS. A. C. LATHAM,**  
MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM,  
292 Washington Street, Boston. Mrs. Latham is eminently successful in treating Humors, Rheumatism, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, and all Bilious Complaints. Her fee is \$2.00. Circle Sunday evening. 4w-Nov. 20.

**MRS. FOWLER,**  
CLAIRVOYANT Physician and Test Medium, No. 85 Bedford Street, cures disease by laying on of hands; also tells of lost money, loves, marriage and death. Terms \$2.00. Circle Sunday evening. 4w-Nov. 20.

**SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM,**  
13 DIX PLACE, (opposite Harvard Hall.) 15w-Oct. 5.

**MRS. S. HATCH, Medical Clairvoyant,** is very successful in treatment of diseases. Hours from 9 to 12 and 2 to 6. Examinations \$1. At 24 E Street, South Boston.

**MRS. R. COLLINS** still continues to heal the sick. Office, No. 19 Pine street, Boston, Mass. 15w-Oct. 5.

**MRS. A. L. LAMBERT, Clairvoyant and Test Medium,** No. 137 Harrison Avenue, Boston, Mass. 15w-Oct. 5.

**MRS. M. HARDY, Trance, Healing and Business Medium,** No. 93 Poplar St., Boston. Terms \$1.00. Nov. 2-15w.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**  
**DR. J. R. NEWTON**

**WILLIAM H. KENNERBURY, W. VA.,** (at Swan Hotel), from Nov. 25th to 29th. 15w-Oct. 5.

**VALUABLE USE OF MAGNETISM!**  
**DR. J. WILLIAMS'S MAGNETIC HEALING INSTITUTE,** located 378 and 380 Van Buren street, MILWAUKEE, WIS., where the sick will find a pleasant home. Patients at a distance can be cured by mail. It is a positive cure for all diseases, and is a positive cure for all diseases.

**MRS. ARMY M. LAFIN FREEKE,**  
PSYCHOMETRIST, and gives directions to those wishing to be developed as Clairvoyants or Mediums. Psychometric readings, \$1.00. Clairvoyant readings, \$2.00. (Two red stamps enclosed.) P. O. Box 455, Washington, D. C. (Residence 378 E Street, North.) 4w-Nov. 16.

**MRS. MARY LEWIS, Psychometrical or Soul Reader,** would respectfully announce to the public that she has been successful in the treatment of diseases. She has been successful in the treatment of diseases.

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## New York Advertisements.

**38  
REMARKABLE CURES  
BY  
THE GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY,  
MRS. SPENCE'S  
POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE  
POWDERS.**

New Haven, Conn., Sept. 1st, 1867.

PROF. SPENCE-DEAR SIR: I have raised one man from the dead with two boxes of your Positive Powders. I was told that the Doctor had been dead for a long time, and I was told that the Doctor had been dead for a long time.

He took one box, and said he was better than he had been for four years. He was taken with a (2) FEVER, and the Doctor gave him one box, and he was better.

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For a number of years I have been troubled at times with a very (26) NEVER PAIN IN MY BACK. I was taken, two days before I received your Powders, with one of these spells. I was told that I could not help myself. Of the Positive Powders took the kinks out of my back. I feel like a new man. I don't know as they will cure a blind man to see, but my EYES had become (27) VERY DIM; but now I often forget my glasses, and I know it is the Powders that have done it.

I am, yours truly, E. R. WARREN.

Forrestdale, Rutland Co., Vt., Nov. 6th, 1867.

PROF. SPENCE-DEAR SIR: I had been sick about 18 months with (28) CHRONIC DIARRHEA. I had tried almost all kinds of medicine, except the old school Doctors. I tried medicine and not doctors to no purpose. I had your Powders in the house some six months before I took them.

My wife had no faith in them. I paid out some \$50.00, and was no better; then I commenced taking your Powders. I did not take them 3 days before I



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 use, or communications for publication in this Department, should be directed to J. M. PEEBLES, Editor, at the Western Department, 100 West Second Street, New York, N. Y. Those who wish to have their contributions published in the Western Department, will please to mark them. Persons writing in this month, will please to mark them. Persons writing in this month, will please to mark them.

Bigotry of Universalists.—What Unitarians say of them.

The cynical sect of Universalists, with a creed that one of their far-seeing clergymen in the past compared to a "cat" that, after a time, might "have horns and hoofs," terribly at loggerheads internally about immediate "death and glory" or future discipline, divine sovereignty or free agency, full of judicial punishments or forgiveness in the sense of remission, the merits and "demerits" of Rev. C. L. Hatch, the tendency of young clergymen to rationalism, the best method of "begging money" to support the cause, &c., has finally relieved itself of the knotty combinations relating to Rev. Rowland Connor.

The Massachusetts Universalist State Convention, recently assembling in Milford, through its popular inquisitors, catechized Mr. Connor concerning his belief in plenary inspiration and the supernatural character of the miracles. They also questioned him about his connection with a meeting called by the friends of "Free Religion," and further about his speaking in a "Spiritualist Meeting." After listening to his answers the body deliberately voted against fellowshiping him by a vote of ninety-five to sixteen. This is the boasted liberalism of Universalism!

True, the Rev. Mr. Spaulding charged him with "equivocation," "double-dealing," and "duplicit." Efforts were made in other directions to soil his reputation. This is an old trick of Universalist bigots, the second and third class clergy among them finding divine delight in peddling "hear-say" and magnifying mole-hills to mountains.

The Rev. Mr. Connor has the sympathy to-day of a large and by far the most intelligent portion of the Universalists, nearly all Unitarians, and all Spiritualists. Golden records of his worth and fame will live imperishable, while the memories of the narrow sectarists that thrust him out will soon rot into a forgetfulness as described as eternal.

The Unitarian Christian Register comments thus stinging:

"We have, in this action of the Universalist State Convention, a clear indication of the present position of the Universalists. It is that of a sect of the most exclusive and intolerant character. The proceedings at Milford were worthy of the bigotry of olden times, and a body which excludes a man who accepts their own standard of faith, simply because the person claims to use his own interpretation, surpasses that of any of the Calvinistic churches. The leading Universalists, in their zeal against rationalism, have put themselves into a false position, and their denunciation, by its very nature, has become worthy of the intolerance of sects. It has done what no Orthodox Congregational body in New England would do, and has assumed an attitude which will take from it the sympathy of all progressive minds. If this case is an exponent of the position of the Universalist body, then it must be content to take its place among the narrowest of sects, and shut itself out from the progressive tendencies of the age."

That Orthodox Journal, the "Congregationalist and Recorder," gets the laugh on to the Universalists in this shape:

"We are not inclined to question the propriety of this course, but consistency is a jewel, and hereafter we presume Universalists will not claim to style themselves 'Liberal.' If they cannot see a good reason for the refusal of Orthodox Christians to fellowship them, when their creed is in direct conflict with ours on the most vital points, powerful indeed must be the microscope which enables them to discover the justice of excluding from their own fellowship one who not only avows himself a good Universalist, but signs his name to their creed!"

There is certainly not a more narrow, intolerant, persecuting sect in this country than Universalists. Their leaders, such as Miner, Sawyer, Brooks and Balch the senior, have already become transformed, theologically, into petrified, ossified fossils. Other clergymen in their ranks, shriveling and hardening gradually, are living by sniffing gospel grace from crumbling Hebrew synagogues; digging for truths in the echoing tombs of Judean graveyards; walking the rotten coffin-planks that tottered under the tread of old popes, and folding around their lean, gaunt forms the mummy wrappings of Asia's cast-off rags! There is hope of a tree, said Job, if it be "cut down it will sprout again," but there's no Bible promise of mummies walking among men, or of fossils budding, blooming and bearing precious fruit. If we read God rightly in his daily providence, he says to us—to all people, progress or die.

Where—What—When?

Where is — speaking now?  
Where is the post-office address of —?  
Where is that healing medium?  
Where is that — book kept for sale?  
Where shall we write to order our Lyceum books, badges, equippage?  
Take the Banner of Light and see!

What has become of Harris, Tiffany and others, formerly in the lecture-field?

What is the price of the following books —?

What was done at the Fourth National Convention of Spiritualists?

What shall we give sectarists in return for their tracts?

What is the aim of this new order—the "Order of Eternal Progress"?

Take the Banner of Light and see!

When will those excellent stories by Mrs. Willis for children be put in book form?

When will the "Spiritual Harp" be published?

Take the Banner of Light and see! Take it to read; take it to loan; take it to give away; take it to mail to distant friends and acquaintances, thus sowing the good seeds of eternal truth and progress.

Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. S. E. Warner has just closed a month's engagement in Chicago. Her audiences were truly appreciative, and increased in numbers to the close of her course. She is an able and zealous worker.

THE "LYCEUM BANNER."

This gem of a paper, so ably conducted, is proving a grand success. All Spiritualists, and especially Lyceums as organizations, should subscribe for it at once. It is emphatically the children's paper of the country, and destined to exert a mighty influence in shaping the mental and religious destinies of the rising generations. Lecturers should speak of it to their audiences, and solicit subscriptions. Blessings be and abide with its editor and proprietor.

LYCEUM IN CHICAGO.

This was never in so flourishing a condition as

at present. It is well officered, Dr. S. J. Avery being Conductor, and F. L. Wadsworth assistant. There were one hundred and twenty-seven in the marches Nov. 24th, besides the leaders and officers. This Lyceum, in brief, is independent of the Society, self-supporting and prosperous.

Spiritualists, we beg, beseech, plead of you, to interest yourselves more earnestly in this Lyceum movement. It is the practical thing of the hour.

Only First Class Engagements.

Not wise and energetic as most of our sister lecturers, a brother speaker writes from the East—"Can't you get me a series of first class engagements in the West? If so, I should like to undertake the journey as far as the Mississippi. \* \* \* What do they pay per Sunday, and provide entertainment?"

The phrase "first class engagements" seriously puzzles us. Were Jesus' of this character, when, with a Syrian sun-scorched face and sandaled feet, he walked homeless by Galilee's shores doing good? Were Peter the hermit, who, thrilled by the inspirations of the hour, traveled, fasted and preached till fainting by the wayside? Were Wesley's, preaching by roadsides and in the graveyards of England? Were John Murray's, lifting up his voice in mud-hovels, school-houses, and "stoned" at that? Pray, what your grade of clay—what the superior constituents of your being?

Brother, get up from your condition of ease; pray the gods to fill you with wisdom, energy, vim, enthusiasm; then, putting your "pauis in your boots," taking your carpet-bag in your hand, dropping the Banner of Light in your pocket, start light-hearted as a bird for the great, glorious West. The angels know their commissions; the people are sensible and appreciative, and the way will open as you journey. The "pay" is generally good—considered spiritually, it is absolutely splendid. The entertainment, though diverse, is excellent; social circles are cordial and Western hearts warm. The moral fields are white, and hundreds of harvesters are needed. Any true and faithful man or woman could build up and sustain a congregation in almost any locality. But that sentence, "first class engagements," rings in our ears. Had we been privileged to walk in Judea some twenty centuries since, we should have hinted to Jesus the addition of another beatitude—blessed are the modest, for they shall be promoted!

The Celebrated "Junius Letters."

It has been painfully amusing to the literati of the land to hear lesser lights discourse about the authorship of the Junius letters. Even Spiritualists, upon the authority of their spirits, have accredited them to Thomas Paine, Chambers, Duval and others. Spirits, however, would do well to demonstrate their own identity before they attempt to identify authors. Modesty, considered a virtue on earth, can hardly be a sin in the spirit-world. We recommend its practice to some spirits.

A new work in England, by Joseph Parkes, under the editorship of the historian, Merivale, maintains that these letters were the work of Sir Philip Francis. The direct evidence is absolutely convincing, and the collateral entirely conclusive. This has been the theory of the most intelligent investigators for years, and the reasons therefor are set forth by Macaulay with a clearness and a cogency that could leave scarcely a shadow of doubt. Satire is a keen weapon, though it is not always wise to wield it.

Dr. M. Henry Houghton, Battle Creek, Mich.

Identified as we have been for years with this Society, it gratifies us to hear how enthusiastically they speak of Dr. Houghton's recent lecture efforts in their midst. During the last of his course, there was not even standing room in the Hall. The last evening many left, unable to gain admittance. The above facts tell their own story relative to the present standing and future prospects of this young and gifted brother. December he speaks in St. Louis, taking the place of Bro. A. J. Davis, detained from indisposition, and a threatening illness of a serious character. (Heaven spare him to us and humanity, many, many years, is the prayer of multitudes.) Dr. Houghton returns and speaks in Battle Creek during January. A noble angel-band ever accompanies this worker.

Cincinnati—D. H. Shaffer.

From a communication recently received from that sincere and zealous defender of Spiritualism, David H. Shaffer, the naturalist, we learn that Spiritualism is astonishingly though quietly on the increase in the city, select circles being held among the elite, of which the outside world knows nothing; and yet the Society, as a body, is rapidly declining—the Lyceum already dead. It is unnecessary to enumerate the causes. The few will not always do the work and foot the bills. Dr. Shaffer speaks highly of such mediocritic workers as Lizzie Kelzer, Mrs. Carver, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Weaver, Mrs. De Wolf and others, who, whether in sunshine or storm, are faithful to truth and the higher inspirations of the spirit-world.

E. S. Wheeler in Geneva, Ohio.

A correspondent writing from Geneva informs us that the friends in this locality are "wide-awake, and determined to support the right and the true." They have recently had quite a revival, under the ministry of E. S. Wheeler—a brother that talks right on earnestly, eloquently, and with an originality all his own. His praise, and justly, too, is in all the Western congregations where he has spoken. The West pleads for his speedy return.

Spiritualism in Western New York.

A brief account of the progress of Spiritualism in the State of New York may interest the readers of the Banner, especially those residing in the West, many of whom look back to New York as the home of their childhood with happy recollections, and ask "how does the cause of Spiritualism progress in the Empire State?" This has been true in my own case. Though I have been laboring in the ranks of Spiritualism for nearly ten years, I had not visited the home of my childhood in that time, and in my soul have often asked, "I wonder if there are any Spiritualists there?"

Breaking away from the many appointments awaiting me in the lecture field in the West, I started on a journey Eastward, making Cleveland my first stopping place. There I attended the National Convention. Thence I went still further Eastward, in company with Mr. White of the Banner, and Mr. James of Chicago, as far as North Collins, where we attended the three days' meeting. Here we had a feast, both spiritually and temporally. The meeting was a decided success, there being in attendance over fifteen hundred people. Everything passed off quietly and harmoniously. I visited many points in Erie County, speaking Sundays, and healing the sick

during the week. Springville, Laona and Dunkirk were among the number, at which places I had good audiences, increasing in numbers at each lecture. At Dunkirk, I had the pleasure of replying to a sermon preached against Spiritualism by the Rev. Mr. George, a Universalist clergyman. This champion of universal salvation ignores the idea of the devil, in the singular, but on this occasion he labored hard in the advocacy of devilism in the plural sense, and Spiritualism to be the work of devils!

My reply was made immediately after the close of his sermon and to the same audience, which listened attentively to the end—keeping their seats nearly three hours in all.

After a few days' tarry at Buffalo, I went to Rochester, and spoke the last two Sundays in October to a full audience. The Spiritualists there have a well organized Society in a flourishing condition, with Bro. Hebard, an earnest worker, at their head, and a fine Lyceum, which is a credit to Spiritualists of Rochester.

Penn Yan, where I spoke two Sundays, is thoroughly steeped in Old Theology; but yet there are a few earnest souls who are struggling hard to spread the truths of Spiritualism there. A proper system of organization would help them much—the want of which is a prevailing fault in too many places I have visited. More Lyceums should be put in operation. There is scarcely a town in which one could not be inaugurated, if but two or three active men and women would take hold of the matter in earnest. There would be no lack of children. We must all work with a will, if we would accomplish history. E. C. DUNN.

McLean, N. Y., Nov. 21, 1867.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Boston.—The First Spiritualist Association hold regular meetings at the Hall, No. 23, South Street, every Sunday, 7 1/2 o'clock. Samuel F. Towle, President; Daniel S. Ford, Vice President and Treasurer. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 1/2 o'clock, at the same place. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Mary J. Wilcoxson, during December. All letters should be addressed to Thomas Marsh, Assistant Secretary, 14 Bromfield Street.

Metric Hall.—Lecture every Sunday afternoon at 2 1/2 o'clock, half-hour concert on the Organ, by Wm. H. Brown, and a full orchestra. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 1/2 o'clock, at the same place. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Mary J. Wilcoxson, during December. All letters should be addressed to Thomas Marsh, Assistant Secretary, 14 Bromfield Street.

East Boston.—Meetings are held in Temperance Hall, every Sunday, at 10 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Mary J. Wilcoxson, during December. All letters should be addressed to Thomas Marsh, Assistant Secretary, 14 Bromfield Street.

South Boston.—Conference Meeting at 10 1/2 o'clock, at the Hall, No. 23, South Street, every Sunday. All are cordially invited. C. H. Hines.

Charlestown.—The First Spiritualist Association of Charlestown hold regular meetings at the Hall, No. 23, South Street, every Sunday, at 10 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Mary J. Wilcoxson, during December. All letters should be addressed to Thomas Marsh, Assistant Secretary, 14 Bromfield Street.

Cambridge.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 1/2 o'clock, at the Hall, No. 23, South Street, every Sunday. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Mary J. Wilcoxson, during December. All letters should be addressed to Thomas Marsh, Assistant Secretary, 14 Bromfield Street.

Lowell, Mass.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 1/2 o'clock, at the Hall, No. 23, South Street, every Sunday. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Mary J. Wilcoxson, during December. All letters should be addressed to Thomas Marsh, Assistant Secretary, 14 Bromfield Street.

Worcester, Mass.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall, every Sunday, at 10 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Mary J. Wilcoxson, during December. All letters should be addressed to Thomas Marsh, Assistant Secretary, 14 Bromfield Street.

Springfield, Mass.—The Fraternity Society of Spiritualists hold regular meetings at the Hall, No. 23, South Street, every Sunday, at 10 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Mary J. Wilcoxson, during December. All letters should be addressed to Thomas Marsh, Assistant Secretary, 14 Bromfield Street.

Providence, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt Hall, every Sunday, at 10 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Mary J. Wilcoxson, during December. All letters should be addressed to Thomas Marsh, Assistant Secretary, 14 Bromfield Street.

New York City.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold regular meetings at the Hall, No. 23, South Street, every Sunday, at 10 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Mary J. Wilcoxson, during December. All letters should be addressed to Thomas Marsh, Assistant Secretary, 14 Bromfield Street.

Philadelphia, Pa.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold regular meetings at the Hall, No. 23, South Street, every Sunday, at 10 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Mary J. Wilcoxson, during December. All letters should be addressed to Thomas Marsh, Assistant Secretary, 14 Bromfield Street.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 1/2 o'clock, at the Hall, No. 23, South Street, every Sunday. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Mary J. Wilcoxson, during December. All letters should be addressed to Thomas Marsh, Assistant Secretary, 14 Bromfield Street.

Washington, D. C.—Meetings are held at the Hall, No. 23, South Street, every Sunday, at 10 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Mary J. Wilcoxson, during December. All letters should be addressed to Thomas Marsh, Assistant Secretary, 14 Bromfield Street.

St. Louis, Mo.—The Society of Spiritualists and Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 1/2 o'clock, at the Hall, No. 23, South Street, every Sunday. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Mary J. Wilcoxson, during December. All letters should be addressed to Thomas Marsh, Assistant Secretary, 14 Bromfield Street.

St. Paul, Minn.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 1/2 o'clock, at the Hall, No. 23, South Street, every Sunday. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Mary J. Wilcoxson, during December. All letters should be addressed to Thomas Marsh, Assistant Secretary, 14 Bromfield Street.

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