

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 8.

[OFFICIAL REPORT.]

FOURTH NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS,

Held at Cleveland, Ohio, September 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th, 1867.

(Reported for the Convention by Henry T. Child, M. D., the Secretary.)

THURSDAY EVENING SESSION.

Convention met at 7 1/2 o'clock. Song by a member of the Bailey Quartette. An original poem was read by Hudson Tuttle, of Berlin Heights, Ohio.

PORTAL ADDRESS BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Eternal Spirit of the world, unseen, Thou Great Unknown, whose potent thoughts are laws, Thou Fount of Life from whom all being flows, Vast, Infinite, Eternal Cause, The soul, as its shrine, to thee ascends, To break its limits on its misty shore, To back in light, eternal and serene, And realize its God forevermore.

As worlds in space on different pathways move Around their central orb, yet so combined That all are woven into a perfect whole, A unity of will and force combined, So we here, meeting, forge the golden chain, Link within link, of Love, around our hearts, And rise to nobler purposes and aims, To act in unison our various parts.

From granite New England to the far Golden Gate, From the lakes to the Mexican waves, And over the blue of Atlantic's breast, Where its billows an elder world lave, We have traveled for many a wearisome mile, Like pilgrims of old to a shrine, And the dust of our journey is still on our feet, As we marshal us here into line.

From war with the world the scarred veterans come— I never need speak of their fames; Their hair has grown white while campaigning there, And its lordlings have spat on their names; The priest, he has pointed the finger of scorn, A fountain of gall trickled off from his tongue, And watered the thorns in your path, Some weary with battle, and others yet fresh, And ready to war to the knife— God grant the old veterans fresh life and deep peace.

When they come to the end of the strife, And others are newly enrolled in the ranks, With voices as feeble as yet, But some go down on the blast of the strife. In tones clear shall NEVER forget, Speak on, glowing hearts; let your tongues scatter fire.

And light the slow down into day; You cannot turn back, and you cannot retire, Though planning and willing away, The car of the ages rushes on in its track, We are atoms that ride where it will; Aught we do, what we say is of little avail, For its motion a deity wills, Who wrenches our efforts, our failures and faults, To uses and purposes always its own, And though we may think we are losing for naught, We shall find that our failures successful have grown.

We know that our car rushes on to the dawn, That the New is to battle the venerable Old; That the fight will be fearful, bloody and long, And the day more glorious than prophets foretold; The day when thought shall be free as air; When a viper-creed shall not sere and blast, And poison the founts of our purest lives, Till they wither like leaves in a furnace east; And the soul shall cry in its deepest ire, "You may shackle these limbs with creaking chains, But I must be free through gibbet and fire I walk to my freedom and your vengeance disdains!"

Entranced, that day I saw break through the night, The earth lay in the blackness of despair; By Ignorance, Tyranny, Bigotry, Three fiends, tortured, distracted, torn, Ignorance (profane mother of all woes) Was reverenced as high priestess, Her wrinkled brow was wreathed with midnight shades; An idiotic smile played on her lips, Illuminating her half-shut, leaden eyes; Her pride was fatuousness as her conceit; Though knowing nothing, she all things professed; In folly boasting that she could not see, She scoffed at learning as a worthless toy; The sages scorned as wizards plotting ill; The wisest men were fools in her conceit, And 'gainst them she her savages arrayed To quench the fires of science with their blood.

I saw the tyrant in the sullen gloom; His viperous eyes were bloodshot; on his brow, Low and retreating, fell his crisp locks; Around his bloated limbs a crimson robe, Blushing for shame, was loosely thrown, its folds Polluted by the blood of myriads slain; His hand of iron grasped a mire-stained lash, And never ceased to beat the crowd of slaves Who wore his manacles. Strown at his feet Were chains and legal scrolls, laws made for right, But giving all the power to might; unjust To all except his kindred, sharks and wolves; Hereditary patent, title deeds, Contracts and laws of every shade and hue, On which he looked with haughty pride. His rack And gibbet in the distance loomed, scarecrows Of death, with guillotine and dungeon vaults, By which he strove to keep mankind at bay, And crush beneath his feet the rebel, truth. Last, Bigotry, most cursed of this trinity, Bleared-eyed, decrepit, and with venomous breath, More withering than breezes by Unos kissed, She preached and prayed, and called on God for help.

To stain her hands with sinless martyrs' blood, She crushed her victims 'neath the horrid wheel, Or bound them, quivering, in the fagot's flame, Then asked Jehovah's blessings on her acts! Her creed became a jargon of conceits; Nature was evil, reason a decoy, God was a fiend, and Satan was her God. Friend against friend she turned; home against home; Child against parent; nation against nation; War and corruption festered in her veins And rankled in the church her craft had reared; With dripping sword aloft in air upheld, Her gory talons fished in those brave hearts Who dared their manhood's sacred rights assert, She hoarsely cried, "Believe me or be damned!"

The rulers had miscounted on their strength, Time does not carry off the needy world Its master mists; they only pass from view, The dark, thin veil of death, like iron wall, Excludes their spirit-forms from mortal eyes;

But as with anxious gaze, they watch the world, They are not idle, but above the war, They gather, leading on to victory, When death withdraws the mighty mind from view, A loyal people defy his name; He carries to receive their suppliant prayers, More potent than in life.

And as I gazed in abdicating terror, A light broke through the blackness, and I saw Forms in the mist descending, and I heard Voices like harmony of celestial spheres:

"Brothers, arise from torture to the light! No longer shall the new war with the old; No more the earth be stained With the red glory of the martyrs' blood; No more the hero dragged before the throne Of Pilate by the mob, The light increased; the hilltops rose flushed; Into the deepest valleys stole its rays, And chaos chanted 'Liberty!'

Liberty! thou art the nation's hope! For thee they rush into the jaws of war, Upon thine altar immolate their braves, And let grim Want and Pestilence devour Them piece by piece, unmoved as Spartan youth. Thy praise is anthems on Creation's harp; The warblers chant; 'tis whispered by the wind; The sea e'er speaks it to the sounding shore; It beams in light, and twinkles from the stars.

As man's crushed heart beats out the march of life With low and muffled beats, he hears thy voice. His frenzied brain his nerveless arm inspires To crush the tyrant's throne. Thy name, The magic word, the essence to harmony.

'Tou bid'st the nations "rise!" Men leave the plow in furrow half complete, The shop, the factory, the harvest field, Thy voice transmuting the tiller of the soil Into a fearless warrior, (the plow Into a sword, engines into cannon, Steam into powder, iron into ball.) And sends him like a blazing meteor, Rushing death or victory. The thrones, Reared on thy prostrate form, are overthrown; The robber-rulers welter in their gore, The clash of swords and cannon's boom, Thy name is shouted to the smoky skies.

And then I knew forevermore was blent The world of spirits with the world of men; Forevermore was past the trine reign; No more depraved, man became a god. His reason was God's reason, and his love Was God's eternal, all-embracing love. Simple his creed: The Fatherhood of God, The Motherhood of Nature, the Brotherhood of men.

Then in the golden glory of the light, A spirit-tand beautiful things spoke, Exquisitely of spirit-life and destiny:

Creation is my own. Each atom world, Suns, planets and the clustering fleets of stars, Out of abyssal chaos fiercely hurled, Belong to me. And as through the bars Of night I gaze into the ether deep— As though I trembled on a dizzy steep— I feel a longing for my former home; For I have dwelt on every star of space, Through every fathom of abyss have flown, And tarried once in each new found place: Venus and Earth, and dully flaming Mars, And those remoter planets from the sun, The myriad galaxies of blazing stars, And comets which their swifter courses run.

Before the earth I sang in measured strains, I was, I am, existing evermore, I felt the world-births in my swelling veins, I felt the whirling suns within my brain— Not theirs, but mine, the 'vantage and the gain. Ere then I was of force, but now of sense, Breathed in a convulsed and upheaving world, So have I willed to win the recompense, And find myself in life and mind unfurled.

Why restless gaze I at the stars in tears? Why trembling sigh, like bird confined by bars? I but express my love for my compeers— The atoms of myself the pulsing stars. I own creation. Thus I claim my own, Not manacled by flesh, nor tortured here By every adverse breath a whither blown, A prey to home-sickness and childish fear, I gaze afar and only heave a moan.

On each world atom I have run a course To life and spirit from a primal force.

The scale, the tooth, the white and flinty bone, Which tell of monsters of the ages flown; Teeth which would tear, scales for a safe defence.

Strong fins for flight, and stronger to pursue, Or finless forms, with wings for recompense; Huge bones, like broken columns, thickly strewn With debris of the world the wondrous page Annealed in rock. All these were mine; Not only mine, but in that early age I was the fish, the Saurian of the slime; I was the winged reptile of the sea, I was the flower which bloomed in early prime, I was the grass that waved upon the lea.

Arising from these forms, to which I feel As heavenly spirit, who, with joyful gaze Its body leaveth where its veins congeal, I love to gather from the rocky maze The Saurian tooth, the thick enameled scales; The huge Titan bone, the rocky mail; For once they served me, once they were my friends.

I scorn them not, nor think my being bends, For hence I am, what I incarnate am, Else I had been a farce, and but a sham The system I call Nature. I arose Through all this pulsing dust, and am of all. The harmony of Nature, her repose, Her strife, her agony, her life, her pain, Each finds an atom in me of its own. The light of suns, the sea by tempest blown; The genial Spring, the seasons that appal; The whirlwind's war, the zephyr's gentle moan, On chords responsive in my being fall.

I understand, because a part of all; The laws of Nature are writ in my soul; The birth of suns, of worlds—Life's rise and fall, Exist in thought before in form they roll. I am the real, and all else are dreams— Substance is fleeting, and not what it seems. I am eternal. Shadow is the rest, I only I can claim to be the real, I am the type of Nature, her Ideal.

When Alps dissolve, and world shall fade away, When suns go out, and stars no longer blaze, I scarcely shall have reached my primal day.

Thus we are cheered to nobler tasks and aims, To work, although our labor seemeth naught. The spirit-sphere is with us in its might— The essence of the world its deepest thought. And may we part refreshed to battle on; In the wild war coming to our time, With fervent trusting that that higher power, Truth's banners will unfold in waves sublime,

All things are wrong to what they might be made, We see them righted by angelic way; Then with a test the wrong in hand, And for its knell alone a rattling clay.

All have their day, And fade away, Like evanescent rainbow's lurid play. The right, triumphant over dying might, The victory already loudly crying, And through the fog we see the dawning light, See golden glories gild our spirit-sky, 'Tis coming soon, 'Tis coming soon, We'll live to love each other, not alone.

Henry T. Child, M. D., of Philadelphia, read the following Essay on

THE RELIGION OF THE SPIRITUAL MOVEMENT.

The religion of the spiritual movement is the culmination thought of the age. It surveys all the fields of the past, and gathers up the sheaves of Truth, that have been gathered by all classes of minds, and deposited along the beaten track in which humanity has walked for ages. It goes back beyond all written history, and even the most ancient traditions, and finds in the deep interior of each human soul that which had awakened it to a dim consciousness of its own existence, and of something superior to itself, which it first learned to call God, and afterwards more emphatically God. The term Religion (from re, again, and ligo to bind) was the natural expression of the soul, feeling that in everything in which it approximates the Divine, it binds itself again to its original Source. Looking back upon its rude progenitors of the race, we see them going outside of themselves to the crude, coarse forms of nature around them, to find those things by which they might gratify their senses, and offering allegiance or worship. They embodied their ideas of a Supreme Being, or Power, in rocks and stones, serpents and hideous monsters, storms and earthquakes, and stars and suns; and while we may revolt at some of these repulsive objects, and the materiality of all of them, we cannot fail to see that the impulse which led mankind to select these as types and objects of worship, was similar to that which in all ages has led them every where to reverence something which they supposed to be more powerful than or superior to themselves. And always in the character of the objects selected we have a key to the standard of humanity, a measure of its growth; every where the conditions of mankind are indicated by the gods they worship. The old declaration that "An honest man is the noblest work of God," is not more true than its quaint paraphrase, "An honest God is the noblest work of man." For every individual forms an idea and an ideal of God in his own mind. The religion of the past gave evidence of the fact that mankind have ever embodied either real or supposed power in the objects to which they have rendered adoration. Divested of the crudeness which resulted from their conditions, we cannot say that the idea very far from that which to-day prompts mankind to offer reverence to the SUPREME, the All-Father and Mother of the Universe, our ideal God. It would be necessary to trace out the multitudinous forms of expression which these grand, universal and culminating ideas of human nature have given to the world at various times, and under different circumstances and conditions. We claim that in its ultimate analysis it will always be found to be based most profoundly in the spiritual nature of man, and will ever be an index and expression of that nature; and hence all these forms parts of the religion of the spiritual movement, and that movement itself, is the blossoming of those spiritual ideas which have gradually grown up during all past ages, and in the fullness of time, and under the unfolding influences which are operating on humanity, are coming to bless the world with a religion far more comprehensive and beautiful than anything which has ever dawned upon it, a religion which goes over all the past, and gathers the rich gems of truth which the sun has sown, and the stars have scattered, and the shores of humanity, the truths which lie at the foundations of this religion, are cemented together by the knowledge which has been brought to us by the dwellers in the inner life, first through the raps, and other physical phenomena, and then by the development of the faculties of clairvoyance and clairaudience, and that inspiration which in all ages, though little understood, has marked the highest character of humanity, and which this religion teaches is advancing as the race progresses and becomes more fully unfolded.

Spiritualism teaches that all truth is divine, and that no truth ever has been or ever can be lost, and all that remains of the past belongs to us. When we look at it and see the sombre clouds of ignorance and superstition which have covered with so much gloom all the religious systems, we may see beneath all these there has been a continuous line of living truth, buried very often under lifeless and unmeaning forms; and while we will not discard them, as many have done, under the opprobrious titles of Paganism, Heathenism, Idolatry, &c., neither will we select any of their dead forms, and endeavor to build out of them a system of theology based upon the crumbling ruins of the past. But mounting on the pedestal of human development, Spiritualism, seeking occasional flashes of light in these dark clouds, Franklin-like, has sent its kites into them, and the sparks have come to us over the wires of spirituality, we feel and know that it is the same living fire that has burned upon the pure atoms of every human soul in all times, however varied may have been its expressions. The lessons of the past are full of deep and profound significance and warning. The human soul is ever yearning after truth, and when any great truth has been presented to mankind they have been to some extent satisfied, and disposed to sit down and compass the newly discovered mountain, often declaring that there are none beyond this.

The ancient fable of Atlas bearing the world upon his shoulders is not entirely devoid of truth. All human beings are Atlases bearing the world on their shoulders when they move forward, and holding it back when they stand still or retrograde. The Hebrew and Egyptian, the Israelite and the Christian, each tell us in the most emphatic manner that they have the whole inspiration of God's truth embodied in their special sacred writings, and the followers of each system are educated to accept their own and reject all others. Still, among all classes and conditions of mankind there exists dissatisfaction, a feeling that there must be other truths beyond these which in their loftiest moments of inspiration have been received. This feeling is perhaps one of the most important that influences the human mind. Mr. Ferguson has well said, "This is a universal and unmistakable evidence that man is greater than the greatest special truth that he has ever grasped after in the loftiest flights of his most towering aspiration." And we may add, man is above and beyond all the institutions—social, political or religious—that have ever existed. The religion of the spiritual movement teaches that while we may temporarily compass any mountain of truth, and dwell happily within its sacred precincts, we may ever hear angel voices echoing from the far-off land, "Thou shalt compass this mountain no longer. Arise and go forward; for behold, other mountains, with more sublime heights, are ever before thee." And as we

obey the command, we carry with us the rich treasures of the past, and we gather up the fragments of truths that may be found in the vast storehouse of Nature.

Our religion goes with science in its most profound analysis, and in its deepest researches, where it has cast out its lines and found no soundings. This goes beyond, and declares that all force has its origin in the deep spiritual fontaines of the universe. Not content with the rich discoveries of the teeming present and the fruitful past, Columbus-like, Spiritualism sends forth its expeditions to discover not only a new passage to the Indies of the after-life, but a hitherto unknown continent—a new world—and these have returned freighted with the rich jewels and magnificent treasures found upon the beautiful shores of that "far-off near land" of immortal life. But it may be asked, What has this to do with "the religion of the spiritual movement"? We reply, that if there be an Infinite Fountain of Truth, and the mission of religion to bind us again to it, then every portion of truth that we may find and be able to treasure up in the cabinets of our own experience, is a part of the great religion which is to save us from all that is to be feared, IGNORANCE and ERROR. The religion of the spiritual movement being designed to reach the entire man, the moral, the intellectual and the physical, and all things in the universe which bear upon any of these, belong to it. Wisdom and knowledge, purity and virtue are the pillars of the grand temple of spiritual religion, while spirituality is the door of entrance to its inner court. There has been an effort to divorce religion from science and philosophy, to separate by a wide gulf the spiritual and the material; but now we know that these are linked together, and those who have garnered the most wisdom and knowledge have the surest basis for the only true and saving religion. Since the intrusion of modern Spiritualism there have been various modifications of most of the theological systems. The ideas of an angry God, of original sin, eternal punishment, a literal and material hell of fire and brimstone, are fast passing away and giving place to more refined views and happier feelings, and it is the beautiful dawn of spiritual light upon the world of humanity that has revealed these glorious truths to thousands, many of whom do not realize the source from whence they come.

Yet too many are still having their night-mare dreams upon the unyielding bed of religious creeds, and have drawn the thick curtains of sectarianism so closely over the windows of their rooms that only a few feeble rays of light can enter their apartments, and they are consequently unable to see.

The beautiful morning star, A glorious herald came from afar. These cannot know whether the light cometh; they must wait until they have awakened from the sleep of old theology, and its dull impress has passed away. But what is the religion of the spiritual movement? Man has been defined to be a religious being. The object of religion is to elevate him on every plane of his being, literally to bind him again to the God within him and to his fellow-man; for in every argument of his being the truth of his old declaration is apparent—"It is not good for man to dwell alone." And just in proportion as we understand and appreciate each other in all the various conditions and expressions of our being, do we realize that true religion that helps and elevates us. The questions, what and where is God? have often agitated the human mind, and while that which is finite in man is more active than that which is infinite, we can feel that the answer to these questions is, "We hold that the central soul of man is infinite, God-like; that its manifestations in this life are through the intellectual and physical, which are finite.

The religion of the spiritual movement opens a broader field for the reception of the evidences of the existence and attributes of Deity than any other system, because it leaves the mind unfettered and free to take in evidences from every source. The volume of Nature, God's great book of inspiration, is open before us, with its multitudinous forms of expression; and as we study it without prejudice or fear, we shall learn much of the character and attributes of Deity. But we are not confined to this, the greatest of all books, and while we drink from its exhaustless fountains, we are not deprived of any of the various inspirations which have come through seers and prophets, and holy men and women in all ages of the world; though we do not accept any book, whether called sacred or otherwise, as specially divine in its origin and infallible in its teachings, we find in many of these grand revelations of truth which belong to humanity, and hence to the religion of the spiritual movement.

But this religion does not rely entirely upon any or all these revelations, and however important a knowledge of the Divine Being may be, it must be fragmentary and imperfect in the present state of humanity. It is in our relations to man, both here and in the future, that the great superiority of this religion manifests itself; for while other forms of religion teach their followers to walk by faith in all things relating to the future life, we plant ourselves upon the rock of knowledge, based upon clearly demonstrated facts. Let us refer to a few of these, and then recapitulate them briefly.

First, the position that was annunciated by the writer of the book of Job, "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." Long afterwards a similar idea was presented by the great seer and medium, Emanuel Swedenborg, that "Man is a spirit now while he dwells in these outward temples, though he is ignorant of this fact." This truth, accepted by the few followers of this grand and good man, has been received and fully believed by millions of Spiritualists through the influence of the spiritual movement. Like all great discoveries of truth, it required this general dissemination to render it of practical value to humanity.

Second, that as a spiritual being, man holds intimate relations with all spirits everywhere, and the two worlds—sometimes, though improperly, called the natural and the spiritual worlds, (for they are both natural)—are closely allied to each other. This grand truth was never so well appreciated as it has been through the influence of the spiritual movement. The religions of the past have many of them culminated in sects, that have deemed it a part of their duty to persecute those who differed from them, and have failed to establish the universal brotherhood of man on earth. The religion of the spiritual movement not only declares this as a fundamental principle, but it has been demonstrated by the lives of human beings who are now living in the form of spirits on this globe, but reaching forth into the vast spheres of the inner life, enunciates the grand and sublime truth, that all the children of our Father and Mother God who have lived upon this world and upon ALL other worlds in all time, are, by virtue of their common parentage and their consequent immortality, members of one great universal brotherhood, having common interests and a common destiny. Such an idea lifts the human soul into a sphere which it had never known before, and in accepting it it breathes the celestial air of freedom which no other religion can give. The religion of the spiritual movement having rendered practical the idea that man is a spirit now, and a member of the great universal brother-

hood of the family of God, naturally awakens a profound interest in the conditions of this brotherhood everywhere. From the awakening of this desire through the development of the spiritual movement, many persons have come into such close and intimate relations with the interior life, that they are enabled to reveal to this world many of its conditions. A prominent part of the religion of the spiritual movement is to trace out these conditions, and thus to learn all that we can of the great future that lies before us—the "mansions in the Father's house" of which Jesus spoke. The limits of this essay will not permit us to go far in this direction. The great law of progress so generally manifested in the external universe is still more apparent in man's spiritual nature; and however far any human being may stray from the true orbit of his life, there is a limit beyond which he cannot go, and that limit is always within the line of progression, so that no aberration can ever take man out of the sphere of this saving influence. We hold, in contradistinction to most of the former theological systems, that no soul can be lost; that the wheel of progress is turning, ever turning, and will sooner or later bring all up from their present conditions, however low they may be. Finding the inner life peopled with spirits in all the different conditions which are possible to the external world, it is highly gratifying to know that amid all these various states there is not and cannot be one of "fixedness," either of evil and remorse, which is irremediable, or of an imaginary heaven equally unchangeable, which would be little if any better, but that in all conditions, motion, change and progression are the universal law, and that the freedom which is necessarily narrowed down to so small a circle for the newborn child of earth, is designed to be constantly widening in this life, and in ALL the after conditions, just in proportion as man's faculties and powers are unfolded in a proper and legitimate manner.

Another distinguishing trait of the religion of the spiritual movement is the embodiment of a thought which has been dimly seen by some of the more advanced and liberal minds of the past—that religion, in its broadest and most comprehensive sense, is not confined to man's moral or spiritual nature alone, nor to the intellectual in conjunction with this, but that it reaches and overshadow the entire man, physical, mental and moral. It has long been known that the intimate relations which subsist between these render their influence mutually powerful, and that the violations of the physical laws have cramped the intellect and perverted the moral nature of man. This religion, having in view the harmonious development of mankind, demands, for its complete unfolding, the proper exercise of all the faculties of the human nature. To recapitulate: the religion of the spiritual movement being based upon facts and knowledge, is AFFIRMATIVE in all its positions, and teaches:

First, That man, as a divine idea, is always a spiritual being, however gross an external form he may have.

Second, That all parts of his nature are divine in essence and in ultimate result.

Third, That he is related to all other spirits in the universe.

Fourth, That each one is responsible for his or her actions, in accordance with his or her capacities.

Fifth, That the change at death reaches only the external form, and leaves the spirit unchanged in all things save the bonds of materiality.

Sixth, This religion teaches that there are no sacred holy days or consecrated places, but that God's temple is the universe, "its choir the winds and waves" and all the multitudinous voices of Nature, its highest altar the human soul, and the increase of the true worship to which all are called ever rises from noble deeds as the result of pure lives.

Seventh, That the acquirement of knowledge and the development of the faculties in any condition of life will be a blessing in all succeeding conditions.

Eighth, That each advanced condition retains a consciousness of all the former conditions.

Ninth, That there are conditions in this life which enable man to realize, with more or less clearness, the inner or spiritual life; and, as a result of this power and these conditions, we have modern Spiritualism, with all its facts and phenomena.

Tenth, That the spirit-world is not only around all worlds on which there are human beings, and of whom are spirits, but extends throughout all the infinity that we, as spirits, can conceive of. That which is termed "the Summer Land" is an immense belt or ring, in which spirits pass into the various degrees and conditions of the inner life. Death, by disrobing mortals of their external forms, introduces men into the more conscious conditions of spirit-life, but their progress in that life afterwards depends upon interior growth and development.

Eleventh, That as in the Divine economy no atom of matter can be lost, so no human soul can be blotted out of existence.

Twelfth, That the human spirit is, and ever must be, in all its conditions, subject to the laws of progression, and hence there can be neither a fixed and unchangeable heaven nor hell, as many systems of theology have taught.

Thirteenth, That the most important relations between man and man are spiritual.

Fourteenth, That we accept, as in accordance with the clearest deductions of reason and the highest perception of the spiritual nature, that there is one Central Source of Power, which may be termed God, or the most emphatic and concentrated form of good.

Fifteenth, That there is no authority except Truth, and no interpretation of this that is binding upon us, save that which results from the convictions of our reason and our highest intuitions; hence in all our declarations and statements the individual authors alone are responsible, and each person is bound to accept only that which carries conviction with it, and leave all else, from whatever source it may come, for future investigation.

Sixteenth, Hence this religion, which numbers millions of believers, presents the singular fact, never before known in reference to any religious body, great or small, of having no leader or founder; it is "of the people and for the people"; it comes from all classes of spirits, and reaches all conditions of humanity, and each individual is responsible alike for his belief and his notions.

Seventeenth, That the keystone in the arch of this religion of the spiritual movement is the important fact, which has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of millions, that under proper conditions spirits can identify themselves to mortals. And that in the inner-life there is a blessed reunion of all those who are bound together by the ties of love and sympathy; and that all the loved ones whom we have mourned, will prove beyond a doubt that they are not lost, but gone before to a brighter and better condition, where we shall join them, and move on in the great work of life, the broken threads of which seem to be lost, as the curtains of earth are drawn over our mortal lives.

An original song was improvised and sung by Mrs. Martin, a medium.

Education should consist much more than it does in learning to do, to act, to perform.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 59, Station D, New York City.

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

(Original.)

NELA HASTINGS.

CHAP. VI.—DESTINY.

"I'm sure it happened very funny," said Nela, as she soused her hands up and down in the warm water, from which her arms emerged looking as white as the sea-foam, while on her face glowed a smile, half of satisfaction and half of triumph. "You see, grandma," she continued in a whisper, "Mrs. Jones had made up her mind Lucy must go home, but I had made up mine she mustn't. She said she couldn't get her work all done; so I just set to and did it myself. I did fly round, I tell you. Wasn't it fun? I made them all laugh."

"It was truly a very excellent plan for you to stay, that we might keep Lucy a little longer, for her cheeks begin to look as rosy as yours; but what was it so very funny that happened?"

"Why, that I should have put on my old dress when I went over there, just as if I was going to work; if I had n't, why, I should n't have thought it was best to stay, and then who knows what would have happened?"

"Sure enough, my little wise one. Who knows? None of us. Do not forget this, Nela. Nothing happens; but every event is a little thread twisted into the golden cord that binds us to the All-Perfect and All-Good. It may be a very little, a very trifling thread; but it is a part of it. Now we have all done with our forenoon's work, and with Mrs. Jones's, too, and you must be ready for your little excursion; though I don't exactly like to have you go alone."

"And we don't exactly like to; but I'll take ever so good care of the girls."

"And who'll take care of you?"

"I'll put out my little thread as you told me, then nothing can happen, you know."

The three girls had planned for an afternoon's walk into the woods across the brook to gather Azalia blossoms. It was a day as fair as glows in heaven. Not a cloud but of silver whiteness shut out the smallest portion of the deep blue sky. So clear was the air, that the distant mountains showed all the roughness of their surface, and the forests at their base revealed their different tints of green and the varieties of their foliage as if one stood near them.

There is in such days a peace, a pervading repose, a serene beauty that enters the spirit, and gives it a quiet gladness.

The three girls found an abundance of pink Azalias, and gathered arms full. Nela fairly embowered herself in the fragrant blossoms. They were eager to return home and decorate the house with beauty.

"Won't grandma be pleased?" said Nela; "if we could only coax her away and not let her know, and then trim up the whole house. Or if we could get her to sleep and build a bower over her. Let's try."

And so they hastened their steps. Nela proposed that they should go home a shorter way, and cross the brook further up. "It's such fun to cross on the log, and to look down and see the clear water."

But Lucy could not see the fun, and when they arrived at the place of crossing, her lips fairly trembled with anxiety.

"Oh," said Nela, "I'll help you, and Rosa is n't afraid, and then grandma says we ought to know how to climb, and to walk on high places."

Just at this spot the stream made a sudden turn through a sort of ravine, and the banks on either side were quite high. An old chestnut tree had fallen directly across the banks, and had lain until it had become overgrown with moss. It formed a beautiful rustic bridge, and was perfectly safe to a courageous foot like Nela's. She crossed it in a moment, and called to Lucy to venture next.

"I can't, indeed I can't," said Lucy. "Rosa, you go, and I'll go carefully down here and cross on the stones."

"What a cooey," said Nela; "isn't she, Rosa? Why it's nothing. I'll come back and take hold of your hand. There, now, put one foot down so, then the other."

Lucy could not bear reproach, but her cheeks grew as white as the fleecy clouds, while her hands trembled with fear. Nela had neglected to put down her bunch of Azalias, and consequently her hands were burdened. She stepped forward with firmness, but Lucy trembled more and more, and at last her feet refused to go.

"Oh, Nela, I would if I could," she said.

"Of course you can," said Nela; "haven't I been across a hundred times?"

Lucy took a step more, but her foot slipped, her head was dizzy, and she slid from the log. Her dress caught in the branches that still clung to the old log, and she hung in a most dangerous position. If Nela's arms had been free she would have saved her; but her great anxiety to keep fast hold of her clusters of beauty, made her almost powerless. Rosa stood in bewilderment. Nela threw down her blossoms, and they floated down the stream. She tugged at Lucy's dress, and tried her best to get hold of her arm, but she could not reach it. She saw Lucy growing paler and paler, and she did not speak or try to save herself.

Nela had not screamed at first, but felt fully equal to the emergency. But now she gave a loud call. It was a cry of terror, and pierced the air. It brought help in an instant. A lad of twelve years old came with nimble feet, and with a courage and daring in his men that inspired Nela in a moment. He saw at a glance the danger. He gave Nela directions what to do. She was to lie down on the log, and reach down her hand to try and cut the garments that were caught, while he went below and stood in the stream and lifted up her head, and then she would slip upon her feet.

In a moment all was done, and the dash of cold water upon Lucy roused her from her fainting condition. They led her to the bank, and Rosa held her arms about her, while Nela took off her own apron and tried to dry her garments a little.

The boy looked on with a smile of satisfaction, and yet with a timidity and awkwardness quite unlike his first appearance on the scene. He was large for his years, and a noble looking fellow. His eyes were blue, but so large and deep that they seemed of dark color. His light brown hair clustered about his forehead, and his mouth betrayed gentleness and firmness.

"I think I will go now," he said timidly.

"We are so glad you came," said Nela. "And I wish I could tell grandma your name."

"My name is Simonton Graves, but they all

call me Tony, and I am staying with my uncle, Mr. Graves, and I was out hunting the sheep, but I stopped to play a minute by the brook, or else I should have been way off. Good-by. I must run now to make up for lost time."

Nela hurried Lucy, and they went as rapidly as possible over stone walls and fences, through the fields and meadows. It took them but a minute to tell their story to Aunt Prue, who had no reproaches for them, but many words of sympathy. Now that the anxiety was over, Nela's courage gave way.

"Oh, grandma," she said, "I was so unkind to make her go, and I called her a cooey, and I felt real vexed with her, and it was all my fault."

"Well, I suppose I was a cooey; so don't cry," said Lucy. "I can't tell what made me afraid, but my head went round and round like your wheel, auntie. I could n't tell where to step."

"No, no, dearie, I know you could n't."

"How lucky that Tony heard us," said Rosa. "If he had n't been there perhaps we should all have died."

"I guess I should n't," said Nela. "I'm ashamed I did n't help Lucy all myself."

"Well, my little pets, you have now a proof of the truth that nothing happens but is a beautiful link in the chain of our lives. That boy playing a moment by the brook seemed to be going his own way, but some good power was surely leading him. You know that a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without some good and wise purpose, and every step of our lives has its attending angel."

Aunt Prue had not been idly talking, but had got Lucy warm clothes and a cup of hot water with a little peppermint in it, and was now rocking her as gently as if she was a baby. Nela set herself about the preparations for tea as if nothing had happened, but a little look of sadness was on her face. She felt she had been in the wrong, and she could not shake off the sorrow of it.

But Aunt Prue was preaching to herself another sermon on destiny: "Nothing ever happens. How lucky all this is. It was only this morning that I was wishing we had a boy in our party. If boys need their mothers and sisters, girls need their brothers and mothers. I was trying to contrive some way to round out our little party by the introduction of some brave, noble spirit into it, and here it all is arranged for me." She continued aloud:

"Nela, I would indeed like to thank the quick-witted boy that helped you so readily. Put on your things and run over to Mr. Graves' and ask him to tea; and, Rosa, you set the table with the best china, and take down the can of jelly. Lucy will wake by-and-by, and will remember her terror only as a dream, and we will have a merry time. Be spry, Nela, and bring Simon with you."

A merry time they had at the tea-table. Nela tried to atone to Lucy by every possible act of kindness, and Rosa's face was beaming with gladness at the happy end of their troubles.

"My little ones," said Aunt Prue, "I want you should always remember that every little thing you do may be of some importance to yourself or others, so do not do anything ill. A little moment may be a golden time. To make you remember this better I'll tell you a little bit of a true story, and after that I order for you all a good game of 'I spy.' It will do Lucy more good than a dose of composition, and will make you all sleep with sweet dreams."

"Tell! tell!" said Nela.

"When I was a good many summers younger than I am now, quite a young woman, I had a great fancy for roaming in the woods, and picking every wild flower that I could find. Sometimes I put them in books and pressed them, and sometimes I put them in little bunches or wreaths and let them dry. Well, one day I went out and I did not pick a single flower, but kept roaming about until all at once I came to the sweetest little vine you ever saw, with dear little pink flowers on it that looked like the work of fairies. I afterwards learned that it was called Linnea borealis. I gathered a handful and let the delicate clusters hang over my hand, trailing their beauty on the ground."

So glad was I in this sweet, fresh life of the flower, that I called in to our good friend's Mrs. Seaver, who always shared every good thing with me, and to whom it was a delight to carry any pleasure of mine. I filled a white china vase for her, and hung it up in her window and let the delicate vines hang down. I thought of the dear angels that let their sweet gifts fall to beautify our lives, and those flowers seemed to me to have a peculiar beauty. I loved them as I never loved flowers before."

Well, the next morning a stranger called at Mrs. Seaver's, inquiring for some person formerly a resident there. His eye caught the flowers, and rested on them with delight. He would go miles to find some, he said; could he be directed to them? No one could tell where they grew but myself, and so the young stranger made an inquiry at our door that bright morning, and I answered it with my checked apron on, and my face glowing with the exercise I had been taking with my broom and duster. Some months afterwards, another inquiry was made of me from the same person; but the latter was not at the doorway, but under the crimson leaves of a maple just at sunset, as we were standing looking at the western glory."

"What could he have wanted then?" said Nela; "not flowers? Perhaps he wanted the gold that lies where the sun goes down."

"He wanted me to be his wife. And that was your grandfather, Nela; and it was beautiful that flowers brought us together, for our life together was blooming with beauty."

"Oh, grandma, how queer it was. Do tell us more about it."

"I should spoil the game of 'I spy,' if I should tell you of the budding and blooming of our love; but I wanted you to see how little a thing changed all my life, and brought me into a path just suited to me, and in which I have walked with perfect content. It was only a flower, and yet it opened the golden gate to a useful, happy life."

"You tell as beautiful stories as my grandpa," said Tony, "only he tells them about the sea and ships and great storms. I wish he was here. I'll ask him to come over some day."

"So do," said Aunt Prue. "Now, run to your play; and, Tony, I leave the girls in your care. Don't let them be too wild with their fun and frolic."

[To be continued.]

A SUGGESTION TO SCHOOL COMMITTEES.—Dr. Hermann Kohn has just published at Breslau a curious work, giving the result of the examination of the eyes of 10,860 school children. He found 1730 of them—17.1 per cent.—short-sighted. None were short-sighted who had not been at school more than half a year. There were four times as many short-sighted children in the town as in the country, and the evil obviously increased in proportion to the amount of study exacted from the children. Dr. Kohn attributes the evil in a great measure to the bad construction of school benches, which force the children to read with their heads close before their eyes, and with their heads held down.

Original Essays.

POWER AND PURPOSE OF CHARITY.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

The courses of the civilized world, though professedly directed to, have practically and substantially drifted from the precepts and practices of Christ. So the practical power and the uses of Christianity are not known to men.

The message of Christianity is the gospel of charity, brought to the people, to the nations, to the world, for government, guidance, security and happiness in all the affairs of life.

But there is tumult, turmoil, conflict and war in the world.

These come from the non-acceptance of Christianity, from its outward profession and inward rejection.

Christianity does not take a stand against the sinfulness of the world, as the churches have taught. If it did, sin would increase by its coming, as the sincere labors of the churches have proven.

It does not take one side on the battle-field of right and wrong, but both. If it took only one side it would be fractional, not integral, its power would be constrained to a party, not extended to the rule of a world.

Christianity is founded in an element old in precepts, but unknown in practices. It is unselfishness, liberality, passiveness, thoughtfulness, feeling, sympathy, compassion, kindness, generosity, not to self, but to the world. In one word it is charity, and in another word it is unselfish love. It forgives all the sins of all men; it counsels no penalties, no punishments, and turns away from the resistance of that which man calls evil, and sees evil as a necessity to him who produces it. It is a development above the desire of sinful acts. It is an opening of the sight to see the unseen truths that lie around us.

No man can be a Christian until he sees himself as others see him; until he is able to see another as another sees himself; until he can justify another's deeds as all men justify their own.

No man is a Christian who sees the faults of others to tell them, disapprove them, condemn and combat them.

No man can be a Christian while he goes against sin, war and the devil. He who goes against sin is a sinner. He who goes against war is a warrior. He who goes against the devil will find the fiction in himself.

War will exist on its plane forever. But a Christian has passed it, and stands superior to its uses, and sees its necessity in its conditions.

A Christian will forgive all the offences that all men have committed, because he sees that in the condition of offences the penalty of every offence is needed for the good of the offender, to bring him to the development of charity by suffering. In the onward and upward progress of the soul every man must come to charity, "charity that believeth all things and thinketh no evil." In other words, every man, in his progression by the forces of the natural world, must come to the precepts and practices of Christ.

The power of charity and its uses for the moral government of man, is a mystery, is an unsolved problem, to say the least, is a question to the rulers of the people, the governors of the earth, who deal in war and punishment and think them a necessity.

Ask the people if charity, which is Christianity, has all power in the moral world, and men will leer in their arrogance, look wise in their ignorance, and say, "Thou fool! knowest thou not that charity has no power to rule the wickedness of men?"

Until the coming of Spiritualism, so little has been preached and written of the power and uses of charity, that but little in all the books of the world can be quoted. Three men are nearly all who can be quoted, and they are most powerful in history, viz: Christ, Shakespeare and Paul. It was their charity that made their power, and that makes them live in our memory and in our hearts.

Men desire to be great, good, useful and powerful. They seek, but they do not find what they seek, for they do not go in the direction of charity. Millions would lend their efforts to change the morals of men from bad to good, and still are ignorant that the only power which can govern the morals of men is the power of charity. But the people will be slow to believe it.

There was a time when the people did not know that steam had in it great power of usefulness. But the world goes forward, and now they know it, and their work proclaims it. With the power of steam man can blow up all the arsenals of war and all the meeting-houses that give them succor and support. While with the power of charity man can do a greater work; he can dissolve and banish from the heart every cause, intent and purpose of war.

As God possesses all power in the spiritual universe of hidden mysteries, so charity possesses all power in the yet hidden mystery of the moral government of man.

As the attraction of gravitation rules the material world, so the attraction of love must rule the moral world.

The sceptre of all power is held, obscurely yet, in the hand of charity. The garments of all loveliness charity wears. All knowledge is her fountain of wisdom. It is all power, all wisdom, all love. "It never faileth."

"Charity beareth all things; endureth all things; believeth all things; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in truth."

"It is the mightiest in the mightiest."

All that the Church has done with its commandments, all that the State has done and can do with its laws for the safety and well-being of the people, when set down by the side of charity's power will count nothing.

But as the time has come in the practice of men when the power of steam has superseded the power of human hands, so the time will come in the practice of morals when the power of charity will supersede the necessity of human enactments, and all the wars they produce.

It is true that trine god of human government, viz: the statesman, the churchman, the warrior, have power, but their power is no wider than the limits of their liberality. Their power is weakness, for they are all bigots.

Liberality widens as men grow in charity. Bigotry is narrow; it goes not beyond selfishness. It is bondage, it is weakness; not power, not liberty.

The moral power of man is measured by his charity.

The bigot sees only his own rectitude. Charity sees the rectitude of all.

The outer man is moved by force, while the

inner man is held to and moved by attraction, which is love.

The inner man is the real man. It is the beating heart that shapes human destiny, not the reasoning head.

Purposes may be thwarted, but feelings are never changed by opposition.

Through long centuries of sorrow and darkness, charity has been faithful to her mission, gently rapping for entrance at the door of every heart; asking modestly for admission to every throne and rule of power; pressing her utterance upon every religion; breathing her holy pathos into every fervent prayer; and in all human deeds, in all the rule of men she has been rejected. She has been an outcast to all the operations of mankind. The rostrum, the desk, the pulpit, the press have rejected her. All human commandments have rejected her. The nation, and even the social hearth have rejected her. So that the experiences of the world can bear no testimony to her rule of power, to her melody of life, to her spotless purity, to her unutterable loveliness.

And thus the sensuous world sees no power in charity, no melody, no loveliness.

But her pleadings are not in vain.

The silent whispers of holy angels have for ages plead with human hearts for charity, so that even all, at times, have wished that all sins of all men might be forgiven.

The whispers of angels are never lost to the memory of the soul.

"God so loved the world that he sent his only son" to open the doors of earth for charity to come in, to establish her rule and reign of power among men. His voice has sweetly sounded through the long period of many bloody centuries, and still sounds fresh and sweet in our ears, saying to men, open the door and the king of glory shall come in.

Awful changes must be, and charity shall come in. But no longer shall charity plead with humanity, an outcast and a wanderer.

No longer do angels unseen whisper to human hearts in silence, pleading for charity.

Not again will God send his son on an errand of mercy to be crucified.

But by God's command the spiritual world comes forth to outer sight and hearing to break the bonds of bigotry and cruelty, and to institute the rule and reign of charity.

"The day begins in the drowsy hour of night, And spring from the embrace of winter comes, Bearing the beautiful summer in its arms. So doth the day of our new life begin. In these night halting-veils from the tomb."

Christ was charity's first, and Spiritualism is her second messenger, obedient to her commands, directed by her wisdom, protected by her power. And the new government that Spiritualism institutes, will stand so wide apart from all the governments that have been, that not a timber of the old will be needed in the structure of the new. It will be the government that Christ brought. The government of charity needs no prisons, Court Houses, State Houses, Gun Houses, Meeting Houses, no organization, no resolutions, no preachers, no lecturers, no congress of men or nations.

As the sun's light and heat bring forth the rich harvest for the good of man, so charity in the new order, spontaneously shining in all the acts of life, will bring forth a rich harvest of morals and religion for the good of man. Charity will be to the moral and religious world what the sun is to the vegetable world. Shut out the sun from the vegetable world, and it is in the house of death. Shut out charity from the morals and religions of men, and they are in the house of death, where Spiritualism finds them.

The magnetic currents of Spiritualism will stimulate the heart to new life and new action. The liberality of Spiritualism will unbind men and raise them from littleness to greatness, from weakness to power, from discord to concord, from childhood to manhood, from ignorance to knowledge, from death to life. When its power and uses are recognized and acknowledged, when its fruit begins to ripen for usefulness, every hand will be stretched out, every heart will yearn for the supreme blessings it brings, for the fruit of charity which the earth has not produced.

Spiritualism, unspoken, swells in the hearts of the people so fully that in the nature of things it omens to the world a sign, a promise that it will become powerful in the rule of the nations, in all human governments, for it is the heart, not the head, that moves the world. Spiritualism appeals to feelings, not philosophies. Charity's throne is in the heart, not the head; in the power of human feeling, not in the weakness of human reason.

If you have not observed you may justly ask what evidence there is that Spiritualism is the messenger of charity? Its existence is brief, its work is hardly begun, but even now there is a great deal to show us that charity is its work. All the communications counsel forgiveness, not revenge for injuries received, carefully avoiding any revelation that would lead the criminal into the hands of revengeful punishment; they pray for mercy, for the forgiveness of others' trespasses as we would have our trespasses forgiven. Spiritualism goes with and reaches for all the children of God, beggars, drunkards, wretches, rebels, culprits, felons, degraded, outcast women, especially for all who are outcast, rejected, left destitute, forsaken and condemned by man. No one child of earth, child of God, does a medium turn away from, reject, condemn, despise or revile, but with magnetic words of brotherly, Christian kindness, with heart-throbbings of sympathy, with generous looks of compassion, with a cent or two for present hunger, the true Spiritualist meets his fellow, his brother, man. And thus by the hand of Spiritualism the drops of charity begin to fall on charity's lawful objects.

Good repute and bad repute are earthly garments which charity takes no notice of. Her work is with the hearts of men, not with the garments they wear.

Spiritualism is liberalism, or rather spirituality is liberality. Who that has observed has not seen that liberality is as inseparable from charity as weight is inseparable from matter. The first evidence of charity is liberality.

Spiritualism goes into all the churches with a platform for all the denominations of the world, not by force or argument, but by its powerful magnetic influence of charity. It is not a creed, for all creeds are its possession; it believes all creeds. It is not a sect, for all sects are on its platform. It is not a party, for it is united to all people, it joins with all parties. It rejects and opposes nothing. It believeth all things, it endureth all things. It is not puffed up, it vaunteth not itself. It goes among the lowly, and it is the lowly that walk first in its holy, humble pathways.

It has dropped the panoply of war and the burdensome, useless garments of reputation. It clothes the naked. It feeds the hungry. It lessens the pains of sickness, and lights the soul through the dark valley, the shadow of death. It opens the heavens, and redeems the souls.

The above lines are quoted by permission of the author, from a manuscript not yet published.

The Duke of Argyll, who lately that he attributed Cobden's success to his never speaking a harsh word of any one.

Spiritualism has its foundation on the rocks, in the hills, and its superstructure rises into the pure ether of the highest heavens. Jesus Christ is the architect of its temple, charity is the inmate. Love, sympathy and compassion are the elements of its life. God gives it light, and wisdom gives it direction and support.

But men must abide their time, and nature make their progress. As the green apple, hard, bitter, repulsive, clings to its parent stem till in time the sun has turned it to ripeness, mellowness and sweetness, so shall man, green, hard, bitter and repulsive, cling to our present institutions all stained with human blood, till the sun of charity ripens his manhood, mellows his being, sweetens his life.

The Christian man must come to say and feel with Christ, "Thy will, oh God, not mine be done," and thank God for the institutions of the past, which have proclaimed charity, and practiced war with sin. Thank God for the institutions that are to be, which will produce charity, and in the product proclaim it. Thank God for the hard and cruel hearts that have been. Thank God for the same hearts, turned by charity's holy influences. Thank God for the green fruit, though it was small, sour and bitter. And thank God for the same fruit, large, ripe, mellow and sweet.

SPIRITUALISTS, ATTENTION!

BY I. CARTER.

It seems to me that Spiritualists generally are laboring under a great mistake in regard to the institutions known as Children's Progressive Lyceums. Particularly is this true of small towns and villages where there are but few Spiritualists, and consequently means limited and circumstances seemingly unfavorable.

There seems to be a very general idea that in order to carry on successfully a Progressive Lyceum a large hall is first necessary, then badges, banners, flags, targets, etc.; and because these cannot be obtained, it is useless to do anything. The result is this: there is scarcely a theological Sunday school in the land that has not among its members children of Spiritualists.

This is a mortifying state of things, and ought to be remedied at once. Spiritualists, are you conscious of the wrong you are doing your little ones and humanity? The time has come for you, one and all, to show your true colors. Theology has cramped, mentally and spiritually, (and tried, too, physically,) souls enough already; and will you continue longer to encourage them? Will you lend your assistance by sending your children to their schools? No! Be true to yourselves and to the interests of those entrusted to your care. Remember that "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," and be careful with what influences you surround your little ones. The idea that you cannot have a Lyceum, unless you have all that Mr. Davis suggests as being necessary, is very wrong.

It is very well to have a large hall in order to march well, banners and badges for symbols, etc., and friend Davis is entitled to much credit for his labors, and thousands will "God bless" him for it; but, friends, while these symbols make the Lyceum more attractive and beautiful, we must not forget that there is something besides marching and wearing emblems that constitutes a true Progressive Lyceum. It is well, I repeat, to have all these beautiful things, if we can, providing we do not lose sight of the soul of the institution, as I fear too many do; but, if we cannot do as we would, let us do as we can.

Spiritualists, everywhere where there is no Lyceum, begin to work in earnest. Don't say can't, but unite your efforts and begin the work of regeneration. If you cannot get more than twelve children, BEGIN; call them together in some suitable place—private house it may be—procure some Manuals, and let ALL, old, middle-aged and young, meet together Sunday after Sunday, and enjoy that flow of soul which theology cannot furnish.

This can be done everywhere. Because you do not have lectures and are not very numerous, is no reason why you should merge yourselves into some other church or Sunday school. Come out from that element, so detrimental to human progress and your individual spirit's welfare, and congregate by yourselves. You are a power, and can be felt. It is a duty required of you by the angel-world, who work for humanity's redemption only through human means. Do not longer delay. Much valuable time has been wasted; let the future be one of earnest work.

Since 1863, when Mr. Davis organized the first Lyceum in New York city, about one hundred and twenty, I think, have been organized. Let the number be doubled immediately. IT CAN BE DONE. There is work for Spiritualists to do, and this feeling of disinterestedness is far from being commendable. If Spiritualists were as zealous in their work as churchmen is in its, how glorious would be the result.

It is a beautiful thing to know that our loved ones do return, and consoling and grand is the positive knowledge of our immortality; but if we consider this the "ALPHA and OMEGA" and all there is of Spiritualism, we are much mistaken. We must work! work! work!

Plymouth, Mass., 1867.

Treasures at the Falls.

The Louisville Courier of Oct. 2d gives, with the above heading, the doings of Mr. Atkins, a clairvoyant, who is at work at the falls of the Ohio, below Louisville. The Courier says:

"Mr. Atkins claims to have made the discovery of the exact location of sunken wrecks, safes containing valuables, and other treasures lost within the last fifty years. These subliminal explorations are being conducted with the aid of diving bells, and ample apparatus for raising the wreck and heavy machinery. Many of our readers will remember the loss of two government locomotives which were being crossed over from Jeffersonville to this city on flatboats during the war, designed for the Nashville Railroad, to facilitate the transportation of troops. The boats were capsized, owing to the high winds and roughness of the water, and the locomotives went to the bottom. Mr. Atkins has discovered their longed for place, together with the location of seven steam boilers, two wrecks of steamboats just below the islands of the falls, and other valuables, which will be 'busted' in due time. But the greatest 'strike' of all, through the most wonderful agency, is the locality of a safe in the Mississippi river, which stands upright and about half sunk in the sand,

ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME?

BY MISS E. STUART PHELPS.

Each day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy chair,
And watch from the open doorway
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
Echoing boyish strife,
We two are waiting together;
And oft, as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me,
"It is night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love," I answer him gently,
"They're all home long ago."
And I sing, in my quivering treble,
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
Home in the better land.

Home, where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears!
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years!
I know!—yet my arms are empty,
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother heart within me
Is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes, in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies:
The babes whose dimpled fingers
Lied the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blessed.

With never a cloud upon them,
I see their radiant brows:
My boys that I gave to freedom—
The red sword sealed their vows!
In a tangled Southern forest,
Twin brothers, bold and brave,
They fell; and the flag they died for,
Thank God! floats over their grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on wings of light,
And again we two are together,
All alone in the night,
They tell me his mind is falling,
But I smile at idle fears;
He is only back with the children,
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner,
"Say, love! have the children come?"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,
"Yes, dear! they are all at home!"

[Atlantic Monthly for November.]

SPIRITUALISM AT THE CAPITAL.

For several weeks past the Spiritualists of Washington have been much occupied and interested in the preparation of a hall, as a permanent home for themselves and other friends of truth and progress.

Nobly and well have they worked, heart with heart and hand in hand, in this desirable work, and the result has been most handsomely achieved. Although Spiritualists here are neither numerous nor wealthy, the subscriptions and donations have altogether amounted to about twelve hundred and fifty dollars, and this by a Society which was not organized until the beginning of June in the present year. About one-half of the members, with others who have left, formerly sustained lectures, but there was no regularly organized Society. Our spiritual brethren in Philadelphia kindly transmitted to us a donation by the hands of Dr. Child, as a token of their fraternal love.

Bright and glorious dawned the morning of the long-looked-for Sunday, Oct. 6th, 1867—the morning of the dedication of our new hall and future home. Bright, cheerful and happy were the dear faces who congregated on that auspicious morning, and many were the loving and cordial greetings and congratulations which passed from each to all in the realization of a permanent religious home in the nation's Capital. And doubtless bright and joyful were the congregated bands of angels who met with us on that happy occasion, to baptize us with the spirit of union and brotherhood. It was an occasion long to be remembered by the Spiritualists of Washington.

The hall is seventy-five feet long, twenty-five feet wide, neatly but handsomely decorated in fresco by our brother Steinberg. In this work he handsomely contributed not less than one hundred and fifty dollars to our cause. The walls are decorated in columns and panels, surrounded by a frieze and cornice, and on the ceiling around the gas chandeliers are frescoed ornamental circular medallions. It is lighted by fourteen gas burners, with ground glass globes. The seats will accommodate about three hundred. The platform is twenty feet long, twelve feet wide, furnished with black walnut furniture, accommodates the speaker, the executive officers of the Society, occasional visitors and the choir. It has also been erected with a view to the requirements of a Children's Progressive Lyceum, which we are anxious to have organized at Brother and Sister Davis's earliest convenience. On the rear of the platform is a handsome and finely toned church organ harmonium, with seven stops, coupling pedal and swell, of Carhart and Needham's manufacture. On the front of the platform is the speaker's desk, a neat console pedestal, painted to represent white marble, having a purple panel in front, on which is written in gold letters, "Are they not all ministering spirits?" and surrounded by a crimson velvet cushion with gold fringe. At the back of the platform, separated by windows, are three shields in fresco, on which are written in gold, "Glory to God in the Highest," "on earth peace, good will to men." On the columns surrounding the hall are also shields, bearing words expressive of basic principles, as "Love," "Wisdom," "Truth," "Justice," "Fidelity," "Chastity," "Purity," "Charity," "Progress," "Education," "Union," &c. The platform and area in front of it are carpeted, and the aisles matted. The German ladies of our Society, true to their innate love for the beautiful, with much good taste decorated the platform and its surroundings with elegant vases of flowers, flower-baskets, bouquets and evergreens. The panels on the walls were adorned for the occasion with photograph likenesses of J. H. Newton, A. J. Davis and the President of the Society. Beautiful specimens of floral drawings under spirit control, through the mediumship of Mrs. Laurie, Mrs. Young and Mrs. Colby, attracted much attention. The spirit-likeness of Edgar C. Dayton, the controlling spirit of Bro. Thomas Gales Foster, another of his daughter, through the mediumship of the late Rogers, and an exquisite representation of the departed daughter of Dr. Mayhew, through V. P. Anderson, of New York City, also adorned the apartment. These will be withdrawn as contributions from spirit-artists who have promised, and others who may feel impressed to do so, may

arrive to take their places. Altogether, the fittings and adornments are highly appropriate, and as you enter the hall you feel like entering a home.

The services were commenced by an appropriate introductory by Bro. Dolbear, the Secretary of the Society.

An address had been anticipated from Bro. Thomas Gales Foster, also, who has labored with us throughout all our efforts, but we were disappointed, from the fact of his being absent, filling an engagement in Music Hall, Boston.

The President of the Society then addressed the assembly, and congratulated them on having met together on so interesting and important an occasion, and under such auspicious circumstances, to dedicate a hall for spiritual uses—not to God but to humanity. He said the universal temple of Nature is God's temple. "He dwelleth not in temples made with hands." Humanity needs such conveniences, therefore we dedicate this hall to the human family. Here all can meet and feel a welcome. Yes! here every child of the dear All-Father, without respect to race or clime, without regard to views entertained, moral, social, religious or political, can meet in brotherhood to partake of that Bread of Life which the angels may break to us for our spiritual culture and advancement. Here is now our home, in which we shall meet for religious exercises, for moral culture, for philosophical discussion, for social intercourse, and for every reformatory effort.

There is a religious element in man which must have its expression; but, while it has oral expression in our meetings, we would ever bear in mind that it should have constant expression, also, in our daily lives; while it is manifested in this and other halls and church edifices, there is no one place which is exclusively the right place. Allusion was here made to the teachings of Jesus to the woman of Samaria: "The hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem worship the Father." The true worshiper worships the Father in spirit and in truth.

We have no set forms. Our forms are spontaneous, as the media officiating may feel impressed. We do not ignore forms; they are needed for the perfecting of good order; but we do not worship them; they are simply for convenience and propriety. We believe in progression, past, present and eternal. Therefore we can never be shackled by any set of opinions or stereotyped creedal bonds which fetter the living aspirations of the spirit, preventing its search after truth and its harmonious growth and unfoldment.

Our religion is not based upon books, but upon the teachings of the Divine Mind, as written by his own hand on the ever unfolding pages of the great Book of Nature. That Book was written by the Divine, and to us is ever sacred. Men call the Bible, Koran, Zend Avesta, Shaster, Talmud and other books, the Words of God, and worship them. We call no book of man the Word of God, though all contain partial and imperfect records of the Words of God. We believe that Nature is God's great revelation of all truth, and that whatever does not harmonize with it is error. Therefore we bring all books of men, however sacred they may be deemed, to this standard of truth, and, in the exercise of our highest reasoning powers, we fear not to examine, and to accept or reject the statements contained therein, as we may feel them to be true or false.

The President then proceeded to read from the Banner of Light of Sept. 28th, the exposition of Spiritualism from the pen of our esteemed brother, A. E. Newton, which was received with profound attention.

Then followed the presentation of gifts. Bro. Geo. White, the Vice President, then with appropriate remarks presented the organ as the gift of Brothers Wild, Bennett, Meyenberg, and Mayhew, after which Prof. S. presided at the organ and performed a voluntary, followed by singing by the choir, under the direction of Bro. Whiting, of a beautiful piece of music to the words, "Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove," &c. The desk was then presented by Bro. Dolbear, on behalf of Mrs. Kennon and Mrs. Smead, and the cushion by Mrs. Doctor Schlicking, on behalf of herself and Mrs. Mayenberg, as a token of their love for the Society.

The President then presented his report of contributions received and liabilities incurred for furnishing the hall: Total liabilities, seven hundred and ninety-eight dollars; total contributions, six hundred and twenty-nine dollars; amount still needed, one hundred and sixty-nine dollars. The amounts contributed varied from sixty dollars to two dollars and a half. Yet he wished to declare his conviction that each one had contributed cordially to the full extent of their ability, and that, in his estimation, the smallest donations were as much to be esteemed and were as honorable to the givers as the larger sums from the more able.

Then followed another voluntary on the organ; after which the Constitution of the Society, embodying its Principles of Membership, was read by the President. The Constitution differs in no essential particular from that of the many Religious Philosophical Societies in the Western States.

The Dedication Hymn was then sung, the congregation standing and uniting with evident earnestness in the sentiments expressed therein.

Mrs. S. A. Horton, the lecturer selected for the occasion and for the month of October, then delivered the dedicatory address, which was received with profound attention by the audience, and, I doubt not, wrought a good work in many minds.

After the address a collection was taken to aid in liquidating the balance of outstanding liability; the closing hymn was sung, signatures received to Constitution, and the audience separated, to meet again in the evening.

The exercises in the evening took their usual course, Mrs. Horton being the lecturer. Her lectures on this occasion have already brought some fresh members into our ranks. Before the evening meeting closed, every dollar was subscribed which was needed to pay for liabilities incurred, and the President congratulated the Society in having a home beautifully suited to their occupation, free of all debt!

We feel now that Spiritualism is an established fact in the city of Washington; that it has a permanent home in the affections of the people, and cannot fall to be an instrument of great and general good. Henceforth may the eyes of the nation be turned to its Capital, and feel that earnest minds, faithful hearts and willing hands are working there, determined to make the divine truths and philosophy of Spiritualism respected, by practically outworking its principles in their daily lives. Among the faithful workers who have achieved this fortunate result, and whose labors are still untiring, we are especially indebted to the worthy President of our Society, Dr. John Mayhew, to whom no difficulty has seemed insurmountable, and no attainment impossible in the path of progress. With such noble spirits enlisted in our cause, we feel that we are already in the dawn of that glorious era of fraternity, justice and harmony foreshadowed in our aspirations.

J. H. M.

REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS

OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE SPIRITUALIST CONVENTION, HELD AT BRADFORD, N. H., SEPT. 24TH, 25TH AND 26TH, 1867.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

The Convention assembled pursuant to Call, and was called to order by Dean Clark.

On motion, Hon. Harvey Hutton, of Unity, was chosen President pro tem.

On motion, a Committee of five was appointed by the Chair to nominate permanent officers for the Convention. The Committee reported as follows:

For President—Harvey Hutton, of Unity.

Vice-Presidents—Reuben Porter and Joseph Currier, of Warren; Wm. Marshall and Joseph Harvey, of Sutton; Elisha Gilden, of Unity; Stephen Austin and Mrs. Sam'l Bates, of Bradford; Mrs. Matthew Williamson, of Newbury.

Secretaries—Reuben B. Porter and Charles A. Fowler, of Sutton.

Treasurer—Simon Keyser, of Sutton.

Business Committee—Geo. S. Morgan, Daniel P. Wilder, Dean Clark.

Finance Committee—Simon Keyser, Stephen Austin, Mrs. Sam'l Bates, Josiah H. Straw, Erasmus Nichols.

Report of the Committee on Organization adopted.

On motion, a Committee of three was appointed by the Chair to draft a Constitution or Organic Law, for the government of the New Hampshire Spiritualist Association. The Committee reported as follows: Charles A. Fowler, of Sutton; Daniel George, of Manchester, and Mrs. S. A. Horton, of Vermont, were appointed said Committee.

D. Clark, from Business Committee, reported the order of exercises for afternoon and evening as follows: Afternoon—general conference for one hour; speakers limited to five minutes each; lecture by Mrs. M. F. Cross, of Hampstead, N. H.; Evening—Conference one and one-half hour; speakers limited to ten minutes, and no speaker to speak but once, if the time is wanted by any other person; lecture at 8 o'clock, by Mrs. S. A. Horton, of Vermont.

Conference opened by D. Clark, followed by remarks from C. Barnes.

On motion of Mr. Hornbrook, of West Virginia, it was voted that the Bible be placed on the President's table at the opening of the Evening Session.

Remarks were made by several persons from different sections.

On motion, by Mr. Hornbrook, to devote one or two minutes to silent or oral prayer at the beginning of the evening exercises, was ruled out of order by the Chair. Exceptions to ruling taken. Chair sustained.

A very interesting lecture on the subject, "United we stand, divided you fall," was delivered by Mrs. M. F. Cross, of Hampstead.

D. Clark resigned as President of the Business Committee, and N. P. Cross was appointed in his stead.

Evening Session.—Opened at 7 o'clock. Remarks were made by Bros. Clark and Chase. Prayer by Bro. Barnes. Some pertinent remarks on the subject of Organization were made by Mrs. M. E. Withee, of Newbury, N. J.

Dr. Ripley, of Foxboro', Mass., was called on by the Chair to address the Convention, which he did for a few moments in his usual happy manner.

Bro. R. was followed by an aged brother—Dean, of Massachusetts, formerly a Methodist clergyman—in a very interesting strain, detailing some of his experience, and impressing the Convention in a forcible manner.

After some timely suggestions from Bros. Chase, Ripley and Clark, the Convention united in singing the doxology, at the close of which Mrs. S. A. Horton, of Vermont, delivered an address of great power and beauty, on the "Word of God."

D. Clark, prompted by the spirit of Thos. Paine, addressed the Convention with some stirring and logical remarks. Adjourned.

Wednesday Morning Session.—Convention called to order at the appointed time.

After some discussion relative to the exercises of the day, the programme for the forenoon was announced as follows: general conference until ten o'clock; after that, regular speaking.

At the suggestion of the Chair, the Secretary passed around the audience, and obtained the names of the public speakers present.

Remarks were made in conference by Dr. Salisbury, Mrs. C. M. Burt, D. Clark, Dr. Ripley, and C. Barnes.

At the close of the conference the choir sang "Loving Voices."

Mrs. Susie A. Willis, of Lawrence, Mass., delivered a short but beautiful address, after which the choir sang "Only Waiting."

Mrs. M. B. Albertson, of New York City, favored the Convention with some eloquent and radical remarks. The closest attention was paid her by the large concourse of people present.

On motion of Bro. Chase, "Father" Dean was elected a Vice-President of the Convention. Father Dean spoke for a few minutes with good effect.

After some remarks by various persons, adjourned until half-past one P. M.

Afternoon Session.—Conference opened with singing by the choir. Remarks were made by Bros. Clark, Chase, and others.

At two o'clock the regular business, which was the adoption of the Constitution, came up. On motion, it was voted to consider it section by section. After considerable discussion by various members, and some amendments, it was adopted, as follows:

CONSTITUTION OR ORGANIC LAW.

I. This organization shall be called the NEW HAMPSHIRE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.

II. The first object of this Association shall be to maintain its perpetuity and Annual Meetings, and for this purpose shall be free and, if necessary, exclusively appropriated. Second, dissemination of the truths of modern Spiritualism, for the establishment of a system of religion at once reasonable, rational, natural, common sense, philosophical, scientific and progressive.

III. Any person may become a member of this Association by signing the Constitution. None shall hold office, vote, or take part in business, except members. Officers shall consist of President, three or more Vice Presidents, two Secretaries and Treasurer; and they shall hold office for one year, or until their successors are chosen. Their duties shall be the ordinary ones attachable to such offices; and the meetings and business of the Association shall be regulated by ordinary parliamentary usages.

IV. There shall be annual Meetings of this Association, and its officers shall be an Executive Committee, whose special duty it shall be to call the next one at such time and place as they deem proper; and this committee shall transact all other business not otherwise specially provided for.

V. At Annual Meetings there shall be times of free conference for any one to speak not over ten minutes, by consent of the officer presiding at the time. Any person may be invited to speak at any time, at the arrangement of the committee having charge of business, or by vote of a majority of the members present.

VI. This Constitution may be altered or amended at any Annual Meeting by vote of a majority of the members present.

VII. At every Annual Meeting there shall be selected a Finance Committee, whose special duty it shall be to devise for, and raise funds for the carrying out of the objects of this Association. There may be other committees appointed for special purposes.

Mrs. Albertson made some congratulatory remarks.

D. Clark made some remarks relative to starting a new spiritual paper in Vermont.

Music by the choir.

At half-past three o'clock Mrs. M. E. Withee, of Newbury, N. J., addressed the Convention in a profitable manner for nearly two hours.

After report of Business Committee on the exercises of the forenoon, adjourned till half-past six o'clock.

Evening Session.—Met agreeably to adjournment. Singing by the choir.

Remarks were made by Bros. Chase, Mrs. Chapman and others.

Reading of a poem by the Secretary, and singing by the choir.

At eight o'clock Dr. W. K. Ripley, of Foxboro', Mass., delivered a very profitable and interesting lecture of about one hour in length, after which the Convention adjourned.

Thursday Morning Session.—The Convention indulged in a general conference until about half-past nine o'clock, when Father Dean detailed more of his interesting experience in the time allotted him.

Choir sang "Come, Darling, Come."

D. Clark read a poem of Mrs. Hemans.

Mrs. S. A. Horton delivered a telling address of an hour, after which choir sang "Something sweet to think of."

Some remarks were made by several persons. Mrs. Horton explained in regard to the new Spiritualist paper in Vermont.

The following resolutions were then passed: Resolved, That we, as Spiritualists of New Hampshire, sympathize with the reform movement in the world.

Resolved, That we tender our most sincere thanks to those who have served in this Convention as officers, speakers, singers and workers.

Remarks were made by Mrs. Albertson, Mrs. Chapman, D. Clark, and several others; after which the Convention adjourned sine die.

HARVEY HUTTON, President.

REUBEN B. PORTER, Secretary.

CHARLES A. FOWLER, Secretary.

All Spiritualists of New Hampshire, and all public speakers in the cause of Spiritualism in all the States, whose names are not appended to the Constitution adopted in Convention at Bradford, Sept. 23th, are requested to forward their address to R. B. Porter, North Sutton, N. H., so that their names can be attached, and they become members of the Association.

The report of the proceedings of the Convention, together with the Constitution, &c., will be published in pamphlet form, and forwarded to members of the Association in due time.

Please send your names as soon as may be.

R. B. PORTER.

[From the Glasgow (Scotland) Daily Herald, Oct. 5, 1867.]

A Night with Glasgow Spiritualists.—Their Annual Soiree.

The Third Annual Soiree in connection with the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists was held on Thursday evening, in Asquith's Rooms, under the Trades Hall, Glasgow, street. The attendance on the occasion was numerous and respectable. Mr. James Marshall (President of the Association) occupied the chair, and amongst other gentlemen present were Messrs. James Nicholson, Hay, Nisbet, Jas. Walker, Alex. Simpson and William Lamont. After tea the company joined in singing the first two verses of the hundredth Psalm. Thereafter—

The Chairman delivered the usual introductory address. In the course of his remarks he said the object of the Association was to encourage members and inquirers in their investigation of the facts and teachings of Spiritualism; and, secondly, to spread a knowledge of its truths, with the view of opposing the materialism of the age and of contributing to the relief of a future state. The Association had a distinctive character. Like a sect, but was composed simply of individuals who bound themselves together for the purpose of investigating certain phenomenal facts, as these were presented to them. They were all practical men, who wished to use their own eyes and ears, who wished to use the senses that God had given them, leaving every one, of course, to deduce his own conclusions from the facts which were presented.

The Association was not a religious, clerical or ecclesiastical feature, but was, in short, composed of a band of investigators who wished at their own firesides to study the science of psychology. The Chairman concluded by calling upon the Secretary to give a report of the proceedings of the Society during the past year.

Mr. A. Cross accordingly read the second annual report. At the beginning of last season, he said, there were not more than thirty members. Their funds were not in the best condition, and their efforts were low, but they girded themselves for the battle, and conquered. Their meetings last season began in rather a small way, there being only thirteen persons present on the first occasion, but the number gradually increased until the maximum was reached on 8th January, when there were one hundred persons present. Since last report the Association had held upwards of thirty public meetings, in addition to private and other private meetings, which had been attended by several hundreds of individuals, and which showed, as it were, the seed that had been sown, or the abundant harvest that might be reaped in future years. The lectures delivered at these meetings were of a very varied character, but all on topics kindred to the one which bound them together. The Association was growing in influence slowly, but surely, about a dozen more names having been added to the roll during the past year.

For next season they commenced with a balance of about ten pounds. On the whole, they felt encouraged to toil on in the great cause—to labor for love. That was the true religion—the religion of love—one faith, one Lord, one baptism. Their religion was love—it was the noblest, the purest; their temple the universe—it was the broadest, the grandest.

The musical and literary programme was then entered upon. We should perhaps refer more particularly to a song which was given in the first part by Miss Chapman, a young lady from Huddersfield. It appears that Miss Chapman is what Spiritualists call a medium. She is said to become possessed of a spirit, which through her sings, or talks on metaphysical subjects, or otherwise, as follows its spiritual bent. To a stranger it was no slight novelty to see a young woman, with closed eyes and a pale face, rendered paler by a muslin jacket which she wore above a light silk dress, led in by the hand to sing while in what Spiritualists call a trance, before three or four hundred persons. She stepped on a platform raised a couple of feet from the floor, and, after a momentary pause, began to sing a somewhat plaintive air, in a sweet, but rather tremulous voice. Her articulation was so defective that one could not make out the subject of her song; but from such words as "immortality" and "soul," which were more distinctly pronounced, it appeared that the composition was of a profound if not speculative character. While she was singing, and until she had disappeared, the most perfect silence was maintained. The Chairman afterwards explained that Miss Chapman's song was supposed to have been rendered "under the inspiration of the celebrated singer, Malibran."

We take it that this young lady, who is now on a short visit to Glasgow, is a professional medium, for she is announced by advertisement to take part in the proceedings of a meeting of the Spiritualists' Association, to be held in the Lesser Trades Hall on Monday evening. She has a sweet, pleasant features, and appears to be three or four-and-twenty years old.

Another interesting item of the programme was an address by Mr. Nisbet on the "Progress of Trance Painting." The story which Mr. Nisbet had to tell, related altogether to the wonderful trance painting of a working cabinet-maker in this city, who, about fifteen months ago, although altogether unacquainted with the rudiments of art, suddenly began to draw and paint as a medium.

The development of the medium was a strange story, which took place in Mr. Nisbet's own house, was thus described: "We were sitting at the table one evening, he said, when, after some of the usual manifestations, the medium was mentally impressed to call in the aid of a young lady, a writing medium. Having sat for some time, and feeling her hands cold, the young lady put her right hand upon the painting medium's left, to let him feel how cold it was, and at once his hand began to move. Thinking he was about to be developed as a writing medium, pencil and paper were laid down, when the pencil was picked up, and various figures were drawn with the left hand on the paper. In these rude lines and figures we could at last make out a design, which was that of a 'vase of flowers.' Thus the medium artist started, and from a vase of flowers in pencil he ascended to the higher branches of art. With his left hand he drew on the first evening the section of an archway, which the spirit told the company was symbolical of the entrance to a sphere.

On another evening he produced a representation of the mental condition of the inhabitants of the first four spiritual spheres. Then he took to water colors and the use of his right hand, and a list of pictures, thirty-three in number, was the result. These pictures were said to be a varied series, including landscapes, figure subjects, symbolical representations, &c. The medium, it was stated, performed all the operations of the painter, not excepting the mixing and arranging of colors, with his eyes shut, being in a state of profound trance. He sometimes worked in a room which was perfectly dark, all his painting being done at the close of his ordinary work as a cabinet-maker. He has been persuaded by his friends to attend the School of Design for three months, and there his progress in drawing was extraordinary. This course, Mr. Nisbet added, was quite satisfactory to the spirits who were manifesting themselves through him, and who stated, with the aid of the writing medium, that

lessons in drawing would do the painting medium a great deal of good. One night the medium was moved by a spiritual artist, who declined to give his name, but said a picture of his would be painted by which they might learn who he was. The medium accordingly painted a waterfall and landscape, the execution of which occupied only four hours; but none of those present knew who was the painter of the original, although the initials "J. H." were observed in the left hand corner of the canvas. Some time afterwards, however, an engraving appeared in *Cassell's Art Treasury*, Exhibitor, of an engraving called "The Waterfall," by a Dutch painter named Jacob Ruyssdael, who died in 1681, and the picture produced by spiritualistic agency was found to be a marvelous copy of this work, which the medium had never seen. At a subsequent meeting old Ruyssdael complained that they had found him out, and on the mortals representing that he was not at hand when the discovery was made, the spirit acknowledged the fact, but said that others who were present told him about it! "However simple my story may be," concluded Mr. Nisbet, "from what I have seen in my own house, and from what I have read, I can no more doubt that there are spiritual influences at work guiding and directing these phenomena than I can doubt my own existence."

The address on trance painting was followed by one or two more songs, and then came an interval which was devoted to fruits and conversation. A picture executed by the painting medium was handed round the company, and naturally attracted much attention. It could not be considered in the highest style of art, but, assuming it to have been done by a man with his eyes shut, it was certainly a very astonishing piece of work.

During the interval Miss Chapman sat amongst the audience, and when the vocalist who opened the second part with "The Village Blacksmith" made his appearance, she retired to an adjoining room, in order, as we were informed, to be put into a trance, for her "inspirational address" was to follow the first song. Longfellow's Blacksmith having "earned a night's repose," Miss Chapman was led in as before. Taking her stand on the platform, with her eyes shut, she turned slightly round and addressed the Chairman, then facing the audience she addressed the "ladies and gentlemen," and at once glided into her address. We should premise, however, that she was said to be possessed of a spirit called Zoma, and that not she, but the spirit alone, was responsible for the heterodox opinions which were expressed in the course of the address.

Here followed a synopsis of the address, which consisted of glimpses of the "Summer Land," with a description of the seven spheres.

The whole proceedings were of the most orderly and decorous character.

Lancaster, O.

Spiritualism in Lancaster is, to a very great extent, a thing of the future; though older residents of the town than myself say a year or two since there was quite an interest awakened among the citizens of the place by the visits of different mediums; and that it drew forth that barometer of the advance of Spiritualism, the obloquy and denunciation of the Orthodox pulpit. Had the work then gained enough ground to have been followed up, it is likely we would have had a prosperous society here now; but still the field is open, and a wide one it is. There are no liberal churches at all in the place, and those that are are as illiberal as churches are generally found. Old Mother Catholicism takes the lead, followed by her children, the Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, &c.

It has always seemed to me a remarkable fact in the history of Spiritualism, that though its believers may be few in a place, yet they will be found in almost every village of the land—a little heaven dropped among every gathering of men, which may leave the loaf. An immense responsibility thus devolves upon every believer in our philosophy; the more alone he is, the greater it is. The universality of Spiritualism is thus promised, in the hope that the individual germs thus scattered may fall in good soil, and their growth then, we know, will be rapid and strong.

So it is that we find the faithful few here; nor do those few allow their zeal and good will for the cause to become dampened by the religious darkness of their surroundings. As proof of which, we may note the fact that one of our number, Mr. W. S. Deaty—who has had most excellent success as a healer by the Christ method, in a limited field—has informed us he intends to take the field soon as a healer, and devote himself to allaying disease. From personal treatment of self, I can most heartily recommend him to others.

All hail to our State Convention that is to be. Following close, we hope soon to see, a la Massachusetts, itinerant mediums penetrating every town of the State, preaching the glad tidings of great joy to all. Lancaster, or at least the Spiritualists of it, will greet them with a cheery welcome.

Lecturers or mediums passing near Lancaster, are cordially requested to stop, if convenient, though if not for more than a day, and all expenses incurred in consequence will be met.

Test mediums, of course, are greatest in demand.

G. M. GOULD.

The Message Department of the Banner of Light.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I have been disposed to send the Banner a pittance for some time. As I take the most interest in the Message

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

Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR. LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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

From the Cincinnati Christian Herald.

Spiritualism—What Is It and Whence Is It?

The world has sought in vain, as yet, to know from whence so-called Spiritualism originates. Many have conjectured and sought in many ways to account for its varied manifestations; but hitherto no very satisfactory method of accounting for them has been secured upon. Some have attempted to account for them on the ground of occult force, nerve aura, and other equally unknown causes. What does it signify to say that nerve aura or occult force is the originating cause of a certain manifestation, when it is not ascertained what the originating cause—nerve aura and occult force—themselves is?

That Spiritualism is every day gaining votaries to its cause is evident upon every hand. And wherefore is this? The reason evidently originates in the fact of the physical manifestations which its votaries can adduce in support of its positions.

Heretofore the Christian Church has been unwilling to admit the fact of the manifestations; but, as proofs of the manifestations begin to accumulate, that position must be surrendered. What, then, is the last and only resort of the Church of Christ? Why, evidently, admit what is most clearly prophesied will take place in the latter days: "Now the Spirit says expressly that in after times some will depart from the faith; giving heed to seducing spirits, and teachings of demons." In King James's translation, the word *demon* is translated *devil*, but this is evidently a mistranslation. Webster in his unabridged dictionary uses these words: "In the Scriptures the Greek word rendered *demon* is the word. For nothing is more certain than that different beings are intended." Now, this being the case, we must come to the only conclusion which a rational mind can come to—that the modern manifestations known as spiritual manifestations originate from this class of spirits.

Now, how are they characterized; that is, what will be the distinctive teachings of this class of beings? "Speaking lies in hypocrisy, and forbidding to marry." Now, is not this one of the distinctive characteristics of modern Spiritualism? Do they not very lightly esteem the marriage relation, and are not their communications through their papers characterized by every variety of opinion upon every subject within the range of human thought?

But Paul, in 2^d Thessalonians, is more graphic in his description of the same phenomena. He declares that immediately after the "Man of sin" is revealed (which undoubtedly refers to papacy), then shall that wicked one be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming—*even him* whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power, signs, and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish.

Now, it must be evident that this manifestation of Spiritualism is the exact fulfillment of this Scripture, coming, as it does, directly upon the heels of the downfall of papacy. Who cannot see in this prophetic pen-portrait by the Apostle an exact likeness of modern Spiritualism? That Spiritualism is outspokenly infidel cannot be denied. They persecute Jesus Christ with a bitterness which even infidelity has not yet manifested. They make no scruples in declaring that he was but a man, and quite an imperfect one at that. They have no scruples in declaring that the body of Jesus was never raised and shown to the disciples as his real body, but was made to appear by a psychological effect upon their minds. Now, who cannot see in all this an anti-Christ, an absolute opposer of the whole system of salvation by grace?

But the most important question is this: How shall we meet the issue? how most successfully oppose this Goliath of Gath who has defied the armies of the living God?

A work has recently appeared, called "The Powers of the Air, or Spiritualism—what it is and what it is not." The author labors to show that the facts of spirit-manifestation are undeniable; that a class of spirits, called by the Apostle Paul the powers of the air, is the source of all; that they control, to a greater or less extent, the minds and bodies of most men; that they operate sometimes by impression upon the mind, and sometimes by actually controlling a hand to write or the vocal organism to speak; that this is done by a spirit just as it is done by men when they have a subject under mesmeric control; that the same law that will allow one man to gain over another mesmeric control will allow a disembodied spirit to do the same; that a man is controlled by a devil, then possession of devils is a fact; if by a spirit of divination or fortune-telling, then the woman at Philippi, as well as modern women, may be controlled to tell fortunes, that is, tell something that has passed, and guess at what may yet be to come.

The author labors to show that modern Spiritualism is identical in fact with possession of devils or demons of our Saviour's day; that this power was only manifest to any considerable extent among the Jews after a lapse of some five hundred years, and physical and intellectual training under the Mosaic system; that by this training the nation was rendered the more physically and intellectually sensitive, and thus brought more directly in contact and under the control of evil spirits; that when the Jews were scattered among all nations the manifestations from evil spirits ceased, because they, as a nation, relapsed into physical as well as intellectual grossness. But now, after a lapse of some eighteen hundred years, the Gentile, by the refining and elevating power of the Gospel, has been brought up to the same degree of physical and intellectual sensitiveness that the Jew had attained to in the days of Christ and his apostles, consequently manifestations from evil spirits must at the present time appear for the same reason that they appeared among the Jews in the days of Christ. That holy or ministering spirits have some power to aid and help the children of men; but their power is not so great as the evil spirits, and hence if Christians were not kept by the mighty power of God they would utterly fail.

The above article, from one of the leading Presbyterian journals of the country, is a noteworthy sign of the times. It will be seen that the writer admits the great essential point for which Spiritualists are contending, this, namely, that the position of the Christian Church (and, we might add, of science also), in denying the manifestations, "must be abandoned." Once admit that these phenomena are genuine, and produced by spirits, and you may form what theory you please as to the character of the spirits. We do not fear but that the admission that there are bad spirits will draw with it, in irresistible sequence, sooner or later, the conviction that there are also good spirits.

That the Church needs the ventilation which Spiritualism is giving it, may be inferred from the following stanzas, contained in the same number of the Christian Herald from which we quote the foregoing article, and in which the old heathen notion of the subsidence into annihilation or annihilation of the thinking principle after death, until the resurrection of the ages, reappears. It is not remarkable that the Church makes so many skeptics in regard to the continued existence of the soul after this life, since a doctrine so absurd and pernicious as that of the suspension

of the soul's life, and the resurrection of the natural body, is made one of the articles of the theological creed of evangelical Christendom.

We here give the stanzas, referred to above. They contain the Orthodox notion in regard to the state of the soul after it leaves the mortal body:

"Lovers and friends I've seen Sink in the silent tomb, No more to rise till time shall end, And Christ, our everlasting Friend, The rising ensign wave, To call us from the tomb, To join with angels bright, When Christ in pomp comes down His saints with joy to crown In everlasting light."

Here the principle that sinks into the tomb, and is to remain there till Christ (like a man at a railroad crossing) shall wave a flag, is the *Ego*, the individualized I. "Lovers and friends" (not their visible bodies simply) sink into the grave.

Truly it is time that some such power as Spiritualism should come to dissipate the fog in which these false theologians would wrap the souls and the hopes of mankind, stifling those spiritual instincts which give the lie to the monstrous hypothesis. That evil should come with the good in this spiritual intrinseque that is going on, is not to be wondered at, seeing that when we cross the line of this life the laws regulating our free agency are continued into the next stage of being. If, in its work of demolishing this hideous old error, Spiritualism makes havoc with other parts of the dominant creeds, so much the better for humanity. The essential truths of Christianity, in harmony as they are with the loftiest visions of goodness of the saints and sages of all time, Spiritualism will leave untouched.

Beecher on Free Labor.

In his recent oration, at the close of the Fair of the American Institute, Mr. Beecher said of labor, that "work is coming up, and the workman rises higher and higher in the estimation of the ages, and work with us is one of the grandest titles of nobility." That is putting it with more or less fervor of imagination, but it cannot be denied that, by dignifying labor and making idleness disreputable, we of this country have virtually wrought a revolution in the entire social system. When it was the sign and token of aristocracy to employ serfs and slaves, then labor was degraded. As soon as labor becomes free, that moment it wears a robe of dignity and lifts its face to the heavens. We Americans, thus far in our remarkable career, have taught the world that nothing can be done without labor, that labor is honorable above all things, and that to be indolent and useless is a stigma which no man can efface from his character. In fact, so busy are we all, we have no idle class among us that possesses any influence. Labor rules, as it overcomes all things. It has the upper hand in our system. It has vanquished the continent, and it is yet to shape and direct the national character.

No man actually knows what and where he is; no man, in fact, has really got a secure footing until he knows what he can do and how to do it. Emerson says in some of his lectures, that when a new man comes into a company the first inquiry that passes round concerning him is, What is his business? In other words, What can he do? That simple question puts to rout at once the notion that he could command the common regard and still know how to do nothing. Labor, capacity in active employment, the evidence of something either begun or done, these are the quarterings that belong on the escutcheon of our modern aristocracy. Look around you in any direction and you will find that the list of rich men is composed almost altogether of those who owe their success to their own endeavors. Each for himself, and a chance for all, is the motto in this free country.

Said Mr. Beecher, in continuance of his thought on this subject which we have taken up as suggested by him, "While we are speaking of labor-saving machines for the abridgment of man's toil, if there is one machine which ought to be invented, it is that which teaches them how to work and what to work at." Such numbers go drifting and blundering about, wasting time and energy, because they have never sat down deliberately with themselves to discover what they are good for, or to understand what is the best way to perform the service they have chosen in life. A clear comprehension of these points is above all things essential. Many a person gets along half-way through life before he actually discovers that he has missed his true calling. Better rectify his mistake even then than to push on through obstacles which it will have done him no good to overcome. It is an unhappy thing for an individual that he has fallen upon an occupation in which he feels no interest. We can conceive of no servitude that is more unendurable to an intelligent and awakened mind. It is only when we work in our callings for the love, as well as the need of it, that they yield us the full fruits of an abiding satisfaction.

In this country it happily lies within the power and province of every man to bring upon his work as much honor as he chooses and can. A blacksmith may make his occupation an honored one by bringing to it a character which all around him are compelled to respect. It is the same in every other pursuit. It is thought that elevates and ennobles all occupations; and in that realm there is but one highway which all men are free to travel.

How to Take the World.

It will never do for us to disaccustom to a theme that so clearly invites that style of treatment, for fear we should not be read. Yet there are plain truths about it, to be plainly stated, that everybody ought to pay earnest heed to. The homely suggestion—"Never cross the bridge until you come to it"—is perhaps the first maxim worth regarding in this connection. It includes so very much of what is to be said afterwards. For by not borrowing any trouble to begin with, we find ourselves rid of much of the actual trouble which would crowd up and offer to pay our borrowings. If we are of a melancholy strain of temperament, we must study out and apply the corrective to its manifest evil; there is as wide a margin for cultivating the nature as for cultivating soil, or breeds of horses and cattle.

In seeking to lay hold on the world, as it is called, for the distinct purpose of applying to it the reforms which we believe it stands in need of, we can do no better than adopt the rule not to try to force things. No one is made wiser, or better, or worse, against his will. Only what is seemingly suggested from within, is what finally makes itself known on the surface. That is one way to take the world—to let it appear not to be taken by us at all. As human nature is made up, that is the part of wisdom simply; not of policy, but of something deeper and broader. Another way of taking the world is to appear indifferent, to a certain extent, to its regard for what you have to present, or even for you. By being too anxious for the fate of your theories, or precepts, you show that your own confidence in their soundness and efficacy is not what it ought to be. Say what you have to say, after your highest and best method,

putting your whole heart and life into it, and leave the results alone. It is not for you to work with the elements of men's nature, however powerfully you may work upon them.

Then, again, Nature in all her arrangements suggests alternation—action and rest. All work leaves no time to regard and compare results, so as to know what work really effects. There are some persons who think that nothing is doing unless they are all the time in motion; as there are likewise others who do not believe that anything comes of talk and conversation unless they can drive a hammer-and-tongs argument right through it. Such persons would make much more headway, or do it with ten times the ease, to leave off pushing and laboring a part of the time, that the seed they have sown may have a chance to germinate. With their constant activity, however, they are like persons who plant beans and potatoes, and keep digging them up to see if they have sprouted. Leave them to Nature and time, and the quality of the seed sown will inevitably tell its own story.

Too much speculation, too much introspection—these are among the radical faults of the time, and should be corrected as soon as possible. For by getting all obstacles of this sort out of the way, the machine will run much easier. Overwork causes over-anxiety. Fretting is the friction of the machine. When we have performed our plain duty, by obeying a healthy and sound conscientiousness, we have done all there is for us to do; beyond that is a realm where we cannot rightfully claim admittance. Common sense is a good friend in this business, and it will repay one to take it into his confidence. By pursuing this easy manner, in one sense, we accomplish far more downright work, and at the same time save ourselves for the future instead of spending all upon a single effort. There is need for those who give their very selves to the world for its benefit to practice all the little economies of force which are the practice of the highest Creative Power.

Mercantile Hall Meetings.

On Sunday evening, Oct. 27th, Rev. Edward C. Towne, of Medford, delivered his second address before the "First Spiritualist Association." The hall was completely filled with eager listeners. The subject of the lecture was, "Recent Appearances of Anti-Christ, with some notice of the treatment of Rev. Rowland Connor by the Universalists." In his introductory remarks, Mr. Towne spoke of the recent appearances of anti-Christ, and took some illustrations from the recent history of the Christian world to show what he meant by the term. In order that his hearers might better understand what he meant by anti-Christ, he first defined, by way of contrast, his conception of Christianity. The view which he took of the Christian religion was that it had one great living and central principle—the spirit of love. All true religion is at the root but one thing. If, then, men in their folly and ignorance have set up another thing than the spirit of love, or to take the place of it, they have set up what is false. This very properly may be called anti-Christ. Men, and even those professing to be Christians, have set up anti-Christ in two things—first, the church, and second, the creed. Catholics and Protestants have been equally culpable in this respect; and even the altars of Christendom have been desecrated by this false spirit.

In proof of this assertion, the speaker proceeded to take three or four instances of recent occurrence. First, he alluded to the controversy between Bishop Colenso and the Established Church of England, which led to the final dismissal of that eminent divine from its communion and fellowship. He next spoke of the change which had taken place in the Unitarian denomination, and then turned to the recent movement of the Universalists toward anti-Christ.

In this connection Mr. Towne spoke of the treatment of Rev. Rowland Connor by the Convention of Universalists which lately assembled at Milford, and remarked that there was not in the whole circle of religious denominations a more bigoted or dogmatic sect, or one more sold to the spirit of anti-Christ, than that of the Universalist Church to-day. He had wondered, at one time, why the Unitarians did not harmonize and affiliate more with the Universalists than they did; but subsequently, when he found out the cause of the want of harmony, he was not surprised. What has been, he asked, their treatment of the young man who came to Boston as the junior pastor of the School-street Church? Mr. Towne then reviewed at some length the recent dismissal. Mr. Connor, he said, came to this city under the Providence of God; not under the Providence of Dr. Miner or the deacons of his Society. He came as a young man, with a young head upon his shoulders, and therefore he did not bring old opinions with him. He replied to the invitation of the Society when asked to become the colleague of Dr. Miner—"You do not want me; I will not suit you." But in spite of objections, and in consequence of the urgent solicitation of Dr. Miner, he was at last prevailed upon to accept the place. A formal compact was then entered into, which the speaker considered was hardly less binding than that between man and wife at the marriage altar. This was disregarded, and the junior pastor was dismissed. After speaking of the injustice of this course, Mr. Towne next proceeded to discuss the soundness of the doctrines held by Mr. Connor. One charge brought against him has been that he was unsettled in his belief, but who, the speaker asked, has dared to say that he was in doubt in regard to the four great cardinal principles of religion—belief in God, in human nature, in immortality, and in eternal blessedness? No one, he repeated, has dared to intimate that Rowland Connor was unsettled about these things. In their dismissal of Rowland Connor from fellowship, the Universalists have set up—as has not been set up before in New England—the very throne of anti-Christ.

In some remarks following upon the Winchester Confession, the speaker mentioned the very pertinent remark of a person at the time of its adoption who said to one of its signers, "You think it is a very small calf now, but you will feel its horns by-and-by." He hoped that the time would come when Universalists will not submit to any creed, but will be joined only by the holy spirit of God.

In closing, Mr. Towne spoke of the manner in which Spiritualism had been received by the churches, and said that it was the fact that all through this controversy the spirit of anti-Christ has confronted Spiritualism, although Spiritualism has shown so largely the spirit of Christ.

The Children's Lyceum belonging to this Society is gaining in numbers quite fast, and making fine progress with their exercises.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend speaks in the above hall next Sunday evening.

Important, if True.

It is said our Government has received information that the President of Mexico will declare all treaties existing between that country and the European powers engaged in, or indirectly favoring the pretensions of, Maximilian, abrogated, and no longer binding upon the people of Mexico.

Musical Hall Meetings.

The success of the course of lectures on Spiritualism, in Music Hall, Sunday afternoons, thus far, is unprecedented. The audiences have largely increased each Sunday, and on the 27th of Oct., at the closing lecture, by Thomas Gales Forster, nearly two thousand persons were present, making a respectable and intelligent looking audience as one is in the habit of seeing in the "Athena of America." The lectures given by Mr. Forster during the last three weeks, would be sufficient to establish the reputation of any speaker—but he previously held an enviable position as one of the most profound thinkers of the age, as all his discourses give evidence.

It was a pleasing scene to witness the children of the Lyceum surrounding the speaker on the platform, and to note their smiling and happy faces while listening to the melodious strains of the organ. The presence of children at our meetings should always be a prominent feature. Many of them comprehend more of the lectures than older heads are willing to concede. The seed of truth planted in young minds is sure to grow and ripen unto a golden harvest. Neglect our duty to the children, and what hope have we of the next generation?

Mr. Forster's subject for his closing address was one that just suited the majority of his hearers, namely, the Biblical objections brought against modern Spiritualism. By a clear and logical deduction of facts, clinched by numerous Scriptural quotations, he conclusively proved that modern Spiritualism was not only not antagonistic to the Bible, but wonderfully analogous to it. He made several strong points by instituting a comparison between the many marvelous occurrences spoken of in both the Old and the New Testaments, and the similar facts developed by modern Spiritualism. He cited many wonderful points of resemblance in the manner of spirit intercourse, maintaining that if the spirits in the olden time could commune with mortals, they possessed the same power to do so to-day, as the laws of God were necessarily eternal and unchangeable.

A beautiful illustration of spirit-communication was then manifested. The spirit controlling the speaker said "there were several bright spirits of children present, who wished him to transmit their messages of love to their parents. Among them," he said "was one (Anna Cora Wilson) whose entrance to spirit-life took place nine years ago this day, [a true statement, of which Mr. Forster had no previous knowledge] and she bids me say to them—"Here the speaker gave a beautiful and touching poem, breathing the warmest sentiments of filial affection for her earthly parents, so unmistakably characteristic as to be readily recognized. Then the spirits of two younger children, whose parents reside in Cambridge, addressed their mother, who was present, and at once recognized and accepted her darling's messages of love. These practical illustrations of spirit-communication very sensibly affected the audience, and many an eye was moistened with tears—not tears of despair—but of joy and hope, which such knowledge of the future gives.

We have a photographic report of this lecture, which we shall print at an early day.

Mrs. A. A. Currier follows Mr. Forster. She is a well known favorite speaker.

Mental Phenomena.

With the above heading the New York Tribune of Oct. 25th pays a merited tribute to the gift of mediumship possessed by Mr. Charles H. Foster, who is doing a great work in convincing the skeptical world of the reality of spirit communion. His rooms are thronged with anxious souls who desire earnestly to communicate with their loved ones across the river, and do as well as with those who visit him as mere curiosity-seekers. But all retire well satisfied with their visits—the former thanking God that the gulf between the mortal and the immortal is bridged; and the latter, wiser and better, for their curiosity leads to serious investigation and eventually culminates in the firm conviction of the actual return of the spirit after death. The writer in the Tribune, a skeptic, thus discourses:

"In that quest of novelty which is the mission and duty of journalism, the writer of this paragraph has found himself at the residence of Mr. Charles H. Foster, at No. 20 West Fourth street, in this city. Mr. Foster is a professional 'spiritual medium,' and the phenomena that he exhibits are very singular. It may not be conceded that they demonstrate the truth of the theory of Spiritualism; but they, certainly, show Mr. Foster to be possessed of powers of clairvoyance, so remarkable as to make him eminent among the professors of that art. Many experiments witnessed by the present writer have convinced him that Mr. Foster possesses these powers, and is, therefore, an important representative of certain mental phenomena that are worthy of intelligent study and searching investigation. Science has been accustomed to thrust this order of intelligence aside—to greet it with distrust and derision. That policy is a mistake. Whatever new truth may offer itself, in respect to the human mind, its powers and its susceptibility, merits, at least, thoughtful attention. An effort has here been made to Mr. Foster for those among our readers who may wish to investigate this class of mental phenomena may have their attention directed to a remarkably gifted man. Mr. Foster employs no mechanical accessories, but labors in evident good faith; and the disclosures that he makes—by whatever mysterious correspondence of mind they are obtained—are always interesting, and are sometimes astonishing. It is the theory of the artist that his intelligence is derived from spiritual beings, and very often its singular character, as in descriptions of the departed, lends a color of truth to this assumption. The old Miltonic idea that

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth, Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep," is not an unpleasant one, however little it may be susceptible of demonstration. Whether Mr. Foster proves it or not, he clearly proves that it is possible to exercise faculties, of a spiritual order, the very possession of which has generally hitherto been denied to the human mind. Much good might come, we should think, from the utilization of such powers in the great cause of education and religion, rather than their scoffing condemnation."

Emma Hardinge.

We are frequently asked, by letter and otherwise, "Have you heard direct from Emma Hardinge since her return to England?" To all such inquiries we answer, that we have received no communication whatever from Mrs. H. since her departure. The reason is, we presume, that nearly her whole time is occupied in preparing her new work for the press, "Spiritualism in America." Many of the friends would, however, be gratified to hear from her through the Banner, if it would not tax her time too severely to write.

David Holmes and Charles Scofield. Having accidentally met these mediums in New York city recently, we had occasion to test their healing powers, and from personal knowledge we recommend them as healers of more than common merit. Possessing, as they do, positive and negative magnetic powers, they cure acute, nervous and chronic diseases without the use of medicine. Their office is at No. 6 Fourth Avenue, near Cooper Institute.

Peace on the Plains.

Treaties are making with the several tribes of Indians by the Commissioners, and all things promise to be peaceful in a short time. Dispatches to the daily journals convey the satisfactory intelligence of amicable meetings having been held, at which free discussions were had respecting the Government proposals, and the Indian chiefs expressed themselves satisfied with what was offered them for reservations. Thus it is found that the red man is actuated by a sense of honor equally with the white. It is to be remembered, too, that during the interval between the first and second meetings with the Commissioners there have been no Indian raids or "massacres," and that the Pacific Road has progressed with no interruption. The Indians pledged themselves that this should be so, and they have kept their faith. Some few of the chiefs appear to desire additional arrangements to those already made by the Government for their future subsistence, and they were promised compliance with their wishes so far as possible. We sincerely believe that, with good and honest management, we have seen the last of these Indian troubles, and that a permanent state of peace is before us if we are resolved to keep our word.

An Omaha dispatch, of Oct. 30, says that a messenger has arrived at Fort Laramie with thirty Sioux warriors who favor peace. The head men promise to be at Fort Laramie on the 10th of November. Chief White Cloud has sent word to Gov. Hunt, of Colorado, that he will treat upon liberal terms, relinquish all claims to the plains, and remove to the extreme North. Gov. Hunt will go to Fort Laramie by way of White Cloud's Camp and endeavor to make terms with him.

The New York State Convention.

Following in the wake of other States, the Spiritualists of New York, we are pleased to know, have called a Convention, to be held in the city of Rochester, on Thursday, Nov. 7th. We sincerely hope the attendance will be large, and that every town in the State will be represented. If the delegates go into the Convention with honest hearts and open hands, determined to spread the Gospel of Truth broadcast throughout the State, they must not only talk, but act—and act promptly, by at once raising a fund sufficient to permanently maintain missionaries in the field. When this is done, it will be an easy task to send speakers into the towns and villages where they are most needed. And, above all, select agents possessing energy, honesty and ability.

It is a glorious idea this, that the spirit-world has inaugurated in our day and generation, namely, that the heavens have been opened to mortality, never again to be closed; that our loved ones who have passed on, can return to bless and lead us up higher in the scale of wisdom and truth. Press on, then, friends, in every State. The work before you is one of vast importance, not only to the people of earth, but to the inhabitants of the spirit-world as well.

The Eddy Brothers.

We are pleased to see that wherever these mediums have exhibited their wonderful powers, during their present tour, they have been noticed fully and favorably by the press. Here is a specimen from the Albany Knickerbocker:

"The spiritual phenomenon, as developed by the Eddy mediums, is indeed wonderful. We have participated with them at two private sittings, and must acknowledge that we have been confounded."

At one, Sunday evening, the demonstration made was not only wonderful, but fearful. Notwithstanding the fact that the mediums were securely tied hand and foot to the chair on which they sat, still the instruments were lifted from the table, sent around the room in a circle over the heads of the circle of spectators, the strings being fingered as they moved. Occasionally the guitar would stop in one corner of the room, when notes as soft and sweet as those of an Aeolian harp would emanate from it. Then again the instruments would be picked up and thrown about the room with fearful force, endangering the heads of those sitting in the circle. They were also lifted and put on top of bookcases, several feet beyond the reach of the mediums. These things, we say again, are truly wonderful, and how they are accomplished is indeed a mystery to us. Our readers should attend a séance of the Eddy mediums, and satisfy themselves on the subject."

Spirit Paintings by N. B. Starr.

Mr. Peebles, in the Western Department, notices the public that our friend and brother, N. B. Starr, intends spending the present month in Fall River, Mass., where he will be used to place on canvas those spirit friends' portraits whom their relatives on earth desire to have.

We now learn from Annie Lord Chamberlain that she has twelve specimens of Mr. Starr's work, which were some time since painted at the West. One of the portraits is recognized as "Little Mayflower," an Indian spirit girl, who is Mrs. C's constant attendant, and very much attached to her. At the earnest solicitation of friends, Mrs. Chamberlain proposes to exhibit these spirit-pictures in Boston, in the course of the present month, and will duly notify the public through the Banner where and at what time they may be seen. Consequently the friends of the artist in this State will have an opportunity to scrutinize his wonderful performances.

The Romish Question.

According to late dispatches from Europe, Garibaldi with ten thousand men was marching victoriously on Rome, and the citizens were ready to revolt and join him on the opportune moment. In the meantime the French are concentrating a large force at Civita Vecchia, a seaport twenty miles distant, for the purpose of aiding the Papal troops to whip back the Garibaldians, if possible, into Victor Emanuel's territory, when they are to be disarmed by the Italian troops. France justifies her intervention on the ground that Italy has failed to protect the Pope in his lawful and time-honored rights, and M. Moustier states that the agency of France will go no further than is necessary to crush armed rebellion against the Pope, and drive out hostile soldiers from his dominions. When that has been accomplished, the French troops are to be withdrawn and a European Congress called to definitely settle the Roman question.

Vindication of Theodore Parker's Character and Teachings.

It gave us great pleasure on reading the announcement in the Boston daily papers that the talented Unitarian minister, Edward C. Towne, of Medford, had determined to give a course of six Sunday afternoon lectures in Mercantile Hall, Summer street, commencing Nov. 3d, and finishing Dec. 8th, in vindication of the life and teachings of Boston's eminent liberal preacher, Theodore Parker. Mr. Towne has made a careful study of Mr. Parker's writings, and has prepared the discourses which are the result of his investigations, with the utmost regard to a fair, candid, and kindly spirit. Truly may old theology tremble at the rapid furor of liberal ideas are making among all classes of our people. Every body should listen to Mr. Towne's discourses.

New York Department.

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WARREN CHASE,.....LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT.
FOR NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

Ireland and the Irish.

The Fenian excitement, which rises and falls as irregularly as the thermometer, has of late brought Ireland and the Irish more prominently before the public mind and up for discussion and review by the press, than they have been for many years. No person can turn the pages of Irish history, or examine the people as they are, and not see a greatly wronged and grossly injured people; and yet a race not heart-broken like the Indians, nor enslaved like the Negroes. They have carried the burdens and borne the oppressions as no other people on earth would do—for they are a more elastic people than any other, and rise with their burdens with smaller help than any other people would. No warmer hearted and more confiding people live than the Irish. None are easier won or sooner excited. No race loves more ardently, quarrels easier, or gets over it sooner.

They are a free people, squirming and turning under every oppression, and ever ready to "lick the hand just raised to shed their blood," if it can be made to desist. They have poured the vitality of their nation into American veins for two centuries, and given more life current to the population of the United States than any other European nation. They have lifted the heaviest American burdens, done nearly all the hard work on our great jobs, from the "Clinton ditch" to the Pacific Railroad grade. They do, to-day, one-half the drudgery of our great cities, and drink nearly half the whiskey for pay—which is worse than no pay, but a profitable kind of pay to the employers, as it degrades the laborer and enriches the speculator.

They are always ready in scores, hundreds or thousands, both male and female, for any great work we have to do, and ready, too, to take the poorest pay and poorest places to live. They have been starved down so long to potatoes and cabbage, that they naturally seek work in the soil, and basements or sordid shanties to live in. They have carried the burdens and borne the heat of the day in toil and poverty long enough to have honest and earnest inquiries into the causes that have kept such loving and elastic natures so long in this degraded condition, and yet not been able to kill out the spirit or vitality of the nation. We may not agree with the sympathizing friends of the Irish on the causes, or relative importance of the causes of their general poverty and inferior social position in our country and Europe, but shall agree on the condition and the justice of their claims, on the rights they have been robbed of, and wrongs still endured by them.

We believe the heaviest burden the Irish nation has carried, without reward, compensation or benefit, has been and is the Roman Catholic Church; and we believe it is the one that has crushed, impoverished and degraded them more than all others, and caused mainly their submission to the oppressions of the British Government and the social tyranny of America. So long as they run after the foolish ceremonies and ridiculous mummeries of this old, defunct religion of Rome, and bow their necks in abject submission to its priests, they will be robbed of their earnings and shorn of their man and womanhood, and made to do all sorts of drudgery, while the Church shares the pay, leaving them to do the labor, take the degradation and get a mere pittance for subsistence. To carry out this work and keep the spirit of this noble and loving people in quiet submission, whiskey, rum and tobacco are necessary; and the Church, knowing it, left all these evils to do their work, when she could have exterminated them all long ago, or even prevented their use by this oppressed people. She is therefore culpable for these evils, and if her claims to superior intelligence are allowed, she is wholly culpable for their use and abuse by the Irish nation. If the Irish people had abandoned the Catholic Church, and whiskey, rum and tobacco, when they came to this country, as they did the government of Great Britain, this nation would have been ruled by Irish blood long ago and to this day. They would have been at the head of its business, socially and commercially. The elements of success and prosperity are still in them, but crushed into servitude and degraded conditions by the free and more tyrannical minds of Americans from other nationalities, which have cast off the burdens which the Irish still carry and under which they still voluntarily struggle and toil. It is little use to aid them by means to bribe up to the British Lion, while they bow in humble obedience and abject submission to the Pope and his priests. While they are trained from childhood in Catholic schools and churches to obey without question the priests of a foreign, rich and tyrannical church, which allows dissipation, degradation and ignorance to perpetuate its power, it is needless to quarrel with the lighter afflictions of the British Government over the remnants of the nation.

Spiritual Books.

Our friends who wish for Spiritualist books, should be careful and send direct to us, either by letter or by friends visiting the city, as we have found instances of some heavy dealers too proud or prejudiced to send to our office for books we are never out of, and that are never out of print, reporting them out of print or not to be had, when we had them within a short distance, and our catalogue left in their stores. There are yet some Christian merchants who are ashamed of the world's Saviour, and too laud to see or heed the truths of the new Gospel. If obliged to accept it, they wish to get rich first, and then see how easy it is for a rich man to get into any heaven.

Wind Shifting.

Any person who watches the trimming of sails in the New York Herald and other papers made to serve as moultepices for popular opinion, can see the coming grand division of the people into two great parties on religious subjects, Roman Catholic and Spiritual—one of forms and ceremonies, and the other of substance; while Protestantism, which has been popular and had its day, is already struck with death so surely that such time-serving papers do not fear to attack and ridicule it as they do Spiritualism, supposing it still to be the weaker of the two. They wish the Pope to give up Rome and come to America, and abandoning all temporal power, rest his religious authority on the ignorant devotion of his followers.

There is, no doubt, to be a great contest in this country for the moral, social and religious supremacy, but not for the control of the Government, as any attempt of that kind would prematurely destroy the Church by at once opening the eyes of too many of the people; but the control of education and the schools is the object sought,

and these are to be used as the instruments of power to sway the whole country. Our colleges and academies are to go one way or the other, to Catholicism or Spiritualism. The middle ground cannot be occupied much longer. Natural or supernatural, rational or irrational, is the question. Choose ye whom ye will serve, MAN or an idol; the priest or the people; the Pope or the beggar; kiss the toe of the Pope with our brother of the Herald, or kiss the poor, little, starving child, homeless and motherless in the streets of your great Christian cities; do penance to poverty with baskets of bread, or penance to priestcraft in obedience to bigoted superstition.

Satisfactory Tests.

We hear of Mrs. E. Marquand as giving some excellent and very satisfactory tests in public circles and private sittings, in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, Morrisania and Greenpoint, and are glad to find an interest awakening all about this great Gotham of business and excitement. There is a great demand for mediums adapted to giving tests in large public circles, a work that is difficult and usually shunned by mediums.

The Koran.

We can now supply the calls for copies of the Koran, at \$1.50, and postage 24 cents, as a new edition has again supplied our shelves. This work contains also the life of Mahomet, and is a valuable library book.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn in New York.

DEAR BANNER—Permit me to give vent to the admiration and gratification experienced by myself and the good people of this city who worship in Masonic Hall, on hearing the discourses delivered through the mediumship of Mrs. Fannie Allyn. At first her address did not strike us favorably, but before she reached the middle of her discourse, the inspiration emanating from the unseen living fire within, darting through her eyes and features, sent repeated electric shocks through my being that brought tears of joy and conviction, silent though from the heart. As an evidence that the feeling was enjoyed in common by the audience, her discourse was frequently emphasized by applause. The house was crammed to overflowing, so much so that the chairs from the orchestra box were brought into requisition.

On Sunday, Oct. 27th, in the morning, the subject selected was, "What is Faith? and its Relations to Intuition and Will"; and in the evening, "Love," showing that God's love permeated all things, and that nothing did exist or could exist apart from it. On Thursday, Oct. 31st, Mrs. Allyn gives her farewell lecture at Masonic Hall. Those who attend will hear what the spirit saith, not to the Churches, but to the souls of loving men and women.

JOHN R. AMES.
New York, Oct. 29th, 1867.

Delegates to the State Convention.

At a regular meeting of the First Society of Progressive Spiritualists of the city of New York, held at Masonic Hall, Oct. 27, 1867, the Hon. Warren Chase, E. F. Garvin and J. Winchester were appointed delegates to the State Convention of Spiritualists for the State of New York, to be held in the city of Rochester, Thursday, Nov. 7, 1867.

J. G. ATWOOD, Sec'y.
No. 1 St. Mark's Place, New York, Oct. 28, 1867.

Laura V. Ellis in Keene, N. H.

A correspondent sends us the following brief account of the séances of Miss Ellis, in Keene, N. H., which we with pleasure transfer to our columns:

"Oct. 21st, 22d and 23d, I witnessed three marvelous exhibitions of spirit-power through the mediumship of this girl of fourteen years of age, some of which were loud and distinct talking and whistling, while the medium and also Mr. Ellis were gagged with blocks of wood one inch and one-fourth square. A French trombone, harmonicon, tambourine and drum were played, and other feats performed; all these feats being done while the medium's wrists were securely tied at her back and to the cabinet, her ankles tied, and neck also fastened to the cabinet. Last, but not least, a knife with the blade shut, was laid in her lap, which was taken and used to cut her loose from the cabinet, and to disengage her wrists, and the knife left in her lap half-way open. Let none say that these things are accomplished by trickery, until they have been personal witnesses of the wonderful phenomena presented. Every candid beholder must say that there is a power made manifest entirely outside any volition of the medium."

HENRY WOODS.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

C. B. Lynn is sowing the good seed in the West. He is a fine trance medium, and deserves all the aid the friends can bestow. He speaks in Toledo, Nov. 17 and 24.

Mrs. H. T. Stearns has just closed an engagement in Brooklyn, N. Y., where she gave eighteen lectures to appreciative audiences. She also lectured several times in Williamsburg on week-day evenings. Mrs. S. speaks in Newark, N. J. during the present month.

Massachusetts Spiritualist Association.

In his official capacity, the undersigned has had the pleasure to receive the following voluntary offer in behalf of the State Association. The letter speaks for itself. He congratulates not only the Association but the Spiritualists of Massachusetts, especially those who in accessible places hold no regular meetings, for this truly liberal offer from so popular, efficient and self-sacrificing a laborer in the great Spiritual Vineyard.

In connection with our present State missionary, Bro. A. E. Carpenter, additional opportunity is thus presented for the friends in various sections of our State to have the blessed boon of Spiritualism—verily a "gospel of gladness"—"tidings of great joy—brought to their hearts and homes," "without money and without price."

Applications may be addressed either to Bro. Carpenter, Mrs. Allyn, or to

Geo. A. Bacon, Corresponding Secretary.

To the Spiritualists of Massachusetts where no regular meetings are held:

It may not be known that, with others, I am duly authorized to solicit and receive funds to keep our Massachusetts Spiritualist Association in working order, that the gospel of gladness may be carried into hearts and homes all over our loved State. To try to further this noble enterprise, I will, when in Massachusetts, gratuitously speak week evenings where no regular meetings are held, within any reasonable distance of my Sunday engagements, if interested parties will secure a lecture room, and address

C. FANNIE ALLYN.
New York, Oct. 17, 1867.

[See lecturers' column for address.]

To the Executive Committee of the Mass. Spiritualist Association.

A meeting of this Committee will be held, by permission of the publishers of the Banner of Light, in their Circle Room, Wednesday, Nov. 6th, at two P. M. A full attendance is urgently requested.

Geo. A. Bacon, Cor. Sec'y.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Mr. J. Keith, of Lowell, is informed that his MS., which the crowded state of our columns alone prevented us from printing at the time it was received, and which he was anxious should be returned because he did not see it in print at once, was duly mailed to his address, as he requested through a friend, his statement in the Investigator to the contrary notwithstanding. The one-sidedness, Bro. K. harps upon, comes from him with an ill grace, under the circumstances.

Bro. E. V. Wilson has our especial thanks for numerous favors. He is one of the pioneer workers in the Great Vineyard, and we are indeed gratified that he has been successful both spiritual and materially.

Just as we were going to press, we received a line from a friend in Worcester, who says: "We have had a glorious Lyceum Convention—glorious! An account of the proceedings are in course of preparation for the Banner."

PARTICULAR NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Those of our subscribers having occasion to change the destination of their papers, should, in order to save us trouble and insure the requisite change, be very particular to name the State, County and Town to which the Banner is sent. Without this guide, it is a tedious job for our clerks to hunt through the thousands of names upon our subscription books for the one to be changed, and perhaps then fail to find it.

The address by Dr. A. B. Child, delivered before the Peace Convention lately held in this city, will be found on our second page. It is a singular fact that no mention whatever is made of our friend in the published proceedings of the Convention, although he was one of the duly appointed officers.

Just as we were going to press we received a letter for publication from Bro. C. A. Reed, of Salem, Oregon. He gives a favorable account of the progress of Spiritualism in that far-off State. We shall print his remarks in our next. In a private note he says he has procured some eight or ten subscribers to the Banner of Light in his locality, and hopes to send us many more. Thank you cordially, friend Reed, for the interest you manifest in the progress of the cause and the prosperity of the Banner.

For the benefit of inquirers, we would state that Mrs. Abby M. Laffin Ferree, the excellent psychometrist, is located at 378 E street, Washington, D. C. She is now prepared to receive letters for answer.

We call the attention of those Spiritualists who are opposed to "dark circles" and "shut-eyed mediums," to the article on another page of this paper, copied from the Glasgow Daily Herald. It gives a very interesting account of the progress of trance painting in the old country.

The Spiritualists of Washington, we are pleased to learn, have permanently secured for their meetings a fine hall, which they have tastefully furnished. It was dedicated on Sunday, Oct. 6th. A full account of the interesting proceedings will be found in this issue of the Banner.

The London Spiritual Magazine informs us that Rev. T. L. Harris, who left England for this country, Aug. 10th, has recently published three new works, viz: *An Exposition of the Apocryphal, The Method of the New Breath, and The Great Republic—A Poem of the Sun.*

COMING UP.—The Boston Investigator has come up out of Congress street into Washington street. It is a good deal nearer us than ever before, and we are glad that it is wheeling into line, although we know Washington street is not the straightest of the crooked streets of Boston.—Banner of Light.

We thank our neighbor for his kind notice; and now as the "Spiritual" and the "Material" organs are nearer one another, may the "Influence" of each improve both in all those things in which we may agree, and which conduce to mutual progress and fraternal feeling.

We have indeed "come up" into a fine-printing office, and are able to say at last that "our lines are cast in pleasant places." Let all our friends, and foes too, (for there are some of the latter still left) "come up" to 84 Washington street, room No. 8, over Messinger & Callill's Clothing Store, and "survey the vantage of the ground."—Investigator.

Intelligence has been received from China that a great battle had been fought between the rebellious army of invasion and the Tartar forces of the Emperor of China. The Imperialists were defeated. The battle took place within thirty miles of Peking, and that city was in great danger of falling into the hands of the victorious rebels.

Some women's tongues never cease running, consequently "perpetual motion" is no myth.

"Pa," observed a young urchin of tender years to his fond parent, the deacon, "does the Lord know everything?"

"Yes, my son," replied the expectant sire; "but why do you ask that question?"

"Because our preacher, when he prays, is so long telling the Lord everything, I thought he was n't posted."

There is an immense immigration of Mormons into Salt Lake just now.—Exchange.

Rather a damp locality, we should imagine.

An indiscreet friend is worse than an open enemy.

A GOOD DEED OF A GOOD MAN.—The Jaffa colonists recently arrived at Alexandria in a destitute condition, when Mr. Beach, the proprietor of the New York Sun, on learning the facts, generously drew his check for three hundred pounds sterling, which amount was sufficient to secure their passage home.

Rome has a population of 215,573.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—The Northwestern Farmer, a monthly magazine of agriculture and horticulture, for October, T. A. Bland & Co., Indianapolis, Ind. The Western Farmer's Annual and Rural Companion, for 1868: T. A. Bland & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

GONE TO THE HIGHER LIFE.—Seth W. Fowle and Frederic Brown, well known druggists, in this city; Joseph A. Pond, President of the Massachusetts Senate; George Wilkins Kendall, founder of the New Orleans Picayune.

Robert Dale Owen is writing the "Life of Abraham Lincoln."

He that can keep his temper is better than he that can keep a carriage.

The Rev. John E. Todd's Central Congregational Society, in this city, dedicated their new church, on Thursday week. Its cost is nearly \$300,000. The pews are appraised at from \$50 to \$2,000 each. Not much show there for a poor man.

The First Annual Convention of the Pennsylvania Peace Society is advertised to take place on the 7th of November, at Franklin Institute, Philadelphia.

DEATH OF EX-GOVERNOR JOHN A. ANDREW.

Most of the Boston dailies on Thursday morning of last week contained appropriate notices of this eminent public man, who passed to spirit-life from his residence in this city, Oct. 30th. The Journal truly says: "This record of the termination of a life carries with it a pang which will touch the hearts of every lover of human freedom, and the circle of those who will feel that a noble man has passed away will embrace not only our own citizens and our own countrymen, but thousands in other lands who justly regarded him as the representative man of the progressive spirit of this country." Gov. Andrew was born in Windham, Me., May 31, 1818. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1837.

When a man proffers gratuitous advice, "as a friend," repudiate him, for, rest assured, his motives are none the purer. Disinterestedness don't crop out in that kind of soil.

OCTOBER HARVEST SONG.

We gather them in, the mellow fruits,
From the shrub, the vine, the tree,
With their russet, and golden and purple suits,
To garnish our treasury.
And each has a jolly treasure stored,
All beneath its painted rind,
To cheer our guests at the social board,
When we leave our cares behind.
We gather them in, the gossily store—
But not with a miller's quest;
For that great All-Father we adore
Hath but given it in trust,
And our work of death is but for life,
In the wintry days to come.
Then a blessing upon the reaper's strife,
And a shout at his Harvest Home.

Miss Currier, the musical medium, residing in Haverhill, Mass., is really a wonder to skeptics. We do not wonder for she plays difficult tunes upon the piano she knows nothing of in the most artistic manner while in the trance state.

The Second Adventists are about making their advent into the South, missionarying.

Several political papers head their leaders, of late, "The Line of Duty." According to present indications that line appears to be getting pretty badly snarled up.

The Rev. Wm. S. Heywood, formerly of Hopdale, and a son-in-law of Rev. Adin Ballou, was installed as pastor of a Liberal Christian Church at Soltante, Mass., on Friday, Oct. 11th. He is a believer in the Spiritual Philosophy.

France is spending \$12,000,000 in fortifications.

A pert miss was reading the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, when she suddenly paused and began laughing. "Well, what did they forget?" asked the teacher, encouragingly. "They forgot their kerosene," promptly replied Miss Five-year-old.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

J. W. C., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—The letter sent to our care, addressed to L. L. Farnsworth, was delivered to his wife. Please inform us whether the gentleman has answered it, or not.

G. W.—Yes, we will do as you request, if the Journal will concur to our rules. See prospectus.

H. MAHEW, TIERMILA, ILL.—\$2.00 received.

J. K. B.—Can't tell till we'll find it along.

Business Matters.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, formerly Mrs. E. D. S. M. M., Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1106 Broadway, between 27th and 28th streets. N.Y.

DR. L. K. COONLEY, healing medium. Will examine by letter or lock of hair from persons at a distance. Address, Vineland, N. J.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE is received regularly at this office, and sent to any address upon the receipt of 30 cts.

CONSUMPTION AND ITS CAUSES can be cured, by E. F. Garvin, M. D., the discoverer of the first Solution, and also Volitional Tax. Send for circular, No. 4, 462 6th Avenue, between 28th and 29th streets, New York.

THE ANTIDOTE FOR NEURALGIA, nerve-ache and all other painful nervous diseases, is Dr. TURNER'S TIC-DOULOUREUX or UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL. This fact has been admitted by our leading physicians, who regularly prescribe it in their daily practice. This medicine stimulates the nervous system, and is the primary cause of these diseases. Apothecaries have it. Principal Depot, 120 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS. Price \$1 per package; by mail two postage stamps extra.

THE BUSINESS WORLD.

In the business world a full
Some doth scarce;
Business, they will say, is dull
Everywhere.

For the glory of a state of things
There's a cause,
Those who are within the "rings"
Better pause.

But FENNO'S IN DOCK SQUARE,
Boys still go,
When they want new "CLOTHES" to wear—
He sells low.

Special Notices.

The special attention of the reader is called to an article in another column, headed, "The Corner-Stone of Spiritualism."

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

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

Dr. GEORGE W. BARCROFT successfully treats the various diseases of the Hair and Scalp, Loss of Hair, Premature Greyness, Baldness, &c. His pamphlet and circular may be obtained free upon application. Parties at a distance are requested to write for a pamphlet and circular, and they will be forwarded by mail or otherwise, free of expense. No charge is made for consultation, whether in person or by letter. American Dermatological Institute, Arcade Building, 28 Winter street, Room 8, Lower Floor, Boston. OIB.N9.30.D14.

Every town, city, village and neighborhood in the United States should have an Agent, male or female, for Mrs. Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders. It is particularly desirable that women should engage in the sale of this invaluable preparation. Those who do not desire to make a business of it, can at least supply their own neighborhood. In all cases Prof. Spencer pays the express and the postage, whichever way the Powders are sent. Send for new Terms Catalogue, to Prof. PATTON SPENCER, Box 5617, New York City.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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

MRS. A. S. ELDRIDGE, of Watertown, Test Medium for Business, has taken Rooms at Harvey 1st, No. 82, at Washington street, Springfield, Mass. The public are invited.

MRS. H. A. CASWELL, Medical Clairvoyant and Test Medium, 56 Pleasant st. Hours, 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Nov. 9.—4w

MRS. COTTON, Magnetic Physician, 451 3d Avenue, New York, cures by laying on of hands. Nov. 9.—5w

THE CORNER-STONE OF SPIRITUALISM.

THE Catholic Bishops of this country say that there are eleven millions of Spiritualists in the United States. I believe it; and at the same time I believe a fact which is of more importance than that. I believe in the great fact which made these eleven millions of Spiritualists, and which will yet sweep the whole earth, and make eleven hundred millions more. I believe that unseen intelligences can and do put themselves in conscious relations with us, in such ways and by such means that we are made conscious of the relation. I believe that "Spirits do communicate." This is the great fact of the age. This is the cornerstone of Spiritualism. Around it all the phenomena of all phases of mediumship cluster, and it is all the phenomena upon a basis that can never be overthrown or shaken. The facts of physical mediumship, the facts of seeing mediumship, the facts of healing mediumship, the facts of writing mediumship, the facts of impressional mediumship, all converge and concentrate upon this focus, making it bright and clear to eleven millions of people in the United States, that "Spirits do communicate." Then the unseen intelligences to whom we are related, have moved the world with facts, and facts must continue to be the levers with which they carry on the work of human elevation.

A little more than three years ago I became the external instrument to present to the world a spiritual fact, or rather a spiritual power—a producer of facts, the vast magnitude and importance of which, I myself, but dimly perceived at that time, and of which Spiritualists generally had as imperfect a conception as the world had of the original Rochester rappings. I refer now to the Positive and Negative Powders—the great spiritual remedy for diseases. In the brief space of three years that spiritual power has attained colossal proportions, spreading its facts and radiating its influence from Florida to California, and from Maine to Texas. I now see clearly, what I did not see three years ago. I now see that the Positive and Negative Powders, with all their marvelous healing and curative powers, are not intended simply to heal the sick. With ten thousand thousand tongues they are to advocate Spiritualism. They are to enter every household as an ever present spiritual power, eloquent witnesses to the truth, so convincing that none can resist them, so persuasive that none will rebel against them.

It is not Spiritualism alone that goes to Newton to be healed, nor is it Spiritualism alone that writes to me in confidence for the Powders. Underlying all outward show and profession of skepticism and incredulity, there lurks a deep faith, a faith which cannot be stifled, that there is a spiritual power among us. Hence the applicants to me for relief are not only Spiritualists but Christians, members of Churches and even "Ministers of the Gospel." In the reports which I receive of cures by the Powders, I often find expressions like this: "You will be surprised when I tell you that I am not a Spiritualist." Nevertheless, I know that their own cure, through a spiritual agency, is to them a fact which, in spite of themselves, puts them in a relation with the other facts, the phenomena and the literature of Spiritualism, that they must sooner or later yield to the force of evidence, and become one with us in the belief that "Spirits do communicate"—do relate themselves to us for our good. When the great cornerstone of Spiritualism (the belief in the fact that "Spirits do communicate") is thus laid in their minds, then all other things will be added in due time, that is, so much of the philosophy, the science and the religion of Spiritualism as they are capable of understanding.

With these convictions I continue my labors with more enlarged purposes and wider hopes and aims. My aim is to heal the body and convince the mind—to multiply and extend a power which shall give strength, vigor, elasticity and health to the body, and in so doing, remove the mind from the bondage of error, and the playing wheel of ignorance, and place it, free and strong, face to face with Nature and the principles of Nature.

In this work I ask the cooperation of all earnest advocates of the truth of Spiritualism. This phase of Spiritualism, the Positive and Negative system of curing disease, should have a representative and an advocate in every town, village and neighborhood in the country—some one who can supply the increasing demand for the Positive and Negative Powders, which is springing up in all parts of the United States.

I therefore earnestly request that all those persons (whether male or female) who feel disposed to thus lend their cooperation, will forward me their names and address, with the view of obtaining the terms upon which they will be desired to act. More especially do I make this request of those who have some knowledge or experience of the great and good work which the Powders are doing for humanity. In making this request I will further state that I do not ask "something for nothing." I have so arranged my system of cooperation that there is no little risk or expense as possible to those who join me in the work, and that as far as possible everything shall contribute to their pecuniary remuneration. Address

PROF. PATTON SPENCER, M. D.,
Box 5617, New York City.
Nov. 9.

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Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly 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 two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

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

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

Invocation.

Our Father and our God, we feel the breath of thy divine inspiration flowing in upon us through the glory of this autumn day. We feel thy life as Nature feels it, and we listen to thee as Nature listens to thee. We would come into thy laboratory of wisdom and truth, and we would learn concerning ourselves and our relation to each other and to thee. The soul through all its journeyings ever yearns to know its God, its source, the power that sustains it, the power upon which it relies, the power to whom it cries in time of trouble, and to whom it sends up its sign of rejoicing in times of joy. Men have called thee by many names—Lord, God, Jehovah; indeed, the names that men have given thee we could not number, but we believe that thou art one God, one Father, one life, one supreme presiding power, governing over all things and living through all things. We believe that thy power and thy love are manifested through these beautiful blossoms, (referring to a bouquet of flowers.) We believe that thy power and thy love are manifested through our thoughts, through our forms, through every form that hath existence. We believe that there is no place without thy presence, that there is no soul beyond thy love. Oh God, we would reason with thee, and if we are mistaken in our belief, we would turn at once to a more excellent way. We would worship at once at a more truthful shrine. We would cast all our ignorance at thy feet and ask thee to crown us with wisdom. We would lay aside all our childishness and go straight unto thy temple of wisdom, asking to become students of thy law. Thou hast no need that we tell thee that sorrow is abroad in the land. Thou hast no need that we tell thee that many hearts are crushed by the weight of human grief that rests upon them. Thou knowest it well. And because thou hast made hearts to suffer, because thou hast made suffering, we feel sure that thou wilt care for the sufferer, and temper well the sorrow. And he who said, "Thou wilt temper the wind to the shorn lamb," we believe was not mistaken. We believe that thy power is sufficient for all thy children, for their every need. We believe that thy wisdom is superior to the wisdom of all minds combined. Thou art above all, as thou art in and through all. When we ask thee to pour out thy blessings upon thy sons and daughters in mortal life, we ask that which if we consulted our own inner natures we should know that thou wouldst do without our asking. Thy blessing thou wilt not withhold from any of thy children. However much they may seem to wander from thee, however much they may seem to stray from thy ways, yet they are in thy keeping. We believe that thou wilt finally bring every soul into thine own kingdom of peace, thine own heaven of wisdom. Oh Lord, if we distrust thee we should be poor indeed. Life would be shorn of all its beauty. But we do not. We have faith in thy power and in thy love, and we know if thou dost cause thy children to suffer there is a great law to compensate them for all sorrow. It will come in due season, and no soul shall fail to receive its portion. Our Father, receive our prayers and our praises, in the name of the past, the present, and that which is to come. Amen.

Sept. 23.

Question and Answer.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have prophecies, Mr. Chairman, we are ready to hear them.

QUES.—Can the spirit of a child three years old return? And is there no course to pursue to get one to return? If so, how?

ANS.—Many such little buds have returned, and have given unmistakable evidence that they have returned. But what would be the requisite means to induce the return of one, might not be for any other one.

Sept. 23.

Oliver Fiske.

I used to tell my folks before I died that I did not know but what I was going to live on the earth long enough to be satisfied without coming back, but I do not see as a long life makes any difference. We are glad to travel the old road again if we get the opportunity to. I lived here eighty years. That is a pretty long time. But when I look back over it it seems to me as if I might have learned a great deal more than I did. But when I look at the last few years of my life, it seems to me as if there was more real true knowledge crowded into those years than in all the rest of my life. Because then I was introduced to the beautiful philosophy of the spirit return, and became interested in these things, and that opened the way to a great many beautiful truths. It upset my old philosophy, to be sure, and it did not leave so much as one stone upon another, and they were all thrown down in confusion. But the great master-builder reared a most beautiful structure out of the ruins, and thanks be to his name, I am living in it now. That is my mansion in the skies, and it is good enough for me. The foundation was laid through modern Spiritualism, and the topstone I hope will rest in the kingdom of God—that state of being we all so earnestly yearn for. I do not mean any particular locality, I mean a condition where we shall feel satisfied with all that God is doing for us. When we are satisfied, then we shall be in a condition of peace, of heaven.

I took my departure from this earth from Sherburne, Mass., and I was called when here Oliver Fiske. I was once deacon of the Baptist Church. I went through a long theological campaign, and I did not get out without some scratches, I can tell you. I have got a great many bullet marks from the enemy of all truth. Do you want to know what it is? [Yes.] It is theological bigotry. That is just what I used to tell my folks.

I never knew you when I was here, but I had heard about this place, and I had an idea that when I died—if I did not stay too long on the earth—as to get sick of it—I thought I should come here. And now I am here to throw in my poor testimony in favor of modern Spiritualism; to tell you myself it is true—though there is a great deal mixed up with it that will be purged out by-and-by. It is in a winnowing machine, and it will be winnowed thoroughly; you need not fear. Spiritualism has got to dispose of all its chaff, and when you get at the sound kernel then you will have a glorious philosophical religion such as you never had before. You will know where you stand. Now you do not know anything about it. You are split up into as many parts as it is possible for you to be, and it is because you do not any one of you—and I was one of the number—understand the religion that you are trying to live under. The most of you Spiritualists suppose that Spiritualism means simply a belief in the return of the dead. It is not so. Spiritualism means the science of life—life-to-day, life in the past, life in the future. And whatever is wrapped up in that the soul may not be afraid to deal with.

Well, well, I am happy in my new home, tell my folks. I am not disappointed, although many things are different from what I expected; yet take it as a whole, I felt very much at home when I got into the spirit-land; because I had heard so many reports from it, that I had made up my mind as to what kind of a place it was where I was going to gravitate, and I knew pretty well that I had got home when I had become free from the body. I knew I was not to go any further just then, because I saw scenes that were pictured to me before I died, as a part of my future home.

Well, now, a word of encouragement from an old man. I was old when here, but I hardly want to take old age upon myself now, for that belongs to the body, but as a mortal, I was old; so I would say to the dear friends I left, the advice of an old man is, Seek earnestly to find out the right way; and when you find out what you are satisfied is right, stick to it. That is what I used to tell you when I was here. Stick to it though all the world turn against you; God will be sure to be with you, and that is enough. God is more than all the world. He will never leave you if you are on the right side—you need not fear that you will ever go down hill. Some of my good church folks used to tell me I was going down hill, and going to destruction. Well, I told them, if I was, I was satisfied to go down there. I was going to stick to what I believed to be right if I went clear down to the bottomless pit. Yes, and I am right on that ground to-day, and would advise them to get on it as fast as they can. If you really believe in a personal devil, with a long tail and cloven foot and horns, why, preach it and live up to it. But if you don't believe it, but are afraid it may be so, yet have a belief in something better, live up to that belief, whatever it is. If it is in a devil, I honor the belief just the same, and God will. God won't turn any of you away from his kingdom because you happen to believe in an intelligence reigning in the universe in antagonism to himself—oh no! He knows all our shortcomings. He knows how short-sighted we are. These old notions have been handed down to you from age to age, till they have come to be a part of your life, and you cannot very well cut them off.

Well, I will take my staff and travel on, but I hope to return, not only once, but many times more, and I always hope to get some good by coming, and to always leave some. Good-day.

Sept. 23.

Summer Paine.

Feeling a natural attraction for the home of my earthly life, I have followed the crowd, and obtained permission to send a few thoughts to my people. I am not at all accustomed to these things. It is quite new to me. Although I have watched the return of thousands, I may say, since I have been in this spirit-world, yet I have had no experience in that line myself.

I was in the army but two months—two months and one day. And I received my discharge by a rebel bullet, and went to try the realities of the unseen world. I was 2d Lieutenant in the 20th Massachusetts. I was born in Boston—called old Boston my home. I was eighteen years of age, in my nineteenth year. I bore the name of Summer Paine. I fell at Gettysburg, and was buried by my comrades. I believe there is not one of them who understands that I can return. But I have listened to the experience of many who have returned in this way, and they assure me that it is better to make several blunders in returning than not to come at all, and it is better to come ninety and nine times without receiving a welcome from our friends, than to stay away when we feel such an earnest desire to return; for when all our forces are tending this way, it is very hard to perform duties well in any other direction.

I was first wounded in the foot, and I think in less than five minutes after I was shot through the heart and suffered nothing. I was at the time acting captain, my captain having been relieved by death.

Sept. 23.

Georgiana Higginson.

I tried to go to my brother without going in this public way, but I have failed everywhere, and so I was obliged to come this way or not at all. My father was killed during the war, and my mother died of grief and sickness. My brother was in the war with my father, but he remains on earth. My mother was a Massachusetts woman. My father was from Kentucky, but I was born in Virginia. I wish to reach my brother Wallace. There were two of us only—Georgiana—my father's name—and Wallace Higginson. That is the name he shall not return this way till he can come without asking favors of Northern people; but my mother and myself think different; though I tried hard to go elsewhere, it was not because I had any prejudices about coming here, but because I thought I could reach my brother better if I got nearer him, and did not come by the assistance of Northern people. My mother is strongly attracted to this locality, but my father has a particular aversion to it. I speak of this because I know if I am fortunate enough to reach my brother, he will ask, "Why did not our father come instead of you? why did not mother come? why did not you all come, if one came?"

Well, my mother would say what I would, perhaps; and then again it is very hard to get access here—there are so many—a very great crowd always waiting for their turn, and unless you are willing to wait a long time, you must have, my father says, a great deal of Yankee go-ahead-attitude, else you'll stay in the rear. Well, we want Wallace to know we can come; first, because it will give us great pleasure. We are selfish, you know, as we were when here; and second, because it will give him great pleasure when he knows we can come; and third, because we can help each other, and help perhaps all the world, by coming. For who knows how much we may help all the world by our return? If God gives all things and disposes of all rightly, then I am to suppose that he guides every returning spirit, and makes their return of

good and use to every body else. I heard a great deal about Yankee selfishness, and a great deal about the Yankees every way, but I always remembered that my mother was a Yankee. She was Massachusetts born. She was a Yankee, she said, and old New England soil was very dear to her, and when my father went against it—when my father and brother took up arms against the North, so as my mother could not help it, her heart was very heavy, and I think it was the cause of her change. But that is neither here nor there. We want to go to Wallace, and we want him to feel that he is a great deal better off now than he was before the war, or he will be if he will only learn to know that there is a good future for him, and learn to depend more upon himself. He says now that "the slaves are all gone, we haven't them, they are not worth anything in their freedom, and they are ungovernable, and we can't do anything satisfactory, anyway, and I wish we had all been killed." Well, that is a good wish, if it could only be successfully carried out; but it does not amount to anything unless you can govern it yourself. And as he is alive and on the earth, it is best to take advantage of all the good things there are on earth; and if there is any good in what Mr. Lincoln saw fit to do with reference to the slaves, why let him use the good and let the bad go. I know he will say I talk just as I did when here; that I am still in sympathy with Northern abolitionists, because my grandfather was one. Well, who knows but what his mantle fell on me? I never asked him, but I will.

Father says if Wallace will seek out a medium he will come and tell him what to do to straighten out the snarl he is in. I do not know as I could if I should try, but I could tell him a great many things that would not do him any hurt.

(To the Chairman.) Good-day, sir. I thank you very kindly for the way you have prepared for our return.

Sept. 23.

Fannie Seward.

My desire to return, giving positive evidence of my identity, has become so altogether absorbing, that although many obstacles were in the way, I was compelled to return, asking that the friends I have left, and particularly my father, will allow me to identify myself and give evidence of my power to return to him through a gentleman in New York, I believe, known as Mr. Mansfield. I have visited him, and have learned that I can use him, and I am quite sure I can do so to the entire satisfaction of my father and my friends, one and all. I am very anxious to go to my father for special reasons, which I will give in a clear and unmistakable light through Mr. Mansfield. I am able in my spiritual condition to behold the conditions that surround my father in his earthly life, and I am possessed with the idea that I may change his earthly surroundings somewhat for the better. I wish to tell him of certain things with reference to himself and Mr. Johnson, and others intimately connected. And I am quite sure, with the assistance of the kind friends in the spirit-world who have volunteered their aid, that I shall be successful if he will only heed my request, and address a letter to me to be answered by myself through Mr. Mansfield as medium.

I am not well acquainted with this method of return, but I am striving to make myself acquainted with the laws, and hope, not entirely for my own good, but for the good of those I wish to come into communication with—hoping my father and other dear friends—but my father in particular—will heed my call, even if it is heeded only from curiosity. I will now retire and wait for a response.

I am Fannie Seward, daughter of Secretary Seward.

Sept. 23.

Séance opened by Wm. E. Channing; letters answered by Anna Cora Wilson.

Invocation.

Oh ye countless throngs whose robes have been cleansed by the bitter experiences of human life, draw nigh this hour unto these souls in mortal, and lead them out of the valleys of superstition and fear unto the mountain-tops of knowledge and truth. Do thou come near unto those souls who mourn; do thou lead them so near unto the kingdom of the hereafter, the glorious land of spirits, that their souls shall catch the echo of angel voices, and they shall say, "It is well." Come near unto the children of our Father in mortal and wipe away their tears; quicken their senses, so that they may understand the coming of those whom men call dead. Teach them of the way you have trod; unfold unto their vision those scenes in the land of souls which shall cause them to yearn still more for a home in the hereafter. Your lives have not been passed in vain, and the great future which lies before you is calling loudly upon you to fill it with holy deeds. Oh let some of those deeds be toward your brethren in mortal. Lead them away from error, and show them God's simple truths. Lead them away from night, and show them the morning sun. Lead them away from all kinds of darkness into the clear light of wisdom. Lead them away, oh lead them far away from the fear of death, and teach them that death is but a myth, a something unreal, having no existence. Teach them that your God and their God will love them forever, and because He lives, they shall live also. Teach them that all the faces that have passed from mortal vision are radiant in the morning light of the spirit-land. Teach them that every form having an existence here, has also an existence in the hereafter. Teach them that the flowers that have faded here, shall bloom again there. Oh give them the key wherewith they may enter heaven. Oh give them the torch wherewith they may burn up the chaff of the past, that they may turn no longer to it. And in the name of our Father, of the Father of our life and their life, we will together lay our offerings of good deeds upon the altar of life, asking the blessing of the Great Infinite upon them. Amen.

Sept. 24.

Questions and Answers.

QUES.—Will the intelligence explain who that white-headed man was, spoken of in the 13th, 14th and 15th verses of the first chapter of Revelations, as follows:

"13. And in the midst of the seven candlesticks one like unto the son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle.

"14. His head and his hair were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were a flame of fire;

"15. And his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters."

ANS.—It is believed that this vision of John had particular reference to the different mental states of the Churches. Each member of the body represents a distinct Church, or phase of religious activity. Certain attributes contended—and they seem to have a certain amount of understanding with regard to the vision—that it was given to the seer that he might, under the inspiration of the giver, become a teacher unto those who had need of being taught, namely: the Churches.

Every distinct characteristic of the figure shown, may represent some prominent feature of some distinctive Church. Well, this is as good an explanation, perhaps, as we could give. It may have meant that, or it may have meant something entirely different. For ourselves, we do not know positively what the inspiring power did intend to convey by presenting the vision. It was not something with reference to the Churches, and to the peculiar religious life that was flowing all round the seer, I am sure I do not know what it could relate to.

Q.—Where does the spirit of Mrs. Conant remain while another spirit takes possession of her organism?

A.—Sometimes she remains in a dormant state within her own physical life. But often her conscious part retires, goes out sometimes among her friends here in earth-life, and sometimes is attracted off to different lands here on earth, and is able to observe, in her spirit, the different conditions of being where she is at the present time. As spirit is superior to matter, it can break the bonds of matter and go forth from matter at will; therefore if there is any attracting power to those points, if the spirit desires to follow that attraction, it can do so.

Q.—And does it retain its identity?

A.—And at the same time retains its identity. The body is but the medium of the spirit, and although it is better adapted to the spirit that has dwelt with it from its natural birth, yet it can be used also by any spirit who understands the laws governing in such cases. There are several instances recorded where the spirit of the medium has given distinct and positive and unmistakable evidence of its identity in places besides where the form was located during the manifestation of some foreign spirit. She has manifested in England, in Germany, in Roxbury—localities apart from the place where the body was at the time. And when questioned concerning answers that were given to questions put to her, while she was apart from the body—when questioned of them, after returning to the body, her answer was, I should have said so if I had been questioned while in conscious relation with the body, thus proving that the spirit was the same outside of the body that it was within it, and acting through it.

Q.—How can we tell the difference between an embodied and a disembodied spirit?

A.—Absolutely there are no disembodied spirits. The spirit, if it manifests at all, must manifest through a different body—it matters not whether a spiritual or a physical body. But when the spirit desires to come in rapport with you through your material senses, it must do so through this life or through some body that your senses cannot take cognizance of; but there are various ways of testing the identity of every spirit who returns communicating through modern media. And if you will only avail yourself of the means on the right hand and on the left, you need not be constantly asking, "How shall we know when we are deceived, and when we are not?"

Sept. 24.

George A. Atkins.

I am here, Mr. Chairman, to answer a question that was propounded to me at a circle held in a neighboring city about seven or eight—yes, eight days ago to-day. The question is this: "Why do not we hear from you often through public mediums? Why do not you go to the Banner of Light and manifest to your friends—those who know you here in the earth-life?"

I answered them in this wise: "I do not come, because I see that all the avenues that are open for the return of any spirit are needed more by some one else than by me. Therefore I make no effort to come there unless I can come to assist those who wish to communicate with their friends. I am often there in that capacity." "Well," they said, "to prove to us that it is you who are speaking, won't you go there once?" I said, "I will if I can, and not tread on anybody's toes, or use any time that anybody else could use to better advantage. If I see a place I can fill to advantage, I will come." And I am here. I am forcibly carried back to the days of my mortal life—to some very dark points and some very pleasant ones.

I see, notwithstanding the bigotry that still exists everywhere on the earth—for it is not all dead yet—the world moves on, and Spiritualism, like a great wave, is rushing over the mass and no one can stay its progress. The priests are crying out against it, and the Pope is about to issue an edict concerning Spiritualism, and it is this: If any of the worshippers at the shrine of the true church—namely, the Roman Catholic Church—are found consulting mediums concerning modern Spiritualism, they shall be therefore excluded from the Church, and they shall be called upon to pay tithes to the Church for a number of years, not less than five and not exceeding twenty, provided they live as long. Now, mark you! they are excluded from the Church; the Church shuts its doors on them, but still taxes them heavily for its support. The Pope says, "I will do this to you if you consult mediums," but at the same time the Pope thinks that modern Spiritualism is a truth, for he has had ample evidence of it himself. But he knows something besides. He knows that it is rising up with a gigantic power all around him, and it threatens to destroy not only him but the Roman Catholic Church entire. It has become, to a very great extent, incorporated into the Church. It has entered its very life, and it is silently working, like leaven, among the great mass; and, by-and-by, he says, if I do not kill it now he shall have no Roman Catholic Churches; they will be spiritual churches. We shall have no popes; they will be mediums. Well, so much for the fear of the Pope; so much for the power he intends to exert over the people who bow down and serve him. Mind you, this is forecast knowledge. It has not yet received the outward baptism, except as I give it now. But when it does, you who are here and hear our words this afternoon, will say: "That is not new. We have heard that before. We knew it was coming."

And now to those friends who asked for my return, I would express my warmest sympathy for them and my deepest conviction with regard to the growth of modern Spiritualism. I expect it will always grow. One of the questions asked me was: "How long will modern Spiritualism be growing before it attains to manhood?" Well, it is going to grow to all eternity, I believe. I should be very sorry to see it cease growing. You will be constantly reaping the harvest, but never destroying the grain. It will be perpetually flowering and as perpetually yielding its grain. There must be and there always will be phenomenal Spiritualism. You may say, "I am tired of bearing of dark circles, of rapping and table tipping and physical manifestations." Well, then, you may just as well learn to-day as at any other time that you are wearying your spirit in vain. You are asking against God. The manifestations belong to him, and he knows best how long to continue them. And I believe just so long as there is a soul to come into a belief in modern Spiritualism by those means, just so long the raps will

be heard, tables will be tipped, and all the various phenomenal manifestations will occur. It makes no difference whether the voice of Judge Edmonds or of Jesus Christ cries out against it; if God says, Go on, the car will roll on. Well, I have done for the present. George A. Atkins.

One word more: I want my dear friend, Dr. Gardner, to remember me as I remember him. Kind acts are never lost; and I am forcibly carried back to the day when he interposed between the undertaker and my poor, cast-off body. The undertaker said: "This body cannot be carried out of the house till my bill for the coffin is settled." Think of it—at this day! All the better feelings of my dear Brother Gardner were roused, and he said: "What is your bill?" He was told, and he paid it himself, and, at the same time, took the undertaker by the collar, and I could see an earnest desire in him to use the foot at the same time in helping him out of the house. And I was then not so far developed beyond the material and antagonistic plane but what I was sorry he didn't do it. But I have changed to-day, and I should say to-day, if called to make a speech upon the subject: Let the wickedness of this world and all other worlds work itself clear. Let the selfishness of every human heart work itself clear. It will die of itself. It is not immortal. There is no need of kicking it out of doors or of speaking largely against it. It will die, whether you say a word to it or no, because the march of the human intellect is onward, and every soul knows it is better to be just than to be unjust. By-and-by, when the surroundings of souls here on the earth are changed, when the soul is able to peer beyond the dollar and the fine clothes, to the truth and robes of simple purity, then selfishness will be one of the owls that will take its flight. It cannot live where the sunlight of truth shines. So the more you advance the truth, the sooner those bats and owls will begin to flee away, and you will be entirely rid of them. Now I am going. Good-day.

Sept. 24.

Ruth Kilburn Chase.

I am coming back to tell my children that there is a world beyond this one, and that the door is not shut between the two. I have two sons and a daughter, and I have several grandchildren and great-grandchildren. I was baptized as Ruth Kilburn. After marriage my name was Chase. I was born in Watervliet, New York State, but I died in Brownsville, Missouri, with my son. I stayed here ninety-two years, and I got very tired of staying. I was so glad when the time came for me to go.

My daughter believes in the doctrine that if a child dies in infancy it is not immortal, and she wonders if the same can be true of old age. She thinks perhaps it is, and I thought I'd come and tell her it isn't so. I saw the greatest crowd of pretty children in the spirit-world I ever saw in my life, and I know they are alive, and I know they have lived on the earth, too. And I want my daughter to instruct her children differently, better. I want her to teach them that there is a home for them, as well as for people that are grown up. When they die they live, I want her to tell them. It makes me unhappy to see her telling them what she does. I don't like it. I can hear it, and I don't like it.

I am glad my name was given to Cyrus. I am very glad of it, tell them, because his son bought it and gave it to me. He brought it home to me, and there was silver rings on it, a silver ring on the bottom, a ferule they called it; and I am glad they gave it to Cyrus. It had my name on it in letters—the initials to my name.

Now, seeing as I can come back here, I want them to—let them to set down among themselves and let me come there. I think their oldest daughter is a medium, and I should like to come and use her, if they are willing—not without they know of it.

Good-by, Mr. Chairman. Don't forget to tell how old I was.

Sept. 24.

Charlie Storey.

Ida was here the other day, and I got permission to come to-day. I am Charlie. And I come to tell the folks about our Lyceum. I am a scholar and I am a teacher in our Lyceum, both. I want to tell our folks about the Miss Sprague who used to live here, that used to be a lecturer and a poetess. She has come to our Lyceum, and she talked to us in poetry, and she is coming to the earth, and she is to find a medium, and it is to be Miss Doten, (if she can catch her just right, she says,) for she has a gift, and she is to inspire her to give a poem, so the folks here in the Lyceum can have it. And it is beautiful. It tells how our Lyceum acts upon the Lyceums here, and how your Lyceums here act upon ours, and it tells a great many other things too, and—and I thought perhaps the folks here would like to know it. Mother would, and father would, and I thought all the rest would. I was—I was some homesick when I first came here, and Ida was, too, but we would not go back now. We are happy now, and we can do a great deal more good here where we are now, and I should be willing to have the diptheria over again if I could get into the spirit-land by having it. It is a hard way to come, but I would be willing to come even that way, if I could not come there any other way. Ida said I'd have to have the diptheria over again if I come here, but I learned to come, and I said I'd come if I did have it.

(To the Chairman, Mr. Crowell.) I know three of your little children, sir; two of them is in our Lyceum—the other is in the Intermediate Lyceum, and next she will come into ours. She is the same name of my sister. No, it isn't the same, but it is close like it. I mean what her name was here. That is not her name now. It was Eva. My sister was Ida. Her name now is Grace. She gave it to herself. She liked it, she said. I think my sister's name is prettier than hers—don't you? [What is your sister's name?] Rosebud. [Yes, I remember. That is very pretty.] But then she selected it for herself, so she can't blame anybody. [What do they call little Fannie there?] She is Fannie, just the same; she wouldn't have it changed. She says, "My name is Fannie," and she wouldn't have any other name. She is a spiteful little thing. [Is she?] She was pretty "spunky" here.] They were going to call her Lilybud, but she said, "No lilos here," and she was not going to have that name, and so they let it go Fannie. [Why don't they come back?] They are afraid they will be sick. They do not like to have diptheria over again. I know your little boy, too. He is bigger than I am. [What is he doing there?] Oh, he is studying. He is a smart little fellow. He don't care anything about coming back. He do not seem to remember a great deal about it.

Oh, but we have nice times in our Lyceum, and we have nice times after we get through, too. [Do you?] Yes, we do. There ain't no fear of getting sick, and you do not have to—you do not have to dress as you do here, and—and you can have just the jolliest time. Oh, I wouldn't go back—we wouldn't any of us. [Is Eva here this afternoon?] Yes, she is a delegation from the Lyceum here. [Ask her if she wants to send any word to her cousin Ida.] Yes, she says tell her how much

she loves her, and how often she is with her, and she wishes she would call for her. She would come closer to her then, if she did. And but, too, she says, I don't know him, do I? [No, he is here with us.] I shan't have the diptheria when I go away from here. [No, you won't have it again.]

Good-afternoon, sir. Next time I come, maybe I will recite a piece—one of four pieces. Sept. 24.

John King.

I have called round to present my compliments to the several gentlemen who officiated at the late Western Convention, who saw fit to denounce as spurious all Phenomenal Spiritualism, and particularly that which was given through my mediums—the Davenport Boys. I am John. I am their guardian spirit—the presiding genius of the manifestations. But the spirits are after them. [They seem to be following them up pretty snug.] And well they may. Now, when the boys come home again, I propose to meet those gentlemen, and I will give them more than two-thirds of the ground, and whip them to death even then. [I guess you can.] I know I can—no guess-work about it—I know I can whip them to death, and so I will. I am going now, for we have got to manifest to-night. Good-by. John King. Sept. 24.

Séance was opened by John Pierpont, and adjourned by George A. Atkins.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Sept. 28.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Stephen Studley, born in Stockbridge, Vt., to his son Joseph; Sylvia Ann Howland, to her niece Betty; Annie E. Shaller, to her mother, Columbia, N.Y.

Monday, Sept. 30.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: William Siles, of Westville, Ind., to his son William, and his daughter Edith; Charles P. H. to his wife, Mary; Philip T. Jones, lieutenant in the First Louisiana Cavalry; Charles Siles, Westville, Ind.; Dr. John L. Brooks, Farmington, Fla.; Sylvia Ann Howland, to her niece Betty; Charles Augustus Foley, to his mother.

Tuesday, Oct. 1.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Oscar McDowell, Calaveras Co., Cal.; Margaret Sibley, of Detroit, to George W. Sibley, of New York; Mike Engen, to Mr. Christine, of New York; William Chase, of the Bank Ann, of New Bedford.

Thursday, Oct. 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Mrs. Sally Trull, of New York; daughter of Mrs. William K. Griffin, of Louisiana, to her father; James Post, of Sandusky; Richard Bond, to his friends in Caryville, Ill.; Ann Kinnon, of Richmond, Ohio.

Friday, Oct. 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Richard Dearborn, of Canaan, N.H.; Theodore R. Merrill, of the 24th Virginia Cavalry; Henry H. Merrill, of the 24th Mass., died at Fairmount, Va.; Edith Linger, of Mobile, Ala., to her father; James Smith, died in Tampa Bay, from the bark Clarence, to friends in Boston.

Monday, Oct. 7.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: William A. Walker, of the 27th Mass., to his friends in Boston; Samuel Hahnemann Taylor, of New Orleans; John C. Hill, of the 4th Virginia Infantry; Jonathan L. C. Clark, of Michigan, formerly of Missouri, to Rev. Mr. Evans; Flora Jones, of Tennessee, to her mother; Lucy H. Dyer, to her friends.

Tuesday, Oct. 8.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Arthur L. C. Palmer, of Columbus, O.; Maj. Daniel McCook, to Mrs. Martin McCook, of St. Louis, Jefferson Co., O.; Alice Fletcher, to her Aunt Sarah.

Thursday, Oct. 10.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Samuel Hahnemann Taylor, of New Orleans; John C. Hill, of the 4th Virginia Infantry; Jonathan L. C. Clark, of Michigan, formerly of Missouri, to Rev. Mr. Evans; Flora Jones, of Tennessee, to her mother; Lucy H. Dyer, to her friends.

Monday, Oct. 13.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Isaac H. H. Jones, to his friends in Maine; Capt. William E. Harker, Third Pennsylvania Infantry; Johnnie Joseph, of Frankfort, Ky., to his mother; Lucy H. Dyer, to her friends.

Tuesday, Oct. 14.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Col. S. H. Daniels, to his friends; John C. Hill, of the 4th Virginia Infantry; Jonathan L. C. Clark, of Michigan, formerly of Missouri, to Rev. Mr. Evans; Flora Jones, of Tennessee, to her mother; Lucy H. Dyer, to her friends.

Thursday, Oct. 16.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Col. S. H. Daniels, to his friends; John C. Hill, of the 4th Virginia Infantry; Jonathan L. C. Clark, of Michigan, formerly of Missouri, to Rev. Mr. Evans; Flora Jones, of Tennessee, to her mother; Lucy H. Dyer, to her friends.

Monday, Oct. 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Col. S. H. Daniels, to his friends; John C. Hill, of the 4th Virginia Infantry; Jonathan L. C. Clark, of Michigan, formerly of Missouri, to Rev. Mr. Evans; Flora Jones, of Tennessee, to her mother; Lucy H. Dyer, to her friends.

Thursday, Oct. 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Col. S. H. Daniels, to his friends; John C. Hill, of the 4th Virginia Infantry; Jonathan L. C. Clark, of Michigan, formerly of Missouri, to Rev. Mr. Evans; Flora Jones, of Tennessee, to her mother; Lucy H. Dyer, to her friends.

Monday, Oct. 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Col. S. H. Daniels, to his friends; John C. Hill, of the 4th Virginia Infantry; Jonathan L. C. Clark, of Michigan, formerly of Missouri, to Rev. Mr. Evans; Flora Jones, of Tennessee, to her mother; Lucy H. Dyer, to her friends.

Thursday, Oct. 28.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Col. S. H. Daniels, to his friends; John C. Hill, of the 4th Virginia Infantry; Jonathan L. C. Clark, of Michigan, formerly of Missouri, to Rev. Mr. Evans; Flora Jones, of Tennessee, to her mother; Lucy H. Dyer, to her friends.

Monday, Oct. 31.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Col. S. H. Daniels, to his friends; John C. Hill, of the 4th Virginia Infantry; Jonathan L. C. Clark, of Michigan, formerly of Missouri, to Rev. Mr. Evans; Flora Jones, of Tennessee, to her mother; Lucy H. Dyer, to her friends.

Thursday, Nov. 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Col. S. H. Daniels, to his friends; John C. Hill, of the 4th Virginia Infantry; Jonathan L. C. Clark, of Michigan, formerly of Missouri, to Rev. Mr. Evans; Flora Jones, of Tennessee, to her mother; Lucy H. Dyer, to her friends.

Monday, Nov. 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Col. S. H. Daniels, to his friends; John C. Hill, of the 4th Virginia Infantry; Jonathan L. C. Clark, of Michigan, formerly of Missouri, to Rev. Mr. Evans; Flora Jones, of Tennessee, to her mother; Lucy H. Dyer, to her friends.

Thursday, Nov. 9.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Col. S. H. Daniels, to his friends; John C. Hill, of the 4th Virginia Infantry; Jonathan L. C. Clark, of Michigan, formerly of Missouri, to Rev. Mr. Evans; Flora Jones, of Tennessee, to her mother; Lucy H. Dyer, to her friends.

Monday, Nov. 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Col. S. H. Daniels, to his friends; John C. Hill, of the 4th Virginia Infantry; Jonathan L. C. Clark, of Michigan, formerly of Missouri, to Rev. Mr. Evans; Flora Jones, of Tennessee, to her mother; Lucy H. Dyer, to her friends.

Thursday, Nov. 15.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Col. S. H. Daniels, to his friends; John C. Hill, of the 4th Virginia Infantry; Jonathan L. C. Clark, of Michigan, formerly of Missouri, to Rev. Mr. Evans; Flora Jones, of Tennessee, to her mother; Lucy H. Dyer, to her friends.

Monday, Nov. 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Col. S. H. Daniels, to his friends; John C. Hill, of the 4th Virginia Infantry; Jonathan L. C. Clark, of Michigan, formerly of Missouri, to Rev. Mr. Evans; Flora Jones, of Tennessee, to her mother; Lucy H. Dyer, to her friends.

Thursday, Nov. 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Col. S. H. Daniels, to his friends; John C. Hill, of the 4th Virginia Infantry; Jonathan L. C. Clark, of Michigan, formerly of Missouri, to Rev. Mr. Evans; Flora Jones, of Tennessee, to her mother; Lucy H. Dyer, to her friends.

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