

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

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[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

There's a beautiful country not far away,
With its shores of emerald green,
Where rise the beautiful hills of Day,
From meadows of amber and shoon;
There beautiful flowers forever blow,
With beautiful names which ye may not know.
There are beautiful walks, star pavon and bright,
Which lead up to beautiful homes;
And beautiful temples, all domed in white,
With golden and apple-carved,
And beautiful gates, which swing so slow,
To beautiful symbols ye may not know.
There are beautiful valleys and mountains high,
With rivers, and forests, and hills;
And beautiful fountains leap to the sky,
Then descend in murmuring rills;
There beautiful "life trees" forever grow,
With beautiful names which ye do not know.
There is beautiful music borne on the air,
From bright birds with flashing wings;
And beautiful odors float everywhere,
Which an unseen sense brings;
And a beautiful stream near that land doth flow,
With a beautiful name which ye do not know.
Across this beautiful mystical stream,
Flash rare scintillations bright;
And many a "wishing, mysterious dream,"
Is borne on the plumes of night;
And the stream is spanned by a beautiful bow,
With a beautiful name which ye do not know.
And beautiful gondolas, formed of pearl,
Come, laden with wonderful stores;
While beautiful banners their folds unfurl,
To the dipping of musical oars;
And beautiful beings cross to and fro,
With beautiful names which ye do not know.
Would ye know the name of this beautiful Land,
Where the emerald waters roll
In gentle waves on a beautiful strand?
It is called "The Land of the South."
And the beautiful flowers which ever blow,
Are the beautiful thoughts which ye have below.
And the beautiful walks are your life deeds,
Which fashion your future homes;
While the temples grand are the world's great needs,
And its vaults have reared their domes;
Through the beautiful gates, which swing so slow,
Come the beautiful truths which ye learn below.
And the beautiful landscapes are formed of thoughts;
Or all that the world has been;
And the beautiful fountains are tears outwrought,
Through immortal sunlight seen;
And the beautiful life trees, which ever grow,
Are the beautiful hopes which ye cherish below.
And the beautiful melody is prayer,
But is echoed in man's powers;
And the beautiful perfumes floating there
Are the spirits of all the flowers.
And the beautiful stream which divides you so,
Is the beautiful river named Death below.
And the beautiful flashes across the stream,
Are your inspirations grand;
While the beautiful meaning of every dream
Is the real in this fair land.
And the beautiful million-colored bow
Is your beautiful tears for each other's woe.
And the beautiful barges are all the years
Which bear ye away from pain;
And the beautiful banners, transformed from fears,
Are returning to bless you again;
And the beautiful forms, crossing to and fro,
Are the beautiful ones ye have loved below.

SUMMER DAYS.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Oh summer days! dear summer days! how sweet ye are and fair!
When beauty smiles and fragrance breathes throughout the air;
When all the birds have built their nests in loving couples twined,
And yellow butterflies in pairs come waltzing down the wind.
The morning-glories drape the wall with crimson, white and blue,
Coquetting with the honey-bees the long sweet mornings through;
The humming-bird hangs poised above the lily's nectar-store,
And unfaded birdlings twitter in the nest above the door.
The grand old oaks beside the porch, where coolest shadows lie,
While all the bees and butterflies and moths go flitting by;
He never marks their flight, nor sees the swallows come and go,
But rests his chin upon his staff, and thinks of long ago.
I ask him if these summer days bring not a rare delight,
They rise so fair and glow so low into the golden night.
"Ah no!" he says, "I dream upon the years that used to be,
The days, since I have grown so old, seem all alike to me."
I wonder if 't will come to me—the time when I shall say
I see no splendor in the sky, no beauty in the day;
When birds shall sing above my head their chorus glad and clear,
Yet bring no flutter to my heart, no rapture to my ear?
I wonder if I, too, shall sit and dream an old man's dreams,
And vaguely meditate and brood on half-forgotten themes,
While all the hues and symphonies of sea, and sky, and earth,
Pass vainly by my heedless sense, like trifles nothing worth!
Ah no! whatever change may come, that change can never be—
This lovely world can never lose its happy charm for me;
Not all the sorrow time can bring, not all life's mightiest woes,
Can take the odor from the fern, the color from the rose.
And though my senses fall with years, and lose their keenest power,
Yet, when the sparrow comes and sings at earliest morning hour—
Ah! he who once has heard the song, can never cease to hear;
I know the clear, ecstatic voice, will pierce my heavy ear;
And I shall see the roses bloom, and note the pleasant hum
Of humble-bees, and wait at night to see the fire-flies come;
And though my eyes may have, as yet, their bitterest tears to shed,
I never can be wholly blind to evening's gold and red.
The flowers will not cease to glow because my cheek is wan;
The peach trees will not fail to blush because my bloom is gone;
And all the mists that mournful age may bring to cloud my view,
Can never hide the purple hills, the sea's delicious blue.
This beautiful world, which every year renews its youthful prime,
Will be as fair when I am old as in my childhood's time;
And age can never be a scene of loneliness and gloom
To him who sees the swallows build—the morning-glories bloom.

Original Essays.

THE SITUATION AND NEEDS OF THE TIMES.

BY G. F. KITTREDGE.

"How long, oh God, how long?" This is the exclamation and interrogation which ever comes to our mind when we contemplate what Spiritualism is and what Spiritualists are; the one a noble, grand and beautiful philosophy—the other, in the aggregate, a conglomerate of men and women who claim and assume more than their acts will attest. There are many of the devotees of Spiritualism who will, no doubt, consider this as a sweeping accusation and bare assertion; but Truth, stripped of all vanity, and in her simplicity, begs us write, and therefore at her shrine we bow and her mandates obey. Hence our adopted sentiment:

"Truth alone, where'er my life be cast,
In scenes of plenty or the pining waste,
Shall be my chosen theme, my glory to the last."

Modern Spiritualism, in the twenty-first year of its advent, claiming eleven millions of advocates and believers in the United States alone, and still not popular nor respected—still no churches, schools, asylums, hospitals nor beneficiary institutions—nothing save a few scattered organizations, half concealed and half born, and a few Children's Lyceums; and even these almost invariably characterized by contentions, wrangling, jealousies, disputes, gossiping harangues and general inharmoniousness.

Modern Spiritualism, with its exalting lessons, its sublime philosophy, its noble disclosures of truth, its saving influences from every species of vice and crime, and three hundred advertised lecturing advocates ready to present it before the masses, provided they are called upon! "Ay, there's the rub"; for not one in ten ever have a call to lecture, and not more than twenty-five out of the three hundred are supported well enough to keep them in the field. Fro. Peebles says to us, "Why ain't you in the field? Lecturers are needed everywhere!" We know lecturers are needed, and we stand ready and equipped for battle, but there are two things requisite to get us out—1st, a call; 2d, compensation.

Again, one thousand test mediums for every phase of spirit manifestations are developed, and where are they and what are they doing? They are manifested as receiving any support for their divine, angelic missions, but, on the contrary, are living in the most indigent circumstances—existing and compelled to exist in dingy attics and damp basements, and often asked to give their services gratis.

Eleven millions of Spiritualists, and only two or three offices devoted to the printing of spiritual literature, and not one in five hundred of the said eleven millions who ever read a spiritual journal, much less that subscribe to or patronize one.

We have often heard lecturers narrate the wonderful growth of Spiritualism, and seen whole audiences swell big with pride as being counted among the pioneers of the cause, when, in fact, Spiritualists themselves are not entitled to one whit of the praise, since this wonderful and blessed philosophy, from its inception on the 31st of March, 1848, to the present time, has been forced upon this world by the denizens of the Summer Land, and to them be the glory and praise thereof. Had professed Spiritualists taken one-half the time, or exerted themselves one-half as much in order to have had the Spiritual Philosophy disseminated among the children of earth, or had they been half as zealous to open the way for spiritual communion, not a household to-day would be without its acknowledged angel visitants. And here will be appreciated the pertinency of those trite aphorisms, "Angels help those who help themselves," and "As they minister unto us in spiritual things, how much more should we be willing to minister unto them in temporal things." Angels cannot build edifices of wood and stone, but they can direct us how to build. They cannot dig wells and bore for oil, but they can point out the successful places. They cannot fight battles, but they can inform us of the weak parts in our enemy's ranks. They cannot mine for precious metals, nor coin them to fill the coffers of Spiritualists—and thank God for that—if they could and would, we doubt if there would be but little expended in furtherance of the cause.

That we may the better be excited to shame, let us take a casual survey for a moment of the various sectarian denominations, and behold what they have achieved and are achieving, and the indomitable zealotism with which they labor. See the costly and elegant edifices of worship being reared daily all around us. See the beautiful and stately buildings erected for asylum, orphan and hospital purposes. See the large academic institutions reared, with all the taste and skill which science, art and human ingenuity can devise, and expensively endowed, and wherein they are erroneously instructing and sending forth intellectual giants to brow-beat and cripple truth's onward and progressive march. And it is with these that our lecturers, mostly taken from the humble ranks of all professions and avocations—uneducated and untrained—are obliged to cope. All of this in a country containing eleven millions of Spiritualists, who, in the aggregate, are the wealthiest in this world's goods, but at the same time the most penurious, selfish and close-fisted class of humanity that exist on this green earth of ours. Were it otherwise, then we should not at this day and age be obliged to chronicle the apathy of spiritual progress; therefore, this assertion needs no further argument to substantiate it as a fact.

It is time Spiritualists bestirred themselves toward perfecting a grand system of organization, that they may hereafter furnish their own data and statistics of strength, wealth, progress, and prospective work, which shall be reliable, and not be dependent longer upon their opposers for their necessary information.

That Spiritualism is the only thing feared by all sectarian denominations as a disintegrator of their ritualistic theology, is evident from the assaults made upon it by all the publications and sermons of note issuing from their presses and pulpits. As an earnest of this fact, allow us to quote an extract or two from a sermon preached by Rev. George M. Randall, of Mesiah Church, Boston, before the alumni of the Episcopal Church, held at Philadelphia. He says:

"The spirit of infidelity, in the present age, has assumed a gigantic form in its warfare upon Revelation which gives it an influence fearful to think of. It no longer contents itself with that simple, pitiful rejection of Christ, but it has assumed a guise far more attractive and infinitely more dangerous: it has put on the garment of great learning; it appears now under the phase of philosophy and science, and attempts to bring contempt upon Revelation by showing that its inspired words are contradicted by scientific facts; it has taken on the guise of religion, and in many communities is making head with the Christian faith of multitudes. Spiritualism is a fit rival of Swedenborgianism. What was treated a few years ago as only a freak of fanaticism, has assumed dimensions, in many parts of the country, which make it no longer a thing that may provoke a smile for its absurdity; it has taken possession of the minds of too many men and women, who had heretofore ranked among the pious and intelligent disciples of Christ, and is spreading its baneful influences quite as far and too fast to be longer regarded as one of those ephemeral religious phantasies which soon cure themselves."

Would that the devil were content that (these) his servants should make their onset upon the little firm domain of science; but alas! that infidelity should be found in the fold. . . . Treason in the church is terrible dealt at her life by the hand of treason."

The above is a fair sample of the warnings and fear expressed in all the theological pulpits of this country to-day, from the old, dogmatic Roman Catholic Church down to the Old School Universalists, in regard to the influence of Spiritualism. They are fearful of its strength and its influence; but in our estimation, after surveying the situation carefully, we should say Spiritualism, or Spiritualists rather, in their inharmonious and disorganized condition, have more to fear from their opponents than their opponents have from them. It may not be generally known, yet it is, nevertheless, a serious fact that there is danger lurking in the body-politic of this country, instituted by two powerful religious sects, each bitterly opposed to the other, yet both striving to gain the same great end. The one, the Roman Catholic, with already a strong foothold on this continent, and daily growing in its population; of immigration, the Episcopal, lately taken the name of the other, the Episcopal, which is also the "American Church Catholic," which is also the "American Church Catholic," because she courts aristocracy, and being successful in her courting, is, as a matter of course, becoming rich. In the country of New York alone, including the city, this latter named sect has already fifty-nine churches, valued at nine million seven hundred and twenty-one thousand dollars, while the Romans in the same territory have only thirty churches, valued at one million nine hundred and thirty-one thousand two hundred dollars. These two powerful sects, although at war with each other, are boldly making their threats and boasts that they are individually to become the acknowledged church of this country, and that all other religious bodies will eventually be compelled to succumb to them; that the individual members composing them may hold their standing of respectability and honor in society. And how are they setting out to bring about their prophetic boasts and threats? By pouring out their treasures with no stint, and taking precautionary steps to proselyte the ignorant South, thereby to gain political strength and thus ensure national, as well as State legislators and officials, who will stoop and crawl not at incorporating in the statutes of this country laws derogatory and obnoxious to free religious thought and intellectual progress, and wholly at variance with the spirit and spirits of the founders of our Government. Therefore we contend that it behooves every liberalist, be he Spiritualist or Deist, to ascertain before he deposits a ballot for a candidate to high offices of trust and power, what are his religious principles. The safety of the times demand it.

Although we may not be able to sound the note of alarm, but, still, seeing the danger into which we are drifting, because of the lukewarmness and apathy of Spiritualists, we cannot help exclaiming, "How long, oh God, how long?" In view of these facts which we have hastily thrown together, after maturely deliberating upon them separately, the question arises, What can be done to remedy this state of affairs? The answer is apparent.

1st. A spontaneous uprising, in brotherly love, of all liberalists, and especially of Spiritualists, free of all selfishness and lust after notoriety and conspicuousness.

2d. A thorough and complete system of organizations in every State, county, city, town, village and neighborhood, and all corresponding with and appraised of each other's workings, and the whole subordinate to a grand national organization, composed of men and women of eminence, influence, respectability and strong will-powers.

3d. Zealous and indefatigable labor by every member of each organization, and the liberal, generous and sacrificing outpouring of treasure, a large per centage of each subordinate organization to be settled in a national sinking-fund, to defray the expenses and maintain missionaries, who will be alive to the work, in all States and localities where the light of the Spiritual Philosophy is needed and cannot be, at present, sustained in any other way.

4th. The incorporating of a free publication society to scatter broadcast spiritual and scientific literature.

These and various other topics of interest should engage the attention of every delegate to the coming National Convention, and for such practical business we shall anxiously look, that the consummation of our dearest hopes may be realized. The good of the country demands it, the welfare of the world needs it, and the denizens of the summer-land are irresistibly pressing it. Let it be done.

Buffalo, N. Y., 1868.

CONSISTENCY—A WORD TO THE UNWISE.

BY DEAN CLARK.

It may be an unpardonable presumption, and seem to be conceded egotism in me to even suggest the line of duty for others to pursue, but feeling the working of the spirit within, prompting me to duty, and being raised by it far above all personal considerations to the plane of impersonal principles, I must give utterance to unwelcome truths when the good of humanity and the prosperity of our cause demand earnest efforts to stay the progress of popular errors and false practices, and I have no other apology to offer for "adding line upon line, and precept upon precept," pointing out the mistaken policy of some of my brethren, than the hope that I may aid them in correcting errors fatal to their own highest good, and detrimental to the progress of Spiritualism. Fault-finding is not my special delight, and were it not an imperative necessity to place the mirror of reflection before those who are prone to look without, instead of within themselves for evil, so that we may "see ourselves as others see us," I would gladly forbear to add another word by way of reprimand or criticism upon the conduct of professed Spiritualists; but as our philosophy enjoins reform, beginning first at home—within ourselves, and in our own ranks—as a laborer in "the Father's vineyard," I must pull up "tares" wherever I find them. In the *Banner of Light* of Sept. 7th, 1867, appeared an article from my pen, urging upon Spiritualists the duty of being true to themselves and their professions, and showing, to me, obvious incompatibility of Spiritualism and church dogmas, and of the practice of Spiritualists in supporting the latter with their profession of belief in the former. My observations and experiences since have but fortified the position therein taken, and though brother Henry Strong says that the course I advise "falls far short of the true course that all Spiritualists should pursue," I still believe my position substantially correct, as I will proceed to show.

Let us see what is the actual condition and position of the "faith once delivered to the saints," has lost its spirituality and primitive simplicity and purity, has become "worldly," proud, aristocratic, Pharisaical in every sense.

"She pampers pride, and winks at sin,
A whitelaced sepulchre she stands,
Hiding the dead men's bones within!"

It is a veritable soul-dungeon, incarcerating every progressive mind behind bolts and bars (creeds), shutting out the sunlight of science and inspiration, and absolutely chaining its inmates so that they dare not and cannot attempt to escape from its dismal vaults.

Its doors are closed against all great free-thinkers and reformers, and it excommunicates and brands every aspiring soul that dares to be wise above what was written in ages of barbarism and superstition.

It is cowardly if not openly the implacable foe of Spiritualism, and every Spiritualist who patronizes it, is guilty of "giving aid and comfort to our enemies," and by the rule of belligerents, is a traitor to his own cause!

Let us not deceive ourselves any longer with the delusive idea that we can serve the church, and the cause of human progress, and liberty; it is impossible; they run in opposite directions, as the history of ages proves!

The injunction of Jesus to his followers, "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees," is as much needed and as appropriate to-day as when spoken, and Spiritualists should heed it, especially those who still cling to the "dead body" of the church whose "flesh-pots" they hanker for. What fellowship can exist between the lovers of religious liberty and the supporters of those ecclesiastical institutions that hold mankind in vassalage, that prevents all growth of soul and all freedom of opinion? There can be none; and yet hundreds of professed Spiritualists are paying more to support the churches than for their own faith! Wherefore this unpardonable apostasy, this unjustifiable infidelity to the teachings of the angels of deliverance? Oh it is fashionable to go to church; it makes one respectable in the opinions of the glib and fashionable throng that go there to see, and be seen. It is a good investment to purchase pews and pulpits, (and their occupants) for it secures the patronage of mercenary cravens whose motto is, "Tickle me, Jack, and I'll tickle you!" "Respectable" it is, in the eyes of men forsooth! thus to pauper to human pride and selfishness, but mark you, it is despicable and perfidious in the eyes of angels, who in warning tones caution the unfaithful to "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees," and in words of merited rebuke thus reprimand them, "Oh ye of little faith, and less works, how long will you barter your manhood for church-pottage, and covet the approval of time-serving idolaters, at the expense of the disapprobation of your own conscience, and of those spirit visitants who witness your recreancy and hypocrisy with sorrow and pity?"

No person is a consistent Spiritualist who does not strive to live according to the teachings of Spiritualism, and as these enjoin upon all fidelity to their highest perceptions of truth and duty, no one can justify a cowardly surrender of their personal liberty to the authority of ecclesiastical despots who demand the subordination of reason to dogmatism. If your reason rebels against the teachings of the church, what right have you to sustain its dominion, to aid in spreading its false dogmas, and perpetuating its soul-darkening errors? None whatever! You cannot consistently serve the church, which rejects the truths of Spiritualism, practically saying "good Lord and good devil," any more than you can love both Vice and Virtue. "Those who are not for us, are against us," and neutrality is impossible between diametrically opposite ideas.

Let church-serving Spiritualists (?) seek not to

justify their flunkism by pleading necessity, for honest, energetic and faithful men can live in this age of the world, and maintain their integrity by cultivating the soil, if not by arts and trades dependent upon the patronage of narrow-minded bigots. And what man worthy of the name would not scorn to become a hypocrite and a craven for the sake of securing the favor of base, truckling knaves? "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world," and lose his self-respect, his integrity of soul, his manhood, by toadying and fawning to Mammon-worshipping Pharisees for the sake of their base profferment? Away with such sycophancy!

"Better rot beneath the sod
Than be true to church and state,
While you're doubly false to God!"

Spiritualism has come into the world to set the people free from the bondage of the church, and no man can strengthen the arm of the oppressor and be a liberator to those "in bonds." Come out, then, oh, ye timid, cringing, church-sustaining Spiritualists who bow before the Moloch of Ignorance and superstition for the sake of the "loaves and fishes" of church patronage! "Remember Lot's wife!" Stay not in bondage for the sake of the sham "respectability" upon which servile communicants may pride themselves, while making broad their phylacteries, and thanking God they "are not as other men," but come out into liberty and be true to yourselves and the teachings of angels who bid you to walk in the light of truth even though all the world forsake you. Which is most to be coveted, the approbation of time-serving men or the love and fellowship of angels? Which keeps the "most respectable company," he that associates with laughing, self-righteous, carnally-minded church men, or he that by faithfulness to his honest convictions forswears allegiance to slavish creeds, quits the "den of thieves," and, though forsaken by little men in the body, has the companionship of "the spirits of just men made perfect," who ever come as "comforters" to those that love the truth more than the praises of men?

"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve;" whether the church or humanity, whether priests or the people, error or truth, devils or angels, the liberty, truth and individuality; and, when you have chosen, let consistency mark your conduct by fidelity to your professions, remembering that "ye cannot serve two masters," and that if you conclude to serve God, he dwells not in temples of wood or stone—not in Bibles nor creeds, but his temple is the universe, his church contains the universal family of man, and "they that worship him must worship him in spirit and truth!" Is this position too ultra? Is it untenable and unjustifiable? Let me not be misunderstood. I am not advocating sectarian exclusiveness, nor uncharitableness toward "erring brethren," but fidelity to truth, to all men, and, first, to your own soul.

That the church is a necessary institution for a portion of the people, as a nursery, there is no doubt; that many honest, sincere and devout persons are members of all the various divisions of it, is evident; that many great and valuable truths are taught by all sectarians, is undeniable; but there are, also, fundamental errors, so gross and injurious in their effects, and so utterly incompatible with the philosophy of Spiritualism, as to render an assent to and a support of both at once, by Spiritualists, a solecism that no plea can justify. And while it is our duty to fellowship all honest, true men, and work with them in every relation that does not jeopardize our individual liberty nor compromise our integrity; and while it is obligatory upon us to exercise the broadest charity, to recognize the necessity of diversity of opinion, and to tolerate the existence of every institution that is an outgrowth of human needs; and while it behooves us to banish from our minds every sectarian feeling and scrupulously guard against bigotry and self-righteousness, that are the glaring faults of creeds, yet it is a solemn obligation upon us to maintain an individuality more free, a loyalty to truth more constant, a fidelity to humanity and its innate divinity more firm, and a consistency between practice and profession more faithful than characterizes any church now existing. But I will not extenuate this matter further at present. For one, I have determined to abjure all allegiance to priestcraft, to church bondage, and shall try to live in accordance with my highest conceptions of truth and duty; and while I will honor every true man, be he High-churchman, Low-churchman or No-churchman, who is faithful to his professions, I cannot refrain from detecting duplicity, hypocrisy and infidelity, (in its primitive sense), whether I find it among sectarians or Spiritualists. Brethren, let us be faithful, HONEST, CONSISTENT!

THINK AND BE DAMNED.

NUMBER TWO.

BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

Sincerely do I pray that thou, dear Banner, mayest burst the bars of death with which the theology of Christendom prevents all egress to the souls which are confined in its dark and loathsome sepulchre. Thy beams of light and love must be let into that tomb of theology—that region and shadow of death where three hundred millions of souls are held in chains; their intellects lying dormant, their consciences perverted, their "loving and tender sympathies" benumbed, their reverence misdirected and their aspirations all crushed. Spiritualism comes to open wide the door of that theologian's prison and let the prisoners go free. It is thy mission, *Banner of Light*, to break the yoke of theological error, and let these three hundred millions of souls go free. But—

THINK AND BE DAMNED! The heading of my last, (No. 1.) DOUBT AND BE DAMNED, is the one great battle-axe with which theology knocks out the brains of people; or, at least, so *stuns* and *palsies* their brains that they cannot and dare not doubt any doctrine which it deems essential to

salvation. Said theology might as well say at once, THINK AND BE DAMNED, for to think on any of the propositions named in my last is to doubt, and "he that doubts is damned"—doubts touching original sin, total depravity, miraculous conception, vicarious atonement, eternal hell and the plenary inspiration, infallibility and divine authority of the Bible. No man can think freely and with an unfettered mind about these things without doubting their truth; and no man can doubt them without being made liable to the wrath of God and the pains of hell.

I do not misrepresent nor exaggerate, when I say that THINK AND BE DAMNED is one of the great props that sustains the popular theology. The Catholic and Protestant priesthood of Christendom have for a thousand years done all they could to make FREE THINKING on theological and religious subjects a sin not to be forgiven, and FREE THINKERS sinners whose damnation is sure. No texts have been more solemnly, earnestly and frequently fulminated from the pulpit and the religious press, than "He that doubteth is damned," and "He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." Freedom of thought and speech has consigned hundreds of thousands to the horrors of the dungeon and the fagot of the Inquisition—to excommunication for opinion's sake.

Spiritualism says, THINK AND BE SAVED. Theology says, THINK AND BE DAMNED.

ANTE-NATAL INFLUENCES.

Considerable has been said among Spiritualists of ante-natal influences, and in looking through Nature up to Nature's God they may have discovered more than they have spoken. It may be well to call attention to one aspect of the question, by way of inquiry. We allude to the time as well as to the other conditions of the parental act for the purpose of children, or when spirit is to be individualized from the vasty deep by the sexual law of being. We recollect of but one allusion as to time among the physiologists we have read, and he a teacher of some fifty years ago. We have references to the time within the twenty-four hours. Why do we have to look upon so much incongruous and misshapen humanity—so much physical and mental inadequacy? Is it well to ignore time and conditions and charge consequences to God as the Maker, or *Deus ex Machina*, who can transcend the laws of being with impunity? After exhausting labor, physical or mental, the nervous system is drained of all its better forces. What then can we expect, more than we daily behold, of the fruit from such exhausted soil? Do we not see humanity stamped physically and mentally—not half made up—bearing the image and superscription of the exhausted source? Shakespeare speaks of the "dull, tired, and his tribe of fops or weaklings begotten 'twixt a sleep and a wake"; and, indeed, too many of these have covered the earth "as the waters cover the sea."

God creates in the image of the medium through which he works—the medium of laws or statutes of being in all the correlation of forces. There is no surgery of prayers that can supersede these things. Should we not give as much heed to the good breeding of humans as the agriculturist or stock-breeder gives to the improvement of his cattle? Is it, at the end of the day's labor, with sleep pressing upon the soul, the most fit time for building the temple not made with superstructure shall rise in best estate to all the fullness of the Godhead bodily and topmost coping of the full-wrought soul? Without the fullness of the Godhead bodily, the ancient Hebrews would not permit any one to enter into the congregation of the Lord, as per Bible. Some of the old Greeks and Romans supposed the eleventh hour A. M. as the better time for the incarnation of the Word or Spirit; and the close relation the ancients assigned to physiology and the power of the sun would seem to show that they regarded his kingdom on earth no less than his great power in heaven.

Their best conceptions were always in parable to the strength of the Sun, or God of heaven. The Psalmist sings him as the bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man. St. John's woman is clothed with the Sun in the conception of her man child; and Gabriel, signifying "Strength of God," or "My strong God," in the personified allegory, overshadows the Virgin that a hero may be born. The Sun's rays, mystically combining with the wind, breath, or spirit of God, make a baptism of fire or of the Holy Ghost, which, by the Word, becomes flesh in the ancient mode of metamorphoses. Nor less does the modern philosopher, and chief among ten thousand, Herbert Spencer, show scientifically how the Sun has over been the visible fountain of the great deep; how through millions of ages he has piled his forces in all, through all, and over all the planes of being—in the mental or spiritual make-up as in the physical; but Dr. Hedge, of the liberal church, thinks we ought not to "penetrate into dark corners and disembowel sacred mysteries."

In a religion without superstition, let us see what can be done by ante-natal influences in progressing humanity from the lower to the higher spheres—and if the unfleshy spirits can add a cubit to our stature in the fullness of the Godhead, let us thank God and take courage.

What saith the Amen from the oracles of the *Banner of Light* circle—the "Message Department"? Can some spirit, in broad, physiological light, show the highway of life, so that the ante-natal shall be the sure Word of prophecy for the post-natal? "I am"—proving how he may be the Redeemer along all the planes of being, as well as to stand in the latter days upon the earth, and proving now to be the accepted time and day of salvation.

O. B. P.

JERUSALEM.—A recent visitor at Jerusalem gives some of his impressions of that city, as follows:

It is cavernous, disagreeable, damp, desolate, and very uninteresting. The narrow streets are arched like cellar vaults. It abounds in caves and cisterns, aqueducts and tombs. Creeping into a little hole just outside the Damascus gate, we wandered for hours through spacious and lofty caverns undermining half the city—the ancient quarries discovered by Dr. Barclay. In Warren's recent excavations we groped through arches and covered ways of Herodian time down to the original rock of Solomon's foundations. You are struck with the incongruity of new and costly modern buildings rising from among the rubbish and decay of the old city, and of no use, except for the pilgrims of all Christendom, who watch with jealous care their respective rights in the Holy City, and are kept from biting and devouring one another by the sabre of the Turks. There are great empty places of desolation within the walls. Just inside the Dung gate I saw Jerusalem plowed as a field, and got lost in the great cactus wilderness of the European valley just where that unguessed causeway of Dr. Robinson's arch once connected Mount Zion with the Temple. Stumbling over dead dogs and garbage up the steep of Zion, I was run at by a cow, who was just about tossing me on her horns when the herdsmen came to my defence. And then going out of Zion gate I had to run the gauntlet of the lepers who there do congregate, whining horribly and stretching out their shapeless stumps,

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.
Address, No. 16 West 24th street, New York City.

"We think not that we really see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be of our will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy day."
(LITTLE HEART.)

MINNIE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR AUNTIE—I have been thinking about the beautiful country, and how the leaves are falling every day, leaving the trees almost bare, and I got real homesick as I thought. I am tired of looking at the brick walls. I want to see the mountains and the great rocks. I am more homesick because everybody is in so much trouble.

I told you how angry Agnes was the other day. She said ever so many hard things to Mr. Ames. I was sitting in the parlor reading, and they were in the little room with the buff damask curtains—Mrs. Van Nyke calls it a *boudoir*. I heard, in the midst of my story, Agnes saying, "You never did care for me. Any old beggar in the street would claim your care before me." I thought I ought not to hear any more, so I went up stairs. But there was a great quarrel, Mrs. Van Nyke says, though I don't see how there can be a quarrel when only one takes part. It was Agnes who said she would never marry Mr. Ames, and he might go and build his hospitals and fit up his soup-houses; she would rather be excused.

But oh, auntie, she is so handsome. Is it not strange? I wonder why people have such lovely faces when there is no loveliness within. It is just as lonesome as it can be here now, for Mr. Ames don't come at all, and Agnes is so offended with Mrs. Van Nyke, because she called her a silly, jealous girl, that she won't come here. I wonder if they ever did love each other—I mean Agnes and Mr. Ames. I have been thinking about Betty Perline and Jacob Knight, and how they loved each other, and what nice times they used to have out in her father's garden sitting under the pear tree. I thought it was the nicest thing in the world to be engaged, but now it seems something dreadful. Dear auntie, I want to see you and talk with you, every time I am in any trouble.

Saturday.—Mr. Ames called and took me to walk this morning early. I wish I could tell you all he said. I tried to remember, but I could not, but I will tell you of our adventures. We walked down the street out on to the avenue, and away on almost to the river. Just as we were turning a corner, who should I see but the old woman that I gave the bundle to. Before I thought I ran after her, as if she had been an old acquaintance. When I reached her I did not know exactly what to say, so I said, "It is a pleasant morning." She nodded, and then Mr. Ames came up, and he always seems to know just what to say, and he began to talk with her until she let us walk home with her. It was way up the city to where the fresh gardens of vegetables are planted, in a little old room in a little old house.

We found that she has the care of three grandchildren; that her daughter married, was deserted and died, leaving her all the care of her children. She gathered clinders in the morning, asked for food later, and gathered vegetables and weeded fruit and said, and I was glad when we went out of her room to sit down under a large willow that grew just round the bend in the street. Then I said:

"I think it's dreadful living in this world. I'm sure if I was the Father in heaven I wouldn't have people in so much trouble."

Then Mr. Ames looked up at the great white clouds that were passing over us, and said:

"See, Minnie, are not those clouds grand? How deep the blue of the sky seems between them. If you were the good Father I suppose you would have no clouds."

I did not answer.

"Could you not read something in that old woman's face? I could see that she had been selfish, perhaps mean, loving her own pleasure best of everything. Then came this great care upon her, and she is growing into a good, unselfish, wise woman. She is being educated. Her spirit is wearing off its hard shell of self love, and she is getting on the beautiful garments of self-forgetfulness and unselfish love. I don't think I would help her very much if I could, for the good Providence of her life is making almost a saint of her, while I should only meddle and make her a very common woman. Did you know, Minnie, that almost everything comes to us without any happening, but by a very wise power? Let me tell you how I studied out the truth that our greatest troubles are our greatest blessings."

You see, auntie, I kept wondering if he thought of Agnes, and that it was a blessing because he would never marry her. He said:

"When I was a boy I wanted a garden, and my uncle that I was visiting staked off a piece of ground for me and said I should do just as I pleased with it. I had no sooner made arrangements to commence work in it than there came up a furious storm. I was very much vexed. I thought it was a great wrong done to me. My uncle sat very quietly reading his paper, and did not seem to notice my ill humor. At last he said: 'I am very glad it rains, because now the frost will be all out of the ground, and we can soon begin to work the field.'"

I said no more, but waited patiently for the rain to pass over. The next day the sun shone clear, and I was so glad that I went out to begin my labor. But my disappointment was great when I found that the wind blew a gale. I could not keep my hat on my head, and could scarcely stand, so I was obliged to go in doors. I was again very much vexed, and showed my ill humor by many knocks on the side of the house, on the table legs and chairs. My uncle was a very judicious man, and did his preaching in a very quiet way. He looked up calmly to the trees that swayed and bent under the fury of the wind.

"How fortunate," he said, "that the wind blows so. Now our field will soon be dry, and we can work it to advantage."

I was quieted, and amused myself the rest of the day with my books and pencils. The next day when I arose it was calm and still. I was full of gladness, but soon, to my dismay, I found that the ground was stiffened with frost. I thought I would wait and see what my uncle would say to that.

"These late frosts," said he, "are of great benefit. They seem to hasten the decay of the vegetable matter that has laid all winter, and now when the sun thaws it, we shall find ourselves in the best possible condition for work."

I began to wonder if my uncle thought every-

thing was about right. At last I got my ground all ready for planting, and sowed my seeds and grain. I watched the springing up of the tender plants with great interest. I had a patch of melons and squashes. One morning I found to my dismay that half of them were destroyed by in-

sects, and were my uncle's. "Dear me," said I, "what a torment! To think of working like this and then losing all my labor." My uncle looked at his vine-leaf.

"These bugs," said he, "have thinned out my vines better than I could have done. Now if I look out for the bugs, I shall have a first rate crop of melons."

I went hunting bugs, instead of fretting any more about the loss of my young plants.

The next morning that befell my garden was by means of a thunder shower, which beat down my beans up bent my corn, and washed my beds of beets and turnips. I had left everything true and lit the evening before, and of course felt discouraged on seeing the change, but as my uncle's garden fared no better than mine, I waited to see what he would say.

"How thankful I am for this shower; everything seems to have grown greatly since yesterday. These beans look a little wild, but we'll soon remedy that; a little help will lift them several inches higher on their poles."

So it was with everything; the sun that wilted my beets made my corn grow luxuriantly, and the beeti covered as soon as the dew fell on them. I found that Nature took fine care of everything put under her keeping, and that storm, wind and sun, were always doing their work for good.

When the autumn came, I looked with surprise at my garden, as I remembered all the changes that had come to it. My melons ripened, my corn prospered, my beets and carrots did me full credit.

The evening before I left my uncle's for my home, I recalled me to him and said:

"Has your garden done you any good?"

I nodded my head, for I thought I had learned patience.

"You will find," he said, "that your life will be very much like your garden. There will be storms that will seem very dreadful, but they all have their purpose. You will have winds to sweep over you, but they will serve for some good. Do not forget your garden, and remember that just as Nature cared for your corn and your melons, so a kind Providence will care for the events of your life, and always bring good from what seems evil, if you only desire to be a good noble man, just as you desired to have a nice thrifty garden."

My uncle looked me straight in the face, and I seemed to find stamped his words on my mind at any rate, I never forgot them. And now to-day as I recall all my life, I can say he was right. Everything will serve to bless us if we find it use."

You see, auntie, I was thinking all the time of Agnes, and wondered if he thought that trouble was like a thunder shower, when he said:

"I shall never be so old that I shall not be able to learn something, so I trust I shall never be without trouble of some kind, for trials are our great teachers. I once told this story to some little children. It is called

BLUE BELL AND THE FAIRY.

Blue Bell grew in a sweet, sheltered place beside the great rock. She was a wee bit of a thing only a day old. So, of course, she knew very little of the world that she was born into on spring morning. It however seemed very lovely to her, as she looked through the flickering shadows of the gleams of sunlight, and saw the misty

"Blue Bell," said a voice close to her, "this is a very beautiful world that you have come into. Would you like to grow as beautiful as all these things you are looking upon?"

Blue Bell sighed out faintly, "Yes," for she hardly knew what the voice meant.

In a few days she began to think of the world, and to think of them with a great longing. So she was very glad when she heard the voice again saying:

"Blue Bell, if you wish to have your life as rich as the sunlight, as sweet as the morning, as refreshing as the cool shadows, then you have only to say so, and I will send to you that which shall make you strong, sweet and beautiful. I watch over your life, and I will always be near to hear you when you call."

"I want to be beautiful and fair," said Blue Bell. She stood looking upward as she spoke these words, little thinking what they meant, for to be fair and beautiful seemed to mean to live in an elfry. For a few days the sun shone with mil rays, and life had no dangers to Blue Bell. But there came suddenly a change over the sky; dark clouds pressed themselves up from the east, and the sun could not send his beams down to the little plant beside the rock. Soon the winds blew and the rain fell. Little Blue Bell shivered with the chill, and trembled for the big rain drops that poured over her. She called for the fairy that had spoken to her.

"I am dying, oh I am dying. This is dreadful. What shall I do? This world is a fearful place." Then the fairy said:

"Did you not want to be strong? This storm comes as the great blessing of your life. Stand up bravely and bear it. It will not last forever, and when again the sun comes out, you will feel what a blessed thing was the chill air, the wind and the rain."

But Blue Bell could see nothing good in all this. She wished she had never been born. She thought the fairy very cruel and unfeeling.

But after a while the storm passed over, and the sunlight again sent its soft glances upon her. She was surprised at the vigor that flowed through her. She felt like a new being, and a gladness she had never known filled her.

It was not many days before the sun poured down its heat with so much power that Blue Bell was almost suffocated. Her leaves wilted and her little buds grew weak and faint.

"Oh dear! one trouble follows another," she said. "I thought the storm was dreadful, but this is worse. I shall die with the beams of the cruel sun," and she called again for the fairy and entered her complaints.

"Did you not wish to be beautiful?" said the fairy. "This hot sun is giving a rich tint to your leaves and buds. They will unfold with a beauty, they could not have known without. Bear patiently the heat of the day, and at evening the soft dew will fall and refresh you and enable you to endure another noon. There is always some blessing that comes to enable you to bear your burdens."

Blue Bell thought the day would never pass, and it was followed by other days no less trying, but when milder days came, and she saw her leaves and buds, and beheld their greater richness of color, she forgot the burden of the heat, and was glad for all that it brought to her.

Thus Blue Bell unfolded in beauty and strength. Her leaves gained a rich tint of green, her flowers unfolded a deep blue, and her stems held her up with a strength that no wind could break. Blue Bell had gained her wish, but she only gained it through trials; without the storm and heat, she would have been a poor flower."

This was Mr. Ames's story, auntie; he let me

copy it out of a book he had. I wanted you to read it, because it made me think of what you said to me, that we were like the plants and trees; we needed the storm as well as the calm. But I do not exactly understand why some must have one trouble and some another, and I could not help being glad that I was not the old woman with three children to care for. I think of you often, dear auntie.

And I am always your loving MINNIE.

Correspondence in Brief.

CALIFORNIA.—A gentleman occupying an honorable position in California, who is just becoming interested in Spiritualism, writes from "near the mouth of Shasta Butte, Yreka, Siskiyou County, Cal., June 15th, 1868," as follows: As your purpose is to disseminate the spiritual doctrine and keep the reading public informed of the progress of "the enlightenment," a word of its appearance in this far-off portion of the United States may be acceptable to you.

The subject is one in which but little interest has been hitherto taken by our citizens, as no lecturer had favored us with a visit, and further than a few religious sentiments in table rappings, the subject had received no consideration whatever. During the last month we were favored by the presence of the gifted lecturer, Mrs. C. M. Stowe, of San Jose; and although prejudice against the subject upon her first arrival in our midst ran so high that at her first lecture her audience did not number over one hundred, yet at the third lecture—the last of her series—there were a few hundred persons present, and a large court room was crowded to overflowing, and many standing outside unable to gain admittance. In her presentation Mrs. S. is of a pleasing mold, with a dignified, intellectual, though unassuming expression of countenance, and in her deportment graceful and lady-like, so different from what was expected in a "strong-minded woman" that she took our people by storm, and prejudice was robbed of its base.

It was my fortune to hear all three of her lectures; and I must bear witness to the fact that in her address and elocution she is hardly surpassed by the most eloquent of our orators of the male sex, whilst the fine truths she so fluently and fully uttered seemed to strike conviction to the souls of all of her hearers, and were certainly incontrovertible.

In speaking she is evidently in a semi-trance, her eyes being closed, and her countenance, to a close observer, presenting a death-like pallor; but this is all lost sight of in the radiance and glow that seems to surround her head as the eloquent flow of truth seems to gush unbidden from the inspired or impressed mind of the fair speaker.

All, even those whose religious prejudices and early training prevented their admitting the truth of Spiritualism, admitted the fact that her premises were unanswerable, and as a lecturer and speaker she was unsurpassable; and among the number of her hearers were those who had listened to the frequent utterances of many of the ablest speakers of our land, and whose judgment would be accepted in any community.

That Mrs. Stowe awakened a spirit of investigation and inquiry I need not tell you, for so able a teacher could not pass through any community—much less one like ours in California, where the word of a residence denotes them a community of searchers and investigators—without making a deep and lasting impression. The only answer I have as yet heard presented against her doctrines is the "old cant": "It is a pity that the devil should have the power to clothe his heresies in such beautiful language and enforce them with such specious arguments, and that through so lovely and winning a medium of communication," and the further charge of inducing insanity, and exciting the passions of the mind, and the like, which unfortunately for their charge, were none before her arrival, and the result of close confinement and over-anxious reading of the Bible.

Mrs. Stowe left us for Northern Oregon, but ere her departure promised another visit in the fall, on her return to her home, when, she says, she will stay long enough to awaken a revival.

If Spiritualism is what she has thus far taught, I believe it is the best thing that has come upon which to form a belief, God grant that she may fulfill her promise.

D. W. HAMBLEY, Snake Lake Rancho, Plumas Co., Cal., writes: We have got an investigating circle established at Meadow Valley, (public), and have over twenty members, and are going to hold a library connected with it. Meet every Sunday at 2 o'clock. We have one good trance medium already developed. We had over twenty visitors Sunday, July 19th. Quite a goodly number are inquiring "what they must do to be saved." My advice has always been, to the sincere at heart, Study Nature's God, and all things will be added to you in good season.

FROM CUMBERLAND MOUNTAIN, TENN.—L. Bush, writing from Jamestown, at a recent date, says: Though a thousand or two miles from you, I cherish the thought of being nearer by progression. Your much esteemed friend, A. E. G., affords the people a little pentecostal season here. By his spirit, the Spiritualists are already being made, and the blind are beginning to see. Here are the Spiritualists, without being able to know it—having visions, and dreaming dreams. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Any way to make people reform, and make them better. But they will say, "What is Spiritualism?" Thomas Gales Forster's address answers that question. Let all who are inclined to doubt read it. Old things are becoming new; people are just beginning to find out here, as in many other places, that Spiritualism is Christianity; that it is an unfolding of the inner man, the angel of our being. The sum total, then, is to begin at the right place, and stop when we get through. Very many want to be reminded of this. If they start without prejudices, they start right; but if they allow prejudice to mount the rostrum, they are unmanageable, and for the time being must wallow in their own mire.

It should be remembered that the sunlight of righteousness is reason; that daybreak is the beginning of reflection; that hope is the staff by which we are to journey on.

The people here are destined to become Spiritualists. They have less religious prejudice to contend with than in many other places. A good spiritual library would do much toward advancing the cause. It is not the name we want, but it is the light—true light. We have men here who are scholars, and men, too, who begin to reason—men who would lead the van as soon as their eyes are open.

MAINE.—Clair R. DeEvere, writes from Bangham, Me., as follows: I have been laboring for the past three months in Bangham, Salem and Ayer. Our cause has no organization here, but we are dear friends. My meetings have been well attended, and many, I trust, have been brought to see the truth of Spiritualism. I came here an entire stranger, and, as is the case in all new places, have had much opposition to contend with. My opposers, not desiring to meet me in open field and compare notes, have had no way to break their vengeance on me and the cause, and have resorted to their usual method of warfare, slander; but notwithstanding, the seeds of truth have been planted here, and have taken such deep root, that the combined powers of the creditable cannot uproot them. I was to labor here the present month, but owing to failing health, I have had to relinquish my labors for the present. There are many good friends here who are hungering for the bread of life, and who would gladly receive and entertain any of our speakers, and pay them well for their services. If any should chance to come this way, they will find a hearty welcome from Simon Goodrich, Jonathan Goodrich, David Whipple, and many others.

GEORGE W. BENNETT, writing from Unity, Me., says: We have quite a large circle of believers in spirit manifestations in this vicinity, and have meetings about once in four weeks, in Fry, at which time the Town House is filled to overflowing. Good trance speakers, like Mrs. Morse and Mrs. Doty, draw together audiences of nearly one thousand. Mr. Wentworth and wife are also excellent trance speakers.

S. S. writes from Houlton, Me., July 10th, 1868: Not alone the Spiritualists of Houlton and vicinity, but many others not yet brought from "darkness into light," are glad through your columns to express their high appreciation of Miss Julia J. Hubbard, of Boston, who has just closed a four weeks' engagement with us. She has a pleasing address, and is an eloquent and logical

speaker, and has been the medium of communicating to us much of truth and of the religion of reason and philosophy, while her deportment and graceful manners have won the esteem of the whole community. We hope to be able to induce her to come here again. Miss Hubbard spoke here to many large, attentive and cultivated audiences. She also gave a most interesting lecture on the Children's Progressive Lyceum, which was listened to with thrilling interest, and also spoke at Richmond Station, N. B. We can most cheerfully recommend her to our friends who are in want of a speaker. She takes with us our hearty thanks and good wishes.

L. K. COONLEY, VINELAND, N. J.—We have just had a two days' Convention here, (July 18th and 19th), of "Spiritualists and friends of progress." It was one of the largest and best Conventions ever held here. The principal speakers were T. Foss and Moses Hull, the latter of whom speaks for us again next Sunday. The "bones of old Orthodoxy" shake in their presence.

The Lyceum.

Questions and Answers.

The following are some of the answers given to questions by members of the Children's Progressive Lyceum at Mercantile Hall, in this city, at one of its regular sessions:

Ques.—What causes the wind, and what are its benefits?

Ans.—By Philander F., Temple Group: Wind is air in motion, and is caused by air becoming rarified and expanded by heat and rising by the pressure of cold and condensed air rushing in to take its place, and it, in turn, becomes rarified and rises. For example: heat this room to 100° Fahrenheit with the air outside at 30°; then open a window at the top and bottom—the air at the bottom would rush out like a strong breeze, while at the top it would rush in with equal velocity. The direct rays of the sun heat the tropics; the heat the air near the earth and it rises; the colder air coming in toward the equator from the temperate and cold regions, rushes in to fill the vacuum. The warm air, after rising, passes toward the cold, till in turn it comes as cold air. This circulation is apparent in the "trade winds," which exist between the tropics. South of the equator the wind is south-east, while north of the equator it is north-east. The motion of the earth being faster at the equator, causes the north and south winds to be behind or ahead, as we view them, creating the local motion of the wind to south-west on the north side and north-west on the south side of the equator. In this country aeronauts have found a uniform current of air about five miles above the earth passing from south-west to north-east. This is the counter current to the regular trade wind. It is thus that a regular circulation of air is produced from the equator to the poles by the upper current, and from the poles to the equator by the lower. It has been discovered that all our storms are from the south-west; by telegraph we learn of their approach, sooner than from St. Louis forty hours in advance. Cincinnati twenty-four hours, Baltimore twelve hours, New York eight hours, yet when they reach us the wind is north-east near the earth. We never look to the north-east but to the west for the clearing away of a storm. This wind distributes moisture over the earth, supplying the demands of animal and vegetable life. The wind distributes the healthful and scatters the unhealthy gases. It has been the power used for thousands of years to travel by water from sea to sea. It propels the clouds to discover the New World. It was used to carry vessels around the globe, and thus prove the theory by practical demonstration that the earth was round.

By Lottie H., Temple Group: The wind is a natural movement of a portion of the atmosphere from one part of the earth to another. It is caused by local alterations in the state of the air by means of heat. Winds are useful in many ways—in moving various machines, in navigation; they purify and refresh the air, they convey the heat or cold of one region to another, and produce a circulation of air from the ocean to inland countries. But though their effect on the whole may be of great benefit, their violence is sometimes very detrimental.

By Jennie C., Star Group: The meeting of two conditions of air, or air of opposite qualities, causes the blowing of the wind. Its benefits are too many to mention; when it blows it carries away the clouds—thus aiding commerce—it is a great benefit to mankind. It is a blessing beyond calculation in promoting health by keeping the particles of earth, air and water in motion, preventing stagnation, keeping off disease and pestilence, purifying the atmosphere, &c. On the contrary, when the wind is furious, breaking all bounds, playing mischief generally, tearing up trees, blowing down chimneys, sending bricks, &c., about at random, wrecking vessels and destroying lives and property, it becomes a terror rather than a friend. However, all things must be as they are. Troubles teach us to appreciate blessings. As "seeming evil is but undeveloped good," we may safely call the wind a benefactor.

By — Grotto Group: The wind is motion of the atmosphere caused by a change in its condition, by the heat of the sun and motion of the earth. Its chief benefits are derived from agitation, which purifies it and equalizes the temperature in the various portions of the earth.

Q.—What are the uses of water?

A.—By Philander F., Temple Group: Water is one of the most universally distributed and required articles in nature. The vegetable world could not exist without it. The animal kingdom is composed of seven-eighths water, and it is necessary to the existence of animal life. As a purifier it is the scavenger of the world, constantly taking up and carrying off impurities and depositing them in the earth or sea; returning pure again, it is distributed to the uses required. The earth and air demand the liquid element. The ingenuity of man has applied it to the most useful purposes. The wheel, that saves the boards, that grinds the grains for use, moves the ten thousand spindles and looms for working the cotton, flax and wool into cloth. The chemical, artistic, mechanical, domestic and personal uses of water are without number. The mercantile world uses it to float the products of one country to the lands remote, and in turn, bring the products of different parts together. They apply a propelling power from water, in steam, to move with energy vessels of war, that carry the products of the land to the power—the expansiveness of water when heated—the products of the different portions of the land are conveyed on the iron roads that span the country from north to east, making distance time, instead of space—a thousand miles is three or four days instead of thirty to forty days. To-day the hum of the village and city is the result of the power of water applied to save labor. If there is anything in the world that is more useful and useful, I do not know what it is.

Answering a Scaled Letter.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—I feel it my duty to make known some of my late experience in spirit communion, that perhaps some others similarly afflicted may find light and comfort, as I have, through the mediumship of our excellent brother and spirit scribe, J. V. Mansfield, 102 West 15th street, New York.

My second wife (one of the best of women) died on the 10th of last April, and left me a lone wanderer on earth. My grief knew no bounds. I could not be reconciled, nor give her up, and felt that I must know where she was, how she felt, &c. In our last conversation she promised to come back and report to me if she could. So I wrote a letter to her, stating my feelings and wishes in full—sealed and marked the envelope so it could not be opened without my knowing it, and superscribed it simply, "To a Friend in Spirit-Life." In due time I received back my letter unopened, and with it an answer to every part of it, more perfect than I could have written had it been open. It was the voice of some six or seven names that were not in the letter to her, though I knew them well in the form. This correspondence has lifted from my heart a burden that was pressing me down to earth, and I feel that with two such angel wives for my guardians, eight children and a host of other friends assisting, I can cheerfully finish my journey below—for it must be short, since seventy-three years of it have already passed—and then I will be with them evermore. DEDY. EXES.

Verona, Oneida Co., N. Y., June 28th, 1868.

MEDIUMSHIP AND MEDIUMS.

NUMBER THREE.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY FRED. L. H. WILLIS, M. D.

In our former articles we argued the universality of the mediatorial, or mediumistic condition; that its gifts are inherent in all men; that all men are mediums from the necessity of their nature, by virtue of their very life.

In this article, as before stated, we propose to discuss the question:

How can we make ourselves more worthy exponents of these powers?

A man with a pure, healthy body, may become a medium to convert the world from its sins of sickness and disease. The true use to be made of physical mediumship is to make it the means of relieving the sufferings of the world by the cure of pain, disease, thus aiding the spirit to live on earth as long as it can, that it may gain every possible experience.

The true physical medium is a fountain of those forces, electricity and magnetism, which, when combined and given forth through the human system, constitute the divine healing power of the universe—a power well understood by the ancient Egyptians, and practiced in all their temples of healing as one of the sacred mysteries of their religion. The ancient Hebrews also well understood these forces, and the Old Testament gives us many wonderful instances of spiritual magnetic healing.

Any one possessing physical mediumship to the extent of giving over to slight a sign of that mediumship, ought to deem himself a God-constituted physician, and rise superior to all wonder-working into the aspiration for good doing by lifting the burden of physical infirmities from suffering humanity.

What a sublime spectacle does Jesus present, when we remember that he possessed the power of doing all the wonderful works ever performed by man, and yet set aside the great temptation to win to himself power and renown thereby. For the devil, or tempting inner voice, said, All this will I give to you if you will pervert your powers to selfish uses. How grand arises his character as we remember that instead of spending his life in enacting mere wonders, he turned his gifts to the sublime use of healing the sick, administering physical comfort to the suffering.

The world must rise far higher in the scale of physical perfection. What pitiful bodies we have! What poor expressions they are of divine perfection! The world is yet to be inhabited by races physically like the famed Apollo Belvidero and Venus de Medici, equal in strength to all the tasks necessary for the conversion of matter into its highest uses. Let us covet earnestly, then, the power of blessing men physically. Let us seek to ennoble our bodies, that they give out healthful streams of life for the salvation of the physically sick. Let those of us who possess in any perceptible degree the gift of physical mediumship cultivate it most assiduously with the one purpose of turning it into this noble channel of use, for we verily believe it to be the power that shall, in time, do away with all druggapathies, and enable men to rise superior to all physical infirmities. And we shall find also that a true use of physical mediumship will lead us directly to mental mediumship, for the mind grows by every true use of the natural powers of the body. The intellect of man is ever ready to seize upon the life it needs, and it continually seeks to draw mental power from physical force.

Mentally and spiritually all men are mediators; but how few perform the office of mediation according to the highest and holiest methods. To love men so that we seek to bless them, is the natural expression of our spiritual powers. The spirit-world is governed by the same laws we are governed by. To see a spirit, to recognize a spirit, is only giving the sign of the power. All men stand equally near to the all-influencing life of spirit; but he who beholds the true and real things of the spirit all about him, is considered a favored son of heaven. But he is not the most favored. The highest and truest medium is he who, loving most, converts the life within him into an active force of good. Every mother who loves her child is a mediator, a spiritual medium unto it. If what is termed death takes the body of her child, it is no less the recipient of her love in its spirit-life, and she continues just as much the mediator, the medium between her child and its perfect life, as she could be if it lived with her on earth.

Close within the gate immortal
She has placed her fondest love;
Every prayer will open the portal,
Every wish its answer give.

For the God who knows her sighing,
Knows it all through her love;
All her grief and sad repining
Is his rich mercy prove.

For in grief and piteous story
She tells the same blessed truth,
Ever gives to God the glory,
Draws him closer by her ruth.

For her love, by loss first quickened
Into its divinest birth,
Is her hold to all that blesses
By its beauty heaven or earth.

What a beautiful gospel is this that is being proclaimed by every human heart. Yes, every human heart that loves, stands closely related to the spiritual universe.

It is good and beautiful to be able to recognize this mediumship; to see the spirit form, to behold the life of spirit, to feel how near we all are to the land of love! But oh, it is greater and better by far to be possessors of the true, divine love, and mediators thereof, so that the whole universe of love folds itself about us, and we take in and give out the divine life of heaven.

We are, we must be mediators by our very nature. Oh, that we might all of us aspire after that perfection that shall enable us to bless, and bless only, ourselves and the world. Think not that any one can escape the requirement of this office of mediator. All men are equally responsible to the highest life within them, which is divine, to act as mediums, as mediators of health, beauty, enlightenment, love and wisdom, and to make their own physical life minister to the mental, and the mental to the spiritual and divine.

As with individuals, so with nationalities. By the more perfect operations of these laws of mediumship, a purer spirit shall descend upon the governments of earth, and enkindle therein those nobler ideas of right and justice which shall compel the nations to put on their most beautiful garments of righteousness, and shine like the sun in the cloudy zenith, so that the foundations of that noble state may be laid which is to express the kingdom of heaven on earth, where brotherly love shall rule, and the laws of harmony prevail.

What a grand and all-comprehending subject this, of mediumship, is. We feel how utterly impossible it is, in a few brief articles written in moments snatched from professional duties, to do the subject any justice, or throw much light upon

it. It comprehends all the relations of man to man, and of man to God.

We who believe that a man's work never dies, that his spirit, which made his body an instrument of good or ill, lives and is active still after death holds the material form, must have more hope than most men, and greater incentives to true and worthy effort; for do we not see how a man's life, consecrated to the noble and good, must continue, and that consecration cannot be set aside as naught, even by death? Hence, when death comes to us, even though it comes with a cry of pain, even though in its external aspect it may be mournfully suggestive of all sad things, we look not alone upon this presentation of it; we look also upon that other lesson that always comes with the severance of the spirit from the body—the power and influence that the spirit may have in the future.

There comes to us the memory of the sublime and beautiful promises of Jesus to his beloved: "If I go not away the Comforter will not come; but if I go away I will send him to you. If ye love me I will come again unto you." With what wonderful clearness he recognized the conditions of mediumship, and fulfilled them in himself. And these promises were not for one man or for one time. They were for all men in all times.

Let us all seek to understand more clearly the laws of that mediation that comes from on high, that descent of the spirit which men call by various names, but which is the same power acting through the same laws. Then shall we, through the active exercise of our powers, become mediums, mediators to fulfill the will of heaven. And, as we feel the all-influencing of the high and pure descending upon us, our hearts will be stirred with the highest sentiments of loyalty and reverence for the good and true. Then we shall need no special mediums set apart for a special office, but we shall all see the spiritual glory that surrounds us; we shall all hear the voices of love that are calling to us; we shall all feel the influences of grace that descend upon us; we shall all be mediums, mediators of love, wisdom and spirit-power, and the beneficent purposes of high heaven shall be accomplished through us. Then shall peace rule in the State and righteousness in the pulpit, until at last all law, all literature and all life shall become pure and reverent and humble, and the kingdom of heaven be established upon the earth.

This is the grand object of Spiritualism, this the glorious purpose to be achieved through the mediatorial power of the human soul.

Correction.

In my letter which was published in the *Banner of Light* in regard to the spiritual manifestations in Putnam, Conn., I did not mean to be understood that I believed the people in whose family they occurred were guilty of being the cause of the young lady's committing suicide, and if any such inference has been drawn, I beg to correct it at once.

My only purpose in writing it was to bring before the people the remarkable spiritual phenomena, as a matter of great public interest, and in no way to cast reflection on the characters of the parties concerned. Mr. Lind's people are respectable citizens, and entirely above every suspicion of this kind.

The vindictive feelings of the spirit did not grow out of her belief in any one being the cause of her death—for that was her own voluntary act, for which she alone was responsible—but as an expression of the bitterness which possessed her at the time she committed the crime. She lingers around the scene of her death, improving every opportunity to make her presence known, and when she can manifest herself it is but natural that she should present the same characteristics which were peculiar to her while in the body. But time will change her, and, ere long, purified by grief and suffering, she shall become a guardian angel of peace and good-will, showering blessings upon the heads of those friends that she has blindly sought to injure. Yours for justice,

A. E. CARPENTER.

Portland Delegates.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—The Spiritualists of this city yesterday chose the Hon. Abner Shaw to accompany the Hon. J. C. Woodman to the National Convention of Spiritualists, to be held at Rochester, N. Y., on the 25th of August.

JAMES FURNISH, Pres't of Association.

Portland, Me., July 27, 1868.

P. S.—Mr. Woodman is the author of the famous reply to Dr. Dwight's attack on Spiritualism, several years ago. Mr. Shaw is a gentlemanly and scholarly man, earnestly seeking for all new light that throws its beams in the direction of a future life.

J. F.

New Publications.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for August opens with an article on the "Physical Phenomena," and, with other readable papers, contains the following: Ideal Riches, Out on the Reef, Will the Coming Man Drink Wine? De Pisclum Nature, Notre Dame and the Advent of Gothic Architecture, Lost and Found, and Reviews and Literary Notices. The August number is solid and sterling, the "Phenomena" article alone accepted.

OUR YOUTH FORKS for August has attractive articles from Helen C. Weeks, Wm. Allen Butler, Harriet Beecher Stowe, E. Stuart Phelps, Mrs. A. M. Diaz, J. T. Trowbridge, author of "The Butterfly Hunters," Dr. I. A. Hayes, and others. The table is a fat one for the young folks to sit around, and will give them many a long summer day's happiness.

THE NARRATIVE comes for August, under the tact and care of its skillful editor, Miss Fanny P. Seaverns, filling a volume which needed just such a publication to fill it. This is number twenty, and the contents are varied and interesting enough. The frontispiece is an illustration of Goethe's Charlotte, whom he saw "cutting bread and butter." This little monthly does a good work, and is welcomed with rapture by the very young children regularly.

LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES of Gen. U. S. Grant, and Biographical Sketch of Hon. Schuyler Colfax—is the title of still another volume on the life of one of the Presidential candidates, from the pen of Charles A. Phelps, and published very neatly by Lee & Shepard. It is prefaced with a steel portrait of Grant and Colfax, and contains four illustrations from designs by Billings. The author claims to have written this life from the *manhood* side of Grant, and to have furnished it for the people. He takes up the career of the General of our armies from his boyhood, and carries it forward to the culmination of his great triumphs. It will be likely to sell widely.

THE SABBATH OF LIFE, by Richard D. Addington, is the title of a rather stout volume, published by the American News Company of New York; containing a series of Homilies on Christian faith and practice. We find plenty of content and dogmatism running through its pages, and generally a queer melange of faith and opinions, put forth with an assurance that is more than refreshing.

In Congress, a few days since, Senator Morrill, of Vermont, opposed the petition for the First Congregational Church of this city, for the remission of duties on \$10,000 or \$15,000 worth of painted glass windows for their new church. He argued that if rich churches should be favored in their luxuries, poor ones should be in their necessities, which would logically require the admission of plain glass free of duty.

Whoever presses his bosom against the heart of any sect finds it cold as ice.—T. L. Harris.

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

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An Eclipse at Hand.

On the 17th of this month there will occur a total eclipse of the sun, which may be seen on the opposite side of the globe. In calling attention to this astronomical phenomenon, once considered a "wonder," we observe with what an easy freedom many of the papers of the day comment on the welcome fact that such an occurrence does not excite the superstitious awe it once did among the people of the world, but that with the dawning of the light of knowledge, all such clouds were chased away. And congratulations are therefore offered that the world has made such progress as to chase what was once a goblin fear into substantial knowledge, and to dissipate darkening superstitions by the advancing light of discovered truth. Well do they declare, too, that such a result is good cause for congratulations. The human mind cannot have too much freedom and room. It is no supreme desire of every growing soul that clouds should be swept out of the sky of our mental being. Superstition has been from the beginning the bane and bugbear of the race. But for that priests never could thus have kept men under subjection to their will, and fear never would have got and kept the upper hand of reason. It is superstition that makes people dread equal to live and to die. Faith is quenched by it. Hope dies. There is none but the most stunted, feeble and unfruitful, left to the soil.

But with the advent of Science, that dares Superstition to an open combat, all these shadows vanish and sink away. That is the Master which steps forth to reclaim its own. And as soon as the everlasting laws which guide and control these things are fairly understood, the human mind throws off its heavy shackles of superstitions dread, realizes that it is emancipated, and rejoices in the fact it has newly discovered.

As it is with physical truths, so is it with spiritual. For ages the mind of man has been striving for its instincts and its reason against the cramping, clouding, imprisoning dogmas of ecclesiastical rule and tyranny. So much high happiness lost to the race, and so much positive misery suffered! It sometimes strikes one with astonishment to reflect that so much has been borne in silent patience. It was necessary to keep the human family in ignorance, in order to rule them through their superstitious fears; and that is why their rulers have invariably opposed any and all movements calculated to break up the seat of the fears. The dread of dying has ever been made the most of, to play on men's belief and professions; and many an exhorter who never could have hoped to make the slightest impression without it, has succeeded almost miraculously with the skillful use of such an agency.

When Spiritualism dawned over the hills of the east, throwing down its bright light into the valleys where superstition had so long made an abode as to claim an ownership, we found this class who are wedded to its use most frantically opposed to the all-around approaches of the new Truth; and they left no effort untied by which they hoped to prevent the advance of the new Power into the minds and hearts of men. But it has all been to no purpose. "Truth is mighty, and will prevail." If "crushed to earth," it is sure to "rise again." And as rapidly as the human soul has been freed from the shackles of superstition, so fast has the power of the priest departed. No wonder he fights against the advent of the new Gospel. Yet it is to result as truly for his benefit as for that of all the rest. It is for the happiness and advantage of the whole human race that the old eclipse of faith should be removed; that the reason of its continuance should be understood; that clouds and darkness should be dissipated from the mental heavens; and that all men should know the plain and simple laws which rule their progress and shape their destiny.

The Louisiana Spiritualists.

Our friends, and of course the believers in and defenders of the Spiritual Philosophy in Louisiana, acting under an efficient organization known as "The Central Association of Spiritualists of Louisiana," are making renewed and vigorous exertions to carry the good tidings of the true religion of humanity into the uttermost parts of the State. The New Orleans spiritualists publish a newspaper, partly in French and partly in English—*Le Salut*—whose vigorous treatment of the topics of the time, from a spiritual standpoint, gives satisfactory evidence that the blessed teachings of our faith and philosophy are making headway among the people, enlightening their minds and satisfying their hearts. The Constitution and By-Laws of the "Central Association" are of approved workmanship for the purpose, and the organization is an incorporated body under the State laws, having authority to hold, use, houses, lands, and money to the value of a hundred thousand dollars, for a term of twenty-five years. Its plans for healing in times of epidemic are after the highest principles of humanity. The President appeals to Spiritualists throughout the State to fall to work in serious earnest, heeding the signs of the times, and asserting and maintaining their position courageously. Speed on the good work in Louisiana!

No Longer Looking for a Messiah.

At the Convention of Hebrew Covenanters in New York on Thursday, an oration was delivered by Mr. Greenbaum, who declared that the purpose of the Order was to elevate the Hebrew race, make them good citizens, and so add their quota to a Godlike humanity. The return of the Jews and the advent of Messiah, he declared, are no longer the tests of Judaism. The faith and principles of the denomination are comprised in the words: "Hear, oh Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, mind, soul, strength, and thy neighbor as thyself;" and "Do unto others as you would have others do to you." This declaration was received with general approval.

Physical Manifestations.

ASTONISHING TESTS OF SPIRIT POWER.

We have before alluded to the physical manifestations given through the mediumship of Mr. Charles H. Read, who has been holding seances in this city for several weeks past, and now refer to him again, in order to introduce a new feature in the manifestations, particulars of which are given in the following communication of J. C. Morse, Esq. Mr. Read visited our office with the rings, spoken of by Mr. Morse, around his neck, and we satisfied ourselves that they could not be taken off by mortal means without being cut or untwisted, as they could not be stretched sufficiently to be slipped over his head. He has been obliged to wear them on his neck since Thursday evening, July 23d.

On Monday evening, July 27th, we attended a private seance, given by Mr. Read, at 40 Beach street. There were present about a dozen ladies and gentlemen—skeptics, investigators and believers—but all harmoniously seeking for truth, and all found it, unalloyed with the slightest shade of deception. We have been present at many previous seances held by this medium, when the manifestations were satisfactory, yet at neither were they equal to what we witnessed on this occasion. The short time occupied for the different feats was perfectly astonishing. For instance, after the medium's hands, arms and feet were tied as securely as one could wish, a table was placed at his right side, on which were rings and several musical instruments; a chair was near him on his left. We sat within a few inches of the chair, where we could observe or hear every movement. The gas was turned down, and in three seconds one of the iron rings was around his right arm and the chair swung from his left. On close examination the medium was found to be securely tied, and the knots had not the slightest appearance of having been tampered with. Better still: when the light was ordered out, and before it was entirely extinguished, we noticed a slight quivering of the chair, and it fell from the medium's arm to the floor the instant the light was out! and in another second the light was produced, and the medium's hands were still tied with the same security as before. Surely no time was here allowed for the skeptic's usual explanatory dodge, "slipping the hands out of the ropes and replacing them." In an equally short space of time the medium's coat was taken off, notwithstanding the ropes were bound around his arms, shoulders and across his back. Two of us passed our own coats to the medium, and his arms were thrust into the sleeve of both, right and left, as quick as one could count six, and on extinguishing the light our coat was thrown across our shoulders quicker than the medium could have done had his arms been free. In fact, so little time was required that it seemed useless to put out the light at all. At no time was it total darkness, for no preparations were made to have it so; the curtains were down and the shutters closed, but streaks of light from the street lamp shone in at each window.

The constant development of this medium gives strong encouragement that these manifestations before a great while will be given in the light.

We ought to mention that the three-linked rings were taken off his neck, and then replaced—one around his neck, and the others around each shoulder—then removed again, and finally one was put around his neck, and the others hanging pendant from it, and in this condition the invisibles left him, much to his indignation and disappointment.

One night, at Mr. Read's request, his wife attempted to cut the links, but the invisibles interfered and put a stop to such summary proceedings.

It is not time that the philosophical and scientific men of the age investigate these phenomena, and endeavor to ascertain the truth, instead of sneeringly pronouncing everything which they cannot explain away to be "humbug"? If prejudice and bigotry did not stand in the way, the world might receive much valuable information through such instrumentalities. Some of the best minds of the day have already investigated these phenomena, and scientifically substantiated the truth of the philosophy and facts proclaimed by millions of Spiritualists. The great mass of humanity are eager to learn more of so important a subject, and are demanding of the scholar that he do his duty. Will he?

But here is Mr. Morse's statement about the rings:

A PRIVATE SEANCE.

Thursday evening, July 23d, I was present at No. 61 Bunker Hill street, Charlestown, with a few friends, to witness the manifestations through the mediumship of Charles H. Read, physical medium, now residing at No. 46 Beach street, corner of Harrison avenue, Boston.

Previous to the commencement of the manifestations, I handed to the company the ropes, rings, and other apparatus, for examination, including three linked rings of three-inch Manila rope, made for the occasion by Gilbert Baker of the Navy Yard. These rings are laid up and spliced as "becket-ropes" are made, and vary from six and a half to seven inches in diameter, inside, while Mr. Read's head measures seven and a quarter inches in diameter.

In spite of the difference in size, the rings were placed, one around the medium's neck, and one encircled either arm, without the rings being separated. Mr. Read, being securely bound, hands, arms, neck and feet, to the chair in which he sat, the knots remaining just as they were tied by the company.

The lights were extinguished, and Mr. Read's coat was taken off, all the ropes and the rings remaining *status quo*, except that the two rings on the arms were changed across, making a hitch in the one encircling the neck.

During the evening three or four musical instruments were played simultaneously and floated around the room, advancing and receding in sympathy with the cadence of the music, and at the termination of the seance the position of the rings was changed, two being left about the medium's neck and the third suspended from them over his head, where they now remain. (Formerly a bungling necklace for hot weather,) to be removed again when the invisibles feel willing to do it—as may be seen by those who feel sufficient interest in the matter to visit him at No. 46 Beach street, Boston.

If any skeptical individual chooses to call on Mr. Read, and can show how the rings can be removed without cutting or unsplinting the ropes, the writer will be ready to receive instruction.

JAMES C. MORSE.

P. S.—I have permission to refer to the following parties, who were present at the seance for the truth of my statements: Mr. L. V. Cobb, Miss Harriet Dickey, Miss Marietta E. Cobb, 61 Bunker Hill street; Miss Jenkins and Mrs. Graham; and Mr. Alphonso H. Bradley, Haverhill, Mass.

To Boston Public Mediums.

If those public mediums who are located in Boston desire their places of residence known they should advertise in this paper. Not one in ten advertises at all. The result is, people are flocking to our counting-room daily, inquiring for such-and-such persons. We would gladly direct all who come, and do, when we know the residence of any medium named. But mediums often change their places of residence without notifying us, and the result is inconvenience to us, disappointment to the inquirer, and pecuniary loss to the medium.

Abington Picnic.

Agreeably with public announcement, the second grand gathering of the spiritualistic fraternity, under the management of Dr. Gardner, convened at that ever popular resort, "Island Grove," last Tuesday, July 28, in numbers sufficient to gratify almost everybody. The face of old Sol was just enough clouded to render the day unusually pleasant, and agreeable, and this with other things contributed to make the large company a happy one.

The exercises in the forenoon were confined to the children, there being two Progressive Lyceums present, one from Stoughton, the other from Cambridgeport. Their exhibition, together with the silver-chain recitation, was a very creditable affair.

After the usual time allotted for dinner, the friends gathered around the speakers' stand, when Dr. Gardner, who acted as Chairman, made some earnest remarks, partaking somewhat of a personal character, in the way of a reply to criticisms which he heard had been made respecting his general management, dealings with mediums, &c., whom he defended from the unjust aspersions and attack of pretended friends. In concluding, he introduced the old Anti-Slavery veteran, A. T. Foss, followed by Mrs. Mathers, who again related the sufferings of the Freedmen, Mr. J. H. Powell, of England, Dr. H. P. Fairfield, the embraced lecturer, Lizzie Dohen, who gave a brief but popular scientific lecture, Mr. A. E. Carpenter, the State Agent, who presented the claims of the *Banner of Light*, to good effect, Mrs. Abby M. Burnham, the inspirational speaker, John Wetherbee, Esq., who is always full of good things, C. Fannie Allison, who gave an excellent moral lecture in pleasant verse, and Miss Mattie Thwing, a new, young and prepossessing speaker. Dr. Gardner then read the notice of a picnic to take place at Walden Pond, August 10th, to accommodate the friends of Charlestown, Waltham and Fitchburg. The intellectual course having been duly served, about an hour was devoted to general recreation, when, at the appointed time, the cars made their appearance, were quickly filled, and at quarter-past seven the large and favored party safely arrived at the Old Colony Depot, where they soon dispersed to their respective homes.

The Way they Do It.

Not long ago, the *Congregationalist*, a sectarian weekly published in Boston, laid the lash over the backs of the members of its own denomination for not more generally sustaining the secular interests of the church, if such a truly "religious" body may be supposed to have any. It cited the practice of the Methodists, Baptists and others, in giving their patronage and support in trade to those who are of their own communion, and demanded that Congregationalists should no longer be backward in doing the same thing, in order to strengthen and build up their organization. In short, the plan is to turn business into religion, and religion into business, in the vain expectation that both will thrive the better for it. Now "butter is butter, and lard is lard"; and religion ought to be one thing, and traffic another. We remember how it is told of Christ that he cleared the Temple of the money-changers and traders, and here is a sect that openly denounces those who do not come promptly up to the mark and harness their faith into the demands of trade, to make the latter draw better. Out upon such hypocrisy! Cannot any one see that this ecclesiastical rule is the same tyranny it ever was, and that it seeks to wield a despotism over men's pockets as well as their consciences?

The Cause in Vermont.

Spiritualism is making steady headway up in Vermont, as our advices testify from time to time. In Rockingham the faithful have recently erected a very neat and substantial hall, which they dedicated—not to "Almighty God, but—to "Humanity and Freedom"! believing that the Great Creator of the universe needs no architectural piles to attest our reverential worship of him, but that we cannot too frequently dedicate our wealth and our efforts to the cause of Humanity. This is the first regular Spiritualist hall dedicated within the limits of the State, and we hope to see the example of the Rockingham Spiritualists followed everywhere. Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley, of Rockingham, pronounced the opening address, and was followed by Anstee E. Simmons, of Woodstock, in a regular and deeply interesting lecture. There was likewise excellent speaking by other persons. We observe that the wisecrack and night-owl of the Rutland "Independent," appends to the report of the dedication some of the snare-drum slang which he supposes to stand for sense, if not for thought; but we assure him that he beats his little drumsticks in vain if he expects to call out a very large company to oppose the steady, onward march of Spiritualism. Better join the army, man, and learn to look with pity on your present ignorance.

Our Free Circles.

Will be resumed on the first Monday in September next. People seem more anxious than ever to attend these circles. Visitors to the city from all sections of the country manifest great disappointment at not being able to witness the manifestations of spirit-power through Mrs. Conant. Delegates from all denominations of Christians have visited our circles the past year, and have gone away wondering at the new truths they have received direct from the supra-mundane world.

It is indeed astonishing to witness the deep, fervent feeling that pervades all classes of society at this time in regard to direct spirit-communication. Surely the spirit-world is exercising a mightier psychological power at present upon the peoples of earth than ever before. People whom we have intimately known for years, who have pronounced Spiritualism a delusion, and who have manifested surprise that we should be "carried away" with it, now embrace it as truth, and admit that they themselves were foolish to shut their eyes so long to the only true religion vouchsafed to mortality—a religion that opens wide the gates of knowledge and bids superstition and bigotry depart.

The Planchette.

The idea has become prevalent that no one except Spiritualists use the planchette. This is a mistake. Hundreds buy the instrument who are not Spiritualists, and never have been. The planchette is sold by dealers who are church members, and they recommend it, without probably being aware of its spiritual significance. It was first brought out in France some twelve years ago. The price that has been asked for it was exorbitant, but has been reduced of late.

Bangor, Me.

Friends in Bangor and vicinity should remember that the talented and popular lecturer on the Spiritual Philosophy, Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels, speaks next Sunday, August 9th, in Pioneer Chapel. Don't fail to improve this rare opportunity of listening to the inspirations of this eloquent speaker.

New York Advertisements.

New York Advertisements.

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DR. E. F. GARVIN cures *Influent Pulmonary Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and all Blood Disorders* by his new chemical discovery for dissolving **TAN** with its thirteen elements, for the first time. This remedy and its complements

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This is taken internally, also diluted to inject the blood, far as purgative, and eradicating all humors from the blood, and is

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First Solution of Tar Ointment,
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 Tar contains a large amount of carbonic acid, which is present in cleaning the skin of Freckles, Mole, Eruptions, &c. in the Scalp, &c. A fine toilet soap.

Third Solution of Tar Plaster.
 This is found to be superior to all others for removing piles, and restoring the anal sphincter to its normal condition in the rectum. These medicines are sold by druggists everywhere. If your druggist has not got them, ask him to procure them. Special attention paid to examination and treatment of patients at the office. All communications concerning medicine and surgery, in the English or French language, will be promptly answered.

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July 2

