

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 4.

## The Lecture Boom.

### The Physical and Spiritual Nature of Man—His Present and Future.

On Sunday afternoon, March 23d, Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bullene spoke on the above subject to a good audience at Music Hall. Mrs. Bullene was the first female trance speaker who addressed a meeting in Boston, and only the severe snow storm of the day previous prevented a larger number from attending to welcome her on her return to this city. A brief synopsis of her remarks will be found below:

In days gone by, mankind had walked on in blindness, ignorant of the great laws which governed the physical and spiritual nature of the race, and even at the present day these springs of action were but little understood. Never had man been able to perceive so fully as now the presence of the angels who walked by his side, bringing with them, in their return to earth, the tidings of a higher life and a knowledge of the laws preparatory therefor.

Man, as a physical being, was composed of absolute principles, the aggregate of which made up his spirituality. The spiritual principles were wholly dependent on the physical, and any attempt to amelioate the condition of the race, must be founded on an amended condition of the bodily powers. Within the human organism resided a trinity of forces: the electric, galvanic, and magnetic or magnetic; and the economy of Nature in the physical form gave also three currents: the arterial, venous, and electro-magnetic or nervous fluids—the uniform cooperation of each with each forming the basis of that state we called physical health, which was the true road to spiritual progress. The nervous fluid had its life from two organs in the form—the brain and the spleen; each of which supplied the food necessary for the proper support of the equilibrium of the nervous system. In years to come mortals should understand the hidden meaning of the laws governing their being; then these powers would be put in command, and health should be the rule, not the exception—a health obtained by the cultivation or restraint (if need be) of certain natural principles, not by recourse to drugs which poisoned the occult forces of the body.

The law of physical harmony must be better understood by us; it was the duty of each to investigate. Every medicine or article of food taken into the system which was not adapted to the case in hand, was productive of deleterious effects, and only by a knowledge of the regulative remedies could health be established and we become true men and women. Could a man with a diseased stomach possess an equilibrium of temper? Could a woman with shattered health preserve a collected state of mind amid her manifold cares? Only study and research could develop the knowledge required, and when the revelations of Spiritism should be fully understood they would bring to the inquirer a lasting reward for his toil.

As the physical nature of man so closely concerned the spiritual, it was the duty of all to make use of whatever means lay within reach to perfect that nature—to supply deficiencies, or remove redundancies, should any exist. Therefore a proper attention to food was necessary. Animal food produced animal propensities and powers; if you were already possessed of a large supply of these, you should eschew animal food, and by so doing you would grow more in spirituality in one year without, than in five years with the use of such diet. Vegetable food was calculated to develop purely intellectual faculties, and one who desired a rapid development of the intellectual organs should follow the use of this diet, unless lacking vitality to sustain the labor of mental culture, in which case more animal food must be used. Fruit and flowers were calculated to induce spiritual culture. It might be objected that it was impossible to eat flowers, but there was an aroma influence continually going out from them which was capable of being received with benefit by the organisms, not only of mortals but of those in the spirit-world. Was it not well known that the Circassian ladies, the most beautiful of earth, were bathed in the extract of roses and fed upon their leaves? If all classes of fruits and blossoms were not in the highest degree productive of spiritual good, why was it that spirits so frequently brought offerings of flowers? In the spirit-world the flowers reached their highest place; fading on earth, they were reassembled in brighter forms in the morning-land, and their aroma floating out upon the breeze became the sustenance of the spiritual host.

These hints were thrown out that man might know his needs and the means of their satisfaction. By reason of their prayers and labors, the few earnest souls who had as yet investigated the truths of spirit revelation, were fifty years in advance of their generation in this knowledge of the forces composing physical harmony; and the time should come when man should attain such perfection that children would be produced in accordance to Nature's highest models, because of no mistakes—through ignorance—in generation. No more deformed, idiotic experiments would be ushered into physical life, but true forms and true hearts, able to fight successfully the tempter who met them at the corner of the streets.

Upon a correct state of the physical forces depended not only health, but also the power of receiving impressions. Thus it would be found, by a knowledge of the laws governing the nervous fluid, that a surplus of magnetism gave sustenance to the impressionable faculties, a surplus of galvanism produced powers of healing, and a surplus of electro-magnetic or nervous fluid gave more power to decide upon those problems which met us in life at every footstep.

Man had been accustomed to look upon the mineral kingdom only as a direct or indirect producer of gold, to increase his material wealth, but there was a higher and holier use reserved for it,

when its capabilities became fully understood; it had remedies within it so potent for the destruction of disease, that in days to come no more bodies should be malformed and poisoned out of the world before their time by the imperfect use of mineral and vegetable drugs, but the only destroyer of the human form should be the steady decay which attends the coming on of old age. Precious stones had an influence which was not fully known at the present day. Pure crystal worn by the neurathic invalid became a sort of railroad track on which the spiritual power of healing could flow down to banish that excruciating disease. The emerald, ruby and pearl, were the most valuable, medicinally, among the precious stones, but the diamond in the process of its development had become so etherialized as to lose its grosser powers, and was only capable of use in the spirit-world to cause communion with mortals. The time was coming when the external—not internal—application of minerals would be used to cure the diseases of mortality.

The spiritual nature of man—what was its present? what its future? We found in it also a trinity: soul, mind, spirit, as Nature produced everything in the magic recurrence of the numbers three, seven and twelve. What of the soul? It was the abstract power wherein we were patterned after our Creator, holding the possibility of all knowledge. In every human being, whether Hottentot or Christian, it is all the same; when they assumed human forms they were endowed with divine souls, containing the germs of all truth centered therein. These germs of truth might lie dormant till awakened by the reviving touch of spiritual influences, but they nevertheless had an existence.

What of the mind? It was that power of our nature which perceived all truth when baptized by the soul-principle. This was the watchman on the walls of our Zion who looked out afar off, to warn of approaching trial—who saw on all the hills the dawning of the day!

What of the spirit? It was fashioned on the same great plan of our physical nature; but the physical was the shadow of the spiritual, not the spiritual an outgrowth from the physical. Just as the web was woven from the materials assembled for the purpose, so during gestation the child's nature was woven of the particles and powers given by the mother. Was it not therefore a wonder that there were so many comparatively perfect ones—that the majority of earth's children were not deformed, scrofulous, defective, when, as a mass, the human race was an almost highest, holiest of instincts of their nature? The time would come when to man's awakened spiritual vision Nature's rebuke would be found written in every drop of water, on every leaf of the forest; in that time, the knowledge would be received and welcomed which should make earth an Eden, and Death, no longer a monster of fear but an angel of light, calling the spirit to grander realms and more celestial joys.

This spiritual nature is only mantled with the fleshly covering of the physical body, and yet it is so centered therein that it must have the proper quantity of spiritualized vitality it needs for its support, and this supply can only be obtained through efforts to cultivate a healthy physical organism, by the observance of physiological laws. As the time would come when physical suffering would yield to man's enlarged knowledge, so also should the spiritual nature be freed from the constant jars and shocks of to-day, and a calm, healthful serenity of body and mind would be the normal condition of earth's inhabitants.

Spirits sometimes come back to earth, gross, ignorant, dark, covered over by the lusts of flesh, because they lived before passing away on poisonous ailments, which created tendencies in them which must be eradicated ere they could hope for better things. These tendencies are corrupting in their nature, for all on the same plane absorb the poisonous effluvia. But as the rose drew up from the soil only that food appropriate to it, so would the spirit imbibe only those influences surrounding it and fitted to its development; therefore poisoned spirits could only influence those on their own plane. Those diseases which now caused spirits to vacate the earthly tabernacle before their time, should disappear, and thus a great step in the path of improvement would be made in the years to come; but what was the duty of those who lived to-day on the earth, toward the crippled and deformed spirits of either the mortal or eternal world? It was the duty of all while in the flesh to study the laws of their being—to become missionaries to the ignorant, whether "they will hear or forbear"—to put forth "line upon line, and precept upon precept," for the guidance of man—the psychologizing of the world!

How glorious were the developments and revelations of spiritual knowledge; but all who professed to possess this knowledge were not pure. The reason of this was that while they accepted the facts they were not governed by the principles inculcated thereby—they went on crucifying their better natures, their high and holy aspirations after truth, and were content to suffer in mind and body, as the punishment of their wanderings.

There were changes going on day by day in the spirit spheres. As new spirits became developed to higher powers, new organizations were instituted for the benefit of mortals on earth. There were two great Coöperative Associations in the world of souls, whose aims and purposes should be copied on the earth-sphere. One Maternal Association, the object of which was to take care of the little waifs thrown off from earthly life ere their intellects were fully molded and developed for individual action; these were cared for, and taught and reared in spirit-life. The other, also called a Maternal Association, had for its object the establishment of the best ante-natal circumstances and conditions that could be obtained for human mothers, that a purer and mightier race should come after those now on earth.

From the land of spirits rang out the cry to mortals of to-day, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature!" Not the gospel of creed-bound bigotry and superstition, but the gospel of everlasting truth—a physical and spiritual gospel that should unfold to each child of earth a knowledge of the higher development of which they were capable.

Spiritualism was the great instrument which should outwork the problem in the grand future. It came to every one in life—not only to believers, but even the Orthodox clergymen of to-day were giving (unconsciously) to their people some small scintillations of this truth. A flood of glorious effluvia was being poured forth from the spirit-spheres, bathing all in its kindling radiance—each act for truth made larger the breach, increased the light, and whether the door was conscious of it or not, baptized some immortal soul with joy unspeakable, and unlocked for it the gateway of the higher life!

Even now is being made known a deeper significance to the words of Him of old when he said, "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." To many hearts, in freest musings, there came brilliant flashes of thought from lands afar, and though we might wonder why they came, when from our humble position we could not disseminate them to the world, yet we were then and there baptized in truth, and the calm of our spirits, amid the turmoil of after life, when these solitary hours were passed away, was a reward at once sublime and glorious. Such moments of solemn private invocation gave us a power for good that was measureless; they were the jeweled lines which led erring mortals to the throne of the Great Father of all.

Within the last twenty years what had not been accomplished? To the free thought generated and spread abroad by Spiritualism, science owed her rapid advance, no longer bound by the hard lines of creed. The great scientific investigators were not all Spiritualists, but the fact of spirit return had started the faculty of inquiry in man and a flood of nervous interlocking power had gone forth to the discovery of means for the saving of labor and the universal upraising of the race.

The results to attend the future work of Spiritualism were too grand for the human understanding—only the Infinite mind can comprehend the things which are coming, and the power which should eventually raise man to the highest development of which he was the embodied possibility.

### Mercantile Hall Meetings.

E. S. Wheeler lectured in Mercantile Hall, in this city, Sunday evening, March 15th, on "Hungry Hearts and the Bread of Life." The following is a synopsis of his discourse:

Like the moaning of the deep,  
Like the sound of ocean waves,  
There rolls across the Sea of Life  
The voice of a great unrest.  
Now rising like the echoing tempest,  
Then sinking to despairing sighs,  
Comes still the sound of discontent,  
The cry of hungry human hearts.

In all departments of life, in the national, the commercial, the social, the individual sphere, it is the same. A feeling of distrust of that which has been, of dissatisfaction with that which is, and of despair of that which is to be, is well nigh universal.

We make our boasts of progress, of civilization, of freedom, of wealth, of culture and religion. Our progress is by a law we are too stupid to comprehend; our civilization, an inharmonious conglomerate; our freedom, unintellectual and licentious; our wealth, in promises; our culture, narrow and not popular; our religion, unscientific, and no more an authority in life.

A jurisprudence founded upon the law of ancient Rome, recorded in the Pandects of Justinian Regan, civilian and Emperor, we assume to draw the precepts of our morality from amid a barbarous horde gathered long ago around Mount Sinai, or from the assumed teachings of Jesus, the Essene of Galilee.

Roman law and Republican in government, we profess a religion which denounces all but theocratic domination and avows an ecclesiastical aristocracy of "the saints" as the rightful judges of mankind. These two systems combat each other in the artificialism of our lives—Roman law and Christian religion, and as a consequence we are not held by one or moved by the other. With a natural deference to woman unheard of before or elsewhere, we retain laws in regard to them infinitely more oppressive than those of India, Persia or Turkey, and full of a national pride of population we have made ante-natal child murder a fine art, and precipitated upon ourselves the evils of an effete civilization. Our advance is too great to admit of retreat. Our "ships are burned," or known to be unworthy, and only in progress, by a road of which we are ignorant, is there a promise of safety. Education and science have done all things to unsettle but little to compose us. We have too much knowledge of science to respect or trust a dogmatic religion; too much spirituality and intuition to be satisfied with a Godless science; too intelligent and reasoning to accept the assumptions of creeds as the law of life, (having learned that the sects can give no "reason why" for the claim they make as authoritative teachers of right and truth.)

We are still without any scientific ruling in the sphere of morals, and are compelled to revert to our personal intuitions and individual judgment to decide the right and wrong of every action.

Who shall say to us, right and wrong? And what authority have they for their utterance? It is useless to tell us "God has said so." When did you hear from God? And what was the channel of communication? Your Bible, offered with so much confidence, is no evidence; you offer no

proof of its authenticity which can satisfy the reason! and beyond its pages you cannot, dare not go!

What is moral or immoral? Ask the legislator; he is no better informed than yourself, and the laws he makes evince his ignorance.

Ask the priest; he can only refer you to a creed, or an assumed revelation, and tell you that by that, morals are the customs of his Church.

Ask the professor of material sciences; he can give you no definite reply. You must be thankful if you are able to learn from physiology that there is a "law of life," and that physical morality is possible.

The question rolls back upon individuals each to answer for themselves, and they, in the absence of any scientific religion, can only rely upon their instincts, already nearly destroyed by the repressions and perversions of their lives.

It is said, and wisely, "Nature's demands are God's commands." What the thief, the willful drunkard and the debauchee justify their abuse of society and themselves by the plea that the "commands of God" are heard in the clamor of their depraved and monstrous appetites. What is Nature? Who is natural? The perfect man, the perfect woman! They are, it is to be hoped, the coming pair. But the "coming man" does not come, and his partner is as yet merely mentioned. They could reconstruct government, commerce, society, and life, for they would be the true revelation and incarnation. In them, Nature, and their demands, the Decalogue of Being.

"If Uglino's full, it needs must be his teeth have crunched somewhat unnatural." Our perverted appetites and passions and our ungovernable "heart hunger," are not safe and sure guides to lives and acts in harmony with the Divine, to morals consonant with the rhythm of the music of the spheres. We need, we absolutely demand a scientific settlement of the question we ask! "Is useless to tell 'all is done that can be done,' while Senates enact the high comedy of impeachment as the after-piece to a tragedy not yet played out; while legislators concoct laws to influence elections, rather than govern the State; while old abuses are unreformed, and new disorders multiply; while the Church cares for its ritual and its creeds, preaching a dead Jesus and denying a living Christ, a present inspiration. The people are moving and acting, not under the control of Christianity, nor by direction of science, but in contempt of the first and ignorance of the other.

The hunger of the heart among Americans is in part imaginary. World, being fed and clothed, are content, because their civilization has ultimatum, their destiny is fulfilled, their cycle complete; they can rest for a time. Here, a New World, a new humanity, a new civilization, new science, and a new religion. The soil is broad, and strong, and all must snack of it. You may import religion from Judea or Rome, science from England and Germany, and civilization from Paris, but humanity comes from the four winds, and in fierce discussion all the old issues are reopened again.

White men, Irish, German, English, French, rushing like Hellgate into the harbor of New York; black men, "bayonets that think" with millions of Southern picaninies, reaching black hands for ballots their fathers are too ignorant to read; red men in hundreds of thousands fighting civilization on both their flanks, and refusing to be "exterminated" until they have left their impress and magnetism on the life they are quitting. "Westward the star of empire takes its onward way." But as the pioneers from New England overtop the Sierra Nevada, they meet the advance guard of Asiatic hordes, who dispute the poetical tradition, and see the "star of empire" a "star in the east," shining over the track of the Pacific railroad.

Sixty thousand yellows, Chinese, Japanese, and Tartars, three hundred thousand reds, unnumbered and hostile tribes with unknown dialects, four million blacks, untutored, distrustful, but ambitious, full of impulse, and newly born to liberty, citizens too "by the grace of God," by virtue of gunpowder and steel, and the will of Garrison, Phillips, Sumner & Co.; millions of whites, of every nation, creed and character under heaven, and tens of millions "born upon the land," Americans by birthright with the magnetism of the soil in veins and brain—all these have taken and are taking the "conduct of life" into their own hands, and scornful of precedent, careless of advice, are rushing forward in the exercise of a freedom unknown before on the planet. Religious ideas really hold but little influence over them. Forms of religion have a local origin. Christianity fails to thrive outside the Gothic race, and Buddha, though worshiped by four hundred millions, is a local deity; but here Jesus, Buddha, Joe Smith, and the negro Obi all jostle each other as the waves of men dash themselves together. Disrespect for the old is rapidly engendered in each and all; the negro has lost confidence in his fetish, the Indian forgets the traditions of his happy hunting-ground, the Chinese distrusts his Joss, and the white man disbelieves his Bible. It is fashionable to attend church, respectable to own a pew, proper to pray. But the precepts of the pulpit are not the motives of the market, nor the rules of the church the morals of the street and the home. Men have lost their faith in a revelation thousands of years old. "The light" must shine, not around Paul and his horses in Judea, but blaze upon Smith, and Jones, and Brown, in New England, and keep pace with the locomotive, which whisks them from Boston to San Francisco.

"The voice of God" must be heard, not by Moses or Lazel, but by the Congress of the United States," and by every citizen. The appeal is to be made, the command given, not by Urim or Thummim, or out of burning bush, but by and through reason and the flaming intuition of the human spirit. So feel the multitude; and, untu-

tered in the use of reason, unsledged in intuition, they set out to answer, each for himself or herself, the great questions of the ancient sphinx. Freedom they have, even to license; but "men to be free, should first be intelligent, or the normal exercise of natural rights becomes the swift means of certain destruction."

We have few missionaries of a scientific religion, hence the individual makes his morality "out of his own head," and often a poor, ignorant head it is, too.

In Utah the roll of a dram by Brigham Young will call twenty thousand men to arms, and twenty thousand rifles and revolvers are ready to cast ballots of lead on the wrong side of the question of polygamy. At Oneida, in New York, hundreds are living in open defiance of our civilization, in contempt of marriage and of all it is fashionable to call sexual decency. Colonies of Shakers all over the land repudiate civilization, and the family divorces themselves from the duties of citizenship and challenge discussion of their ideas. Wilder and worse than all, false education in regard to love has besotted the public mind, and men and women, born heart-hungry because of the affectional starvation of their mothers before their birth, are rushing ignorantly into absurd attempts to "make love" or "fall in love."

Love never hurt the world; the lack of it has damaged society. But it is not to be made or fallen into. We climb into love if we get into it at all. It is not for young nobles in their puppyhood, or for green girls, however the novel may teach us. It is the ripe fruit of the grown-up tree. You may have fancy, passion, lust, as an evidence of false teaching in hygiene and morals, at almost any age; but love is the "bread of life," and comes with the fullness of development. The only education which can avail in the crisis must be comprehensive. Science and religion must be understood as complementary parts of each other, and the science of morals known as the positive, logical teaching of an absolute philosophy.

We must have a religion as plainly stated as the multiplication table, and as easy to prove as that two plus two equal four. This religion must be a science which analyzes the very elements of our nature, and detects the "law of life" in the facts of existence, not presumable in Bibles, Korans or Shastars.

Spiritualism, at once a fact, a science, a philosophy and religion, promises to yield to diligent study and careful analysis the system we seek. It is in accord with Nature, consistent with history, and its basic facts are recognized among all races of mankind. In its full development it may be the social fusion of the long-cherished beliefs of human contraries, now thrown together to enact the new scene in the drama of life upon this continent. The index finger of prophecy points the way of the future, and the road of progress is bright with the illumination of the spirit.

I see a mighty nation, a world within itself! I see a people born of all the blood of earth, strong in the power of every race. I see a civilization in which new commerce, new industry, and new science all combine to enlarge the sum of human good. I see a government, republican, yet theocratic, wherein injustice is unknown and oppression a mythological dream of antiquity. I see the temples of a universal Spiritualism, a natural religion. I see love worshiped in a free society, formed on the basis of natural morality. I see the passion of hungry hearts fed full of the bread of life. All hail the future! We will begin here and now the earnest work which must precede its coming. Let us learn our own nature and its true demands, also the causes of our perversions. Let us study the science of life in the light of inspiration. Then our hungry hearts may find their legitimate food, and the restless yearning of discontent be satisfied, here or hereafter, by the fulfillment of good, and love the bread of life.

May the light of inspiration guide us through the walks of science, to the groves of philosophy, to worship in the ritual of goodness at the temple of universal religion.

INCREASE OF REAL ESTATE IN NEW YORK.—A life-long friend of John Jacob Astor said to him just before he died, real estate then being very dull: "Mr. Astor, don't you think you have too much real estate?" "No, sir," said the old man; "if I could begin life again, and know what I know of day, I would buy every foot of land on the island of New York." The leases of New York run for twenty-one years. They usually include a clause for three or more renewals at the expiration of successive twenty-one years at a new valuation. Trinity Church leases all expired last year, and the difference in price over what it was twenty-one years ago, is perfectly enormous. Dr. Cheever's congregation built their church on leased property at the rate of \$1500 a year ground rent. The new valuation brings the ground rent for the next twenty-one years to the sum of \$10,000 a year. Stewart's new marble store on Tenth street and Broadway, which will cover the whole block, Broadway, Bowery, Ninth street and Tenth, is built on leased ground. It is owned by the corporation of the Ball's Snug Harbor. Many years ago Captain Randall left his farm-house and twenty-four acres of land to form a snug harbor for disabled and aged seamen. The property was then valued at about \$14,000. It includes the lots on which Stewart is now building his store, and stretches away west across Broadway to Washington square. It is among the most valuable of city property. The lots on which Stewart is building were rented twenty-one years ago for \$6000 a year. The renewal takes place this year. Mr. Stewart bought up the leases and holds the renewal. He has been paying \$2000 ground rent to the Ball's Snug Harbor. In January, 1868, the new valuation commenced, and for twenty-one years his rent will be increased from \$6000 to \$20,000 a year! And so real estate goes in New York. The whole of Park Place, near City Hall, is owned by Columbia College, and those immense warehouses in and around pay tribute to the cause of education. The Dutch Church property, running from Ann street to Broadway and down toward the East River, gives the Collegiate Church an income which makes it a millionaire. While Trinity sees its domains stretching below its cathedral on Broadway, above it to Grace, and stretching out east and west like an immense fan, makes a place richer and more valuable than the gold mines of the Old World or the New.



## Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,  
Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 29,  
Station D, New York City.

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

### UNCLE OLIVER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

NUMBER FOUR.

"You want a story that is true; that is, you like to study history in a pleasant way. There is the history of events, sometimes as wonderful as a romance, and then there is the history of individuals—which will you have?"

"Oh, I like to hear about great men," said Reuben. "It makes a fellow feel so good, just as if he could be as great if he tried."

"That is the right feeling," said Uncle Oliver, "because we know that men in all ages are governed by the same motives, the same passions and loves, and what makes a man truly great is the exercise of his noblest powers, and the victory over his wrong impulses and desires."

"Is it?" said Mary. "I thought we must do some great thing to be great."

"There is no greater, grander thing, than to gain the victory over the wrong, and that boy or girl is a hero who conquers one evil passion or wrong intention. But let me see; I believe I will tell you about a very distinguished man whose history all ages have been interested to learn."

It is of Cyrus the Great. His grandfather was the King of Media, and his father was Cambyses, King of Persia. So you see he had royal honors at his birth, but was not the more favored or blest on that account, as you will learn. It was his mother who was named after Astyages, the King of Media, and her name was Mandane.

Not long after her marriage to Cambyses, Astyages had a dream, that seemed to him so remarkable that he wished to have it interpreted. In those days many dreams were considered as direct revelations from superior beings, and there was a class of people who were thought to be able to interpret the dreams. They were called Magi, or wise men. And it was this class of men that saw the star in the East and followed it until it rested over the spot where Jesus was born.

They gave their whole time to watching the heavens and noting the signs of Nature, and studying into the mysteries of things.

It was to the Magi, therefore, that Astyages sent to interpret his dream, which was this: that Mandane had planted a vine which overspread all Asia. It would seem as if it would not require much wisdom to suppose that the dream must mean the young son of Mandane, then a little babe and greatly beloved by its young mother. It was thus the Magi decided, and they also declared that he would take possession of the throne of Media.

Astyages was a tyrant, and like all tyrants he wished no one to have as much power as himself. He was much troubled by the words of the Magi, and resolved that something must be done to prevent the interpretation of the dream from becoming true. He was not long in deciding what course to take. He sent for his daughter Mandane to appear immediately at his court with the young child. We can imagine with what joy she set out with her babe, proud to show it to her father and her old friends. We can think how she had it arrayed in embroidered garments fitting the son of a king, and how tenderly she watched its life lest harm should come to it.

As soon as the child had arrived, Astyages sent for one of his most trusted friends by the name of Harpagus, and told him that the child must be put to death by his own hands, and that if he failed to do this horrible deed he should himself die. The sweet infant was brought, clothed in its richest garments, and placed in the arms of Harpagus. Baby-like it lifted up its eyes in wonder, and then turned for the more familiar eyes of its mother.

Harpagus was a kind-hearted man, and felt his heart tremble at the terrible commission given to him to perform, but tyrants know no such thing as reason, and he did not dare to say a word to Astyages to influence him to change his wicked purpose, so he took the child and carried it to his house.

When he reached there, he burst into tears. His wife asked him the cause of his distress, and he replied: "See this lovely child; the King has commanded me to kill him with my own hands." "Ah, but you will not do it. How sweet he is. Only a little while ago our boy was like this, and to think of his being killed. No, no, it must not be!"

"You say right, it must not be; but what shall I do? I shall die myself if it is ever known that I even think to save him. Tell me, you are wise and good; think of some way of saving the child, and that shall not sacrifice our lives."

"Do you remember Mithridates the herdsman, who lives among the mountains?"

"What can he do? He is a kind man, I know, by the look of his eye when he patted our boy's head, who was so pleased with one of his goats."

"Leave it to him what to do. You can trust his heart. Give him the commission, and you are free, and he won't hurt a hair of the boy's head," said his wife.

"But I must order him to do the deed."

"Of course; but you trust me to send word to the good Spaco. She is as true as steel, and has a heart like the sun."

Mithridates was accordingly sent for, and he came from his rough mountainous life with much surprise at his summons, but with more surprise did he learn for what purpose he had been ordered from his happy life among the mountains. But he took the child and carried it to his cottage.

When he reached there it was sleeping in his arms. His wife, Spaco, met him him on the threshold, and with a woman's anxiety questioned him of his journey, and why he had been sent for. He put the helpless burden in her lap. She uncovered it, and was filled with wonder.

"Alas," said Mithridates, "that such woe should come to me. When I entered the house of Harpagus there I saw this babe, kicking and screaming on the floor, not unlike our brave boy before he was ill."

"Ah," said his wife, "did the messenger meet you to tell you our boy is dead? I feared to have you come, and now you have brought this consolation."

"Dead! our boy dead?" and the good man could say no more.

Perhaps Spaco would have wept too, but the babe opened its eyes and looked up so wistfully, that she turned from her own sorrow to comfort the little one, and brought milk and fed him, and patted his dimpled chin and kissed his fair cheeks. When Mithridates was calm again, she said:

"But tell me about this child; it looks like a prince with its rich garments."

"When I was admiring the strong motions of

the child, and looking at its hearty face, Harpagus said: "I command you, on pain of death, to take the child and expose him to the wild beasts of the mountains." He did not even tell me whose child it was, but as I came out of the city, the servant told me it was the grandchild of Astyages, the son of Mandane."

"Oh horrible!" said Spaco. "Who would be a king, or a king's daughter? Glad am I that I am the wife of a poor herdsman."

"Do not be glad that you are the wife of the unfortunate Mithridates."

"Yes I will, for to me is given the greatest power that falls to mortals—the power to do the will of heaven."

"What do you mean to do?" said the herdsman. "Do? Why, of course this child is sent to take the place of my own, my darling boy. If he had dropped from the sky, my thanks would not have been greater."

"But how?" said the doubtful husband. "The simplest thing in the world. Put these rich garments on the dead body of our boy, and let him be exposed on the mountains, while we take this little one to our hearts to be the comfort and joy of our lives."

Mithridates could hardly contain his joy. He did not even weep as he himself put the rich garments on the body of his son, while Spaco attired the son of a king in the simple dress of a herdsman's child. A man was left to guard the dead body, and after three days a messenger was sent to Harpagus to say that he had certainly seen the dead body of a child clothed in rich attire.

The Princess Mandane did not know what was done with her child. They told her that her beautiful and beloved babe was dead and buried while she was ill. If she doubted the truth of what was told her, she did not dare to mention her doubts, or express the least suspicion that harm had been done to him, for so terrible is the selfishness of a despot, that he will not hesitate to sacrifice his own child. Mandane returned in sorrow to her husband, the King of Persia. Life had no bright golden dreams for her then, for her great joy had departed from her, and her mother-heart could not be content.

This boy, so wonderfully saved from his grandfather's selfish tyranny, was called Cyrus by his father, but it is not known by what name the herdsman and his wife called him. In the free, mountainous country, where he had found a peaceful home, he grew in strength and intelligence. He early showed remarkable courage. He seemed just fitted for the brave life of the mountaineer. He slept on a hard bed and ate coarse food, and that made him more manly than the indulgence and luxury of the court could have done. He grew brave and fearless, and all his bearing was that of a noble, honorable boy. He was a great favorite among all the boys of the country about. If they had any disputes among themselves they went to him to settle them, because they believed he would decide as he thought was right.

He often went out, while a mere boy, with his spear alone into the forest, and brought back to his adopted mother a great heap of skins, taken from the wild animals he had slain. He was so free and happy in this sort of life, that his whole nature seemed to develop into something at once grand and beautiful. His countenance revealed his nature, and bore a frank, noble expression.

One day he was tending his foster father's flocks, and a group of boys had collected about him urging him to play some game with them. Like boys of the present day they were weary of their old games and proposed something new. It was at last decided that they should play king. Without a dissenting voice they chose Cyrus as their king. They placed him in an elevated spot, and crowned him with a wreath of green leaves, and put a stick in his hand for a scepter.

His subjects, the other boys, all knelt before him, and promised to obey all his commands. The game was probably made about as absurd as the Grand Muff; but boys do not stop at absurdities, and we can imagine how they turned somersaults, stood on their heads, or whirled on their toes at the command of their sovereign.

But there was one boy whose father was wealthier than the poor herdsman, who did not feel willing to obey his poorer king. He imagined, no doubt, that a little money ought to give him a great deal of consideration. But not so thought Cyrus, who knew no rank among his subjects that could make them disobedient; so he ordered his other subjects to seize the disobedient one and give him a sound whipping.

I should not be surprised if you had seen cowardly boys, that when matters don't go just right in their play, even if they are at fault, run to their parents with some tale of injured dignity. Do not speak, any of you, because I can guess just what you would say, especially you, Reuben, who are manly enough to say, "I have done it myself, but I knew it was mean!"

Well, this boy ran to his father, making his silly tale a great affair, and the father, quite as much of a coward as his son, carried his grievances to the king. Was it not dreadful, he said, that a poor herdsman's son should cause a rich man's son to be whipped? The boy was summoned to the presence of the king Astyages, who demanded who had done this wrong.

"Your majesty, it was done by the command of the son of the poor herdsman, Mithridates."

"Order him and the boy brought to my presence," said the king.

Great was the dismay in the cottage among the mountains when the order was received. The good Spaco was in great terror, for she feared that the real parentage of the child would in some way be revealed.

"Will not his grandfather see something in his looks that will make him suspect who he is?" said she.

"Silence, woman," said her husband, "let not even a breath of wind know our secret. Our lives and that of the boy depend upon our secrecy."

The woman was silent, but not quieted were her fears. Her eyes were full of tears as she again and again kissed her beloved, petted boy, as dear to her as if he were her own. But Cyrus rather enjoyed the idea of going to court, and he feared nothing.

"Why do you feel so, mother?" said he, "the king won't kill a boy like me."

"Hush! hush!" said Mithridates, "do not even say what a king will not do!"

But Cyrus did not attend his thoughts with his speech, and he gave himself a few lessons on what a king should and should not do. But they were not very long in coming into the presence of the king. The herdsman was so terrified that he could only bow low, but Cyrus stood erect, as if he had no fear because he had done no wrong. He did not tremble when the king looked sternly at him and said:

"How dared you, who are only the son of a slave, insult the son of a noble?"

"Let me tell you," said Cyrus, "just how it is: The boys wanted I should be their king. I did not ask to be, neither did I ask them to obey me, but they all promised, and they all did as they had promised except one. He refused to obey

and I had him punished. Ought not a king to punish a subject that will not obey? If you think I ought to be punished I am here to receive your chastisement."

Astyages was struck with astonishment at the brave answer of the boy, and he fixed his eyes earnestly on him. He saw his daughter's face looking from the noble countenance of the boy. He inquired the age of the boy, and was told he was ten years old. He said to himself, "It is my grandchild. The gods have saved his life, though I sought to destroy it!"

He was so confused at these thoughts that for a time he could not speak; but at last he ordered all to leave his presence except the poor herdsman.

"Tell me from whom did you receive this child?" said the king.

"He is my son," said Mithridates, trembling.

His manner aroused still more the suspicions of the king, and he ordered his guards to seize him immediately. Mithridates had not the courage to bear his dangers with a brave manner, but began to beg for mercy. The king would forgive him only on the consideration that he would tell the truthful story of the boy's life. This the herdsman did. The king was less angry with him than with Harpagus, for whom he sent immediately.

But I shall have to break the thread that I have been winding for to-night, and let you dream till to-morrow of what became of the boy whose nobility could not be covered up by a herdsman's frock, because it was in his soul."

"Oh, dear! dear!" sighed the children, "we are not tired."

"But Uncle Oliver is," said Mary; "let's go for to-night."

### THE ANGELS.

"Where are the angels, mother?"

Though you have often said  
They watched at night around me  
And safely kept my bed;

Though every night I hear  
Their voices low to listen,  
Yet I have never heard them;  
Where are they, mother dear?

And when the silver moonshine  
Fills all my room with light,  
And when the stars are shining,  
So countless and so bright,

I hope to see them coming  
With their fair forms to me.  
Yet I have never seen them.  
Mother, where can they be?

I saw a cloud this evening,  
Red with the setting sun;  
It was so very lovely,  
I thought it might be one.

But when it faded slowly,  
I knew it could not be  
For they are always shining.  
Why come they not to me?"

"My child, when through your window  
Shines down the moonlight clear,  
When all is still and silent,  
And no kind friend is near,

Are you not glad and happy,  
And full of thoughts of love?  
Do you not think of heaven,  
That brighter land above?

These thoughts the angels bring you;  
And though the gentle tone  
Of their sweet voices comes not  
When you are all alone,

Yet they are always leaving  
For earth their homes on high;  
And, though you cannot see them,  
You feel that they are nigh."  
(Hymns for Mothers and Children.)

### "Dawn."

A romance of the age of reason. In this intensely interesting work, by a deservedly admired lady, we catch a glimpse of what society may be, and what it will be when men and women understand the principles that underlie their own natures. Every phase of social life is here touched upon, and its bearings upon other departments dwelt on and explained in the light of an enlightened reason and good common sense. The name, Dawn, is most significant of the era presented on the pages of the book, and is very happily chosen.

Both husbands and wives are too exacting in their company of each other. We need other magnetisms than those with which we continually come in contact, in order to bring out our full natures, and develop all our powers. We want brothers and friends, as well as husbands; sisters and friends, as well as wives. We need more social life, and less jealousies; more unrestrainedness in society, and less infidelities, (which would follow); more uprising toward the Divine, and less groveling to the animal. If a married gentleman addresses a married lady cordially, and they seem to enjoy each other's conversation and society, there are little (and maybe not very little) bickerings and jealousies on both sides. If the parties are unmarried, why, of course, they must be courting, and Madam Rumor's tongue is wagging as fast as ever it can. The fact of the possibility of a friendship, a Platonic love between the sexes, is wholly ignored by the mass, and yet there are many of the purest of these in our midst, unavowed, and unknown even to the parties concerned. As sexes we have feared to trust each other as much as we ought, and this condition is caused by our false education concerning these things.

Let us educate the rising generation to see other ends in life than that of marriage, though that is just and desirable, when true; that there are other loves in life than the conjugal, and just as honest and earnest. Let us learn to have more confidence in our husbands and our wives, our brothers and our sisters, and believe it possible for them to be actuated by high and holy motives in seeking at times other than our exclusive society, if it is that of high-minded men and women; and not conclude that total depravity is the law, and ourselves the mere exception to it. Then shall this little book, wrought with care, and scrupulously fashioned, prove a Saviour to those who study and follow its precepts. May the great success attending the presentation of this work to the public incline the authoress to bestow upon us more of her benedictions of idea and expression, until such literature as this shall be strewn broadcast through the land.

LITA BARNEY SAYLES.

Dayville, Ct., March, 1868.

FALSIFICATION OF PORT WINE.—A letter from the English Secretary of Legation in Portugal, states that for a hundred years not a single drop of pure Port wine has been sent to London, the compound kept in the London docks being fabricated in the following manner. The first grapes of the season are macerated in a vat with elderberries, the juice from which imparts a dark red color to the white thus made. To this is then added brandy enough to give body and strength. Large numbers of casks of this kind of wine, on their arrival in the London docks, are emptied into great vats, when the whole quantity is again treated with brandy, burnt sugar and other ingredients, according to the prevailing taste for "pure London Dock Port." We have the authority of a British Parliamentary report for this statement.

### INKLINGS OF MORAL TRUTH.

ARTICLE SEVEN.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

Righteousness, abstractedly considered, is the art, or successful method, of employing the means of Happiness. I offer this general definition of the word, not as a proper explanation of the subject, but as a clue to the rationale of its desiderative value, as being wholly mediative and relative—not self-contained. It also confirms my assertion that Happiness is the only real goodness, or Good in itself, which, if it were attainable without a method, would be the only rational desideratum; for, in that case, Righteousness would be useless, as having not even a relative value. By parity of reasoning, Right also, the fundamental principle as well as literal root of Righteousness, proves to be no substantive good, but only, in the adjective sense of the word, good for the procurement of Good. But since Happiness is verily impossible except through Righteousness, this, as the *sine qua non* of that, becomes coördinately needful, if not desirable. Thus we are rationally impelled to seek the Right that we may find the Good, and, in point of objective aim and endeavor, to seek that first, even as, in the style and spirit of Jesus, "the kingdom of God and his Righteousness."

There is, indeed, a ground of propriety in this gospelized precept of the unclerical Nazarene, even as to its diction, which is worthy of recognition. It is the conception that Nature is God's Art, or method of dispensing goodness, to which Man's receptive attitude, inasmuch as it is voluntary, is the sum and substance of Virtue. In the light of this truth, his Righteousness becomes the rule of ours, showing the putative principle of that to be giving and of this receiving, the channel of goodness being still one and the same from God to the objects of his bounty. Thus Happiness appears to be no other than the soul's communion with the Source of Good. To see this, instills the silent prayer, "Thy will be done," which has been noted as the pith of Religion. But this will never suffice. Human wish is always an intimation of God's will. The one thing needful is, to be in rapport with our Heavenly Father—to adjust our receptive attitudes of body and soul to the provisions of his benignant purpose. The want of knowing this truth and how to profit by it, is almost all that makes the world of evil. I say almost, because, without ignoring the fact of casual depravity, I apprehend its occasion and remedy—I am aware that with due intelligence, a perverse will is soon broken by adversity; but not without an understanding that it is prudentially avoidable. It is discouraging to misconceive the Ruler of the Universe as a patron of "Punitive Justice," who deals with his erring subjects in the spirit of vengeance; it is stultifying to mistake him for a placable judge, who remits offenses in behalf of error; and to think he more generously employs evil for the discipline of undeveloped souls, may tend to humility and tameness of human aspiration, but provokes no spirit of inquiry, and leads to no revelation of Moral Truth.

It is a sickly sentiment which makes a sufferer say, "It is good to be afflicted." It is all of superstition. To a sane mind there is nothing wholesome in adversity; the less we have of it the better. Its only apparent use is to make us shun its occasion; and even this effect does not follow without an understanding that it is all of folly's making. God has no more pleasure in our sufferings than we. He hates evil in toto, and wills its earliest possible extinction. In fact, Human Nature, the best earthly expression of the Divine Mind, is so fraught with self-love that Right is to be chosen primarily as a thing of Interest; and no sentiment of Duty is cherishable without a rational assurance that the Author of all wants nothing of Man but to be happy.

Self-love, indeed, is the basis of social love. Pope calls them one and the same; but this is better regarded as the tree of which that is the root. What is called selfishness is self-love restricted. Benevolence is the same principle expanded. Without selfhood there can be no society, and without self-love, no sociability. This is clearly implied in the canonical precept, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." It is not rational, if possible, to love another better than oneself. Self-love is the spring and everlasting center of all love. To love all but oneself would be less than universal love. The sphere of Love comprises both its phases. To be indifferent to one's own welfare were as deplorable as selfishness. God does not ignore himself as the source of Good to all his creatures. The me of any soul cannot be less appreciable than the not me. The love of this proceeds from the love of that. All is the counterpoise of each to every enlightened soul, who appropriates the complacent thought of Jesus, as the virtually exclusive offspring of God: "The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hand." All is the property of each, and each is the equal property of every soul. Therefore each is of the same account to all as all is to each. The assassin of President Lincoln was a robber of every loyal citizen of our republic. "None liveth to himself." The suicide may stab a thousand hearts. Has a good man whose life's threatened, a right to defend himself? or would it be his duty? Should not a willing martyr consult the claims of society? What if God should act on the principle of self-abnegation? Would not the Universe go to ruin without him? Why then should Man fool himself with non-resistance of wrong and wretchedness? There is no mistake about what everybody wants, and Right is the only way to have it. Each will have it as soon as all, and no sooner.

Nothing is easier than to account for the origin and sustenance of evil. The root of its explanation is the simple fact that all the means of Happiness are finite. Everything in Nature has its special use—is good for some rational purpose; but no one thing is fit to serve every purpose, or all the wants of sentient beings. Thus water is good to drink, but not to breathe. A certain degree of heat is agreeable; but the contact of flesh with flame is destructive. Man was born ignorant of even these facts, having to learn the uses of things by experience. He is not yet old enough to have perfected his intelligence in this regard; and evil still comes of mistaking the natural uses of things. As often as we hit upon these, or so employ the means of Happiness as to succeed to our own satisfaction, without hindering the welfare of our associates, we do right; but as often as we mistake the use of anything, so as to fail of what we seek, or so misemploy the means of Happiness as to disturb the enjoyment of others, we do wrong. No other consideration is needful to establish the reality of Right and Wrong; but a good deal more is to be said to perfect their explication. The rationale of Good and Evil is also to be further considered; after which some practical details of moral science, and certain incentives to Righteousness, will be in order.

Hudson, Mass.

Punch prints the following mot by a fashionable young married woman: "The latest thing out—My husband!"

### ESSAY ON WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

BY O. A. GRIMES.

"What reasons can be given for the extension of the ballot to woman?" It would appear that in this enlightened age such a question required neither elucidation nor discussion, so manifestly inherent is the right of woman to the elective franchise, so intimately and indissolubly is her interest joined with that of the sex which has arrogated supreme control and jurisdiction in the matter, ignoring the fact that their compeers' weal or woe is as radically involved as their own in the proper adjustment of political affairs; also the patent one that "taxation without representation" has long since been decided, at a cost of thousands of human bodies and millions of earth's treasure, to be tyrannical, onerous, unlawful and not admissible in this land of liberty and justice.

Looming above all other considerations is the important truth that it is the lack of the power of suffrage which deprives woman of the enjoyment of the right to equal remuneration for equal service rendered, thereby entailing upon her sensitive nature burdens grievous to be borne, for in order to secure the necessities of life, she must use double, ay, treble, the exertion her brother man is obliged to put forth.

Bitter, bitter the experience of the toiling woman man's injustice causing in her case a literal verification of the sentence, "In the sweat of thy face shall thou eat bread."

Give woman the ballot, and in coming time the dark pall of ill-regulated labor, which has tended as an incentive, yea, in a vast number of instances, as the motive-power propelling to crime, will be removed, and the capacities and true dignity of womanhood will be evoked, and no longer shall we witness on the one hand so immense an amount of degradation and misery, and on the other a frittering away of life's precious moments in the vilest trifles.

I am aware (and painful is the admission) that from woman herself arises the strongest and loudest protestations against the exercise of a voice in the Government; but tracing the opposition to its legitimate source, we find the unwise decision has been forced upon her by the influence of a false system of education, inducing the feeling that incapacity and a lack of that true independence which is the birthright of every child of God, are to be esteemed as crowning virtues in woman's character.

But the night of ignorance is passing away; the day is dawning; and woman's shaded vision beginning to perceive that reason, the highest boon of a Creative Power, is as undeniably the right of those who have been termed "the weaker vessels," as of those who have appropriated unto themselves the title of "the lords of creation," and that in no position can she more advantageously defend the principles of truth and morality than by assisting to purge the political arena of the foul and loathsome carcasses of a defunct patriolism.

Let woman feel that upon her rests, in a measure, the responsibility of restoring the pristine purity of the ballot-box, and that it is but hollow conventionalism which denounces the effort, and the stigma of "strong minded woman" will have lost its power to wound, and in its stead will arise a holy enthusiasm to earn the right to appropriate with its true significance so honorable a title.

It has been urged that woman's refinement and sensitiveness would vanish amid the jargon of a political campaign. Perchance isolated instances would arise where there was not sufficient innate purity to oppose the dark flood of corruption, but the aggregate would most unquestionably present a vast increase of knowledge, with no diminution of native delicacy, merely a sloughing off of the meretricious gloss of a conventionalism which has erected separate standards of conduct for the sexes, apart to the one, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further," whilst to the other is awarded unbounded liberty, not even the mores and bounds of capacity allowed to fetter or restrict the free exercise of the right under discussion.

And now we have introduced the only limitation which in our opinion should be placed upon the ballot-box—Capacity—the power to understand the bearings of the interests at stake, so that an intelligent verdict may be rendered—were that the tribunal before which the claim for suffrage was adjudicated, how different the picture presented!

Wonderful would be the decrease in the consumption of alcoholic beverages at election seasons, if votes could not be purchased by a recourse to the unhalloved measures which unprincipled politicians adopt in order to gain control over minds too weak to resist temptation, and too ignorant to recognize the deep responsibility resting upon them.

Undoubtedly the presence of woman at political gatherings would tend to lessen this monstrous evil. Surely argument is not needed to establish a belief in the harmonizing and refining influence which would follow the introduction of the feminine element into scenes where the masculine now holds sway.

It must, however, be admitted that in the present condition of affairs, were woman allowed the right of suffrage, there is danger that at the outset the advantage would not be fully perceived, from the fact that woman has so long worshipped at the shrine of fashion, and yielded to the dictum of society—the slavery extending through all the grades of life where knowledge is attainable—that intelligent women would at first hesitate and fear to outrage the rules of polite society, by placing themselves in so questionable an attitude, thus leaving the commencement of the reform to those devoid of scruples, but less fortunate in opportunities for the acquirement of power to decide intelligently in the matter. But ere long competent minds would be forced in self-justification (if I may be allowed the term) to exercise the duty, and then would be realized in a new direction the value and significance involved in the injunction, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

In conclusion allow me to urge upon all who may accept as true and just the imperfectly stated but honest convictions which have been adduced as a few answers to the query, "What reasons can be given for the extension of the ballot to woman?" to strive earnestly and zealously, using all the appliances within their grasp to hasten the day when woman, disenthralled from the fetters which have so long manacled both mind and body, shall not only be allowed the right, but shall receive honor and respect for the cultivation and exercise of all the capacities which a Beneficent Power has bestowed upon her, in common with her brother man. And for so transcendently sublime a consummation do we invoke the aid of all intelligences, both mundane and supermundane.

Philadelphia, Feb. 17th, 1868.

A gentleman at a musical party asked a friend, in a whisper, "How shall I stir the fire without interrupting the music?" "Between the bars," replied the friend.



## Spiritual Phenomena.

## VISITS TO MEDIUMS.

BY J. H. POWELL.

The English Quarterly Review pronounced Spiritualism "the great fact of the age," a truth English savans are not over zealous to assert. I heartily endorse the statement of the Quarterly, and further add that physical phenomena of a character that skepticism cannot impeach are the GREAT NEED OF THE AGE.

Although satisfied for myself on the question of phenomena, having at various times witnessed "manifestations" which have convinced me of the existence of summer-land, and given me the beautiful, soul-sustaining assurance that "the life that now is, shapes the life that is to be," I nevertheless feel it a pleasure, as well as a duty, to visit mediums, and if I can, speak a word in their behalf; and I do this more from the fact that our mediums are not over-well treated, even by Spiritualists. I was invited, as you are aware, to lecture before the society of Spiritualists at Masonic Hall, New York. I was thus enabled to spend a portion of my time with mediums.

I propose giving your readers the particulars of a few of my sittings. Being fully aware that your available space will not permit even a brief mention of minor manifestations, through mediums whose names are not yet floated upon the public stream, I shall confine my remarks to the extraordinary mediums whose names I shall herald in due order.

Arriving in New York, Saturday, Feb. 15th, I was—having left a sick bed to fulfill my engagement at Masonic Hall—seized with severe pains in the bowels. Warren Chase persuaded me to pay a visit to Dr. Bryant, the healing medium. Accordingly I went to his residence, 308 West 34th street. The doctor received me most kindly, and lost no time in "laying on his hands," to my immediate benefit. I lost the pains in the bowels—a very good loss. The next morning I rose from my bed feeling my throat and lungs severely affected. I delivered my morning lecture with the greatest difficulty, and had fears that I should not be able to do better in the evening. I paid Dr. Bryant a second visit, dined with him, and received a second operation from the "laying on" of his hands. When I took the platform in the evening I felt as well as I ever felt in my life. After the lecture, which was delivered—as the audience can testify—with considerable animation, I was ill again. The effect of the doctor's treatment in both instances was beneficial, and I have no doubt whatever, had I submitted myself fully to his treatment, that I should have been permanently benefited.

## CHARLES H. FOSTER.

I well remember the sensation created in England when Mr. Charles H. Foster, the medium, was over there. I had not then an opportunity of seeing him. It was, therefore, a privilege I much prized to be permitted to visit him at his rooms, 29 Fourth street, New York.

Warren Chase gave me a passport to Mr. Foster, which I have no reason to believe was not at all necessary in my case.

Mr. Foster is under thirty years of age. He has a tendency to corpulency—looks like a man that enjoys the "good things" of life. His face is full, round, and marked with Nature's carmine. His manner is urbane; his expression somewhat feminine. He betrays little decision of character—gives one the idea of a tolerably easy-going, don't-care specimen of the *genus homo*. In manner and appearance he is the antithesis of Mr. Home.

After a little desultory conversation, a young gentleman, accompanied by an elderly one, came in. He sat at the table a few seconds; he then left the table and wrote a number of names of spirit friends on slips of paper, precluding all possible chance of the medium seeing even the movement of the pencil. He placed nine pellets in the centre of the table, and sat down opposite Mr. Foster. Seven of the nine were answered by spirits said to be present.

Mr. Foster took the pellets one by one, passed them across his forehead, and in the seven instances either spoke the name written, in full, or displayed his naked arm with the name written in blood-red letters thereon, or obtained the name direct by holding a pencil and paper with his left hand, under the table. The young gentleman retired.

A company of seven—two gentlemen and five ladies—next came in. Mr. Foster gave them thirty-six to forty pieces of paper, and whilst they were engaged writing the names of spirit friends, he came and sat on the sofa beside me and conversed. He would be a wonderful man if he could tell by the motion of the pencils what seven persons had written in such a heap of pellets, whilst his eyes were looking into mine as he conversed.

As soon as the company were ready, the medium took his seat at the table and with marvelous alacrity called out the names in full, one after the other, of the spirits asked for on the pellets. There was scarcely a mistake. He handed the pellets to the company, and in all cases the names written corresponded with the names Foster gave, either by voice, writing on his arm, or on paper.

The answer to one pellet was unique. Mr. Foster's hand was guided to draw a primrose, on the petals of which were inscribed the initials H. O. He at once handed a pellet to a lady; she opened it and read the name she had written, H. O. PRIMROSE.

A little later Mr. Foster said that two spirits came together. He was made to draw a lily, and spoke the name Addie. As before he handed a pellet to another lady, on which she had written LILLY and ADDIE. The manifestations at this stage affected the whole of the ladies to tears. My time did not permit me to wait until the close of this séance. I took leave of Mr. Foster, after accepting an invitation to visit him again on Sunday, Feb. 23d, 3 p. m.

I was punctual. Sitting at the table I wrote on slips of paper the names of five spirit relatives—father, mother, Marion, Francis Short, Humphrey Short. Folding the paper so as to conceal the names, I handed it to Mr. Foster.

Immediately the medium said that a spirit, claiming to be my mother, was present, and gave the name, Sarah Powell.

I wrote, addressing the alleged spirit of my mother, "Have you seen father since he has been in the spirit-world?"

The answer was given by writing, the medium being perfectly ignorant of my question, "I saw him as soon as he entered the spirit-world."

I then wrote, "Was father much distressed on entering the spirit-world?"

The answer came again through writing, "He is not distressed."

Again I wrote, "Did the knowledge we were instrumental in bringing to him of Spiritualism afford him any consolation?"

The reply through writing was, "Yes, he gained much consolation through it."

Mr. Foster now said, "Here is a spirit present will give the first letters of his name on my arm." He turned up his sleeve, and lo! in blood-red letters appeared on his arm F. S. He then seized a pencil and wrote the full name, "Francis Short." After which he wrote the following:

"I am glad to make a communication of my presence this time. Your dear Marion is standing by your side; she is glad to come to you."

Addressing the spirit of Francis Short, I wrote, "Have you any message to send to your sister?" (my wife.)

Mr. Foster wrote, "Tell my dear sister that I shall ever be near to guide and direct her at all times. I shall assist her in all her undertakings, and she will be happy."

Mr. Foster said he could see Marion, (my spirit daughter). I asked him to describe her.

He said she looked about sixteen years of age, and held a bunch of flowers in her hand. The message she gave at first was, "I am always with you."

At a later period, through Mr. Foster's hand, Marion wrote, "Angel ones have directed your footsteps to the New World for a wise purpose, and although you have found stumbling-blocks in the way, they are to be removed. We know in our world that you will prove worthy and friends will rise to assist you, and the light of the heavenly world will shine on you and remove all obstacles from your pathway, and your journey through life will be smooth."

Mr. Foster next wrote the name, "Humphrey Short," and the sitting was over.

I have given as faithful a record of my experiences with Mr. Foster as I can. It is only due to him to say, that I afforded him no possible clue to enable him to guess (it makes me laugh to say the word) at the names of my spirit friends. For myself I am satisfied, whatever solution may be added in the brains of scientific theorists, that the only reasonable way to account for these facts, is to attribute the *modus operandi* to spirits, i. e., human beings disencumbered from flesh.

## J. V. MANSFIELD.

I attended, by invitation from Mr. Mansfield himself, at his business rooms, 102 West Fifteenth street, New York, Monday, Feb. 24th, the day succeeding my sitting with Mr. Foster. Mr. Mansfield is about fifty years of age, of strong bilious-nervous temperament. He is above the medium stature and bulk, and exceedingly gentlemanly in his bearing.

I watched very closely his movements during the process of obtaining communications. His left side, which he tells me has been twice paralyzed, is alone influenced by the mysterious agent or agencies that give manifestations through him.

I inquired if he wrote from mental impression. He said "No," and described the effect upon his left side; showing me the peculiar movements of his hand and fingers, which always take place when he communicates. He told me that in the earlier stages of his development, the thought occurred to him that if he could educate his right hand to imitate the peculiar movements of the left, intelligible messages might be written.

This turned out exactly as he supposed, and the result is truly marvelous. No other medium that I have seen exhibits similar powers in the manner of Mr. Mansfield. He evidently stands pre-eminent in his own line. He showed me a number of letters sent to him for answers. Some were sealed with five or six large seals, others sealed and riveted with huge copper or brass rivets. These letters, so carefully sealed and riveted, would need to be answered, and the names and addresses of the writers probably given with the answers. Here is a marvel to mystify the modern scientist.

I was invited to sit at the table and write on long slips of paper the names of spirit friends with whom I wished to communicate. I did so, folding the paper several folds, so that the writing could not be seen by mortal sight.

I wrote first, "My dear father, William James Powell, are you present?"

Mr. Mansfield took the paper, and in a few seconds his left hand kept up a continuous motion of an intermittent character, whilst the right hand wrote:

"Thank, thank God, my son, for this assurance I have you keep my name green in your heart of hearts. Yes, my son, well, very well do I know how much you have sacrificed in the past for truth's sake, and although you have labored early and late to convince the unbelieving ones, that 'if a man die yet shall he live again,' you have found it difficult to keep body and soul together; and for this, and to breathe a freer air or atmosphere, you left your own native land to come to the land of freedom—so-called."

But, my son, you find, even where you are, that you have skepticism and selfishness to contend with. Yet for all this you took a step in the right direction when you embarked for America. Do not, my son, be in the least discouraged; better days are ahead for you and yours. Try and follow the dictates of the inward monitor, and you will yet have the satisfaction of your soul.

Your spirit-father, WILLIAM J. POWELL.

It will be noticed that the name is not here given as I wrote it, the initial of the "James" in the spirit-signature being alone given.

While writing this I recollect that my father's custom was generally to sign his name W. J. or William J. Powell. At the time I observed the omission of the *ames* I felt that I would have been better satisfied if the name I had written had been given exactly like it by the spirit. I now feel that the test was all the better as it is.

Taking another slip of paper, I wrote as lightly as I could hold the pencil:

"My dear mother, Sarah Powell, if you are present, kindly say a few words to me."

Folding the paper as before, I handed it to Mr. Mansfield. For some time nothing came. At length his left hand took up its accustomed movements while his right hand wrote:

"Can it be, my dear son, you have thought to call me to you from my happy abode? And, my son, I was with you yesterday (alluding to my sitting with Mr. Foster), and so was your dear father. But we could not talk to you as we had hoped we might have done. But never mind, my son, we will soon be able not only to control that God-gifted medium, but likewise this, also, to come to you more specifically than we now do. We rejoice to know that you have your motto, 'truth and justice.' And now will you but keep your eye upon that light which now illuminates your soul? It will lead you to a light that changes not in heaven."

My son, you have a mission to perform, not often entrusted to mortal man. Then be passive and trusting, and we will be with you.

Your loving mother, SARAH POWELL.

The reference to the motto, "truth and justice," struck me forcibly, as most of the spirit-messages given to me through my wife in England, came in the name of "truth and justice."

Taking another slip of paper, I wrote: "My dear daughter Marion, will you kindly give a communication to me and your mother?"

I folded the paper over the writing nearly a dozen folds. Mr. Mansfield was a long time getting an answer. I sat watching his every movement, and felt a strong desire for some beautiful word from the loved one. I was disappointed.

Mr. Mansfield wrote:

"Will my son be patient? The messenger has gone for my grand-daughter. She will be with you before you leave and, I trust, speak with you."

Our spheres are not the same. Therefore we are called by messenger. Your spirit-father, WM. JAS. POWELL.

This unlooked-for answer struck me as being as good a test as though the name of MARION had been given. I am positive that no clue could be gained of my question by Mr. Mansfield, as I had taken double precautions against the chance of his seeing the writing or the movements of my pencil.

I found Mr. Mansfield ready to afford me every fair opportunity of test. Nay, he was desirous of doing so, and took pains to afford me satisfaction that all theories of trickery, ever invented by mortal or demon, utterly fail to solve the *modus operandi* of his truly marvelous test manifestations.

Mr. Mansfield repudiates the oft-repeated solution of clairvoyance as the magic operator in these wonders. He sees, as indeed any logical mind not blinded by prejudice must see, that invisible intelligences are the *opina fide* agents in the production of the manifestations.

Mr. Mansfield spent three years in California, during which he sent home to his wife sixteen thousand and seven hundred pages of letter paper filled with details of his tests and various incidents and experiences. Besides this he wrote at least three letters to his wife each week. I mention this because I have not before met a man who has, whilst traveling, proved himself such a model husband. Mrs. Mansfield has shown her appreciation of her husband's extensive correspondence by having the manuscript journal bound, and it forms quite a library.

I must reserve another time to give particulars of my visits to Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, spirit-artists.

Rochester, N. Y., March 10, 1868.

## THE AGED WATCHER.

Addressed to Col. Rial McArthur.

BY MRS. M. J. KUTZ.

(The following poem was given inspirationally for a man eighty-six years of age, an early and personal friend of Gen. Lewis Cass. He has been for nearly forty years a widower, waiting with sweet and beautiful constancy a reunion with the bride of his youth, and his children and friends cannot prevail upon him to remove from his old abiding place, for he wishes his earthly body to sleep beside that of his wife when his spirit-hands are joined with hers in the eternal home. How beautiful such love!)

In a graveyard lone and dreary,  
There's a little mound of green,  
And a headstone white and eerie,  
'Neath a willow's drooping shade;  
And when summer-sun and showers  
Bid the swelling buds awake,  
There's a little tuft of flowers  
Blooming for affection's sake.

Blooming by that headstone eerie,  
In that quiet, lonely spot,  
Lifting petals sunward cheery—  
Ay, the sweet Forget-me-not!

And that grassy mound, low swelling  
'Neath the willow's pensive grace,  
Memory, ad-toned, erst is telling,  
Hides my loved one's angel face;  
And where'er my feet are roaming—  
In my own or distant lands—  
At the twilight's solemn gloaming  
By that grave my spirit stands;

For my heart is ever dreaming  
Of that willow-shaded spot,  
Where the Myrtle-vine is gleaming,  
And the sweet Forget-me-not.

Many years have passed, and weary,  
Since they laid these down to rest  
In the graveyard lone and dreary,  
With the clouds upon thy breast;  
Many times the flowers have faded  
By the column at thy head,  
Since the grave thy brow hath shaded,  
And they called my loved one dead;

But I cannot find thee sleeping  
In that shadow-haunted spot,  
Where the Myrtle-vine is creeping  
Round the sweet Forget-me-not!

No! ah no; beneath the willow  
They have laid the casket down,  
But the grave is not thy pillow,  
Nor thy bed the damp, cold ground;  
For beyond the silent river  
And the swaying willow-bough,  
Free from sorrow, now and ever,  
With acorn upon thy brow

I behold thee angel risen!  
Thou hast left the lowly spot  
That thy body still doth prison  
'Neath the sweet Forget-me-not.

I am standing by the river,  
Waiting for the solemn tide,  
Outward-bound, to bear me whither  
Long ago it bore my bride.

I have walked earth's pathway cheery,  
Ever dreaming of the hour  
When my journey, lone and weary,  
Should have and in love's own bower,

And my body, sweetly sleeping,  
Resting near that quiet spot  
Where the Myrtle-vine is creeping  
Round the sweet Forget-me-not.

And my feet grow chill with standing  
By the solemn river's side,  
Waiting for the boatman's landing,  
And the ebbing of the tide;

But my waiting now is ending—  
Many years of dreaming o'er—  
For I see an angel bending,  
And behold a gleaming shore!

Lay my body, sweetly sleeping,  
Close beside her in that spot  
Where the Myrtle-vine is creeping  
Round the sweet Forget-me-not!

Round the sweet Forget-me-not!  
Dostelck Lake, Mich., March 16th, 1868.

A Test in the Church.

The extract below is one of the best spirit tests we ever read of, but the benighted bigots of Theology cannot and will not "see it in that light."

J. B. of Patterson, N. J., a correspondent of the Watchman and Reflector, makes the following singular statement:

"It is a rare thing for a minister of Christ to leave his family, at his decease, in comfortable circumstances. More frequently is it the case, unless the widow have some property of her own, that they have to support themselves. Oftentimes they have to live by faith, and in not a few instances, have remarkable answers to prayer."

I was recently informed of the following instance: The widow of a minister was reduced to absolute poverty. She had no food in the cupboard, no clothes in her wardrobe, no fuel for her fire. She was in the greatest distress to know what to do, or how to turn to for aid. She prayed earnestly to God for relief. Whilst in this condition the following language of Jesus was impressed upon her mind: "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." It followed her wherever she went, as though some invisible being were constantly whispering it in her ear. She could not shake it off, and she knew not what it meant, for it neither warmed, fed nor clothed her. It finally occurred to her that her husband had once preached from that text. She concluded to look up the sermon, under the impression that perhaps there was something in it specially applicable to her case. She therefore went to the chest where her husband's discourses were kept,

and commenced looking them over. For a time she was unsuccessful. But she continued opening the different manuscripts until she had examined all but one. That lay on the bottom of the chest. As she took it up, to her great surprise and her greater joy, she found under it fifty dollars! When she had recovered a little from her glad astonishment she opened the sermon, and the text was, "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." Who suggested that passage to her mind? Who prompted her to look up the sermon? How happened it that the sermon was the last one in the chest? For if it had been any other she could not have found the money. How came the money there, and why was it not found until it was so greatly needed? Can any other rational answer be given to these queries than, "Oh Lord, thou didst it!" and does it not prove that he is an answerer of prayer?

Spiritualism in Connecticut and Western Massachusetts.

In the past, Connecticut as a State has been very quiet in propagating the philosophy of Spiritualism. Of late, however, she has proven herself to have been deliberately investigating, and now, arising from a deep study of the subject, is prepared to engage more actively in the progressive movement. Thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Sayles, Dayville has recently been favored with a course of lectures by Mr. N. Frank White, the harvest of which cannot fail to be rich.

At the invitation of a friend, I gave a course of lectures in Danielsonville, which were well received by the large audiences, and to my surprise I found a strong under-current of interest, steadily increasing.

West Woodstock inhabitants, after listening to the funeral discourse of Mrs. L., became thoughtful and inquiring, and anxious to hear more upon the subject.

A brief visit to Mystic, and three lectures given there resulted in a pleasant and interesting audience crowding the hall, and the manifestations of their interest were of such a character as to prove that the hearts of the people were large enough to reach their pockets—a fact that cannot always be asserted of every similar gathering. Laboring unselfishly with and for them they have had Mrs. Latham and Mrs. Sawyer, both excellent mediums, and also a successful healing physician, whose name I have forgotten; but the memory of his kind deeds still lingers pleasantly with me.

During the Sundays of February I spoke for the society in Putnam, and notwithstanding the bitter cold, the hall was sure to be filled with attentive listeners. While here, J. D. Potter, a revivalist, labored for a week to induce his hearers to throw down their arms, and thus escape the necessity of their sin, occasionally varying his denunciation theory with particular reference to the Spiritualists, taking the private life of A. J. Davis and others for his special slander. His psychological hearing in their ignorance accepted it; but it had the right though not the desired (by him) effect upon the more intelligent portion of his audience, for it aroused them to candid investigation of his false statements and of the general belief of Spiritualists, and our Festival, which took place Feb. 23rd, proved a grand success, made so not only by the determination with which the people worked, but by the thought-life which Potter's words had evoked. Socially, by its varied and winning attractions, it promoted harmonious relations; peculiarly, it poured into the treasury of the society a handsome benefit; and spiritually, it awakened the spirit of inquiry and a determination to more thoroughly examine Spiritualism, which will be justly attended to, as in addition to their meetings, they have good mediums among them. During the latter part of my visit, I was hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. F. Chamberlain. I found (what was already known by many) Mr. C. to be possessed of mediumship that qualified her for giving tests and accurate clairvoyant examinations. I went with her to the bedside of a friend who was unable to speak aloud, and whose agony seemed almost unendurable. In about fifteen minutes after she began to treat him, he was able to sit up, converse audibly, and was in a fair way to rapid recovery. Mr. and Mrs. Keith, of whom I have before spoken, still reside in Putnam, and are also justly popular as magnetic and clairvoyant physicians, administering ideas and medicines in such a way as to induce mental and physical health.

Reports from many towns of the success of the State Association, the increasing demand for spiritualistic services, prove, in Connecticut as elsewhere, the swift advancement of light and truth.

I would here gratefully acknowledge the gift from the Putnam society of a fine gold watch-chain, made sacred to me by the memory of the feelings that prompted its purchase. As it is of many links of different stamp, may it be an emblem of our different individualities, each in its proper position and performing its appropriate duties, yet uniting in a grand chain of fraternal sympathy for one great purpose and humanity's interests. Many thanks, dear friends; may no link in material or mental chain ever be marred or broken, either in this life or the life to come.

Thanks are also due to all the Connecticut people who have kindly met and aided me, and are cheerfully given, and also to the Banner of Light, our powerful agent, whose universal missionary services for the cause can never be told, and whose aid to lecturers and the people is invaluable.

On my way to Boston I stopped at Webster, Mass., and spoke to a large congregation. Elder Miles Grant had preceded me, and made my way comparatively easy, and had called forth an intense interest and spiritual communion. If Spiritualists generally realized, as many do, how much he is doing for us, they would never desire him to leave his present mode of lecturing. One week in this month, Milford, N. H., will have the pleasure of hearing his discussion with Moses Hull; and while Bro. H. will doubtless be the victor in the mental combat, yet the people will derive great pleasure from listening to the truths and concessions of Elder G.

A writer in the Religio-Philosophical Journal some time ago desired that spiritual papers should not insert the sketches of itinerant lecturers, but instead, should insert scientific and philosophical essays. I will say, in explanation of this and similar articles written by others, that the critic should have known that all subscribers have not scientific needs, and the people always read that which is adapted to their conditions and comprehension, and hence while the favored and talented ones write for and are appreciated by those of like nature, others live, whose common-place existence should not be ignored, who desire to know and hear of their unseen brothers and sisters, and in some cases these imperfect sketches have resulted in pleasant acquaintances and the introduction of circles and lectures in places where there had been no previous interest, and by this a more extended knowledge and acceptance of the progressive thoughts of the auspicious "Now." Then let us faithfully work, each in our own sphere of action, for the principles of Wisdom, Harmony and Truth, and especially for our angel-blessed Banner of Light.

C. FANNIE ALLYN.

Boston, Mass., March, 1868.

(Original.)

ON THE DEATH OF A BLOOMING BOY OF THIRTEEN.

His mortal life hath sped its course,  
The glorious morning light  
Kind Nature's debt to reimburse,  
Ere mingled worldly strife.

The garment hath been laid aside  
That clad that immortal soul—  
That spirit, free, may learn to glide  
In unobscured control;

How oft to visit through the form  
The loved associate home,  
Where sympathies, affections warm,  
Entice it here to roam!

Nor coldness in the mother's faith,  
Nor fevered heat to shun;  
Then sing we to this heavenly guest,  
"Come, holy spirit, come!"

Come to the inner soul's embrace,  
Come to the earthly shore,  
And give the fainting spirit peace,  
In breathings soft and pure!

Breathe thou upon the inner sense—  
The sacred inner sense—  
And give to the life intense,  
Mingling with thought thine own!

Boston, Mass., March 20th, 1868.

## Correspondence in Brief.

F. W. WILSON, State Missionary for the Spiritualists in Missouri, writes: The work goes bravely on, and many are being added to our cause. Spring is in full blast, planting and sowing being pushed forward with vigor. Free Missouri, aphinx-like, is shaking off the incubus of slavery, and rising out of the ashes of revolution, and pluming herself for future usefulness and greatness. The wheat grows look grand, and everything bids fair for a fruitful season.

PRINCETON, Mo.—J. F. Giles says: The 23d of February, 1868, the friends of Spiritualism met in Medicine Creek, Mercer Co., Central Northern Missouri, and formed a society under the name of "The First Society of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress of Mercer County, North Central Missouri," to hold their regular meetings on the second Sunday of every month, the officers being Telford Lindsay, President; J. W. Matthews, Vice President; Jacob Doerner, Secretary; John Carver, Treasurer; John Carver, Jr., Corresponding Secretary; A. A. Lindsay, Treasurer; Mrs. L. Leonard, Collector; Dr. J. W. Pierce, Janitor; Charles Wilson, Janitor for Rayanna; George C. Leonard, Recording Secretary. The society is to be considered a branch of the State Association.

D. W. HAMMILL, writing from Plumas County, Cal., enclosing the money for a list of subscribers, assures us that the people of that far-off country are of liberal and progressive tendencies and anxious inquiring after the claims of Spiritualism. His letter is dated Snake Lake, Dec. 24th, and alluding to the weather, he says, "This letter may not come to hand for a month, as we have had a tremendous time of it for the last two weeks—rain, snow and wind-storms. The country has been inundated, (that is the valley portions) and the mountain portions have felt the force of the wind to that extent, that snail's pace of five miles from my home no less than an hour or twice that many, large pine trees have been prostrated by being blown up by the roots, or snapped off a little above the roots. The mail is blocked for the present, but as quick as there will be a crust sufficient to travel on, it will be carried out on Indians' backs; that is over the mountains to the snow line, going down into Sacramento Valley. This is a wild country in the winter, but a beautiful one in summer and fall."

STATISTICS OF SPIRITUALISTS.—A. G. B., 179 Broadway, N. Y., writes: I noticed a paragraph of the Banner of March 21st, a communication from John Mayhew, Chairman of Board of Spiritualists, in Washington, desiring information as to the present condition of Spiritualism in the United States, and of their number, professed and otherwise. I have often thought, for one, that I would like to be possessed of just this information, but as far as my experience goes, I think it would be a very difficult matter, if not quite impossible, to arrive at a tolerably correct conclusion as to the number of his No. 2, i. e., "Private and undeclared Spiritualists," for among communities where the old theology predominates there is so much odium attached to the name of Spiritualist, that most in such localities find it more to their advantage to keep silence, and thereby allow it to be understood that they have no part or lot in these "restless and unquiet" things, as the old Spiritualists call them. I simply mention this illustration. And I am quite sure I am not by any means alone in this district where I reside. I once belonged to the new school Presbyterian Church, and so did and so does my wife, a very excellent woman. My daughter, a lovely girl of eighteen summers, not long since united with the Congregational Church a few blocks from my residence. I am a regular subscriber for the "Banner of Light," and I am sure that I think I read it more attentively than does any member of my family. I hire a pew in the above mentioned church, and attend when I am in want of a good excuse for staying away. Our minister, a young man of the H. W. Beecher stripe, gave the Spiritualists a "dab" not long since in one of his discourses. His text was, "Buy the truth, and sell it not." He reviewed all the prevalent errors of the popular mind, and all the Spiritualists more highly valued the tipping of a table than of the Bible upon it, &c., &c. Next day I requested my particular and esteemed friend, Wm. H. Burr, to send him a copy of his Bible contradictions, and to accompany it with a note to the effect that the Spiritualists have reasons for the faith which is in them. I drop into the Banner of Light office occasionally, and ask with our mutual friend, Warren Chase, and once spoke to him of my situation in regard to religious matters. He seemed to think I was pursuing a correct course, and said, "The easiest way is the best way." The above explains why I think it would be difficult to obtain correct statistics as to the actual number of Spiritualists in the United States. I will mention, by the way, that your Banner has not a more learned reader than myself, or who is not a very hearty believer in the truths of stigmatized Spiritualism.

From Texas.

DEAR BANNER.—Our city is now being visited by Dr. W. PERSONA, who possesses the gift of healing, by laying on of hands. Upon his arrival he addressed a lecture on the claims of Spiritualism to the city to send him all the poor of their folds to be healed. Many of the poor of our city and county have been relieved of their sufferings and have gone home rejoicing.

Whether the D.D.s availed themselves of the Doctor's kind offer, I am not prepared to say; but this I do know: that a number of liberal-minded D.D.s have not only visited his rooms, but, having seen his wonderful power, have sent their patients to be treated by him. One of them has voluntarily given his testimony as a token of gratitude, which I have copied and enclose you. It certainly is a most remarkable cure. I saw the hair after its removal from the scalp, and should judge it weighed one pound, and to be the growth of three months.

The disturbed and unsettled state of our political atmosphere prevents the numerous communications so essentially necessary for the transmission of spiritual truths; therefore this gentleman's advent among us is very opportune, as a great interest is now being awakened among the spiritual minded of our people, who seek all the light they can find. We need a good lecturer, like Thomas Gales Foster or E. W. Wilson. O. Fannie Allyn has promised us a visit next fall, to which we look forward with much pleasure.

Fraternally yours, P. BREMOND.

Houston, Texas, March 8th, 1868.

Dr. W. PERSONA.—Dear Sir: Permit me,



### Poems of Faith, Hope and Love, by Phoebe Cary.

It is pleasant and encouraging to observe that the essential doctrines of Spiritualism are gradually creeping into the best literature of the day; more especially, perhaps, into poetry. Those who have read Whittier's "Tent on the Beach" must have noticed a striking example in that charming volume—the episode of the "Brother of Mercy," of which the gist is, that in our best phase of existence there will be, not a monstrous uniformity, which for the actively benevolent has no charm, but duties as numerous and occupations as various as on earth; or, as the author expresses it, that

"Our work below will be our work above."

Here, in a pretty volume of two hundred and fifty pages, from the Riverside press, is another proof of the lodgments which the spiritual phase of belief is gradually effecting. Miss Cary may not be, any more than Whittier, a professed Spiritualist, but her book, well deserving its title, is pervaded with the true spirit, here and there plainly enough expressed. Take, as an example, a few of the opening lines of an elegiac poem of some length, entitled, "My Friend,"—that friend being, we believe, a deceased sister:

Oh my friend, oh my dearly beloved,  
Do you feel, do you know  
How the times and the seasons are going?  
Are they weary and slow?  
Does it seem to you long in the heavens,  
My true tender mate,  
Since here we were living together,  
Where dying I wait?  
'Tis three years, as we count by the spring-times,  
By the birth of the flowers;  
What are years, ay, eternities even!  
To love such as ours?

Side by side we sit, though a shadow  
Between us doth fall;  
We are parted, and yet are not parted,  
Not wholly and all;  
For still you are round and about me,  
Almost in my reach,  
Though I miss the old pleasant communion  
Of smile and of speech.  
And I long to hear what you are seeing,  
And what you have done,  
Since the earth faded out from your vision,  
And the heavens begun;

For we speak of you cheerfully always,  
As journeying on;  
Not as one who is dead do we name you;  
We say you are gone.

Aside from this graceful dash of Spiritualism, the book has many claims. It will do good wherever it is read. It will give comfort and support to many who need it. It is faithful, hopeful, loving. There is nothing morbid about it. It is thoroughly healthy in tone, of wholesome influence, uplifting and encouraging. Here is an example of its tone—one of many:

#### MY RICHES.

There is no comfort in the world  
But I, in thought, have known;  
No bliss for any human heart  
I have not dreamed my own;  
And fancied joys may sometimes be  
More real than reality.

I have a house in which to live,  
Pleasant and fair and good,  
Its hearth is crowned with warmth and light,  
Its board with dainties food.  
And I, when tired with care and doubt,  
Go in and shut my sorrows out.

I have a father, one whose care  
Goes with me where I roam;  
A mother, waiting anxiously  
To see her child come home;  
And sisters, from whose tender eyes  
The love in mine hath sweet replies.

I have a friend who sees in me  
What none else can see;  
Not faithless, but as firm and true  
And pure as man can be;  
A friend whose love is never dim,  
And I can never change to him.

My boys are very gentle boys,  
And after they are grown,  
They're nobler, better, braver men  
Than any I have known;  
And all my girls are fair and good  
From infancy to womanhood.

So, with few blessings in the world  
That men can see or name,  
Home, love, and all that love can bring,  
My mind hath power to claim;  
And life can never cease to be  
A good and pleasant thing to me.

The style is simple and direct as that of Burns. There is nothing to startle or to dazzle, but much to win and to please. Milton tells us that "things obscure and subtle" are not chiefly to be sought after; that

"—to know  
That which before us lies, in daily life,  
Is the prime end of human wisdom."

In the spirit of this maxim has Miss Cary written. Scattered all over her book are to be found what in one sense may be called common thoughts—common to all who have thought and felt deeply, in their best hours, but coming to us in numbers more melodious, in dress more graceful, than we have ever, perhaps, met them before. There is a genial spirit of benevolence, too, upspringing through the whole, and in these lines, with which we shall close our extracts, suggested by a gift of

#### WINTER FLOWERS.

Though Nature's loneliness, leafless bowers,  
With Winter's awful storms are white,  
The tender smell of leaves and flowers  
Makes May-time in my room to-night.

While some, in homeless poverty,  
Shrink, moaning, from the bitter blast,  
What am I, that my lines should be  
In good and pleasant places cast?

When other souls, despairing, stand  
And plead with fabled lips to-day,  
Why is it that a loving hand  
Should scatter blossoms in my way?

Oh flowers, with soft and dewy eyes,  
To God my gratitude reveal;  
Send up your incomes to the skies,  
And utter, for me, what I feel!

Oh innocent roses, in your buds,  
Hiding for very modesty,  
Oh violets, smelling of the woods,  
Thank Him, with all your sweets, for me!

And tell Him I would give this hour  
All that is mine of good beside,  
To have the pure heart of a flower,  
That has no stain of sin to hide.

The book is one which speaks to the popular heart, and which cannot fail to have a wide circulation.

#### Organization in Buffalo, N. Y.

The Spiritualists of Buffalo, N. Y., met on the 24th of March, in compliance with public notice, and organized in accordance with the laws of the State of New York. A Board of Trustees were chosen, as follows: Lester Brooks, Phillip J. Joseph, George F. Kittredge, John Lowe and James S. Lewis, all energetic Spiritualists, "firm, tried and true." Everything was done for the best interests of the Society and the promotion of harmony. Under the guidance of our new Board of officers, we trust our Society will become useful to the cause of human progress, and cement the bond of union among ourselves, that more good may thereby be accomplished. All that is needed is a willingness to "sink" self for the good of others, and let our rivalry consist in being the most charitable, loving and self-sacrificing.

B. H. WORTHMAN.  
Buffalo, N. Y., March 26, 1868.

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

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

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1868.

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WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE, LUTHER COLBY, ISAAC B. RICH, CHARLES H. CROWELL.

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

All letters and communications forwarded to this Office for publication must, in order to receive attention, be addressed to Luther Colby.

### The Jubilee.

The observance of the Twentieth Anniversary of the birth of Modern Spiritualism, in this city, on the 31st ultimo, was an occasion of almost universal interest, and left upon the popular mind deep and lasting impressions. Spiritualism is from this time forth recognized as a power in the land. It does not describe it to style it a sect, for it is too liberal and broad, it includes too many variant ways of thinking within one wide circle of fundamental faith, and it is far too elevated in its themes and too glorious in its sure promises to be cramped within any set formula which it is possible for the creeds to invent and establish.

Musical Hall was filled from galleries to floor with an interested, a rejoicing, a happy multitude. The afternoon and evening, until into the early morning hours, were given up to the enjoyment of what so remarkable a scene had to bestow. There was a multitude of happy and intelligent children; there was fine speaking by the best representatives of Spiritualism; and there was music, and dancing. All hearts overran with the delight inspired by the joyful anniversary.

In the afternoon, the seven hundred children belonging to the various Lyceums of Boston and adjacent towns were duly marshaled in order, and, headed by the honored and loved founders of this rapidly growing institution, marched to the music of Hall's full band to the Common, and back to the Hall. Their exercises were wholly by the day's light, and gave inexpressible pleasure to those who beheld them. Boston may boast of its annual show of the children in its public schools, but Spiritualism has a most impressively beautiful spectacle to furnish in its expanding groups and multiplying army of children in its Lyceums. The admiration and praise evoked by the exercises of these thoroughly trained children was among the most pleasing and satisfactory of the many incidents of the occasion.

Dr. Gardner presided over the assembly in the evening, and bade all welcome in remarks exceedingly felicitous and well received. The speaking was continued for several hours, and was participated in by Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bullene, of New York; Selden J. Finney, of Troy, N. Y.; Prof. William Denton, of Wellesley, Mass.; and Mrs. Mary Davis, of Orange, N. J. The Providence press was represented by William Foster, Jr., and the press of Montreal by Henry LaCocroix, Esq.

It was a rich feast for the souls of the large assembly. The sentiments proclaimed represented the advanced state of the great Religion of Spiritualism, and their utterance greatly stimulated the faith and purpose of all who listened. Lizzie Doten's noble original poem formed one of the most marked features of the evening, and was appreciated to its fullest extent. During the delivery of the speeches, telegrams were received from the Spiritualists of Chicago, Cleveland, etc., who were at the same time engaged in similar festivities, proferring fellowship of sentiment to their brethren of this city. These were duly read to the audience, and despatches immediately transmitted in reply, amid expressions of general satisfaction. The despatch read from Cleveland was as follows: "The Spiritualists of Cleveland to those of Boston: West to East, Greeting: One in Action to-day—One in Country—One in Purpose—One in Progress—And One in Destiny." Boston's reply: "Three thousand assembled send greeting! Spiritualism triumphant! A glorious future awaits us!" The Chicago Spiritualists telegraphed from Crosby's Hall as follows: "We are having a glorious time, and send you a kindly greeting." Boston responded: "The East sends greeting to the West. Three thousand assembled in Music Hall—One with you in Principle—One in Action—One in Destiny!"

The Boston press of the following day gave fair reports of the proceedings of the great Jubilee, thus acknowledging the fact that Spiritualism has broken down the barriers of that senseless prejudice which sectarian spirit has so long and steadily nourished. The Morning Post said:

"In the evening the vast and beautiful hall presented a most animated appearance, thronged as it was with one of the most brilliant audiences that ever assembled within its walls. The exercises were of a very interesting character, and consisted, in the earlier part, of the evening, of addresses, interspersed with music. The audience also united in singing two original hymns, which were distributed, in printed form, through the hall. At ten o'clock the main floor was cleared for dancing, and from that hour till one in the morning the salubrious feature of the entertainment was entered into with great zest and gaiety by the greater portion of the company present. Those who did not dance had an excellent opportunity for watching the movements of the Terpsichorean devotees from the spacious balconies, which were crowded to repletion. As a whole, the celebration was one that will be long remembered as one of the most pleasant and interesting events in the history of Modern Spiritualism."

The Daily Advertiser remarked of the Children's Lyceum feature of the Festival, that "Most of the exercises were of a novel character, and all were quite interesting. The declamations were unusually good, some of the children of a very tender age performing their parts extremely well."

The Journal gave an account of the children, the speakers, the music, the dancing.

The Herald says: "At the close of the literary exercises, the few seats that occupied the centre of the hall were placed against the walls, when the next three hours were devoted to dancing, and a merry, joyous time was had."

The dancing was kept up with spirit until one o'clock, and a happier company never joined in the figures on the floor. The galleries testified their delight at the scene by the tenacity with which their occupants maintained their places. Nothing but joy marked the scene from first to last. The children led the way for their elder brethren, and the spectators found it difficult to decide which of the two enjoyed the scene most.

Thus does Modern Spiritualism begin a new lease of its life, destined to be so long and to work out such glorious results. We offer our cordial congratulations to our brethren and sisters who formed the assembly itself, and to all be-

lievers in every city, town and hamlet in the country, on this auspicious celebration of a grand event in human history, and the growth of religious sentiment and faith. We send out sincere greetings to the millions, scattered widely throughout the country, who are of the household of our living faith.

This Twentieth Anniversary will long be remembered by those who participated in its joyous exercises. It forms a new point of departure for us all. The grand army of Spiritualists will halt at no present achievements, but press on to the shining goal, which is the complete emancipation and perfect brotherhood of Man.

We shall give a detailed account of the proceedings hereafter, having employed competent reporters for that purpose.

### Grades of Spirits.

Were but a single class and character of spirits to be permitted to communicate with mankind, but very few out of the millions on the face of the earth would be likely to receive any benefit. The means are everywhere divinely adjusted to the end. There are debased and degraded natures which require to be lifted up far more than those already many grades above them, and, unless provision was duly made for their urgent needs, the entire plan would seem to be substantially thwarted. If we recognize the truth that like everywhere and always draws like, and can attract nothing different, shall we feel overmuch astonished at the very natural discovery that those whose minds are darkened with passions of every sort are visited only by a corresponding order of disembodied intelligences, who serve their own longings as well as those of the earth-inhabitants, by presenting themselves with their peculiar influences? Patent as this truth must be to all who give it a moment's serious reflection, it is for lack of that very reflection that the theory of spirit-communication so often becomes blinded and confused to many minds. All disembodied intelligences are ministering spirits. Granted that but one or a dozen actually communicate, the multiplicity and concentration of influences which have finally brought about that communication must by no means be omitted from the account. As the London Spiritual Magazine happily observes: "God adapts his means to the various conditions of the souls he seeks to educate and lead up to himself. These various grades of spirits manifesting themselves, are the various steps of that Jacob's ladder on which the angels of salvation, filled with the spirit and power of God, are always descending in order to ascend with the souls they are sent to raise and refine." And, again: "The Spiritualism which is connected with spirits of different degrees, is essentially the same in kind as that which has reached the phase of direct communion with the Spirit of God. God develops himself through the descending series of his agents, in order to bring up from the lowest depths of moral degradation those who are groveling there, and to adapt this agency to every ascending degree. In the very lowest depths, and through the very lowest spirit employed, it is as truly the direct agency of the Divine Spirit as in the highest. All are ministering spirits, ministering to his human creatures. Without God and his spirit animating them, they can do nothing. In the words of Swedenborg: 'The angelic ministry is wholly the Lord's.'"

When we hear a thoughtless or a prejudiced person object with a sneer to the idea of a low order of spirits ministering to the Divine purpose among and upon men, and of course those men only who, requiring to be reached, can be reached in no other way and through no other instrumentality, we think on the instant to demand of them what they would do with this large number of unfortunate, uneducated, and spiritually destitute beings. Would they leave them to their present fate? It seems so, if their conduct furnishes an answer. But when and where and how is the work of their most necessary elevation to begin? Will they shut out this immense number from improvement altogether? Being more fortunate themselves, owing to circumstances alone, do they propose to testify their gratitude and sympathy by denying all means of help to those who chance to be far below them in the scale? Such persons cannot have gone very high at the best. Were their views and prejudices to prevail, there would be no real religion on the face of the earth.

### The Last Post-office Humbug.

The recent construction put upon the Post-office laws in regard to newspapers by the Postmaster General, compels us to erase from our list our Boston exchanges, for we will not submit to be mulcted by "Uncle Sam" in the shape of a penny every time we forward the Banner to a contemporary here. It seems to us that the order recently issued, which went into effect on the first of the present month, is not only unjust to the press, that is already taxed almost beyond its capacity to pay, but perfectly ridiculous; because, while we are allowed to exchange *free* with our contemporaries in distant localities, we are obliged to pay postage on our exchanges at home! We hope the entire press of the country will set their faces against this usurpation, and, while they are about it, endeavor to have the Post-office laws changed in other respects. Intelligence has been taxed too much, always, in this country. It should be free as air, "that he who runs may read." Then there will be no danger of the curtailment of our liberties. Tyrants always fetter the press; and we have petty tyrants here in republican America that would, had they the power, sink us down to a level with the people of the old world, who are ruled by emperors and kings, priests and petticoats.

### Music Hall Meetings.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels speaks again in Music Hall, this city, next Sunday afternoon. There are but three Sundays left of the engagement here, as she goes to Worcester in May. The desire to hear this very popular lecturer is great, and large audiences always greet her, particularly in this city. We would suggest, in order to prevent so large a crowd waiting to get access to the ticket office, that it would be well for those who can to procure their tickets during the week. They can always be found at the hall, this office, or at 14 Bromfield street. Tickets for the balance of the course, with secured seats, 60 cents; single admission, 15 cents.

Mrs. Bullene's closing address was delivered to a largely increased audience. We shall give a synopsis of her lecture.

### A Long Discussion.

The discussion between W. F. Jamieson and Elder Isaac Sheen of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints took place, according to announcement in the Banner, at Marengo, Ill., and lasted nine sessions of two hours each. It was one of the most interesting discussions ever held there. The views of the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints" are peculiar. The "Saints" are not Adventists, nor Spiritualists, nor Mormons; they are truly *ultra* generis. A report of the discussion will probably appear in pamphlet form.

### New Publications.

**SEXOLOGY AS THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE:** Implying social organization and government. By Mrs. Elizabeth Ogden Goodrich Willard. Chicago: published for the author by J. R. Walsh. This is a very remarkable and suggestive, though an unequal book. It is, for the most part, written with earnestness and power. In its mode of dealing with great questions it is assertive rather than argumentative, though it does not lack the latter element, and shows a good deal of philosophic and scientific training. We do not gather from the work itself whether Mrs. Willard claims to have written it under impressions from the spirit-world, or whether it is the elaborated and matured result of her own independent studies and reflections. The main idea of the work is the universal prevalence of the law of sexual order; a law not unknown to Swedenborg's theory of creation, though we do not find that Mrs. Willard has borrowed from him. She undertakes to give us "an explanation of the laws of sex, generation, organization, and control in the solar and human systems, showing their perfect correspondence with each other and with the laws of social organization and government."

While there is much that is forcible and clear in her mode of presenting old truths or new hypotheses, she occasionally ventures upon the fanciful and obscure. Her chapter on the origin and use of language will not be read with profit by many who will thank her for her eloquent and scientific remarks on the powers, responsibilities and abuses in the generative function. The subject, we think, has never been more exhaustively treated.

Though the style of the book is generally in harmony with the equanimity and dignity of pure philosophy, the writer occasionally mars the effect of the better portions of her book by such lapses as the following:

"It is easy to understand that with all these wonderful discoveries, we shall be able to define our position and its relations to the external universe, with much greater truthfulness than we could have done when everybody thought the world was as 'flat as a pancake,' and that 'if it should turn over, all the water in Deacon Honespun's mill-pond would fall out.'"

There is a time for all things; and passages like this disaffect the reader in a scientific treatise, where the great subjects of creation, soul and matter, are discussed.

As a specimen of what Mrs. Willard can do in her higher moods, we quote the following:

"A true scientific knowledge of the soul and its laws of organization, when fully understood, will teach us not alone the *possibility* but the *certainty* of a conscious, a glorious life after the dissolution of the body."

Nature everywhere teaches us that life does not depend on a stomach or a pair of lungs. On the contrary, a right understanding of the nature of the soul and its laws of motion teaches us that stomach and lungs depend upon the soul and its laws of organization for their existence. When the germ of life meets and commences their evolutions in the uterus their motions are free and independent; afterward the fetus is attached to the mother through material channels. These channels are necessary to build up and perfect the organism; but they are not its life; they simply transmit new life and material from the mother.

Life belongs to the soul, but the soul is dependent upon its physical organization for those struggles of the organism which by impression upon the soul give to its senses and mental character, and develop its spiritual life. We know by experience that these impressions are not easily effaced.

When the soul has obtained its centralization and its spiritual organization under the cover and protection of its physical garments, then, by shaking off these garments, it emerges from its chrysalis state as free in space as the planet on which it had its birth. As the germs of human life are microscopic solar centers, comets and moons (germ and sperm cells with their heads) so the spiritual organization which they develop, are miniature, imponderable, invisible solar systems, and in their disembodied state as free and immortal as their grand prototype, the solar.

As the physical birth of the fetus is death to its uterine envelope, so a spiritual birth is death to its physical casing, the body; or as the destruction of the uterine casing in which the child is developed, implies the birth of the physical system, so the destruction or death of the physical body implies the birth of its spiritual system. As the destruction of the uterine casing does not destroy the physical form that it has helped to produce, so by analogy the death of the human casing cannot destroy the spiritual form that it has helped to develop. As the physical birth of the child does not destroy the transmitted parental impression upon its senses, much less should a spiritual birth destroy the impressions it has received through the senses of its physical parent, the body, inasmuch as the soul is incomparably finer in its texture, and must therefore be so much more tenacious of impressions than the body."

This analogy is both beautiful and just; but it is not wholly original with Mrs. Willard. Probably it has been frequently used before. The following more expanded form of it we translate from a work by Auguste Guyard, published in Paris in the year 1851:

"Imagine for an instant that the human ovule were gifted with sensibility and intelligence; would it not take for symptoms premonitory of its end those painful rendings of the ovular organization to which it is subjected? Would not the approach of its dissolution give to it (as that of ours does to us) both the doubt of continuous life and the dread of annihilation? Delusive apprehensions! Ignorant error! The ovule becomes a *fetus*; that is to say, it evolves, or passes, from an inferior to a superior life; for the fetus has an organization and lives a life of its own quite distinct from the life both of the ovule and of the infant."

Now, let us suppose of the *fetus*, as we have of the *ovule*, that it has intelligence and self-consciousness; and let us imagine what it would think, when after the nine months of its fetal life, it should experience the consequences of the pains of child-birth. Would it not suppose—it also—that the convulsive clappings of the uterus were the very embrace of death itself? And the doubt of continuous life, and the dread of annihilation, would they not assail it also? Once more, delusive apprehensions! Ignorant error! For that which it has taken for its death-cry and its last adieu to existence, is the first wailing of a newborn child and the joyful welcome to a new existence."

And so the death of an ovule is the birth of a *fetus*; the death of a *fetus* is the birth of a man. So the end of one life is the commencement of another life less imperfect; in other words, the death of a man is the birth of a spirit, an angel, of a new being by whatever name we may call it; of a being more complete than man, of whom, however, it is the supplement, the continuation, the development and aggrandizement, even as the fetus is of the ovule, and the man of the fetus."

We commend Mrs. Willard's volume very cordially to Spiritualists generally. The author is evidently familiar with the latest and boldest acquisitions of scientific and philosophic thought; and few readers will be apt to complain of her book that it is, in any important respect, a repetition of what they have read before.

Bela Marsh issues the seventh edition of Andrew Jackson Davis's "PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE, being an Explanation of Modern Mysteries." It is in clear type, on fair, white paper, and well deserves, for its mechanical merit, the wide popularity it has earned by the value of its teachings of the elements of Spiritualism.

POEMS, by Ellen Clementine Howarth, is the title of a handsome square volume of the poetic productions of the pen of one whose circumstances have pressed out this fine collection of verses

from her very heart. They are all truly inspired from her personal life, and in no sense are mechanical. The beauty of their dress is a fit testimony to the beauty and pathetic sweetness of their character. These poems are all written direct from impression, and were never subjected to mechanical or critical revision. The author wrote just when moved, and that is inspiration. We bespeak for this sweet collection as wide a perusal as possible. It is full of spirituality and genuine power.

Oliver Optic's "OUR BOYS AND GIRLS," for April 4th, is before us, in which the renowned Oliver begins the chapters of a new continued story for his young readers, entitled, "Make or Break; or, The Rich Man's Daughter." All will be eager to get hold of this new story from its start. The contents are of a high order, and full of current life and the vigor of fresh pens. The illustrations are excellent. "Our Boys and Girls" has gone far out to sea on its voyage, and has weathered all the capes of difficulty. It is now one of the regular "liners" of juvenile literature, and will outlive its generation. Thomas Nast gives a striking picture of Uncle Tom and little Eva in this number.

Lee & Shepard publish an "ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF LOWELL," by Charles Cowley. It is a revised edition of an old work, and gives a faithful portrait of all the men and women whose lives have been twisted in with the marvelous fortunes of this marvelous municipal creation. No one who ever lived in Lowell will desire, it seems to us, a more painstaking and thoroughly graphic sketch of the city from its earliest inception, some forty years ago.

Peterson furnishes "BARNABY RUDGE," by Dickens, and "ROB ROY," by Walter Scott, as additions to his Cheap Edition for the Million of the works of these two great masters of romance. They are exceedingly well printed, and increase the solid value of the series of which they form a part.

"ANTHRACITE AND HEALTH" is the title of a neat pamphlet from the pen of Dr. George Derby, and published by Williams & Co. It undertakes to set forth more intelligently the principles of heating by the consumption of coal, and of proper ventilation.

### The Great Field of the West.

As the centre of population and power is to be in the Mississippi Valley, in the future, so must we look thither for the New Man who is to be the redeemer of our race and character. The Western man already shows larger, broader, and healthier development, spiritually speaking, than his brother of the East. He has never been cramped as yet by any of the restraining forms of a social ecclesiasticism. His mind, like his eye, ranges over large extents, and is not content to sit down with itself after having acquired a little power over its fellow. On such a rich soil, so fanned by the breezes, so watered by the rains, and so warmed by the suns of heaven, the simple but grand truths of the Religion of Spiritualism could not but take root and grow with remarkable rapidity. Speakers do not find the obstacles there which it is necessary to root up, before they may proceed to plant and cultivate. The soil is all ready and waiting, and promises a bountiful harvest. As the Great West is bound to supply laws and men for the vast future for this continental country, so will it furnish the religion whose all-embracing forms are to invite the entire people into the simple secrets of its worship. Spiritualism is yet to become the religion of this country, and the West and the East have already joined hearts and hands to produce the result so much desired.

### New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co. have just published the "Odd Fellows' March," by H. F. Wright. It is a fine thing, and will take with the Order. Also, "Friendship Grand March," by Oscar Harrison; "The Sleigh Bells Mazurka," by Ch. Wells; "Love in Idleness Waltz," by J. O. Engelbrecht; "When we are parted," words by Hamilton Alde, music by J. Blumenthal; "For my soul thirsteth for God," song from the Cantata "As the hart pants," by F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy; "Thou art, oh God," being No. 5 from R. H. Clouston's adaptations from select authors.

### The Charity Fund.

We sincerely thank those friends who have forwarded donations to our charity fund during the winter. Their timely contributions have all been judiciously distributed to those who were actually suffering for assistance—and the number has been many, and their demands were pressing. There has been much destitution this winter in the large cities, and Boston has not escaped. We are daily importuned for aid from poor suffering humanity.

### N. B. Starr.

The Spirit Artist, has his studio in room 81, Studio Building, Tremont street, in this city. He can be addressed care of this office.

### Mercantile Hall Meetings.

O. Fannie Allen speaks in Mercantile Hall in this city during April.

### Another Test Medium.

What investigators of Spiritualism first need are facts that demonstrate the presence of spirits, and their power to identify themselves. We cordially welcome every accession to the number of mediums through whom such tests can be given. Mr. George R. Clark is such a medium. I have had no doubt evidence that very many of my own friends in spirit-life have impressed him to give their names, place of residence, and characteristic facts of their history, by which recognition was at once established. More than twenty spirits at one sitting were recognized by their names and peculiarities, a short time since. Through him they select their portraits from album collections, and often, in houses where they formerly lived, go to drawers and places where mementoes of their earthly history are kept, producing them as evidence that memory still treasures up the associations of the past.

I think Bro. Clark will give good satisfaction to investigators who are seeking for proof that their friends still live and are cognizant of what transpires on earth.

The medium is now with Dr. Young, 50 Pleasant street, where he proposes to receive visitors.

H. B. STORER.

### Card from Dr. Cowles.

Allow me here to say to those friends who have interested themselves in me and my subject, that I have left the lecture-field for a time, and engaged in business, in order to accumulate the means to publish my book, which will be done as soon as close application to business will furnish the means. With many thanks for favors, I remain your friend,  
J. P. COWLES, M. D.  
Ottawa, Ill., March 25, 1868.



## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis's new pamphlet, "Theodore Parker in Spirit-Life: A Narrative of his Experiences," is just out. Price 25 cents.

The School-street Universalist Society in this city have voted to extend to Rev. Henry I. Cushman an invitation to become its associate pastor with Dr. Miner, at a salary of three thousand dollars.

The new Canadian postage not went into effect April 1, reducing the postage on letters from five to three cents.

It is stated as the result of careful observation for six years at Greenwich Observatory, that rain is more frequent between noon and midnight than between midnight and noon. The smallest rainfalls take place in the morning, as the sun is going up; the greatest in the afternoon as the sun is setting.

English papers report that Archbishop Manning has ordered that there shall be no more choir singing in any of the churches in his diocese after Easter. The service in future is to be Gregorian, chanted by the priests.

**EASTERN RAILROAD.**—A new and handsome monitor car was placed on the Eastern Railroad on Monday, March 30th. It seats sixty passengers in neat and tasty iron seats, upholstered with crimson and green figured plush. Fourteen handsome wire baggage racks are suspended from the sides overhead. The upper section of the roof is supported by handsome carved brackets, and lighted by ground figured glass. Two oval mirrors, in gilt frames, are placed at each end of the car. The finish is of polished chestnut and black walnut with silver plated trimmings. The car is heated by two of Howard's Car Heaters, securely bolted to the floor. The outside of the car is richly painted and decorated. The car was made at the company's shop in Salem.

N. FRANK WHITE's address during April will be Seymour, Conn. He will rest there a short time, unless calls for spiritual food are pressing. This excellent lecturer has been in constant demand for the last half dozen years.

Some of the citizens of Salem are mystified on finding certain marks on their bell knobs, as though made with a red pencil.—*Adv.*

Is it the blood of the victims murdered by religious superstition and bigotry because they were merely charged with being "witches"?

A woman's hospital is soon to be established in San Francisco.

No mind so bright but drink will befoul it; no fortune so ample but brandy will beggar it; the happiest it will fill with misery; the firmest health, dissipation will shatter; no business so thriving that whiskey cannot spoil.

Woman's Rights have been recognized in Tennessee. Mrs. E. T. Carter has been elected County Superintendent of Public Schools for Maury county.

Miss Nettie M. Pease lectured in Port Huron, Mich., during March, with great satisfaction, so we are informed by L. S. Noble. He adds, I think that we have now got started on the right track, and if harmony continues to exist, we as a Society will prosper.

Iowa prints its laws in Swedish, as well as in half a dozen other languages.

A place called Helltown, in Florida, before the war, and inhabited by lawless characters, is now called Gordon, and the seat of law, order and civilization, under its Yankee settlers.

## DON'T CROWD.

Don't crowd! This world is broad enough  
For you as well as me;  
The doors of art are open wide—  
The realm of thought is free;  
Of all earth's places, you are right  
To choose the best you can,  
Provided that you do not try  
To crowd some other man.

Don't crowd the good from out your heart  
By fostering all that's bad;  
But give to every virtue room—  
The best that may be had;  
Be each day's record such a one  
That you may well be proud;  
Give each his right, give each his room,  
And never try to crowd!

Mrs. Elizabeth Darrach has been appointed Inspector of tobacco, snuff and cigars in the 4th Indiana district, as successor to her late husband. This is the first instance of the appointment of a woman in the Internal Revenue service outside the Bureau.

In the Dead Letter Office at Washington are now arranged in show cases, for public exhibition, upward of a thousand articles of value and interest, which have from time to time been received and yet remain unclaimed.

The New York Post says, "Mr. Hepworth Dixon will presently get himself the name of the greatest flounder of man's nests in modern times. He seems to be a kind of male 'prurient prude,' whose calling it is to go about the world raking over forgotten scandals."

**SPIRITUALISTIC LECTURES.**—Dr. Barnard, of Lansing, closed his series of lectures upon the "Scientific Evidence of a Future State," at the Good Templars' Hall, last Sunday evening, to a crowded house. These lectures are spoken of very highly by several of our most prominent citizens who attended them. Robert Dale Owen succeeds Dr. Barnard before this Society, and is expected here to deliver a series of lectures in about two weeks. We understand that St. Andrew's Hall is engaged by the Society for such purpose.—*Detroit Tribune*, March 17.

There are at the present time about three hundred thousand juvenile paupers in England.

A writer in the Scientific American asserts that onions eaten during an epidemic aid in spreading the disease, but that they are a good disinfectant, if sliced and exposed in the sick room.

Louis Napoleon gets \$14,240 a day; Queen Victoria, \$6,027; Francis Joseph, \$10,930; and the King of Prussia, \$8,210.

The London Times says it has taken half a year, and there can be no doubt, as much as four millions of pounds, to push about two thousand men not quite a hundred miles into Abyssinia.

A physician in Germany announces a case where a child was born with small pox, the mother herself not being affected at all. She had accidentally come into communication with a severe case of small pox about six weeks before the birth of the infant.

The Viceroy of Egypt marries a new wife every year without getting divorced from the old ones. His admirers think him a modern Solomon.

A farmer of much skill and experience gives it as his opinion that such a winter as we have been having is a natural prelude to an abundant fruit year. The ground has been steadily frozen, and covered with snow—free from the alternate freezing and thawing which are injurious to the trees, and weakening or destructive to the fruit buds.

## New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE,  
544 BROADWAY.

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

**Very Large Advertisement of Spiritualist Books.**  
Complete works of A. J. Davis, comprising twenty-two volumes, nineteen cloth, three paper: Nature's Divine Revelations, 30th edition, 2 vols. 8 vols. 12mo., each complete—Physician, Teacher, Seer, Reformer and Thinker. Magic Staff, an Autobiography of the author. Penetrating, Harbinger of Health, just out to Ever-Recurring Questions, Morning Lectures (20 discourses), History and Philosophy of Evil, Philosophy of Spirit Intercourse, Philosophy of Special Providence, Harmonical Man, Free Trade, Commerce, Religion, Present Age and Inner Life, Approaching Crisis, Death and After Life, Children's Progressive Lyceum Manual, Arabella, or Divine Guest, and Stella's Key to the Harmonious, last two just issued, and most highly interesting and instructive. Whole set (twenty-two volumes) \$26; a most valuable present for a library, public or private.  
Four books by Warren Chase—Life Lines, Fugitive Wife, American Crisis, and Gist of Spiritualism. Sent by mail for \$2.00.  
Complete works of Thomas Paine, in three volumes, price \$6; postage 50 cts.  
Persons sending us \$10 in one order can order the full amount, and we will pay the postage where it does not exceed book rates. Send post-office orders when convenient. They are always safe, as are registered letters under the new law.

## Popular Medicines.

Spence's Positive and Negative Powder, Dr. H. B. Storer's preparation of Dodd's Nerve, (61 per bottle), Neutropathic Balm, (50 cents and 81) King's Ambrosia for the hair, (61) and an immense quantity of other valuable remedies. Dr. Chase's Balm of Longevity, (50 cents per bottle).

Our assortment of books has been greatly enlarged and our office newly fitted up. Please call and see it and us when you come to the city.

## Prayer.

That earnest, honest, soul-uttered prayer is purifying, tranquillizing and often elevating, we do not deny; but what we have long believed on the subject, is that the effect of prayer is such as would be with a dirty man who should ford a stream of water in a perpendicular direction over his head: it would of course fall back on him and wash him. So of prayer, it goes out and returns to bless the one that utters it, in quality and quantity such as goes out. We do not believe a man can lift himself by his boot-strap; but he may by constant trial increase and strengthen his muscles, till he can pull the straps off. He gets no foreign aid, but develops his own powers. So with the one who throws up water; he makes no rain, but the water he sends out returns. So in prayer. It is not consistent with Divine government or immutable laws that prayer should be answered with any change or variation in such government or laws, and whether an Infinite Intelligence hears and understands the prayer or not, it would produce no change in its dealing with the individual. Hence, it is of no consequence to such intelligence, and from it deserves no credit or reward, and can receive none save that produced in and by the one that prays.

Prayer as a devotional exercise began in the age of personal Gods, and will finally end with that age, which is not yet. Petitioners pray to kings, courts, legislatures and persons in authority, and such persons or powers being finite, hear and can answer; but how Infinite Intelligence can hear a personal and local prayer, without hearing it through infinite space and time, we cannot perceive. If it has individual and local hearing and action, it at once becomes personal, individual and local, and acts as such. Those who believe in a personal God, are consistent in praying to it, or Him, or Her, and those who do not, may be benefited in the manner we referred to by personal exercise of the devotions of the soul. A spirit once said in our hearing, in reply to a question about the value of prayer, that prayer in our world was like canes and crutches for the lame that the sound did not need them; and a clergyman who was present and heard it, said he thought all were lame and needed it. If so, this is a crippled and hobbling world, after being saved, healed and regenerated for so many centuries.

We have not lifted ourselves up by prayer yet, but some persons pull off their boot straps and quit trying. Some grow out of childish things and childish ceremonies, personal Gods and vocal prayer, and turn to doing prayers, in which they soon learn that God helps those who help themselves.

## The Gallows.

This lingering relic of barbarism is slowly following the chopping block and gibbet out of use. We rejoice to learn that in response to the noble efforts of our old friend, M. H. Beeve, of Wisconsin, the Legislature of Minnesota has placed it in the hands of the juries that try the criminals in about the same manner as it is by law in Illinois, which practically abolishes the horrible practice of using it to break the necks of those whom the people could not tolerate in freedom.

Slowly the tide of social and civil progress rolls back from the Western and New States, and we hope will ere long affect New York and Massachusetts.

Among our early speeches, over twenty years ago, we left one on record in the First Constitutional Convention of Wisconsin, in favor of a constitutional prohibition of hanging. It was the last, if not the first, speech we ever wrote out and read, and remember well our reluctance at being closely confined to our notes; but the subject was a worthy one, on which we have never abated our zeal, and although it was too early for its adoption, yet its time has come, in that and many other States, and we trust will soon come in all.

We are sure the writer of the following letter will pardon us for giving the readers of the Banner the benefit of it, although designed only for the one to whom it was addressed:

WARREN CHASE—My Dear Sir: You will remember years ago when you first began to "preach in the wilderness," you once in a while stopped at my house. During those days it required a little courage even to entertain those whose greater courage enabled them to rise from a kneeling posture before the great Dragon of sectarian superstition, and proclaim the truths wherewith Christ can make us free. You nor I have not yet, however, been "killed by scorn," and though we did not run away, we have lived to fight another day. Without wishing to claim nor offer to you any praise for being faithful in evil as well as good report, we at least can say of the great truths of our divine religion, they "still live!"

Since I saw you last I have had much cause to learn the instability of earthly things. I lost a handsome property by fire, and my only two boys who grew up with every quality for exalted and perfect manhood. My sons were both officers in the army, and both yielded their lives in sustaining the government against rebellion. There is, however, sustaining power in our divine philosophy. When we have the consciousness that through no fault of our own afflictions have come upon us, we are wonderfully aided to bear them. No real good can ever be lost, but all are passing on and being garnered up for future enjoyment. I have but recently become a resident of this charming country town. I find a few earnest and devoted souls, fully imbued with a living faith, but regarded with great suspicion by those who make death and the devil the great inducement to "be good." As is the custom on all such occasions they are now trying very hard to bring another charge against Spiritualism. A young man by the name of —, being engaged to be married to a young lady, becomes interested in Spiritualism. His affianced opposes him, and is stimulated by her religious advisers to persevere in her opposition, until in a frenzy between these opposing

influences, he blows out his brains. Spiritualism is the cause, of course, and another sweet moral is furnished for the time-serving press and the truth-loving clergy.

At some future time I wish to say something more about the condition of our cause here, so for the present I will cease.

## The Point of Incidence.

Notwithstanding that science and religion, in their practical aspects, exhibit some antagonisms of grave importance, the intuitive perception that every item of absolute truth must be consistent with every other such item, suggests that finally science and religion must prove reciprocally adapted each as the required counterpart to the other. But, since society, in the cosmopolitan sense, must for centuries to come be subject to conditions of comparative good and evil, and since the great body of the public must ever include comparative degrees of individual advancement, it is obvious that the harmonic relation between positive science and pure religion must ever remain a problem to be solved by private experience; and hence, common sense infers that the incidence of science and religion, and the collateral attainment of millennial beatitude, are propositions to be gradually demonstrated by the lapse of time, and cannot, consistently with the laws of Nature, become realities universally acknowledged.

That which affixes the moral or religious character to any proceeding, is the fact that it is an equation, in whole or in part, of some obligation between person and person, or between a real person and the imaginary one whom we call God; and whether religion, as understood, is genuine or spurious, depends solely on its efficiency in the supposed equation; and since both the obligation and its equation may be purely supposititious, it is evident that a great portion of religious truth has only a relative importance derived entirely from imaginary conditions. Then that portion of religion which is based on permanent truth, and which, by way of distinction, we may term emphatically the true religion, must need be very simple in its requirements and easily comprehended.

Since it appears a natural impossibility that the imaginary being whom we call God can either suffer any loss or derive any gain from human experience, the inevitable conclusion is, that the end of all religion is the perfection of human character, to the attainment of which, the spiritual equations produced by religion are the pre-requisite conditions. Thus understood, religion assumes the aspect of a natural science; and in so far as natural science, in its higher acceptation, takes cognizance of human character and destiny, it assumes the office of absolute religion. Here, then, is the ground on which religion and science necessarily meet, and we may easily imagine that if ever human nature becomes enabled to view religion and science through the one prism of absolute utility, the order of their respective colors may indeed be inverted, but the colors themselves will appear identical. R. E.

## Margaretta Fox.

While the enemies of Spiritualism were rejoicing over the false statements about the recantations, repudiations and religious devotion of this medium, which were handed about the country and exultingly copied into every secular paper that sought news for its prejudiced and pious readers which would damage our cause, we did not deem it expedient to spoil their pleasure or correct their falsehoods, but preferred to let them roll the sweetest morsel under their tongues; but now they have enjoyed all they could get from this recantation and exposure, we will inform the honest inquirers and readers of the Banner, that Margaretta Fox is one of our best mediums, and is giving daily sittings with excellent success, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, who are also good mediums and hold public circles every afternoon, at 763 6th Avenue, N. Y., where the truth of spirit-intercourse and of this statement can be proved.

## State of New York.

It is nearly time to call our next State Convention, and I should be glad to learn as soon as possible from all persons and places where suitable halls can be furnished free of expense, at any suitable locality for holding said Convention. It is highly probable that the next National Convention will be held in this State, and it is desirable that the State should be fully represented, to do which the State Convention must precede the National. Will the friends please reply at once to

WARREN CHASE,  
Pres't State Organization.

The following note from one of our ablest and most faithful lecturers, is a specimen of the cheering signs that often greet us in our private correspondence:

I have been lecturing all winter every Sunday and many week evenings to very large audiences. My success never has been as good as of late. The work moves gloriously in Ohio; everywhere the "dry bones" are being shaken. Let us "thank God and take courage." Truly your brother,  
A. B. FRENCH.

We can now supply a few complete volumes of twelve numbers of the new London monthly, Human Nature, edited by J. Burns, London; price \$3.00, postage 20 cents. Ideal Attained is being republished in this magazine as a story, but is not concluded yet. Human Nature is a radical and well conducted monthly, and devoted to zolotic and other sciences as well as Spiritualism.

## Exhibition in Philadelphia.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum of Philadelphia will give their annual exhibition at Horticultural Hall on Monday evening, April 13th, 1868. It is the largest and most beautiful hall in this city, and the opportunities for displaying the capacities of our Lyceum are superior to any heretofore enjoyed. Our Programme comprises a greater variety of amusement and scenic representation than usually constitute two or three exhibitions that nightly attract crowded houses. It is superior and more attractive than any heretofore presented. Between three and four hundred members will participate in the exercises. The opening Allegorical Tableau, or the closing "March of the Angels," are either of them worth the price of admission.

PROGRAMME.—PART I. 1. Allegorical Tableau, by the entire Lyceum. 2. Grand Banner March, by the entire Lyceum. 3. Free Gymnastic Exercises, with music, by the entire Lyceum. 4. Quartette, "Where are all the hopes I've cherished?" from "The Song of the Sea." 5. Song, "The Star of Love." 6. "Somebody's Coming," by Miss Mary Blackwood. 7. Gynastic Wand Exercises in costume, with music, by Infant Society. 8. Piano Solo, by Master Felix Shelling. 9. Song, "The Little Wife," by the Infant Society. 10. Recitation, "The Child and the Angel," by Miss Alice Butler. 11. Recitation, "The Child and the Angel," by Miss Alice Butler. 12. Recitation, "The Child and the Angel," by Miss Alice Butler. 13. Recitation, "The Child and the Angel," by Miss Alice Butler. 14. Recitation, "The Child and the Angel," by Miss Alice Butler. 15. Recitation, "The Child and the Angel," by Miss Alice Butler. 16. Recitation, "The Child and the Angel," by Miss Alice Butler. 17. 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