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ADDRESS TO YOUTH.

BY CHARLES THOMPSON.

"In the quarry if you toil,
Strike your mark;
Do you delve upon the soil?
Make your mark;
In whatever place you stand,
With a firm and honest hand,
Make your mark—make your mark!"

Ho! ye who glory in your youth!
Our rulers of to-day,
And gifted women, men of truth,
Must shortly pass away;
Yet others from your youthful hand
All vacancies may fill.
If you'll employ both head and hand
With heart and might and will.

Youth's sunny days will soon be passed;
Then come long years of strife!
Who, then, shall shield you from the blast?
Who "break the bread of life"?
Who heavy survey, and count the stars,
And measure heights sublime?
Who compass earth with iron bars?
Who build the lofty rhyme?

Not he who only studies ease,
And sports by mill and brook,
Who lives mere appetite to please,
Unmindful of his book;
Gross darkness is the sluggard's fate,
Neglect dethrones the mind,
While virtuous acts "unbar the gate"
Where wisdom is enshrined.

In ocean's secret caverns rest,
Gems of most wondrous sheen,
That never shine on beauty's breast,
Nor counted wealth to men;
And he who seeks the precious stones,
At risk of life and limb,
Knows, if the dangerous task he shuns,
He never can shine for him.

The voyage of life is o'er rough seas,
Where threatening billows roar,
Hence neither strife nor carnal ease
Reach a celestial shore;
The unfaithful voyager falls a prey
To sin—to fear, a slave,
Makes shipwreck in the toilsome way,
And peoples folly's grave.

Nor gain blind penance, priest, or creed,
A penitent's voice secure;
That soul which seeks life's greatest need
Must all life's throes endure.
The boatman, drifting with the tide,
Need not take up his oar;
But they who "gainst the current ride"
Must sweat at every pore.

The wise with caution draw each line,
Heaven's smiles their race attend;
The thoughtless lay no fair design,
Nor reach the journey's end.
The race is won, not by the swift,
Nor battle by the strong;
The patient, arduous child of truth
Outstrips the unstable throng.

He runs not well who runs too fast,
Is sure to lose his way,
Or he in snare or pit-fall cast
On some unlucky day.
Attractive error clouds his wrath,
And sits in pleasure's bower,
To lure the traveler from his path
In an unguarded hour.

Oh seek not honor for the show
That follows in her train;
But strive, oh strive, this truth to know,
Truth is the greatest gain.
The spirit of an empty name,
An aching void you'll find;
Vain glory, though it promised fame,
Leaves only shame behind.

Oh, give not all your corse to care,
Free access to the heart;
Do it your life-toll, foul or fair,
To clothe the immortal part.
Wisdom reflects too much of heaven
For idleness to hold;
Virtue is not to folly given,
Nor knowledge bought and sold.

No ocean-pearl is washed ashore
By surface waves at sea,
Nor greatness waited for our door
By gay society;
An under-current wears the rock
Where hidden treasures lie,
While on the surface breakers mock,
And flood-waves rushes by.

The work of time is not delayed
When tempest rocks the deep,
Nor when the thunder-bolt is stayed,
The storm-sing sinks to sleep,
Nay; 'mid the wreck of fatal war,
In tempest and in peace,
There's many a faithful laborer,
Whose efforts never cease.

Unseen, unknown, with labor fraught,
The student cons his page,
Recording brilliant gems of thought
To serve a future age;
And the inventor, day and night,
Some vast design computes—
The grasping world his scheme would blight,
Yet waits to clutch its fruits.

Oh, start not at the name of work,
Nor fear the form of care,
Nor round the heart let slowness lurk,
Nor fear dim lodgment there.
There's work, hard work, awaiting all
Aspiring to be men,
Who law expound, or till the soil,
Wield hammer, sword, or pen.

In beautiful mold is mind compressed,
By effort, toil and care;
That jewel which is polished best
Will be most bright and fair.
Gems that rest nearest Nature's heart,
Though dazzling to behold,
Neglected lie, till clothed by Art
In forms of polished gold.

So heaven-born minds are sealed books,
Where toil withholds her aid;
Nature creates no Platos, Lockes,
Nor Franklins, "ready-made";
Genius, once in an age, from far,
Like a red comet frets,
But knowledge is man's guiding star—
The star that never sets!

QUESTIONS AND IMPROMPTU ANSWERS.

BY MISS HARDINGE.

QUESTION.—Is all imagination simply in sight, or is it possible to imagine things which do not really exist?

ANSWER.—Analyze your imagination. Can you point to any idea that is not a reflection of the past, a refraction of the present, or a prophecy of the future? No, there is not in the whole realm of Nature one single original idea in the mind of man. When I say "original," I mean that there is no creative power in the mind of man—nothing but a reproductive one, and therefore as all that you can conceive of, imagine, dream, hope, or believe in, must have some shadow of past, or future, or present, so I say that imagination, however wild, is either the intuitional perception of truth, the prophecy of the future, or the broken or refracted light of the present.

QUESTION.—(By a Lady.)—There are some ladies very desirous to hear Miss Hardinge say a word about the present standing of woman; that is, the worth of the women of the present age.

ANSWER.—The best evidence we can offer you of what is the work of woman in the present age is the fact that our questioner is a woman, that her question is received with respect rather than with the sneer that a few short years ago would have greeted the tender voice of woman in a public assembly. I consider that the fitting place and mission of woman is to be a helpmeet for man, and when I say this I mean not as the dependent, but as the equal of man. And in equality I signify equality of respect, equality of duty, equality of crime and virtue, but not of physical powers. I believe that Nature has drawn an impassable line of demarcation between the physical capacities of man and woman. That is, wherever the one appears to trench upon the place of the other, it is an abnormal rather than a normal growth, it is an exception rather than a rule. I believe that the place of man is strength, activity, and all that admits of life in the external, especially related to strength and activity. I believe that the place of woman is love and beauty and kindness; that she is the poetry of life, that she is the love of life, and the intuition of life, and that her duties relate chiefly to all that belong to the spirit and to the internal. I believe that the form of both is so wisely and wonderfully adapted to these two spheres that it is impossible to mistake them; in the meantime, this position of both has not been recognized, and it has not been recognized from the peculiar demands which life has made upon the aggregations of humanity in societies.

The first demand of the age, in the rudimentary states of human life called barbarism, was upon strength. Man must be a builder, a hunter; whatsoever occupations he followed demanded the largest amount of strength, and taxed the physical system to the utmost extent; hence strength and physical power became the world's first wealth, its first government, its first aristocracy. In this foundation of society, woman, physically the weakest, physically unable to bring to life's duties the element of wealth, which was then imperatively needed, became subservient. Her beauty, captivating the stronger man, he placed her by his side, first as the dependent, and next as the ornament, and last as the joy. Hence we find that the earliest ages of barbarism are always marked by the disgraceful institution of polygamy. We find that with the first enunciation of the pure, the just, and truly divine teachings of Jesus, woman rises instantly to her place as the companion of man. She is judged side by side with him, in the darkest and most disgraceful of all crimes. The Magdalen, kneeling at the feet of the Master, is not condemned by God, so long as there is a man that shares her crime uncondemned. She takes her place, therefore, in the Christian religion with the founder of the Christian religion. She is the first at the Cross, the first at the Tomb; she is the truest in her intuitions to recognize the divinity of the mission. She prays for him when others scourge and mock him. She at once marks her place by the side of the Divine Master, by the recognition that she falls chiefly through the excess of her love; and from this point her history is one of gradual progress.

Society moves slowly; it is well that it should do so. It is well that old and established forms should be girded around by conservatism lest we as rashly adopt falsehood as truth; and hence I repeat society's slow movement is good, it ensures the gradual trial, the practice and the full development of every new truth.

And so has it been with the gradual acceptance of woman's place, as no longer as the toy, or ornament, or subject merely of man, but as his helpmeet, as the companion who shall assist him, assist him by her love and her beauty, whilst he is her helpmeet, assisting her by his strength and his experience. This age in especial is the age of utilitarianism, and all things are being brought to the standard of utilitarianism. Religion is there—we are tried in the balances; and governments are there, and the disruptive principle that is agitating the masses and disintegrating them, and making individuals where we formerly had only masses. It is the best proof that utilitarianism is at work and trying all men and all institutions. And in this great trial, the powers of woman are being placed in the balance, and her peculiar possibilities are all and each being tried. And what will they amount to? I will venture merely to make a prophecy. The time is coming when every woman shall be permitted to do that which her Creator has fitted her for, and that shall be accepted as her place and mission. The time is at hand when it shall be recognized that the parable of the ten talents was meant for woman as well as for man, and that whatsoever God has fitted woman to do, he demands back of her with usury; and woe be to him, husband, father, or governor, who stands between the Creator and the creature. And the

fact that that time is at hand is recognized first by the fact that our angels, our heroines—call them by either name, and you will call them fitly—have dared to enter the camp, have dared to stand by the side of the dying soldier, and to minister to him in scenes hitherto deemed the most unfit and inappropriate for the presence of women.

The fact that woman shall take this place is proved by the signs of the times, which permit her now, even in despite of the sneer and the scoff and the bitter rebuke—in despite even of the anathema, in some instances, of Churchmen—permit her to speak, when her God has endowed her with a power to move mankind by the tone of her voice, to proclaim the thought that her Maker has given her in the speech which he has given her also to clothe that thought withal. That is another sign of the times. And yet another sign of the times is in the recognized fact that God has better fitted woman for the duties of nurse and physician, and ministering by the side of the sick bed, than even the strong and wise men; for he has given her clear sight, clairvoyance—that mystic power that penetrates with the spiritual eye where the natural cannot search. The fact that woman are the best and most numerous clairvoyants of the day, is a hint that there is a demand gradually making itself into a supply for women as physicians; I do believe that as priest, physician, teacher, nurse—as minister in every department that demands sympathy, intuition, clear-sight, patience and endurance, woman will take her place. I do believe that in this age of utilitarianism, man can no longer keep woman back from that which her God has intended her to do. In the meantime I would counsel any who may expect from me some statement of the mode in which we propose to assume what we may conceive to be our rights—I would urge upon those who listen to me to beware how they ask for those rights by legislation, by any external forms that rob woman of the grace, the beauty, the gentle holiness of her nature. Let her be woman still—let her perceive that the doors are opening on every side—that it needs but her own firm step, armed with her womanly purity and all of womanly graces that she can carry with her—let her recognize this, and man's hand will not be raised to drive her back. On the contrary, it is because woman has too often failed to perceive those very points of attraction that make her woman, and sought to exchange her nature for that of man, that she has been repelled with scorn and dislike from many spheres which she could have gracefully occupied, and still more gracefully with all the attributes of woman about her. I have no fear but that our Creator and our creature—brother man, will, in this day of utilitarianism, accord to us all that we can ask, all that we can do, if we will be but faithful to ourselves. And when I say this, it is with the belief that we are not wholly so. I will ask woman to commence where her Divine Teacher commences, by first equalizing herself and her sex in right and wrong.

Woman! determine that whatsoever is wrong in woman is wrong in man. Woman! visit upon man every crime that you brand upon the brow of woman. It is for you to do it, and not for man. So long as society, especially female society, extenuates the faults of men, they know them not themselves—so long as man is taught by the voice of society—especially of the voice dearest to him—only to regard his crimes as mere gallantries, but woman's crime as unpardonable, who is to be man's teacher? Woman! that lot has fallen to you. If you ask for your rights, first commence by considering your sister's wrongs. Woman! consider again that you are the founders of the next generation in the education of your daughters. If you require right yourselves, if you lament that no wise mother has educated you to take any other place in society than that of a mere spectator in the matrimonial market—if you lament that you have had no place made for you but the waiting dressed and adorned until some man should give you a place in society, oh! correct this lamentable and degrading position with your daughters.

I ask that every living creature shall be a worker—that every single hand shall be raised to help on the chariot of creation. I ask that every man, woman, and child shall have a place and a mission, and work to do. God has assigned it to us when he gave us powers, energies, talents, and intellect. There is not one of us but who should fill some place advantageously. If the gifts of fortune are so showered upon us that there is no impetus to labor, think of the poor, think of the helpless woman surrounded by piteous little children crying for bread, half clothed, and yet compelled to leave them huddled together in danger and hunger, and filth, and misery, and ignorance, whilst she goes forth to work. Oh, woman, there is your place, as teacher to the poor—as a missionary angel in the haunts of darkness. Lament not that the world is full of wrong, so long as you keep your hand back from helping it on to right. Oh, woman, as physician, as physician to those who cannot help themselves—whilst I acknowledge that there is no profession in the known world, no records of any profession so marked with benevolence as that of medicine—whilst from the beginning of time to the present day the warmest hearts and the kindest and the most faithful workers for man's good have been ever found among the ranks of the medical profession; I would ask, if woman can be physician, if she can minister to the sick, if she can alleviate suffering, may not a profession so adorned, so graced by benevolence, so stamped with the record of the noblest and the kindest deeds, be shared most gracefully by the favored daughters of fortune? May not they minister tenderly, while the rude and savage hands of those ill-paid, brutal, and ignorant crowd unhappy paupers out of life, instead of ministering them back into life.

Oh, there are spheres for every one of us—the princess on the throne, the humblest girl who labors in a factory. No woman should ever look upon her fair young girl, without recollecting that

God has placed her in the garden of life for some other purpose than merely to wait to be culled by the hand of man. Can any ability, any power, any good work, or any intellectual position that woman has—can these render her less fit to be the companion of man? Deem it not; let her be the helpmeet for him. Be assured that when her intellect elevates her into his companion instead of his listener, though your club-houses may be deserted, your homes will be more full. I have said too much perhaps on such a question, but I have said enough to show my questioner that there is yet a vast field for study; and I for one most earnestly thank her, and humbly entreat of her to pursue the subject at other times and seasons to a yet wider issue than this one short address can present her with.

QUESTION.—If we admit that man is a responsible being, to whom is he responsible? and does the responsibility extend to his thoughts and feelings as well as to his actions?

ANSWER.—If man were not surrounded by the bond of laws, he is not a responsible being. Just so long as he finds himself hindered on every side by law, he is assured that he is responsible to the lawgiver. No matter in what direction you turn, a law hinders you. You are not responsible to yourself; you may suffer pain if you choose, you may prefer pleasure if you desire it; but just so certainly as you find that you are compelled to endure pain, or shall reap pleasure, you find that you have no choice in the matter. The fact of the law proves your responsibility. I do not propose to define for you a theological God to whom you shall be responsible, as you are taught by sect, or creed, or dogma, country or clime. I do believe in God, the great Spirit, the mighty Lawgiver, the universal Father; and though I know that his ways are kind—though I recognize that all works together for good—though I bow down before his exceeding beneficence—though I believe he loves this flower and has made it beautiful, that in his beneficence he has made it beautiful, not only for its own sake, but for ours—though I do know he has given it food, light, air, sunbeam and dew, and cared for it as much as he cares for us—though even this little leaf proves to me God's goodness, I find that God's justice is equal to his love—for if we violate one single point of law, behold we pay the penalty. In whatsoever direction, it matters not, there it is; and it is to him, the Lawgiver, the framer of the law, that we are responsible through ourselves. We are the evidence of our responsibility, and mark! we carry forward, we Spiritualists, that responsibility beyond the grave. It is well for the Materialist to say, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die;" but we Spiritualists know we cannot die, and if there is any truth in the fact that the soul's immortality is proved by the returning spirit, it is a truth that that responsibility follows us into the hereafter in yet more terrible shape, and although I believe God's love is there, his justice is still with us.

Are we responsible in thoughts and feelings as well as actions? I have said we do not originate our thoughts. I have said, and pleaded, and argued, to prove that no idea within us is a creation of our own. How then can we be responsible for thoughts and feelings? No more than we are responsible for organisms, diseases, or disabilities. But we do not let those alone. We do not suffer disease to consume us, nor deformities to remain unchecked, nor disabilities to prey upon us; we resort to means to modify and change and alter them.

And precisely after the same fashion shall we deal with our thoughts and our feelings. If they tend to that which we are instructed to know is wrong—call it by what sophistry you may—I say wrong—when it impinges on the rights of another—if you find that our thoughts are thitherwards, are there no possibilities of calling in the aid of a moral as well as of a physical physician? Are there no medicaments for soul as well as for body? I say yes—knowledge, teaching, struggle, strife, hope, faith, aspiration, admiration of the beautiful, study of the good, schooling of mind and discipline of body, are all just as possible for the mind as they are for the physical system. I assert, therefore, that we are not only responsible for our deeds, but primarily for our thoughts and feelings, for our deeds are the children of our thoughts and feelings. What we do is the expression of our thought. Supposing that we crush back the thought, and do something in place of that which we had thought to do, why have we created or developed a new thought, and whatsoever we do, I repeat, is first created within our brain—it has a spiritual origin—and therefore it is to the spirit that I charge you to apply all your medicaments and all your legislation. Bring to bear upon it your highest knowledge. If you are the creature of circumstances you are also a creature unto yourself. If you are a creature of motives, why endeavor by wisdom, schooling and instruction to implant a fresh study of motives, where the original ones are wrong and pernicious. By these means we shall not only be responsible to our Creator, but shall also recognize our responsibility to ourselves. For there is a dual action everywhere, and as God has entrusted us with life, he has given us the responsibility to ourselves. As every movement, every thought, and every feeling, therefore, is charged with responsibility, oh, Spiritualists, how great is yours! You who can see the light and pursue the issues of this life beyond the grave—can recognize not only the results of thoughts, feelings and actions here, but can now trace them into the great hereafter! I may not dwell on this theme, but as the mantle of the prophet has fallen upon me, look to it, for the world expects from modern Spiritualism that it shall prove another Elisha to mankind.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

TRUTH.—Someone has beautifully said: "Truth is immortal; the sword cannot pierce it, fire cannot consume it, prisons cannot incarcerate it, famine cannot starve it."

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

Address, No. 16 West 21st Street, New York City.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearths, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
—LORD BYRON.

UNCLE SILVER'S SUMMER.

"Come, children, I want to take you around by the end of the house, under the great locust," said Uncle Silver. "There! I built that rustic seat myself. Mrs. Silver says she does not see any beauty in old stumps and roots twisted together, but I have a notion that Nature knows more about beauty than we can learn in a lifetime, and, if you will notice, Nature always combines the most fitting colors. She puts green moss on a brown stump, and brown moss on a grey stone, and pleases the eye everywhere. Now Mrs. Silver said I must paint the seat white, but I told her that I would be like painting the grass purple or red. It is not sharp contrasts that we want, but soft bleedings. But I want you to look up to my great locust tree. I am proud of it."

"It is a pretty tree," said Linnie. "Does it ever blossom like the apple-trees?"
"Now that was just the question I wanted you to ask. Blossom? Oh, what a glory rests on a locust tree in bloom. In the beginning of summer, the whole neighborhood is sweet with perfume from its drooping white plumes. The blossoms hang in clusters, and hold sweetness enough to make a whole town good. I sometimes think, for the breath of flowers seems to me like the grace of heaven. Why does not the world revolve in its great circle without flowers? Just because the life of the world is love, and God is love, and so we have beautiful things everywhere."

The locust tree belongs to the great family *Leguminosae*, to which belong the pea and the bean, the ground-nut, and all those plants whose seeds grow in pods or legumes. The generic name is *Robina*, and it is called *Pseudo-Acacia*, or *Falsa-Acacia*. But the name is an injustice to the tree, for it is a grand and beautiful truth every spring and summer."

"Was it the ground-nut that we found the other day?" said Esther.

"With the beautiful dark clusters of blossoms! Yes, and its perfume shows it to be a relative of the locust and acacia. Its blossoms have a sombre look as they trail themselves over the ground or cling to some stronger branch, but they hold a richness in their cups that is like the goodness of some quiet lives."

But I had forgotten what I took you out here for. It was to point out to you that little crevice under the eaves of the house. Do you see it? Well, there is where the dearest little bird of all the summer sometimes builds her nest."

"It isn't large enough for a caterpillar," said Linnie.

"It is small enough, but larger than it seems. But its occupant is a little fellow—the house wren, or *Sylvia Domestica*. Sometimes in May he begins to build his nest, and he always chooses some place near the house or barn, as if he knew he had a mission, with his sweet singing, and his busy, active life."

He builds his nest of little, sharp, hooked twigs on the outside; within is a layer of grass, and lastly he finishes up his nest with feathers."

"So he has a straw mattress and a feather-bed," said Linnie.

"Just so, and he tucks them up so closely that there is only room for a peeping-out place. You would hardly think he could go in and out, so small is the entrance that he leaves."

The female lays an unusual number of flesh colored eggs, six or seven, and even nine. It likes to build in some place prepared for it, and will make use of an old hat if nothing better is found. It is a dear, little, social fellow, and its notes are so loud and clear for its tiny body, that we make it a great favorite.

One spring, long ago, I was very sick. I was sick in my soul as well as in my body. I did not care for all the beautiful things in the world, and I would not be cheered by the songs of the birds or the blooming of the flowers."

"Why, Uncle Silver," said Linnie, "it seemed to me that you were always glad. I mean born glad, just like the birds."

"Well, I imagine I was. But no gladness in this world is worth much that has not been tried by some sorrow. If it lives through trouble, then it is what we may call a sanctified gladness."

"I should think you were preaching," said Esther.

"I forgot, little one; but sanctified only means holy, and a holy joy is one that shines into sorrow, just as your little candle shines in the dark chamber last night. Well, I'll hurry with the preface to my story."

"Oh, if there's a story, I can wait ever and ever so long," said Esther.

"I was feeling very much as if life was a great barren desert, and I had got to wander and wander, no one knew how long, through dreary, desolate ways."

And I was sick, too, and lay on my bed, when there came walking with slow, measured tread, a sad looking young man, and sat down by my bed. Just then a little wren, in flying from his nest, whither he had been carrying his straw, burst out into a tremulous quiver of song, that cut the air of the room into little waves of melody. I saw the man smile, just as one does who has met an old friend.

"What do you want?" I said, a little gruffly, for I was in no mood for talking.

"What do I want? Is that what you ask?"

What do I want? I should have gone away and never have told you but for the song of that bird. That was a wren, the best friend I ever had—perhaps the best I shall ever have. What do I want? I want somebody that will not be afraid of me.

"I am not afraid," said I. "Why should I be?"

"I'll tell you, and then we will see. I've been in State's Prison."

"Well," said I, "Is that all you have to say? Perhaps you do not know what it means. It means to have everybody kick you, and drive you, and hunt you from pillar to post. It means to be suspected of every mean thing, to have no home, no friends, no work. That's what it means, and a great deal more."

Just then the little wren burst out again. The young man sighed, shook his head, and was silent.

"Go on," said I.

"What! tell you all? Well, by all that is sweet in that little bird's singing, I will. I had a good home, a good mother, and a dear little sister, but I fell into bad ways. I chose bad companions. I would go with them, and they taught me all the wicked ways that they themselves knew. I kept going down and down, till I was about as low as I could be, and then I did something against the law and was shut up. Yes, sent to jail, and then to prison. My mother died before I got there, and my sister went I don't know where, and all my companions deserted me. No one would stand up and take the blame with me. Some testified against me. It was dreadful, for I thought they loved me. Yes, I was fool enough to think that. Well, I staid there my full time, and came out and hid myself. It was summer-time, and I hid in an old barn till I could make up my mind what to do. And I thought over all I had done, and I concluded wickedness didn't pay; and just as I had made up my mind to do right I said to myself, 'Now I want a sign that I am on the right track.' My mother was a great believer in signs, and I had not forgotten it. Just then a little wren flew from under the eaves, and sang out so loud and clear that I thought in a moment of the little song Grace and I used to sing. I watched the little thing as it went backward and forward singing in its happiness, and I said that must be one of the real signs, one of God's signs, and I will go straight out and begin a better life. So I let myself to a farmer and I worked well, for just under the eaves of the low-roofed house a wren was building and singing, and I said, 'It is a sign to me.' But before the nest was done the man came to me and said I might go. He had heard where I had been; I left him and tried again, but I never worked more than two weeks in a place before I had the word given me, 'You may go.' It was dreadful, sir, and I learned that nobody believed in forgiveness, only the good God who cares for the wrens. I have worked alone two years now, and I am hundreds of miles away from where I started, but it's all the same; somebody will come and tell me I am before a month is gone. I should have gone back to my old life but for one thing. Just as I fairly resolved I would hold out in my effort to do right no longer, something would come as a sign to me, just like the singing of that bird. Once it was the voice of a little child, who looked up to me and said, 'Are you going home?' It was a little word, but the voice was sweet, and as I said 'Yes' I meant it, for again I said I would go forward to the right."

I had laid on my bed many days, and was weak, but as the young man closed, and looked up with a sad, despairing look, I rose and dressed myself and went down stairs. I went out on to the farm, and set my new man to work. I had something to live for now. I would be the friend to this despised man, and help him to a true and good life, if it was possible.

Everything went well. He worked early and late, and pleased me in every way. No reports followed him until the next spring. During the winter he had been about a good deal, and as he was very fine looking he was welcomed everywhere. A young lady, of good family, had as much as declared that she was willing to marry him, and I could see that he loved her.

But in the spring some one came to the neighborhood who knew his whole history, and told it everywhere. There was no end to the abuse that I received, as well as he. He told me that he was going—it was of no use. 'Sin follows one forever,' he said. 'It does not,' said I, 'you have left the sin, and it is man's wickedness that follows you, striving to forget God, and cursing when he has mercy. Stay here, and live down the wrong.'

Just then the wren building in the box by the barn warbled out in its sweetest notes a song full of gladness. 'There is the sign again, God's own; you have your troubles, and I have mine. Let us live them down, rise above them, glorify God in them, just as that song rises out of the mist of this morning like a voice directly from heaven, saying, 'God is in the mist as in the sunshine, and to-morrow you may behold his face in the light.'

So he stayed, a grand martyr, a hero fighting a continual battle, and we grew to be the best of friends. Every spring he made fresh places for the wrens, and drove away the bluebirds, that are apt to molest their nests, and I know what he did for—he wanted just as many signs as he could get.

After a while his sadness wore off, and people forgot that they had ever thought harm of him. The girl that he loved promised to marry him. So one spring morning I said to him, 'You have never taken up your wages.' And never meant to, said he. 'Here's a thousand dollar check. Mary Susan next week, sail to California in the next steamer, and begin life in a new country.' 'You want to get rid of me,' he said sadly. 'I want you to be all you can be; so go, but don't forget this: Let God be the judge of the sins of others, be it your care to help all the sorrowful, despaired and wronged that cross your path.'

So he went, and is now little short of a millionaire, and just about the kindest, most benevolent man you ever heard of.

"Oh, Uncle Silver, how glad you must be," said Linnie, "that you did so much good."

"It was not half so much I did that as that little bird that trilled out the song of God's goodness and love into both our hearts. Why do the birds sing just as sweetly to the poor as the rich? Because God loves the one as well as the other. Why do they speak in their sweet songs to the ears of the sinful as well as the pure? Because God seeks to win the erring back by the same love and tenderness with which he holds the good. We are all his children."

"Uncle Silver, what is the reason that people love to tell anything that they hear of another that is disagreeable?" said Loring. "At school if there is a boy whose mother is poor, some boy is ready to tell of it. If there is a boy whose father has done anything wrong, somebody is sure to let it be known."

"You've asked a question that I have puzzled over many times. If in our walks you find anything that is disagreeable—that taints the air with impurity, we try to cover it up, or to pass by it; but it is with men and women as with boys

and girls: they seem always willing to open the faults of others to their own gaze and that of their friends. It is a meanness of spirit that I think grows out of selfishness. People seem to think that they shall stand higher if they point out the low place where others stand, or that their own garments will seem cleaner if they reveal the filth of their companions. There is a beautiful mantle of love that a few noble spirits have carried to throw over the wrongs and sins of others, but there are but few good enough to carry it long. I find the mantle cast by the loving hand of God out in the fields and woods. There is not a blackened stump but soon has its pretty covering of moss, and all decay has a beauty set upon it that at once glorifies it. I often think God means to teach us lessons of love and forgiveness. In every little sprig of moss and every lichen that comes to cover up unsightly decay. Do not forget, children, to be as tender as Nature, and seek to find the good instead of the evil."

CALLED AWAY.

"Do they want me up in heaven? Can you tell me, mamma, what these strange and solemn voices mean that in the night I hear."

Softly saying, "Come, dear children; for of such our kingdom is."

"Do you think they want me yonder? Is it very, very far?"

"Oh, I hear such heavenly music, and there's something all in white."

"Comes and stands beside my little bed, and makes the room so light."

"That I look at you and papa, and at brother George, too."

"Wondering you can sleep. But maybe it's for me, and not for you."

"And they clasp their arms about me, and I do not think of pain."

"For I close my eyes and listen till the music comes again. They are calling me so tenderly, I know I cannot stay. Only just a little longer, till the coming of the day."

"Mamma, kiss me! Papa, hold me! Clasp my hands so close and strong."

"That I may not lose your presence in the glory of the throne. Who have come to take me from you, and will wait for you again."

"When dear Jesus says, 'Come higher! Joy receive! For grief and pain.'"

"There is something I must tell you ere I go, if you can hear."

"I shall tell them how I loved you, that you never be more dear. And perhaps they'll let me see you when you think I'm far away. And will let me guard and guide your steps from evil day by day."

"When you pray, I may be listening, and my heart will thrill with joy. If you fall, and sin—God help us! It will crush your darling boy."

"I shall draw you to me softly, as the angels take me now. So the little voice is silenced, and the stricken mourners bow."

Spiritual Phenomena.

Remarkable Manifestation in Des Moines, Iowa.

EDS. BANNER OF LIGHT.—At a séance held on the evening of January 19th, 1868, at the residence of R. C. Glover, a photographer in this city, the following named ladies and gentlemen were present: Mrs. Hattie P. Glover, Miss Eliza S. Church, Col. P. C. Wilcox, of Buchanan County, Hon. Judge Hewett, of Wright County, Hon. Peter Melendy, William Hastings, of Redfield, R. C. Glover and Frank W. Tallmadge.

The above named persons are ladies and gentlemen of fact and veracity, and those knowing them do not dispute; neither is it known that they are guilty of fraud or deception in any action whatever.

After a while Mrs. Glover became entranced, or was thrown into a clairvoyant condition, and spoke upon different subjects, delivering intelligence from the invisibles to the friends surrounding her. At length there came into her hands a piece of paper, folded; thrusting it toward her husband, she said: "This is for you." On examination a lock of hair was found within, of a curious texture, grey mingled with black, and with a tendency to curl. At first sight he gazed in astonishment, crying: "It is my grandfather's!" His grandfather, Levi Hurd, of Chautauque County, N. Y., having died some fourteen years since, upward of eighty-four years of age.

I examined the piece of paper in which it came, and found it to be *The Madisonian*, printed in Washington city, Thursday, June 25th, 1840—the true Democratic Republican ticket. On the paper was the cut of an eagle, mortised, in which was printed "Harrison and Tyler." It had the appearance of being freshly torn, and when examined through a magnifying glass, was proven to be. The intelligence bearing it stated it was a piece of collar pattern.

Knowing he had no such hair in his possession, nor a paper of so old a date, but thinking an aunt residing in New York might have such, (Mr. Hurd having died at her residence,) R. C. Glover wrote her on the following week, January 23rd, in regard to it, requesting her to write, stating whether or not she had such a paper in her possession, or a pattern matching the enclosed, (he sent the paper received from the invisibles,) also to send it back. An answer was received, with the piece of paper matching the one first spoken of. Below is a true copy of the letter, in regard to the hair, received from the husband of the lady written to:

"GERRY, N. Y., Feb. 22, 1868. It is quite a test in regard to your grandfather's hair. Your aunt kept the hair in the upper bureau drawer; it seems the two pieces perfectly match; the edges look like a fresh tear. I knew it was Father Hurd's hair as soon as I saw it. It seems rather singular, to me, how they could get it out of the bureau when it was fastened, but so it seems."

We enclose the hair, according to your request. Very respectfully yours, &c., O. P. KING. Subsequently to this, Mr. Glover received the balance of the pattern and the hair, they (the spirits) putting it in an envelope which was lying upon the table.

But this was not the only occurrence, there being others of a similar nature. Mrs. Hattie P. Glover is a strong test medium, and a good clairvoyant physician, and no one has done more for the cause of humanity than she in her sphere of action, for thousands have been made to see the light and truth of a higher life, through her mediumship. Through her Eliza W. Farnham was warned not to sail on that fatal ship, the "Golden Gate," and through her she gained the central ideas of her work, "Woman and her Era," she being her daily counsel.

Spiritualism is progressing in Des Moines, and a good field is open for lecturers and mediums.

Yours, H. C. O'BLENES.

An old gentleman by the name of Gould lately married a girl scarcely nineteen years of age. After the wedding the juvenile bridegroom addressed to his friend Dr. G. the following couplet, to inform him of the happy event:

"So you see, my dear Sir, though eighty years old, A girl of nineteen falls in love with old Gould."

To which the Doctor replied: "A girl of nineteen may love Gould, it is true. But believe me, dear Sir, it is gold without U."

Principles will penetrate where the bayonets of armed men cannot; they ride upon the elements, and defy the whirlwind and the storm.

Original Essays.

THE PROBLEM OF AGES.

The Mystery of Life—The Logic of Death.

NO. VIII.

BY DYER D. LUM.

V. The Moral Argument.

"There is an apparent caprice in the dispensation of death strongly indicative of a hidden sequel." Why this universal and inherent shrinking from annihilation? Why this dread of non-existence? Why this reward of the unjust and suffering of the upright? More than one-half of the race die in childhood; is there no balancing sphere beyond? Life here is not complete, but segmentary; we see a part, the full circle is only revealed to sight in the future. Is conscience, the God within, only given us for this life? Then are we clothed with awful responsibilities inconsistent with such an ephemeral existence. The scheme of creation is perfect: evil is relative, never absolute. Yet the death of consciousness would be an absolute evil, the extinction of high moral faculties, "a doom without possible solace, standing alone in steep contradiction to the whole parallel moral universe."

The soul is capable of endless progress without self-exhaustion, and it responds with insatiable faculty and desire to the infinite call. There can be but one inference from this:

"Our thoughts are boundless; through our frames are frail; Our souls immortal, though our bodies decay."

2. Wings on a young bird convince us that it was intended to fly; so spiritual faculties in man are conclusive that he is intended for the complete expression of them. The mere existence and growth of our bodies, teaches us that it implies a spiritual force, a preexisting cause, an adequate dynamic power. If this is necessary for the body, does it not certainly follow that the body is absolutely necessary for the continued existence of this spiritual power? The cause is not material, but expresses itself in material form; individualized, through it, but not eternally identified with it.

I lose a limb, but the will to move it is not lost with it. Sever all the limbs, the MAN still exists the same. His inner self is not impaired or weakened. Destroy at last his body, we then have the abstraction of consciousness; we simply miss it, and then can we justly conclude that it is not?

"But cannot claim an immortal mind; Let earth close its sacred trust; Yet goodness does not lie in the dust."

The arguments of the Materialist are entirely negative and rebutting. He can never rise to more than doubt. We feel no alarm at the phenomenon sleep, because we know from experience that it is transient; but in death, not having that experience, the Materialist dogmatizes from his ignorance; he doubts, but should never assert.

We have already dwelt on the fact that life is progressive, ever rising in the scale of existence. Not only a progress in the manner of organization, but a gradual dawning and evolution of consciousness is manifested. In the language of Coleridge:

"In the lowest forms of the vegetable and animal world we perceive totality dawning into individuality—these, the grand facts and substance of the class, the individuality is not only perfected in its corporeal sense, but begins a new series beyond the appropriate limits of physiology."

And evidence of this new series is manifested in the moral faculties and spiritual aspirations of the human soul that are infinite in their demands. It has been well said that:

"The sense of Existence, the ideas of Right and Duty, awful intuitions of God and immortality—these, the grand facts and substance of the spirit, are independent and indestructible. The basis of the Moral Law, they shall stand in every title, although the stars should pass away. For their relations and root are in that which upholds the stars, even with worlds unseen from the finite, whose majestic and everlasting arrangements shall burst upon us—as the heavens do through the night—when the light of this garish life gives place to the solemn splendors of eternity."

3. The highest aim of the moral being is progress toward, or attainment of, absolute virtue. We turn from the relative with deep longing and lofty aspirations for the absolute. Such progress is the insatiable demand of the moral nature, and, without immortality, it is not only impossible, but a blot upon the moral universe, declaring morality and virtue finite and relative, and our moral natures a curse instead of a blessing. Then might we be led to exclaim,

"What good came to my mind I did deplore, Because I perish must, and not live evermore."

4. We urge as evidence the old and much abused argument of universal belief. In every age and in every clime, man looks from the tomb toward heaven. Sage and savage alike bow to the shrine of their departed. In the remotest annals of the race, preserved in fossil remains, extending back to the time when the British Isles were a part of the Continent, and the larger portion were covered with glaciers, we find man religiously burying his kindred and providing food for the spirit's journey to its home. The demands of his affectional nature forbade nonentity. Love proclaims itself in the human breast superior to death, and looks forward to a blissful reunion hereafter. Such has ever been the universal response of the soul—in all ages and climes—to the "Logic of Death." It has ever risen superior to death, thereby asserting its indestructibility.

The Christian sages, the Indian warrior, the Grecian philosopher, the serpent and phallum worshiper, and the cave men of the stone-age, standing beneath the blue canopy of God's glorious and everlasting heavens, and reading the dictates of their inner natures, have all thought with Byron,

"Immortality o'ersteps All pains, all tears, all time, all fears, and peals Like the eternal thunders of the deep, Into my heart this truth—'There's no after forever.'"

5. Immortality is the mainspring of action in society and government. Admitting, as we do, that the Materialist may be as moral and upright as he who looks to a future life conditioned by the present, still, we contend that it throws additional radiance across our path, gives higher motives to duty, and is an unflinching balm in seasons of sorrow and bereavement. The unbeliever in immortality is seldom a propagandist; he hesitates to remove the staff on which you rely, even while he rejects it himself. He can render no aid that you are not already in possession of. Every motive to virtue that he can urge, you now have. To throw aside faith in immortality, is not to renounce morality, but in so doing you would discard many of the brightest and purest motives that ever actuated the soul. Is not the existence of such additional motives in the breast, their necessity in moral government, evidence of their truth? To think imperishable things, is the seal of the soul's immortality.

Human consciousness alone cognizes eternal truth, and its thirst for it is no idle fantasy luring it on to everlasting night. Man is not "merely a white interrogation-point lifted on to the black margin of matter to ask the answerless secret of the universe and be erased." 'Tis ignorance

alone that has declared the future a myth, and stifled the voice of Nature in the soul, thereby declaring the whole moral universe a paradox and an enigma.

"Is immortality deceptions man, And opens all the mysteries of his make. Without it, but his instincts are a riddle. Without it, all his virtues are a dream."

The organic evolution of life, the natural development of mental action, the inferences from analogies in Nature, the existence of an Infinite Being, and the existence of virtue and morality, all combine in emphatic attestation of that keynote of all action—IMMORTALITY. Listening to the inspired teachings of these divine witnesses, the mere world-logic of the Materialist, striking no responsive chord, is futile and barren; it excites no doubts in our inner selves while listening to the dictates of consciousness. The human soul, reposing on its consciousness of endless existence, has laughed at bodily perils and calmly awaited the moment of its deliverance, whether at the martyr's stake, on the burning deck, or the field of carnage.

"The soul secur'd in her existence, smiles At the drawn dagger, and defies its point."

HEAVEN AND HELL.

NUMBER ONE.

BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

Man's Natural Demands—God's only Command.

In all my treatment of myself and my fellow beings, this has been to me, for nearly fifty years, my only "infallible rule of faith and practice." Whatever question is presented to my mind for consideration, whether it relates to God, immortality, Heaven and Hell, or to men, women and children, in their domestic, social, commercial, governmental or ecclesiastical relations, my first inquiry is—not what the Jewish, Christian, Mahometan or Hindoo Bible says, nor yet what the Constitution and laws of the State, nation or kingdom say, but my first, last and only inquiry has been, What does human nature—MY NATURE, DEMAND? By this standard I settle all questions of individual, social, domestic, political, moral and religious duties and obligations.

The standard is infallible—my interpretations of it may be erroneous. So may those of Moses, David, Solomon, Isaiah, Paul and Jesus; so may those of Mahomet and Christa, and of all the prophets, Messiahs and Christs of the Dead, Past and the Living Present. They all may and have erred in their interpretations of this first and only Record ever given, directly, by God to man and woman as a sure guide of life. But the Record, the Bible, the Standard itself, is infallible truth. And the man who best understands the demands of his Nature, best understands the commands or will of God. He who most naturally and healthfully supplies those demands most perfectly obeys God. He is nearest to God. He is the truest and noblest man, the most devout and consistent worshiper of God. In him is God most perfectly incarnated and made manifest. He is, in the highest sense, "God made flesh to dwell with us." No matter by what name called, whether William Lloyd Garrison, Theodore Parker, Frances Wright, Robert Owen, John Brown, George Fox or Jesus Christ—the person who most perfectly knows and supplies the demands of his or her Nature, is in the highest sense "God made flesh to dwell with men," to be their Saviour and Redeemer.

I say not that he is the best Christian, for as that word is defined by the spirit, teachings and actions of the ministers and churches of what is called Christendom, it means, the more perfect the Christian, the more abandoned the sinner; the nearer they are to the slave-holding, war-making, rum-selling, wrathful, revengeful, malignant, murdering Christ of Christendom (so unlike the loving, gentle, self-forgetting, just and self-sacrificing Christ of Calvary), the further they are from love, justice, truth, honesty, good for evil, and a true, noble manhood or womanhood. The more of such a Christ, the less of a God of love and justice do they personify and manifest.

But I say that man or woman who most perfectly understands or supplies the demands of his or her Nature, is the truest, noblest and most heroic and divine man or woman; incarnates most of God; most truly dwells in Love and in God; lives most truly after the spirit and not after the flesh; is the noblest, most heroic and spiritually-minded man or woman. In a word—IS THE MOST PERFECT INCARNATION OF SPIRITUALISM AS A PHILOSOPHY AND A LIFE.

GOD IS GOD, AND HUMANITY IS HIS PROPHET. Neither Moses, David, Isaiah, Paul nor Christ; neither Mahomet, Christna, Socrates, Calvin, Fox, Wesley, Channing, Parker, Garrison, Clarkson nor John Brown, as individuals, are God's chosen prophets for the race. God never chose one man nor one woman to interpret his will as a law of life for all. But God ordained and sent HUMAN NATURE—or Humanity—to be the truest, most perfect and most infallible exponent of his Nature and Attributes to be found on this planet. Human Nature decides that "God is love, and that all who dwell in love dwell in God and God in them." Therefore my one great life motto is—GOD IS GOD, AND HUMANITY IS HIS PROPHET.

HEAVEN AND HELL. What and where is the Heaven that Human Nature demands, and the Hell that it does not demand? How does that Nature teach us to win the one and shun the other? BANNER OF LIGHT! Christendom and Heathendom decide this to be a question of vital importance, yet both sit in the region and shadow of death, of a dark, gloomy Night of Horror, on the subject. Will you allow me, through your columns, in a series of short letters (shorter than this) to give the LIGHT that is in me, in regard to the Heaven that Human Nature demands and the Hell that it abhors?

CALIFORNIA.

Sacramento Meetings.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—The Friends of Progress of this city (who are an incorporated body) met at their hall to-day, and passed the following preamble and resolutions, and ordered them to be published:

Whereas, Mrs. Laura Cuppy, our sister and co-laborer, has labored earnestly and efficiently with us during the past winter and spring, and has finally determined that it was for the interest of the cause of humanity that she should speak in San Francisco during the summer; and that though we regret that she is called from this field, still we know that many souls have been led from darkness into light, and been blessed while listening to her utterances of great truths, and as we appreciate her earnest soul; therefore, Resolved, That the Progressive Association of this city tender to her our best wishes and most cordially recommend her to all those who desire to become more familiar with the Harmonical Philosophy, as an honest, able, earnest and talented speaker.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the *Banner of Light* for publication, and a certified copy be tendered to Mrs. Cuppy.

By order of Association, E. F. WOODWARD, Secretary.

Miss E. H. Fuller's engagement in San Francisco ends on the 6th of September. She will speak for us the last three Sundays in September. On the first of October Mrs. Cuppy will commence a course of lectures.

E. F. WOODWARD, Secretary Board of Trustees.

Sacramento City, Cal., Aug. 16th, 1868.

WISCONSIN.

Notes from Mrs. Townsend Hoadley.

All hail, most glorious Banner and readers! I send you all most cordial greetings from this great thriving West, with full assurance that I love you still the same. Were every inch of this magnificent country made of solid gold and its inhabitants all angels, they could not steal from memory's holy sanctum sweet thoughts of Eastern homes and loving friends who have sheltered and blessed me in by-gone days, whose faces are hung in the galleries of my soul, too often gazed upon to become dusty or dim. God bless you, dear ones, and may our past associations bear fruits of happy reunion in coming time, which shall make us all feel that it was well.

Since leaving dear old New England I have not been asleep, or unmindful of our glorious philosophy, but have said my say whenever and wherever I could, and I find many earnest, good Spiritualists; whose whose lives are true and honest. My dear husband and self have been on a tour into the north of this State as far as Wantona to visit some relatives of mine. We made inquiries for them when within a mile or two of their home, and were told that a man called the *Spiritual Benjamin* lived so-and-so. We said, "That is the place we wish to find," and I can assure you we were well paid for our journey over eighteen miles of sandy roads, in the true, glorious confidence these friends have in the ministry of angels, who came to them through their own children, several years ago, when their home was indeed in the wilds of the West. By these holy comforts have they been sustained through years of hard toil and privation, and I look upon them to-day as being abundantly rich, though in humble circumstances. From their home we came to Berlin, where we found some good souls working for the cause, and were invited by one of the Hamilton brothers to lecture in their hall on Friday evening, Sept. 15th, which I did to a goodly audience of intelligent people. Yesterday we came from Berlin to this beautiful town of Omro, thinking to pass on to Nimah, where we hope to visit a dear cousin, who is also a good worker.

Called on Messrs. Wilcox and Thompson, who are among the prominent Spiritualists, and were so cordially invited to remain over the Sabbath to attend their Lyceum and give a lecture, that we accepted, and have been well pleased to find a nice hall, with pictures, and good accommodations for their little sunny-faced children, who seem to participate in the exercises with an earnestness that means success. Mr. Wilcox is Conductor, and fills his office with credit to himself. We are now under the hospitable roof of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, after having given a lecture this afternoon to a good, attentive audience, and feel this sweet rest that ever comes to weary wanderers in the atmosphere of a harmonical home.

Shall go from here to-morrow, and as ever in the past, be subject to the power of life's current that bears us all on in eternity. When its waves will bear us Eastward again, God only knows, but sure it is, when that happy time comes, I shall grasp your dear hands with a strength that will assure you you have never been forgotten. I am not homesick here; oh no. The country is beautiful, full of growing wealth; the people are kind, good, and my dear husband gives me many opportunities to see the country and understand its vast resources; but you of the tried and true, you who have given me life in the midst of death, you who have warmed me with your heart-love, who have cheered me in your homes and made me one with you, have woven around my being chords of purest and true affection that time, distance, and I think eternity, will not sunder—I love you, and will not attempt to deny it, my prayer must ever be that the sacred light of our blessed peace religion may fall upon your path with its cheering rays, until the angel summons you to the Summer-Land. Truth's mighty car rolls on. Human minds are picking up its jewels more and more each day. Let us live our highest truths, ever looking heavenward.

M. S. TOWNSEND HOADLEY.

Omro, Wis., Sept. 20th, 1868.

ILLINOIS.

Bigotry in Dundee.

EDS. BANNER OF LIGHT.—I am seventy-three years old. I have been a Spiritualist for about sixteen years, after fighting against it for two years. I do not believe that spirits communicate—I know it.

Bro. W. F. Jamieson was engaged by myself to give a course of lectures here, although I informed him before he came that it would be difficult to do much in a place where sectarianism has had way so long. He commenced a course on Monday evening, Jan. 20th, to a small audience, at the Good Templar's Hall. On the second evening there was a full house. One or two bigots present notified Mr. Jamieson, at the conclusion of his second lecture—which was a little too strong meat for babes—that he could not have use of the room for any more lectures. Mr. Jamieson said he understood that the room had been engaged for the course of lectures. I arose and stated that I had hired the hall of the proper authorities—the Trustees. The lecture for the following evening was then announced.

On the next day the sectarians were busy notifying the people that there would be no meeting by the Spiritualists. They succeeded in getting the key from the janitor, by false representations. An hour before the time of meeting a key was mysteriously procured, and the meeting was held, much to the discomfiture of those who styled themselves "Christians."

On the following evening there was a full attendance, and a good interest manifested.

I sent an invitation to discuss Spiritualism and the Bible to the Rev. Charles Morton, a Baptist clergyman, who had given a bitter lecture against Spiritualism, calling it "demonology." I presented the letter to him in person, of which the following is a copy:

"REV. CHARLES MORTON.—Dear Sir: Several weeks ago you preached a sermon in relation to Spiritualism, from which it is inferred that you believe that Spiritualism is demonology. Would you be kind enough to give us, who are believers in Spiritualism as the work of good spirits, an opportunity to learn in full the grounds upon which you claim to base your conclusion that Spiritualism is from an entirely evil source, and your reasons for believing that spirits of our departed friends do not communicate with earth's inhabitants? We are not willingly misled, if we are deceived. Can you show us our error, if we are indeed in error? This would seem to be within your province, as a minister of the gospel—to prove to us, if you can, that we are under the influence and control of demons. To the end that reasons may be heard, pro and con, we would invite you to a kindly, brotherly discussion with an advocate of our cause, whom we will select."

Yours truly, E. W. AUSTIN, and other Spiritualists.

After reading the letter twice, he said he would not stoop so low as to discuss with Spiritualists. I told him I was getting old, and if I did not have the truth I would like to get it. He replied:

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENG.
KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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Organization.

Amid a storm of excitement, on a certain occasion in the political history of our country, Daniel Webster advised the members of Congress to imitate "the mariner who has been driven about for days upon a tempest-tossed sea," and take an "observation," that they might determine how far they had been led from the subject under discussion.

This advice might prove beneficial to a certain class of Spiritualists. While some accepted the fact of modern Spiritualism as only one link in the great chain running through the centuries and embracing alike the inspired words of the Hebrew prophet and the Delphic oracle, to a large number the knowledge came like a storm. Anchored, as they were, safe under the lee of old established creeds and customs, having nothing to do but to rock idly upon the waves of popular opinion, they were suddenly awakened from their spiritual lethargy by a hurricane blowing off shore—a whirlwind of new experiences, truths hitherto undreamed of—and were forced to quit the beliefs established for them, slip their cables and put to sea—that sea whose vast, unsounded tides skirt the white beach of life immortal.

And now it becomes such to take an "observation," and see if, taking their increased advantages into consideration, they are making due progress on this impromptu voyage. As they can no longer be guided by the old landmarks of theology, why waste time in endeavoring to gain distant glimpses of them through the telescope as they fade from view—in other words, why endeavor to square the old with the new? One has, so to speak, budded, blossomed, and given forth its fruit, and is now fast hurrying to decay, while the other is capable of endless expansion and ever-increasing usefulness. The duty of all true Spiritualists is to press onward, Columbus-like, in this enterprise, and make a demonstration of the faith they hold.

Organization is the "observation" which must be taken; only by gaining a knowledge of our strength, and then putting forth that strength in continued efforts to present our views to the world, shall we succeed in reaching and freeing those "who through fear of death are all their lifetime subject to bondage." The true idea of organization has been broached by us in another article, but its importance warrants its re-statement here. The effort to organize must be made in a spirit which "despises not the day of small things." Christ's first entry into Jerusalem was not amid thronging thousands shouting "Hosanna to the Son of David." Years elapsed from the time when the boy Jesus disputed with the Doctors, to the hour when the man came to his triumph and subsequent martyrdom. And so with his second coming, in our generation. Patient effort for the gradual increase of facilities for presenting the claims of our faith must be put forth, many sacrifices made, ere this world of geometric precision will acknowledge the fact and listen to the voice of angel communications. No religious denomination of past ages has grown into such vast proportions as to require a multitude of leaders at once. Rank and file, and a proper discipline among them, are as necessary to a sect as to an army. Not that we have not a vast array of believers, but we have hitherto given too little attention to discipline. Our local societies need strengthening, both pecuniarily and by an increase of the spirit of harmony; only by multiplying these societies can we hope for success in our grand undertaking. "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." As in Nature, so in the field of practical faith, the germ must come ere the harvest is born.

Let Spiritualists make every effort, therefore, to fortify their local organizations. As the walls of Jerusalem were rebuilt by each laborer being called to work on that portion nearest his own habitation, so must we erect the walls of our spiritual Zion by each working for the society nearest him. (First the walls (local societies) to defend; then the temple (a National Association) to beautify—let this be our motto, and with the assistance of God and the angels our victory is sure.

The Number of Spiritualists.

We notice that several papers that bear an instinctive hatred to the growth of Spiritualism and its elevating faith are busying themselves with sneering at the so-called "report" made to the Rochester Convention, relative to the number of Spiritualists in the United States. The report was in obedience to a resolution adopted by the previous annual Convention, and was but a formal affair. The facts in the matter are simply these: "A review of the communities appealed to for authentic intelligence on the subject made any returns at all, and those which did were small and unimportant places in point of population—in many cases where Spiritualists did not pretend to support lecturers at all. The returns were, in fact, so ridiculously meagre and incomplete, and on their face showed so little attention from the parties to whom the general request for information had been made, that it was by common consent passed over with no more than the merely formal notice which due respect for the intent of its author and the committee required.

One of these overjoyed papers, we observe, jumps eagerly at the statement of some reporter that "in all the United States there are but forty thousand Spiritualists." If we allow even that only so many were thus reported to the Convention, it proves nothing to the fact, for the single sufficient reason which we have already cited. But there is nothing like truth either in the statement itself nor its inference. The secular reporters are forgetful of the circumstances under which such a statement was made. What they were we have already related. We affirm that which we ourselves personally know, but what was not reported to the Convention at all, that there are quite twenty thousand believers in Spiritualism in Boston alone! Then let us reckon up the whole chain of principal and minor cities and towns stretching between the coast and the Mississippi, leaving out altogether the Southern

and Pacific cities, and we have a host of believers which the too eager traducers of a venial and fawning press would not be disposed to encounter in the shape of a fact. But we rest on our single statement in reference to Boston alone. When we know what a large number of Spiritualists there are here, how our meetings usually fill the largest hall in the city, what large Conventions are steadily held here, and how the united influence of such a large body is felt upon the entire community, we think our assertion worth more in the minds of truth-loving people than any quantity of misrepresentations by a selfish and timid press.

There is one point to be regarded in this matter which might perhaps escape the general notice: the very fact that such indifference was manifested by Spiritualists everywhere to the request of the last year's Convention for a return of the number of believers in every community, is proof positive that our faith is not extended by the aid of any of the instrumentalities of proselytism. Were these employed among us as they are by the sects, there would inevitably be a partisan desire to present as imposing a show of numbers to the world as figures could be made to rake together. But Spiritualists do not array themselves after the order of the sects. Their religion is not of the proselyting sort, but rather like the sun in the heavens, whose beneficent rays shed light and warmth everywhere, and do all the good possible without reckoning it. Besides, Spiritualism being in no sense a sect, its believers are not to be counted in the way the sects count their followers. There is a germ of the heavenly truth to-day swelling and growing in many a human heart, that would never think it necessary, even if proper, to take sides as the sectarians do. Vital religious belief requires no such thing. The press in the interest of the sects will have quite enough to do, for years to come, in counting up their own losses which are now openly confessed from nearly all the pulpits of the land.

Science Confirming the Vision of Clairvoyance.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago A. J. Davis, known at that time as "The Poughkeepsie Seer," while in the state of independent clairvoyance (see "Nature's Divine Revelations," pp. 133, 209, et seq.), describing the origin and constitution of the sun of our solar system, said: "The sun is an accumulation and agglomeration of particles thrown from other spheres. * * * Its igneous composition contains Heat, Light and Electricity. * * * The internal portion of the Sun is an immense mass of liquid fire, evolving an atmosphere of heat, light and electricity."

About the same time, in 1843, Arago first saw these rosy protuberances (atmospheres) which he described as "reddish flames which sprang out from the surface of the moon during an eclipse." Until 1851 these protuberances were, by all astronomers, thought to belong to the moon. The clairvoyant was not, therefore, impressed with the then prevailing astronomical notions while describing the fiery condition of the sun and its atmosphere. Now let us read what the astronomers have discovered during the recent eclipse:

"One of the astronomers sent to India by the French Government to observe this magnificent eclipse, telegraphed that at the point he was stationed he observed it under the most perfect conditions; that at the moment when the moon interposed and covered completely the view of the sun, he was able to obtain a good view of the famous 'rose-colored protuberances,' which have been the vexed question of astronomers, that he found them of a gaseous nature and belonging to the sun. He further added, 'The spectra was most remarkable and unexpected.' * * * From the observations taken by these gentlemen there can be no doubt that the problem is now solved, several repeated experiments proving in a most conclusive manner that the corona merely consists of inflammable gas in a high state of combustion."—Paris Correspondent of the New York Times, Sept. 27, 1853.

In the "Stellar Key" Mr. Davis says that the enveloping stratified spirit sphere, denominated the "Summer-Land," will one day be seen and demonstrated by the telescope.

The Causes of Insanity.

We find an elaborate sketch in the Cincinnati Enquirer of a visit by a correspondent to the Insane Asylum at Carthage, Ohio, in the course of which the writer descends reflectively on the several causes of insanity. "He goes on to say, speaking generally on the subject, that 'religious enthusiasts are no longer thought divine, but many are still deprived of their reason by dwelling upon the awful aspect of future punishment, instead of the gentle promises of true Christianity.' And he proceeds: 'But if we analyze the subject carefully, we shall find that the causes of religious madness everywhere are the same: ignorance, prejudice, mental cowardice, and the want of a correct perception of the alliance between the physical present and the impalpable future; and we may therefore hope that as enlightenment shines with a brighter radiance upon all classes of society, this type of derangement may be vastly diminished.' In the table furnished by this very intelligent writer, taken from the last Report of the Asylum in question, the causes of the insanity of the fifteen hundred and forty-nine patients are classified; and we find, on running it carefully over, that while SIXTY-FOUR patients were in confinement from 'religious excitement,' only EIGHT are set down to the charge of Spiritualism; and all Spiritualists know that these cases need never have belonged to the list, had they been treated by persons conversant with the true laws of life. The statement is full of food for reflection.

The American Association of Spiritualists.

N. Frank White, we are requested to state, has been appointed Agent to do the missionary work for the new national organization. Mr. White is widely and popularly known as an able and energetic speaker, and will perform the duties assigned him acceptably, we have no doubt. The Middle and New England States are assigned as his field of labor; while A. B. French, of Ohio, the other Agent, will have charge of the Western States! Mr. French is a man of sterling worth, and one of the ablest lecturers in our ranks. We hope they will confine their labors to States where no Associations or missionary labor is now being performed.

Music Hall Meetings.

Sunday after next, October 18th, the course of lectures on the Spiritual Philosophy, will commence in Music Hall in this city. Mr. Ferguson, of Tennessee, will be the first speaker. He will be followed by some of the best talent in our ranks. The course will continue to the close of April. An excellent quartette choir is also engaged. Those who desire to secure seats should procure season tickets at once. There is double the demand for them that there was last season. Apply at the counter of the Banner of Light Bookstore, 138 Washington street. Price of ticket \$3.

The New England Lyceums are to hold a Convention in this city, Oct. 28th. See call in another column. "Rally, all!"

Lecture and Wedding.

Nearly all the San Francisco, California, papers have commented on the lectures given by Mrs. Laura Cuppy at Maguire's Opera House in that city, at which place she has been lecturing four months with remarkable success. Most of them speak of the lectures and the spiritual philosophy with great liberality, and all admit that the audiences fill the house; one paper adding that "there are not less than ten thousand Spiritualists in San Francisco."

Mrs. Cuppy it seems is doing more good work in California than anybody in the States, has any idea of. At the close of one of her lectures she united a couple in marriage, having been legally empowered to do so by the following certificate, which we copy from the Daily Times:

"To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that the religious society known as Friends of Progress, of Sacramento City, California, incorporated the 13th day of June, 1863, placing the utmost confidence in our Sister, Laura Cuppy, as a progressive reformer and public lecturer, do hereby grant her this certificate of fellowship, and recognize her as a regularly ordained minister of the Gospel of truth, and, as such, authorize her to solemnize marriage in accordance with law.

Given under our hands and seals, in Sacramento City, State of California, this 21st day of September, 1868.

JOSEPH HERR, Secretary.

The Daily Call says that before performing the marriage rite, Mrs. Cuppy preliminarily remarked that "the Spiritualists were treated as outcasts by all religious denominations—had, in fact, to accept the 'isolation of hate,' but yet were compelled, heretofore, to resort to those denominations to have rites performed, which Spiritualists, being human, required in common with everybody else." Then by virtue of the power conferred by the State to incorporated religious bodies, she performed the ceremony of marriage for the couple who stood before her. The Chronicle says she remarked to them "that marriage was a sacred covenant between souls, based upon respect, consecrated by true affection, and commanding but legal recognition of the more sacred ties between souls." The ceremony was simple and in accordance with the ideas of Spiritualists: "Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife—to love, honor and cherish, and to be to her a faithful companion while life shall last?" After an affirmative response by the bridegroom, the same question with the necessary change of gender was asked the bride, who responded in the affirmative. After joining their hands, Mrs. C. said: "Then, by the power vested in me, I pronounce you, Harry, and you, Annanda, husband and wife."

The audience then dispersed, evidently satisfied with the lecture, and the ceremony of a Spiritualist wedding.

The Two Worlds.

Ticknor & Fields have in press a new book of poems by Longfellow, entitled, "New England Tragedies," from which we take the following fine description of the spirit-world:

"Some men there are, I have known such, who think That the two worlds—the seen and the unseen, The world of matter and the world of spirit—Are like the hemispheres upon our maps, And touch each other one, at a point. But these two worlds were not divided thus. Save for the purposes of common speech. They form one globe, in which the parted seas All flow together and are intermingled, While the great continents remain distinct."

—The spiritual world Lies all about us, and its avenues Are open to the unseen feet of phantoms That come and go, and we perceive them not Save by their influence; or when at times A most mysterious Providence permits them To manifest themselves to mortal eyes."

Woman in the Horticultural Field.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a box containing several choice varieties of delicious grapes, apples and pears, from Miss Laura A. White, of Hartford, Conn. This lady has by her own efforts prepared the garden where this beautiful fruit matured, and has added another example of the capabilities of woman when rightly directed. She is a firm believer in the Spiritual Philosophy, and duly appreciates the encouragement bestowed on her from time to time by the voices of the invisibles, assuring her that "in due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not!"

The Hartford Daily Courant, speaking of the State Fair held in that city, at which Miss White received two premiums for grapes and one for apples, thus notices the lady and her work: "Miss Laura A. White, a resident on Webster street, is certainly a remarkable woman. She a few years ago purchased half an acre of ground; cultivated it herself; set out her own trees and vines; and now, as a reward for her labor and industry, exhibits six varieties of grapes, four of pears, and five of apples. The Delaware grapes from her vines are some of the finest on exhibition."

To Lecturers and Societies.

It is of vital importance that the BANNER OF LIGHT LIST OF SPEAKERS should be correct, otherwise it is of no use whatever. Now as we publish this list gratuitously, (and it occupies much space), lecturers and corresponding secretaries of Spiritual Societies in every part of the country should promptly notify us of all appointments, and changes of appointments, whenever they occur. It is impossible for us to keep the List free from errors, unless our request is fully complied with. Our endeavor is now, as it has ever been, to serve, impartially, all sections of the country.

The South American Earthquakes.

Later arrivals from South America bring additional details of the terrible scenes during the late earthquake. In Ecuador it is now stated that the list of killed and wounded amounts to 40,000. In Peru the dead are yet hidden under the ruins of the houses in many instances, and a stench infects the air which it is thought will produce a pestilence. A band of robbers are roaming through the ruins, robbing every one who has anything left.

"The Harvester."

We shall notice as it deserves "The Harvester," a new book from the press of William White & Co., which is meeting with such wide favor. It is a sterling work, of clear and comprehensive ideas, orderly in its discussion of its proposed theme, and abounding with the spirit of charity and truth. Religion is its inspiration. Few can read it without receiving deeper religious impressions than before.

The Spiritualist.

Mr. J. Baker, publisher of the Wisconsin Spiritualist, desires us to say that the cause of the delay in the publication of the September number of his paper is its removal to another port of Wisconsin, and changing the paper from a monthly to a weekly issue. It will appear in its new form in a few days. His subscribers, we are requested to say, will be fully supplied.

Dr. P. B. Randolph has removed his office from Church street to 46 Pleasant street, where his services as seer, etc., may be had.

Our New Music Book—The Spiritual Harp.

This elegantly printed and superbly bound volume, recently issued from the press of William White & Co., Boston, is having already a large sale. The editors of this work deserve great credit for the able manner in which they performed their arduous labors in getting up for our Societies and the Lyceums a work so admirably adapted to the purposes for which it has been published. Unexpectedly to us, the press throughout the country of all shades of politics and religious views, have pronounced it at least equal to any singing-book extant. For example, The Chicagoan remarks:

"We have here a collection of harmonies, songs, duets, anthems, choruses, chants and spirit songs, designed for the use of Spiritualists, and adapted to their forms of worship. The book is convenient in form, beautifully printed, and the poetry set to music. Every denomination of religious worshippers has its peculiar forms and ceremonies, and a literature adapted to its views. The Spiritualists are no exception to this rule. It is but a few years since Spiritualism first assumed the form of a definite and well defined belief. Now it numbers its hundreds of thousands; it has its societies, organizations and Lyceums all over the land. It numbers among its believers many of the ablest writers and thinkers. It also has a literature of its own. In looking over the collection we find selections from Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, Mrs. Hemans, Tennyson, Longfellow, and, in fact, from all of our most poetic and to the interest and usefulness of the book. There are also poems purporting to come from the spirits of the departed. Here is one from William Penn:

"Hark! I heard the angels calling,
And the choir of saints and
Error's throne is trembling, falling:
Truth presents her with a shroud,
Pleading her robes of mourning;
Lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Hearts beat high with wild commotion,
And a speaking voice is heard:
'Tis no dream of life's fleeting,
From the world of spirits brought,
Who are playing games of chances,
And will surely come to naught,
But 'tis truth from the Eternal,
That is winding now its way
Back to earth from worlds beyond,
Changing darkness into day."

The original contributions to the work are from such writers as Andrew Jackson Davis, Cora Daniels (Cora L. V. Planché), J. M. Peckles, Hudson Tuttle, Emma Tuttle, A. B. Whiting, Mrs. Corbin, J. O. Barrett, Lizzie Doten, Warren Chase, S. C. Colburn, P. B. Randolph, Mrs. M. A. Whitaker, J. G. Clark, Dr. J. M. Lawrence, Wm. Denton, N. E. White, Mary F. Davis, Mrs. J. H. Conant, A. A. Wheelock and L. B. Brown. The department of "Spirit Echoes" is made up of choice selections from the best and most noted of ancient and modern reformers, among whom are Confucius, Plato, Jesus Christ, St. John, Cicero, Burke, Blackstone, Tacitus, Moses, Ben. Johnson, Paul, Walt. Whitman, A. J. Davis, Soerens, Mahomet, Gerrit Smith, Lydia M. Child, Mrs. H. E. M. Brown and Shakespeare.

There is one peculiarity in the name of Jesus which, we believe has not been customary. In quoting from the New Testament, for instance, if the quotation is from the sayings of Jesus, it is preceded with "He said," and if from the words of any other person, it is preceded with "He said." This is a most original and useful feature, and is from some of the most gifted American composers, such as Lowell Mason, G. F. Root, J. G. Clark, A. B. Whiting, J. H. Whittemore, etc. The collection, as a whole, is a very creditable production.

The New York Independent, one of the ablest edited papers in the country, notices the HARP as follows:

"This book is made, primarily, for the use of Spiritualists, in their public and social meetings; but, besides the hymns which continue to meet their peculiar sentiments, there is a great variety of others, suited to the wants of people of every religious denomination, and fitted especially for use at philanthropic and social gatherings, picnics, etc. Among the authors we notice the names of Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Hemans, J. G. Holland, Mrs. E. Clarke Smith, George S. Burleigh, Lizzie Doten, Adelaide Proctor, Park Benjamin, Theodore Parker, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Frances S. Osgood, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sarah F. Adams, John Pierpont, J. G. Whittier, Alfred Taylor, Bayard Taylor, Wm. H. Channing, Alice Cary, Frances B. Gage, and many others less known to fame. Some of the hymns, however unobjectionable in sentiment, are not of a high order of merit in other respects; but there is not a hymn book in the world of which the name may be said, 'Of the music we cannot speak with so much confidence; but a musical friend who has examined it assures us that it embraces a great variety of excellent pieces, and that, on the whole, the work is a success.'"

Brief Items.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.—L. Armstrong writes under date of Sept. 13, as follows: "Miss E. H. Fuller lectured to us to-day, forenoon and evening, and has been engaged for three Sundays more. Mrs. Laura Cuppy follows her for two months."

WAUKEGAN, ILL.—Mr. W. F. Wentworth writes encouragingly. He says: "There is a deep interest manifested by this people to know more of the truths of Spiritualism. May their desires be gratified. Our glorious philosophy is fast gaining ground in this Western world."

Mrs. Hattie E. Wilson, writing from Garland, Mo., where she is located at present, says: "I have been an laborer in the spiritual ranks for seven years, and if their platform is known to me, it is no bond, no sect, no creed, no dogma and no caste. Never have I seen it so practically illustrated, either in public or private, as at the Cape Cod Camp-meeting. May the Gods of Knowledge and Wisdom protect that point gained until another year, when the principle that inspired us may have become eighteen carats more refined, spiritually."

Mr. E. Sprague, now on a lecturing tour West, writes from Faribault, Minnesota, that "The country is groaning with the abundant harvests of the season. Middle New York has an uncommon yield of hay, large one of corn and spring grain. Western New York has a light crop of corn, by reason of late planting. Western Canada has suffered exceedingly from drought. Passing through Michigan, I judge they have a larger yield than last year. Wisconsin the same. But Minnesota is claimed to be the banner State for wheat. Citizens here reckon the wheat crop from eighteen to twenty millions of bushels. Corn is good, though some of the latest is damaged a little by frost."

New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co. have issued the following new musical compositions: "Aspiration," by V. B. Aubert, with a beautiful female figure represented on the title page, price 50 cents; "Brilliant Jewels," a melody introducing popular melodies, arranged by Addison P. Wyman, price 75 cents; "My Mother's Name," a ballad by W. T. Wrighton; "Alleen," song, duet and chorus, words by George Cooper, music by W. F. Wellman, Jr.; "Keep the ball a-rolling, or Grant in the chair," a campaign song and chorus.

S. Brainard & Sons, 203 Superior street, Cleveland, Ohio, have forwarded to us the following pieces of music: "Gentle Nellie comes no more," song and chorus, words by Dexter Smith, music by S. B. Charles; "Ring, Ring the Bell," song and chorus, by Mrs. Mary E. Kall, music by Wm. T. Rogers; "Grant, a nation's hero," song and chorus, by Wm. T. Rogers; "Ulysses is his name," campaign song and chorus, by Dexter Smith; "Not for Seymour," campaign song and chorus, by Dexter Smith.

Pennsylvania.

By a card in another column it will be seen that the committee of the State Society of Spiritualists request our friends in that State to make arrangements for the annual meeting of the Society, which takes place Oct. 14th. Read the appeal.

We acknowledge the receipt of a bushel of fine flavored, ripe apples from a friend in the country. Many thanks are due the donor. Hudson, we shall expect something from your farm, now that you are gathering in the harvest.

New Publications.

SMOKING AND DRINKING, the title of three terse, pointed, lively and telling magazine articles, written by James Parton, and published in the Atlantic Monthly, and now republished in book and pamphlet form by Ticknor & Fields. Such practical, scientific, ad hominem truths as Mr. Parton tells in these papers will do more good, a thousand times, than all the rhetorical speeches and writings of reformed smokers and drinkers for a whole generation. To read, for instance, his "Inebriate Asylums, and a Visit to One," is enough to make any intelligent man, who is in the slightest degree addicted to the use of stimulants, abstain henceforth entirely. This little book will prove a real missionary wherever it goes; and we advise all who buy it to be sure and hand it around among their acquaintances, that it may do the actual service for reform, where reform is so much needed, of which it is fully capable.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for October contains Explorations in Lower California (illustrated); The Chinese Embassy to the Foreign Powers (illustrated); The Fire Log; George and Robert Stephenson (illustrated); The Day of My Death; The Military Form of the Civil War; Origin of Printing; The Woman's Kingdom (illustrated); The Moonstone Mass; Our Neighbors, the Birds; Maximilian of Mexico; The New Timothy, VI; How we kept our Tents; Trinity Season; An Angel in a Coal Mine; The March of Attila; and Editorial Matter in Great Variety. It forms one of the most attractive numbers of this popular magazine. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

POTNAM'S MONTHLY for October is attractive to a liberal degree, and runs splendidly in the race with the other magazines. Its table of contents is as follows: Up and Down Mont Blanc; Farther; St. Beuve, the Critic; Walling, a Tale of Chicago; Mine Oyster; The Maple Tree; The Protestant Progress against Protestantism; Too True; The Land of the Troubadours; Louis Napoleon and his Empire; A Brilliant Affair; Pacific Railroad Grants; In Tune; University Life in Germany; and the Monthly Chronicle. It is a fine number of a favorite magazine, and may be had at Williams's counter, 109 Washington street, Boston.

We have before us a diary, published by A. Winch, of Philadelphia, written down by an individual whose experience is singularly profound, and with which he could not resist the impulse to acquaint the world. The title of the book is quaint—"EXIT CALIBAN AND SHYLOCK"—and simply prefigures the end of the reign of Animalism and Sharkism in human society. It is crammed full of thoughts—great and small—and cannot fail to supply volumes of suggestions, spiritual and intellectual.

OUR SCIENTIFIC VISITOR for October is certainly a handsome and well-filled quarto magazine, published in Philadelphia. Its subscription price is only \$1.25 per year. The young people will be delighted with its tales and miscellaneous reading, while the illustrations will make their eyes glister with peculiar delight. The enterprising publishers furnish a marvellously cheap and truly valuable magazine.

The Free Religious Association of Boston have put forth, through Adams & Co., the Proceedings of the First Annual Meeting of that body, held in this city, May 23rd and 24th, 1868. The reported addresses contained in it are of themselves richly worth the cost of the handsome pamphlet.

THE NURSERY for October will tickle the very little ones more than ever. It tells a whole string of pleasant stories, and gives a fine choice of taking pictures. Miss Fanny Seaverns and J. L. Shorey & Co. are combinedly making a large mark with their most happy little enterprise.

PETERSON & BROTHERS publish a compact "campaign edition" of their LIVES OF SEYMOUR AND BLAIR, with portraits, which will be called for by the supporters of these candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency.

J. P. Mendum, of this city, publishes in paper covers, "ANXIETY AND DURATION OF THE WORLD," by G. H. Toulmin, M. D. It is packed with facts and reasoning, and will repay a perusal.

"THE PLUMPTON PULPIT" is the name of a new weekly pamphlet, with advertisements attached, giving one of Mr. Beecher's sermons for its contents. Published by J. B. Ford & Co., New York.

Lecture on Grammar.

Prof. Howe will deliver a lecture on Grammar as a Science, at Tremont Row, Hall 38, on the evening of Tuesday next, 6th October, inst.; through which he proposes to prove to his audience that he can secure as much grammatical education to them in a single hour, as students generally possess after a year's hard study! Having great faith in the Professor's system of teaching, we would certainly advise our readers to go and hear for themselves, and judge of this great advance movement in this very beautiful, though much confused and shamefully treated subject of education—Grammar. The lecture will commence at 8 P. M. He cordially invites parents, teachers, editors, clergymen, public school officials, and citizens generally, to an impartial criticism on his proposition.

Particular Notice.

Subscribers who may have occasion to change the address of their papers, should invariably name the town, county and State to which they are sent, as well as the town, county and State to which they desire them forwarded, when they change their localities; otherwise, we must wait until they do so. A little care in this particular will save us a deal of perplexity in endeavoring to hunt up the names in our mailing machine, besides lessening the annoyance such subscribers subject themselves to in consequence of the non-receipt of their papers at the places they desire them sent, through negligence to conform to the necessities of the case.

A New Paper in Indiana.

Among the new reform publications and papers, we are happy to name the "Herald of Reform," published at Indianapolis. The first two numbers contain the promise of an extended influence. The articles are fresh and able, and will make friends and readers. We heartily wish the new "Herald" success on his projected journey.

Obituary Notices.

It is frequently asked, "Do you charge for obituary notices?" Our answer is, No, we do not. They are, and always have been, printed gratuitously. But whenever friends voluntarily remit, we acknowledge the amount so received, and place it to the credit of the donation fund in aid of our Free Circles.

The Revolution in Spain.

Thus far has moved on triumphantly. The General of the army and the Prime Minister have joined the rebellion. Queen Isabella, a telegram says, has fled to France.

A FACT FOR REFLECTION.—Prof. Gamgee has made a report to the effect that one-fifth of the meat eaten in Great Britain, whether beef, mutton, veal, or lamb, is diseased. Prof. Gerlach states that half the meat consumed in Berlin is diseased. Upon which the Scientific American asks, "How about the United States? The butchers in New York say that the demand for beef has largely diminished in consequence of popular doubt upon this point."

Organization.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—I am, for one, very much obliged for the view you have given us as to this question of organization, and the establishment of a great central bureau or office for our government as Spiritualists.

I do not believe the individual particles are as yet sufficiently rounded to make good work, and therefore I am glad you do not favor the plan.

Truly yours very much,

D. WILDER.

State Treasurer's Office, Boston, Sept. 28th, 1868.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The *Chicago Advertiser* and monthly *Railway Guide* should be in the hands of all business men throughout the country. Those who send advertisements to Robinson reap rich harvests thereby.

Mrs. M. E. Cates, 21 Charter street, this city, is an excellent writing medium.

James Parton says in his new book, "Let all women for the next century but wear such restraining clothes as are now usual, and it is doubtful if the race could ever recover from the effects; it is doubtful if there could ever again be a full-orbed, bounding baby."

Brewers in England are experimenting on strychnine to see how far it is safe to use in manufacturing bitter ale. The statement is made on the authority of a London paper.

A stupid fellow tried to annoy a popular preacher by asking him whether the fatted calf was male or female. "Female, to be sure," was the reply; "for I see the male," looking his questioner full in the face, "yet alive in the flesh before me."

In Hungary, the recent earthquakes are attributed to the profanity of the people, and a general course of prosecution for blasphemy has been entered upon. The penalty is a fine of twenty-five florins and twenty blows with a stick.

The West Point cadets cost the Government nearly \$15,000 apiece; and not one in ten is worth the price.

A gentleman of Norfolk, Va., found \$300,000 in an old trunk a few days ago. It was all in Spanish milled dollars and Virginia paper currency of 1776.

The third section of the railway across the Alps by way of the Simplon was opened on the 6th of September. It is expected that this line will be much more important than the Mont Cenis route.

Nor BAD.—There is an up-town Episcopal Church in this city called the Church of St. James the Less. The irreverent boys of the vicinity call it the Church of the Little Jimmy.—*Present Age*.

Speaking of the high price of beef, a Philadelphia paper says that the same steers five years ago would have bellowed for joy at bringing one half the present rates.

An English amateur has attained the great speed of fifteen miles per hour with a velocipede.

A sensation has been created in New York by the discovery of the perfect remains of a human foot and leg, imbedded in some granite which quarrymen are blasting at the corner of Tenth avenue and Forty-second street.

The New York Commercial says the club houses of that city offer a much larger field for the influences of spiritual regeneration than John Allen's dance house or Kit Burn's dog pit. Though ostensibly dedicated to mental avocations, it is a well known fact that their pursuits are more convivial than literary.

A new harvester, called the "Young America," cuts the grain, threshes, cleans and racks it, all at one operation. The inventor claims that with two men and four horses it will do, in a single day, as much work as fourteen men and nineteen horses in the old-fashioned way.

A. J. Bell, of Covington, Ky., says he has found a perfect human head, of fungus growth and vegetable in substance, not larger than a goose's egg, in the heart of a maple tree, surrounded by a foot of green wood.

We learn that Mrs. Kate B. Robinson, trance teller, has returned to her rooms at No. 307 North Eleventh street, Philadelphia.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.—Our faith in Phenomenal Spiritualism is unwavering, for we have repeatedly witnessed and been the subject of tests which the most skeptical have failed to controvert. It has the positiveness of absolute knowledge.—*The Ohio Spiritist*.

A GOOD FITTER.—H. C. Clayton, merchant tailor, 29 and 31 Elm street. His stock of goods are inferior to no similar establishment in Boston; but, on the contrary, are superior in many respects. Good judgment and long experience in the business have been brought to bear to produce this favorable result—and, of course, as a natural sequence, Bro. Clayton is doing an extensive business.

In the approaching Peace Congress at Berne, Switzerland, women will be admitted on the same terms as men, and will be invited to propose questions and take part in the discussions.

Rev. Dr. Gurley, chaplain to Congress, died in Washington, Sept. 30.

Spiritualism in Chelsea.

DEAR BANNER.—Although the Spiritualists of Chelsea for a long time past have been slumbering, so far as outward demonstrations are concerned, and as the Church had supposed relapsed into a Rip Van Winkle sleep, we have again come to the surface, and our little bark is again launched upon the turbulent waters. The last two Sundays we were addressed by that earnest adherent and fearless expounder of our humanitarian philosophy, the newly appointed agent of the National Spiritualist Association, N. Frank White, whose clear and conclusive arguments, as well as scientific demonstrations of the subjects discussed, sent a thrill of conviction and enthusiasm to the hearts and souls of all true reformers present. "Fidelity" and "The Saviors of the Race" were clearly and "common-sensibly" dwelt upon as subjects last Sunday, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a respectable audience convened to listen to the burning words of eloquence as they fell from his inspired lips. Mr. White is a true and noble worker, and is doing much toward spreading the glad tidings of great joy to the encumbered and creed-bound souls of old Winslowmet. Our Lyceum is in as flourishing a condition as could be expected under the circumstances, and we wish here to impress the importance upon all true Spiritualists of taking an interest in this Lyceum movement, as it is the only true substantial stepping-stone which leads up to the temple of religious freedom. "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined," and let us not be any longer hypocrites, but make practical what we preach, and send our children, one and all, to be taught the rudimentary principles afloat, that we may grow up strong and mighty in battling with superstition and error.

Chelsea is not dead, and if we mistake not the signs of the times, a great change will soon be wrought in the conversion of men and women from a belief in the revelations of the dead past, and they will become the recipients of the inspiration of the living present.

With many kind wishes for the *Banner of Light*, and a hope that it will wave triumphant on the field of battle,

I am yours for truth and progress,
JOHN H. CRANDON.

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 Assortment of Spiritualist Books. Complete works of A. J. Davis, comprising twenty-two volumes, nineteen cloth, three paper; Nature's Divine Revelations, 3rd edition, just out, a vol. Great Harmonies, complete—Physician, Teacher, Seer, Reformer and Thinker, Magic Staff, an Autobiography of the author. Fennella, Harbinger of Health, Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions, Morning Lectures (20 discourses), History and Philosophy of Evil, Philosophy of Spirit Intercourse, Philosophy of Spiritual Providence, Harmonious Man, Free Will and Coercion, Religion, Present Age and Future Life, Approaching Crisis, Death and After Life, Children's Progressive Lyceum Manual, Arabia, or Mystic Cities, and Stellar Key to the Summer Land—last two just issued, and most highly interesting and instructive. Whole set (twenty-two volumes) \$25; a most valuable present for a family or a circle.

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 etc. 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.

We can now supply a few complete volumes of twelve numbers of the new London monthly, Human Nature, edited by J. H. Burleigh, price 25 cents. It is a most interesting and well conducted monthly, and devoted to religious and other science, as well as Spiritualism.

Send us five dollars, and we will send by mail Arabia, Stellar Key, and the large and elegant illustrated book, "The Key to the Summer Land," which we have a few yet left. To secure this liberal discount you must send soon.

"Young England" is sold, but we have another rare and remarkable English book, CALISTO, or Festalizing Principles, by ELIZABETH LAMPE, showing every position of the human body, in two thousand figures, each one priced 85.00. Teachers of gymnastics, if not in possession of a copy of this book, would find it of great value; but as a library book it is valuable for reading, as its full large pages are mostly taken up with the engravings.

Black Spots.

Our nation still continues to stain and mar its brilliant history with its utterly unjustifiable and cruel persecutions and murders of the Indians. Almost every week the hungry maw of barbarian cruelty is fed with the murder of some few of the remaining owners and original occupants of this country, from whom we have stolen or fraudulently obtained our titles to the land, the water and the game, and now seek the lives of the few poor beggar remnants of the once powerful tribes.

It is a part of the American character to trample on the weak and downcast, and ridicule and abuse the unfortunate and unsuccessful; and this treatment of the Indians is a marked national illustration. It is as if a full grown man, with all the strength and power of manhood, should attack, abuse and murder a young child, and justify himself by saying the child three stones or stole his apples, while his greater object really was to get rid of the child and use its clothes and toys.

A nation as large and strong as ours should be deterred by shame, if by nothing else, from pursuing with its armies and murdering with its guns the poor, half-starved remnants of the race which is by natural law fast departing forever from the continent it once owned and held, and to all of which it still has God's title—the boast of Christians to the contrary, notwithstanding. It would be far cheaper, as well as better, to feed and clothe them and let them run where they please, which would leave a bright spot instead of a black one on our history. But we have inherited too much of the cruelty of our Christian ancestors, which justified the worse than savage barbarisms of South America and Mexico, and touched, also, like an early frost, the hearts of our Puritan sires.

We had hoped, from efforts made recently, that a better policy would prevail with our government and wiser counsels be carried out; but we see, by reports, that the same murderous and merciless policy is still adhered to, and the stealing of a mule justifies a murder of one or more Indians, and the slightest retaliation on their part, when they have no law or any means of obtaining justice, is taken as an excuse for sending troops to destroy all they can reach of persons and property of the poor creatures, and leave the women and children to starve in the world and desolate approaching winter.

We have not said much, but have felt much on this subject; but it seems to be time that every writer and speaker that has a heart and soul, and belongs to this country, should enter a protest against the further persecution of this sacred remnant of the Aborigines. We know the popular justification which military law, military orders and military uniforms spread over what would, under other circumstances, be most criminal actions; and we also know that not even these can justify the cruelty to and persecution of the Indians. Nothing but that savage barbarism which justified hunting negroes with dogs and shooting them with guns, as we do wild beasts, can justify our course at this time, while the disparity of numbers, means, discipline and skill is so great and advantage so largely on our side.

All history has proved that no people on earth more readily yielded to kindness, or more honorably reciprocated friendship than the natives of our country, and none are more strictly bound by conscience to carry out promptly all agreements. It has almost invariably been our own people (to their shame) that have broken the treaties or failed to perform them.

To the Spiritualists of the State of New York.

As President of the State Organization, we feel it a duty, and as a Spiritualist a pleasure, to call upon all whose heads and hearts are interested in this cause, to join us in making our State Organization what it should be. It is now only in its infancy, not even fairly christened or weaned, still in its swaddling bands, and nursed by a few friends who hope by the aid of others to make it the most powerful of any one organization out of politics in the State, as it surely can be, and as the numbers of Spiritualists warrant us in expecting it will be. We now earnestly request of you all to secure local organizations in your respective neighborhoods, and send delegates to our next State Convention from the same, and also designate and select your ablest and best men and women to be presented for delegates to the National Convention of next year, and see that they are not prevented from attending by want of money. We also urgently request each one who is able and willing to assist in extending the blessings and benefits of Spiritualism to send his or her name and address to J. W. Seaver, our Treasurer, Byron, N. Y., enclosing \$1, for registry and membership, and that the money may be added to the few dollars already collected to defray the expenses of missionaries, who can only be employed and sent out as there is money to warrant and secure their pay, although it may not be needed, as it is expected they will collect nearly or quite the amount of salary. We are further anxious to collect all the names we can, as well as dollars, that we may know how many and who are willing to be publicly known as not only believers in but "aiders and abettors" of Spiritualism, feeling, as we do, that it is already something to be proud of instead of ashamed of. Those who can more conveniently send to us or to the Secretary, Mrs. Sarah A. Burdick, 62 North St. Paul street, Rochester, N. Y., will be accord-

ingly registered and credited, and the cause equally well promoted.

We feel as if there should be interest enough in this great State, where Spiritualism in both its phases, by clairvoyance and literature through Mr. Davis and his "Divine Revelations," and by the rapping phenomena through the Fox sisters, began its mighty career, to effect and extend at this time a permanent, practical, useful and powerful organization, and to prosecute a most efficient missionary work among the churches, which are blinded by religious prejudices and bigotry, which must be removed before they can share with us the blessings of this new philosophy and religion.

Friends, shall we do something to show our honesty, earnestness, devotion and purposes? our numbers, intelligence, ability and determination to let our light shine and enlighten others? Answer us, brethren and sisters, by your actions, as above suggested.

Good Signs.

Among the bad signs of our times that are kept constantly before the people by the press, is occasionally a good sign which is not as likely to attract the attention of writers. Of this class, is the decay and departure of the use of tobacco, which is evidently destined ere long to be entirely excluded from all good society in this country. It is already ordered out of the parlors, sitting-rooms, and out of the whole house, by many of the best families. Smoking of it is forbidden in the cars and most of the decent stores and offices of our cities and large towns, and, being will also be before long. Respectable society in our large cities is already ashamed of its members that use tobacco, and tries to apologize for them as it would for any other delinquency—not as a crime, but as a filthy and degrading habit, to which the party is a slave, and for which he (not she) is to be pitied.

In the large cities the use, both in smoking and chewing, is already sinking down to the poorest and lowest class of society. Newsboys, boot-blacks and loafers, that spend a good share of their time in saloons and on street corners and about the dens of vice, are still mostly addicted to the pernicious habit, and no duties or high prices seem to keep it out of their reach. The poor boy, who has no shoes and scarcely any pants, will black two pairs of boots and take his pay in one poor cigar or a paper of tobacco, and poison his poor body, because no one teaches him the evil effects, and he sees many of the men with whom he is compelled to associate smoke and chew, and he longs to be thought manly, if he has not the stature of a man. Ignorance lies at the bottom of this vicious habit with the young, but our hope lies in his being driven out of all decent places and society.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

We are glad to see this able contemporary again appear in its original size and power, and under the guidance of S. S. Jones, Esq., going forth with its doubled pages to its great and good work in the glorious cause that engages us all more and more earnestly as we become more acquainted with its benefits and blessings. If the thousands of able Spiritualists in the West will take hold and help Mr. Jones, he will make his paper a powerful, useful, and most efficient instrument in spreading the truths of our new philosophy, a religion of life, of death, and of immortality.

The Pennsylvania State Society of Spiritualists.

To the friends of Spiritualism in the State of Pennsylvania: The time is near at hand for our annual meeting, the 14th and 15th of this month. Friends, we know there are thousands in our State who are suffering because there are no organizations, and we hope you will be aroused, either to come or send statements to our meeting of your condition and wants to our Secretary. Let us join heart and hand in the great work of the age. Let us have your names and your influence, and the good work shall go on. It is mainly through organization that we can become acquainted with each other, and thus join shoulder to shoulder in pressing forward the Car of Progress.

There is a responsibility resting upon us which we must not attempt to throw off. To us is given the work of presenting the grandest truth which the world has ever known. Let us therefore resolve that we will do our duty, and that our Society shall take its true position by the side of the other State Organizations which are now working so faithfully in the great Cause. There are Spiritualists everywhere, and abundant means in this State to have several missions in the field, who shall spread broadcast over our land the truths of our religion and philosophy, that are not only calculated to bring our friends together, but to bless all the children of our common Father.

On behalf of the Executive Committee,

HENRY T. CHILDS, M. D.,
634 Race street, Philadelphia.

New England Lyceum Convention.

The Second Annual Meeting of the New England Lyceum Convention will take place at the Melancon, Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 28th and 29th, 1868, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M.

It should be understood that this is not a delegate Convention, neither is it confined to New England, but all friends of the movement are cordially invited to attend and cooperate with us in the advancement of this most noble work.

Per order of Executive Officers.

DR. A. H. RICHARDSON, President.

L. DUSTIN, Secretary.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.] We are continually receiving letters containing private questions, some of a very trivial nature, in which the writers request "an immediate reply by mail"; but they invariably omit to enclose a "return" postage stamp. We haven't time to answer such letters.

To the correspondent who inquires how he shall form a developing circle, his own seed sowing ought to teach him—if he has ever set at any circle—that nothing is required to be done out of the common course. Have present, if possible, when you sit, a well-developed medium, and be as passive and harmonious as possible. Rest assured, if you carry out this plan, and there is any one at the circle possessing medium powers, they will, after a few sittings, be influenced by the invisible friends, who are ever ready and willing to promote the good work.

Business Matters.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1162 Broadway, New York. — 5w. O.

THE RADICAL for October is for sale at this office. Price 30 cents.

COUSIN BENJA'S POEMS are for sale at this office. Price \$1.50.

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

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE (price 30 cents) and HUMAN NATURE (price 25 cents) are received regularly and for sale at this office.

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

Mrs. M. K. CASSIN will sit for spirit answers to sealed letters. Terms \$2.00, and 4 red stamps. Address, 24 Wickliffe st., Newark, N. J. 825.3w

ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS, by R. W. Flint, 105 East 12th street—second door from 4th avenue—New York. Enclose \$2 and 3 stamps. O. 10.

THE BEST PLACE—THE CITY HALL DINING ROOMS for ladies and gentlemen, Nos. 10, 12 and 14 City Hall Avenue, Boston. Open Sundays. O. 35w C. D. & L. H. PIERCE, Proprietors.

THE SPIRITUAL ROSTRUM: A Monthly Magazine devoted to the Humanistic Philosophy. Monks Hall and W. F. Jackson, editors. For sale at this office. Price 20 cents single copy. October number now ready.

WHAT ALL SHOULD DO.

All should be honest every day.
And do the right, as well as say;
All should each morning, when 'tis fair,
Go out and quaff the pure sweet air.
All should with care select their food,
And nothing eat but what is good;
By thus obeying Nature's laws,
For sickness there will be no cause.
All who have boys who need new "CLOTHES,"
Should take them down to GEORGE PESSO'S,
19 and 22 DICK SQUARE.
And purchase each a "NEW SET" there.

Special Notices.

In theory healthful, in practice perfect (NEGATIVE) for CHILL or AGUE, POSITIVE for FEVER! Hence Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders know no such thing as CHILL and FEVER, DUMB AGUE, CONGESTIVE CHILLS, and FEVER and AGUE.

MATTHEW A. McCORM, 43 Chestnut street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps on hand a full assortment of Spiritual and Liberal Books, Pamphlets and Periodicals. *Banner of Light* always to be found upon the counter. Aug. 1.

Agents wanted for Mrs. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS. Printed terms sent free; postpaid. For address and other particulars, see advertisement in another column.

Spiritual and Reform Books.
MRS. H. F. M. BROWN, AND MRS. LOU. H. KIMBALL,
137 MADISON STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.
Keep constantly for sale all kinds of Spiritual and Reform Books, at Publishers' prices. July 18.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

Advertisements to be Renewed at Continued Rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Thursday.

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

TRACTS! TRACTS!

First Edition 100,000. Half Sold.
Now ready, a series of short, printed articles, "Pledges," in the form of four page Tracts, prepared expressly for general use. Sent by mail to all who order. Terms: \$5.00 per single, 1,000 \$50.00, 5,000 \$500.00, 10,000 \$1,000.00, 50,000 \$5,000.00, 100,000 \$10,000.00. 50 cents extra on each 100 when sent by mail.

For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORES, 158 Washington street, Boston, and 541 Broadway, New York.

DR. RANDOLPH'S BUSINESS.

PAIRED HEALTH, resulting from a physical accident, compels me to abandon secular life; I therefore offer my Clairvoyant and Medical business for sale, together with the Formulas and side rights of my special Nervous Remedies, now in success and capable of great increase. I will sell the entire right and title and stereotype plates of my PAIN-EXPELLER, "DISKIDONIA MAN," now selling rapidly, and my new treatise on Nervous Diseases, their Cause and Cure. I will sell one-half to a good business man or woman. Address for two weeks, P. B. RANDOLPH, Boston, Mass. Oct. 10.

A PLANCHETTE FOR ONE DOLLAR.

MADE of Black Walnut, with Pentagraph Wheels, Pencil, and all the necessary and full illustrated directions. Will send by mail, 25 cents additional for postage. Address, ADAMS & CO., 20 Broad street, Boston. 25w—Oct. 10.

MRS. PLUMB.

Perfectly Unconscious Physician, Business and Test Medium, 63 Russell street, opposite City Hall, Boston, Mass.

MRS. PLUMB cures Cancers and Tumors, Fevers, Paralysis, all those that other physicians have given over, please call. Her cures are according to the conditions of the patient. Will watch with the sick if called upon to do so. Will examine DISKIDONIA AT A DISTANCE, for \$1 and return stamp. Correspondence on Nervous and Scurvy Letters, look for Lost or Stolen Property for \$1 and return stamp, each. Oct. 10—1w

MRS. E. S. SMITH,

CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, No. 1 Gorton street, Boston. (Formerly 105 N. 10th st., Philadelphia.) During which time she will examine, advise and treat the afflicted of whatever disease can be cured. Females are particularly requested to test her powers. The spiritual community will be pleased to know that there is a new medium through whom such works are performed as to prove they are beyond human agency, as well as prove the truth (did they need one) of their beautiful faith. Oct. 10—1w

PLANCHETTE OUTDONE!

HAVE you seen the Electro-Magnetic Disc? PHENOMENA may be the aid of this valuable combination of metal and electricity. It is a new and all the remarkable manifestations of Electro-Psychology may be induced. The Electro-Magnetic Disc is in common use by professors throughout Europe. It can be obtained only of CHARLES V. VAILLANT, 50 Banker's Hill street, Charleston, Mass., P. O. Box 194, by enclosing 50 cents, and 3 red stamps. Wholesale price, \$5.00 per dozen. Oct. 10—1w

FOR SALE.

A RETAIL STOCK of Dry Goods, and Store to let. For further particulars inquire of J. N. HATCH, 112 Hanover street, Boston.

MRS. M. E. CATES, Healing, Developing and Trance Teller, 21 Charter street, Boston.

MRS. ARMISTEAD, Test, Clairvoyant and Business Medium, No. 3 Winthrop place, leading from 18th Washington street, Boston Highlands. 3w—Oct. 10.

MRS. JOSEPH BOSMARTH, Medium, 146 Court street, Boston, Mass. 1w—Oct. 10.

Just issued by William White & Co., Boston, ONE OF THE FINEST AND MOST PHILOSOPHICAL WORKS EVER WRITTEN. ENTITLED.

THE HARVESTER:

Gathering the Ripened Crops on every Homestead, leaving the Unripe to Mature. BY A MERCHANT.

THIS book is the result of a constant and laborious study into the history of the rice, progress, and introduction to the world, of the various Arts and Sciences, and also a comparison of the incidents connected with the experiences of men who have advanced beyond their age in the development of Literature or Art, Religion, Politics or Trade. The subject grew so vast in importance and so interesting in detail, that the heat powers of the author's mind became thoroughly involved in sympathy with every effort of the men who in every age have struggled to advance into the mystic labyrinth of the Great Unknown. Price \$1.00; postage 12 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORES, 158 Washington street, Boston, and 541 Broadway, New York.

I. O. O. F.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW!

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE. DEVOTED to disseminating a knowledge of the Sentiments, Principles, Operations and Condition of THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS. Published in New York City.

BY JOHN W. ORR, P. G. P. and P. G. M. The Odd Fellow is the Official Organ of the Grand Lodge of the United States. Since the commencement of this Magazine (Jan'y 1, 1862), it has received the most flattering commendations and eulogiums from scores of subscribers, and the Grand Lodges of California, Connecticut, Indiana, Maine, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia, New York, New Jersey, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Ohio, Kentucky, Canada, West Wisconsin, Oregon, Illinois, Tennessee, and others, have endorsed and recommended it to the patrons of the Order throughout their respective jurisdictions, while the

GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES, at its recent session, has resolved to be open for communicating more directly with the Fraternity at large, and recommended it to the patronage of Odd Fellows everywhere. Price \$2.00, six copies for \$10.00. Specimen copies will be sent, postage prepaid, on receipt of 20 cents each. Address, JOHN W. ORR, 80 Nassau street, New York City. April 21.

JUST PUBLISHED,

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
158 Washington street, Boston,
THE SPIRITUAL HARP
The new Music Book for the
Choir, Congregation and
Social Circle.

By J. M. PEEBLES and J. O. BARRETT.
E. H. BAILEY, Musical Editor.

THIS work has been prepared for the press at great expense and much mental labor, in order to meet the wants of Spiritualist Societies in every portion of the country. It need only be examined to merit commendation. The growing interests of Spiritualism demanded an original singing-book. Everywhere the call was loud and earnest. The authors have endeavored to meet this demand in the beautiful gift of THE SPIRITUAL HARP.

Culled from a wide field of literature with the most critical care, free from all theological taint, throbbing with the soul of inspiration, embodying the principles and virtues of the Spiritual Philosophy, set to the most cheerful and popular music, it is doubtless the most attractive work of the kind ever published.

The Harp contains music for all occasions, particularly for the Social relations of the choir, both religious and domestic. Its beautiful songs, duets and quartets, with piano, organ or melodeon accompaniment, if purchased in sheet form, would cost many times the price of the book. These are very choice, sweet and inspiring. Among them may be mentioned "Sparkling Waters," "Dreaming to Night," "Nothing but Water to Drink," "Heart Song," "The Heart and the Heart," "Make Home Pleasant," "Salt on," "Angel Water's Serenade," "The Song that I Love," "Maternity," "Translation," "Build Him a Monument," "Where the Roses never shall With," "Gentle Spirit," "I Stand on Moses's Golden Shore," &c. The Harp, therefore, will be sought by every family of like thought, irrespective of religious association, as a choice compilation of original and selected songs for the social circle.

Although not specially prepared for the Lyceum, yet its musical claims have been heartily supplied with rich variety of music appropriate for children. Let its heavenly harmonies be sung in all our Lyceums throughout the country.

The authors have also arranged ANGLICAN HYMN BOOKS for the congregation. Hence, every spiritual family every speaker, medium and friend of Spiritualism, should have the Harp, not only for the home circle, but for public meetings, that all may partake together of the feast of song. It becomes the more necessary, in view of the fact that the Harp, introduced in an improved form, under the title of "Spirit Echoes," containing statements of principles uttered by the wise and good of different ages, arranged in classified order, with choruses and chants interspersed, thus blending music with reading in most inspiring effect upon speaker and congregation.

For one third of its poetry and three quarters of its music are original. Some of America's most gifted and popular musicians have written expressly for it.

Single copy \$2.00
600 " \$2.00
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When it is taken into consideration that THE SPIRITUAL HARP is a work of over three hundred pages, comprising some of the choicest music and poetry ever put in print—such as SOUVENIRS, DEPARTS and QUARTETS, with PIANO, ORGAN or MELODEON accompaniment—none, we venture to say, will demur at the above figures.

Send in your orders to WILLIAM WHITE & CO., Publishers, Chamber of Light Office, 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass., and 541 Broadway, New York.

For sale also by J. M. PEEBLES, Hammon, N. J.; J. O. BARRETT, Scammon, Ill.; E. H. BAILEY, Charlotte, N. C.; and by Liberal

e- and will try to get through with that job alone

Washington, D.C., and New York, N.Y.

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