

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXIV.

{ \$3.00 PER YEAR, }
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1868.

{ SINGLE COPIES, }
Eight Cents.

NO. 5.

The Spirit-World.

MESSAGES FROM JOHN PIERPONT.

Messrs. Editors.—Accompanying this I send you two papers, purporting to be communications from the late Rev. John Pierpont, who was a cousin of my mother, which the author requested me to forward for publication in the *Banner of Light*.

I am not a Spiritualist, never attended but one meeting in my life, (that was a lecture by Corn. L. V. Daniels,) never met with a circle, and never witnessed any spiritual manifestations, with the exception of singular personal experiences, for which I cannot account upon any other supposition than the reason assigned by the mysterious source whence they come—that is, that I am a medium.

Upon three occasions since the death of Mr. Pierpont, I have been impelled to write. I know not why. Although perfectly conscious in other respects, my hand is moved by something besides my own volition; nor do I know a word that I write until it is completed, when I read it. Previous to writing the first one which I send, I was perfectly unconscious from eight o'clock in the evening until nine the following morning, when I asked for pencil and paper, and wrote before arising from bed. I mention this to show you that for one who has never seen any demonstrations, and is not a believer, it is somewhat remarkable. It proves to me, at least, that there is something more than imagination in your faith.

Yours truly,

COMMUNICATION THE FIRST.

Why do you speak of us as dead? That which is planted is not dead—it is laid away in the earth; but the germ of a new body is there; and the life-giving sun shines upon it, and the gentle rains of heaven fall there, and in the spring-time it shall come forth from the dust, and blossom and bear fruit after its kind—it may be of wheat, or it may be of corn, or it may be of other grain. But this we know: That every seed shall bear its own body. So with us, who were once, like you to whom I write, dwellers upon the shores of time. We left you—that is, our bodies, the material part, passed from your view; but we are with you always. A silent band we gather around you in your hours of quiet and of rest. When the twilight shadows gather over the hills, and the soft, gentle influences of the stillly night shut out earth and its tumults from the soul; and the mysteries of your being make themselves felt by the heart, we are with you. You cannot see us, but your heart beats time to the music of the unseen world; your pulses thrill to the harmony of the life above, and you feel the touch of invisible hands upon the brow, wearied with the weight of "thoughts that breathe"; and if you would but open your hearts to us, words that burn would fall from your lips, and others would be charmed, delighted and cheered on their way by the eloquence with which you would speak to them.

I am your friend and cousin. When first you were told "John Pierpont is dead," you said in your heart, "Oh, I wish his mantle might fall upon me." Wishes are prayers, and there was one standing near you, who, ever watchful of your welfare, because of the immortal love she bore you, caught that prayer as it arose upon the wings of the morning and bore it upward. I was new in spirit-life then. As infants who first open their eyes to the light of day shrink from the sudden brightness, so those who "put off the mortal and assume the immortal" are bewildered by the change. One moment there, surrounded by cares, sorrows and fears, weighed down by infirmities of the physical nature; the next moment, mounting up like eagles, free from all that can clog the spark of Divinity, roaming through the bright spheres of the new world that has burst upon the view. But I was sent to you with words of cheer and words of promise. I told you I would be with you; that by my aid you should both speak and write words that would be to others glad tidings of great joy. I have been near you through all your wanderings, have known all your struggles, all your trials with the world, the flesh and the devil. They err who teach as I once believed, that spirits who have passed to a congenial sphere—to what theologians call heaven—cannot feel or sympathize with the griefs and trials of those they have left behind. They say it would not be heaven if there were sorrow there. This is not true. Oh, false and blind leaders! how little they know of the power of a love which survives the decay of the body, and, like Jacob's ladder, reaches from those blessed shores back to the hearts that are sorrowing below, an electric cord which bears on its surface strength, encouragement and hope. I have felt—I have sympathized with the struggles through which you have passed, as the influences which you have felt, but could not understand, have prompted you, from time to time, to listen to the "whisperings of your inner nature, while pride and prejudice were holding you back."

You know my history, though it was only as a child that you heard it. You know that I had pride of birth, pride of intellect, and pride of position. And now you know something by experience of the fiery furnace through which I passed, as the flames of martyrdom of that pride rolled above my head, as I felt myself compelled to stem the tide of opposition, and combat error and sin in their most popular forms. You know my enemies sneered, and even my loved and trusted friends turned coldly from me, after vain endeavors to turn me from "the error of my ways," after trying in vain to induce me at least to remain silent as to my peculiar views. He who attained the harp of a thousand strings, only knows what I suffered during those years when I was passing through the transition from darkness to light. But I was strengthened by invisible hands, and led by a way I knew not, until at last I stood upon the broad plane of freedom from prejudice—and I found rest. And now, can I forget all this, or fail to sympathize with another, who, with far less of physical strength, is passing along the same thorny road? I have been near you in your darkest hours; I have known your heartaches; I was there when you approached the awful brink of destruction, and

contemplated laying down the burden of life, which you thought was too heavy to bear. But you were encircled then by loving arms, and they bore you safely on. They sent one who gave you new life and hope, and the dark curtain was lifted; and now I rejoice, and these others also, that you are emerging from the shadows. You have seen, many a time, the face of the landscape darkened by clouds of mist, so that the eye could scarcely pierce the gloom; but suddenly the sun would burst forth from his bed in the east, and the curtain of mist would be lifted, slowly but surely, until at length the last fold of smoke would be wafted away in the blue ether, and morning shine forth in undimmed splendor. So with you. The long, dark night of prejudice is passing from your heart, and the light of the Sun of Reason is dawning upon you. You have a mission, which you will accomplish perfectly. Be true to the inner light and fear not. Cast away pride and prejudice, and open your eyes to the light that is entering slowly, and welcome the friends who approach you with this glad spring-time; for they are coming with the fragrant blossoms of gladness and hope. We wish you to write much. You will have aid. When you feel despondency and gloomy fears settling upon your heart, take your pen, and by its magic influence weakness and fears will vanish. Send this to the *Banner of Light*. The day will come when you shall not want the prestige of a name, for yours shall be a household word.

I am your cousin,

JOHN PIERPONT.

COMMUNICATION THE SECOND.

Listen to the words of the preacher, who, though he has passed beyond the physical vision of the great congregation who have been ministered to by him in earth-life, is none the less obliged to combat error, and assist the earnest inquirer after truth in sifting the wheat from the chaff, separating good from evil.

Spiritualism, like every other faith, has not only its advantages but also its disadvantages. Error has crept into the New Church, as well as the Old; error in its most hideous and repulsive form. And those who love the doctrines of progression, and would hasten the millennium, which shall emancipate the children of men from bondage to theological dogmas and impossible creeds, must look to it that the good seed be not choked by tares.

Foremost among the errors of which I speak, and most fatal of them all, is the doctrine of Free Love, so-called; the offspring of the Spirit of Evil, who intrudes his hideous front among the pure and the holy, clothing himself in the garb of an angel of light, whispering words of specious reasoning in the ear of the simple and confiding, and luring from the true path many who ought to be bright and shining lights of earth.

In my new state of existence I am often pained and distressed by hearing from the lips of many whom I look upon as my children in the faith, arguments in favor of this most heinous belief. Although I have passed from the stage of earthly toil and care, and am not now a leader among earth's children, I do not forget the old Puritan faith which still lingers among the hills of my native New England; and within the last twenty-four hours I have been shocked by hearing one who, with a noble heart and talents which ought to be, and have been used to better purpose, instilling into the mind of one new in the faith in which I passed on, doctrines which, if believed in and carried out by her, would utterly and forever destroy her for the life of usefulness just opening before her. I was there—her guardian, her spirit leader—with a band of loving ones, and she, at least, is safe from those insidious teachings. I rejoiced to see that she turned with instinctive loathing from the ideas presented, and I have no fears for her. But there are many others who are less secure; many with hearts thirsting for human love and sympathy; hearts stretching out tendrils of affection for something to which they may cling for support and strength, and these are in danger. Alas for such as these, if, when the soul cries out from the depths of its loneliness and desolation, the tempter comes with the soft whispers, the blandishments and the factitious charms with which unholy passion invests itself, to flatter, allure and destroy.

How little they know, who propagate this false doctrine, of the spiritual affinity of which they speak so eloquently. There is, indeed, an affinity which is ennobling, purifying, God-like in its character, its tendencies and its results. Spiritualism teaches that every immortal spirit has somewhere its mate; its counterpart, its other self. He who said "It is not good for man to be alone," has done no imperfect work. The great laws of Nature, which he himself established, have been by him carried out to their full completion; from man, the first, the noblest creation of his hand, to the most insignificant of the vegetable nature. But man himself, in his blindness and ignorance, frustrates the purposes of his being, and following the ignis fatuus light of fancy or of passion, involves himself in a quagmire of difficulties and sorrows, from which he struggles vainly to extricate himself; and thus, year after year, during the brief period allotted to earth-life, he drags a clanking chain; or, flying from the fate he himself courted, darts like the butterfly from flower to flower, rilling each of its sweetness and purity, and leaving it to droop, and wither, and die.

Oh when will society reverse its laws and its teachings, dispense with false glitter and vain show, and allow Nature and Reason to hold the reins of the chariot in which adventurous, trusting youth commences the journey of life? If those who have committed to them the care and education of the youthful mind would themselves become educated from the book of Nature, and study well the laws which govern and actuate the human heart, with its God-given capacities for loving, suffering and enduring, what a mighty

revolution would take place in the social condition of the human family. If they would but study the universal laws of affinity and attraction as they are impressed, not upon tables of stone but upon the fair face of Nature, every where, and in every form, a more healthful tone would assume the place of the sickly sentimentalism which is now the foundation of nine out of ten of all the so-called marriages, and furthermore, the foundation of the most fruitful source of sorrow, degradation and crime.

The advocates of Free Love teach that the marriage law is a curse to the world, that society would be far better without it, for then man and woman would meet upon an equal plane, unfettered by obligations, free as the birds that come with the springtime, and having fulfilled the destiny of a season, pass with the first chilling breath of winter to southern skies, their places to be filled hereafter by others. Alas, that in this age of light and revelation, there should be minds so darkened by passion-clouds as to be able to think without holy horror of such a state of things as would ensue should this belief become general. It never will—it never can. The divine institution of marriage is part and parcel of the faith of every true man and woman on earth, and nothing can utterly overthrow its empire. I speak now of marriage as it should be, not as it is. Marriage is something more than a joining of hands, the giving of a ring, or the endowing with worldly goods. As I have said before, there is a true affinity, there is for every soul a mate, for every heart a counterpart. And would that heart but listen to its promptings, be governed by its impressions, and hearken to the voice that speaks in its every pulsation, these soul-mates would not so often be severed, doomed each to tread a lonely, loveless path, sighing vainly over the aimless, hopeless life, uncheered by the smiles which might and should have beamed upon its most troubled way, gazing eagerly down the dark vista of the future for one ray of light to break the gloom.

There is implanted in every soul an intuition which cannot err. No one can fail to recognize a spirit-mate. It needs not years or days or weeks. There is a letter of introduction, so to speak, which passes from eye to eye, the mirror of the soul; there is a subtle cord of sympathy passing from heart to heart; a sub-marine telegraph underlying the waters of the sea of conventional opinion down in the depths of the inner being, where passion-waves can never surge, which conveys to the soul the impression, "This is my other self, and together, hand in hand, we must tread the path of life, up to the shining shore beyond the river." Many sneer and laugh at the idea of love at first sight; but there is a solemn reality in it, which all would do well to realize. But there are few who recognize this teaching; and the majority ignore the magnetism of the soul which attracts those who were intended for each other, and thus they call it folly, and resolutely turn away their eyes from the orbs which have darted those sympathetic rays into them, and close their ears, to the "still small voice" which is saying, "I am here! Your spirit called for me, and I have come at your bidding." Oh, sad hour, when one thus turns from the angel of his life, forces back from his lips with his own hand the cup of joy and happiness that other hand is offering, and at the instigation of pride, ambition, or officious friends, unworthy of that holy name, clasps another hand at the altar, in a marriage which is but a mockery, and then sits down for all the dark future, amid the ashes of a wasted life, ever singing Hope's dirge-song, "It might have been." But if that hour is a sad one, how much deeper the sadness of the time when that heart awakens—as sooner or later it must do—to the fact that nothing remains of life but its duties and its sorrows; that it will nevermore throb with the joy of a happy love. That is the hour when Free Love steps in and strives to patch up the broken life with promiscuous and unhallowed pleasures. Listen to the tempter, as he tells him of the pure joys that spring up in the path of one who has courage to defy the world and be free, and stand forth in the dignity of manhood, in defiance of human and divine law. And weep tears of blood, as the victim of his own folly once more closes his ears to the voice of his better nature, ignores the obligations he has voluntarily assumed, and starts upon his career as destroyer, denouncing marriage as a curse, and boasting that he has the right to secure his own happiness in his own way.

Brothers, sisters, whatever may be your names, wherever you may be upon earth, I beseech you, listen to one who is with you in spirit; one who loves the pure faith of the New School, and would gladly, oh, how gladly, give his influence, now as ever, to rescue this faith from the obloquy which this baleful doctrine has cast upon it. Join hands against this monstrous fallacy which evil-minded ones have brought into the fold. Let it be no longer said, as it now is, "Spiritualism is but another name for Free Love—no one can be a Spiritualist without being also a Free Lover." You know this is not true. I know it is not true. I know that in the heart of every true Spiritualist there is a loathing of this horrible doctrine. And yet the Giant Lives, and grows stronger day by day. Broadcast through the land the seed has been scattered, and this Upas tree is spreading its branches in every direction. Hearts are breaking every where, homes are being desolated by the Destroyer's hand, families scattered and dispersed, and crime and murder, even, follow in the footsteps of this Destroying Angel. And Spiritualism is regarded by many as the author of this great evil, and Free Love is supposed to be its offspring. My dear friends, this must not be; and you are to provide the remedy, or a still darker cloud will settle over your fair temple, and the loud thunder tones of denunciation will strike terror to your hearts.

You must unite, as one man, to expel this vile presence from your midst. Let one united voice

ascend from every rostrum whence the doctrines of the Progressive Philosophy are promulgated, let every book, pamphlet and paper published under your auspices, proclaim that Spiritualists hold no affinity with Free Love, that they repudiate its teachings, and that without dissent they uphold and sustain the true marriage relation. When once this fact is made patent to the world, the New Church will arise in its strength, redeemed from this reproach which is now casting over it so dark a shadow. Its doctrines will be more fully investigated, and the minds of the pure and true, who now shrink from becoming identified with those who are understood to hold faith in common with the advocates of no marriage, will be opened to perceive the beauties of our faith, and the benefits to mankind which would follow a general recognition of the truth as accepted by us. There is a mighty revolution in progress through all the earth, a volcanic upheaving in the minds of mankind, an universal revolution and overturning of old and established principles and opinions. Old things are passing away, and all things becoming new. A brighter day is dawning, and soon from the ashes of the past shall arise a new and a fairer temple, where in shall be gathered all nations and peoples, and darkness and error shall flee before the bright beams of the Sun of Truth.

Brothers, sisters, I am with you, and I sympathize with you in all that pertains to the great principles of the new life. We who have passed the portals of the earth-life are not excluded from the pale of your joys and sorrows. The hands which labored with and for you are still. But we have yet a mission toward you, which we perform as opportunity is afforded us. Be not faithless, but watch and wait, for the harvest time is coming. Be true to the inner light, and cast from you all that can hinder in the true progression; for there are higher fields than any you have known, there is a life above all of which you have ever dreamed. See that you keep your hearts pure, your hands unstained, and the garments of the spirit white and unsullied. And may the Spirit of Life be ever in your midst.

I am your brother,

JOHN PIERPONT.

Original Essays.

THE PROBLEM OF AGES.

The Mystery of Life—The Logic of Death.

NO. IX.

BY DYER D. LUM.

VI. The Scientific Argument.

The divinest of all subjects, the deepest of all problems, the most comprehensive object of thought, is Life, in its threefold aspects, as manifested in the domain of matter, of mind and of spirit. In this is contained all subjects, all problems, all thought. Nothing can be conceived from the Infinite to the minutest manifestation of energy, without calling in the conception of Life. Life is infinite, omnipresent and eternal. The radiant orbs in space move in obedience to its behests, as well as the countless forms on their surface. The revolution of planets in their orbits, of suns and systems around their great centre, and of our whole astral system, and of others untold in the vast, far stretching fields of infinite space, all moving in harmony and beautiful splendor, are manifestations of Life, which, actuating all and permeating all, leaves naught outside of itself. In considering this pregnant theme, so profound with problems of mighty thought, so replete with varying phenomena, and so suggestive of our own limited perceptions and finite relations, we do not propose to enter into the discussion of causation nor other abstract or metaphysical questions, but merely to glean from the pages of Nature some light on the cause of the harmonious order and progressive evolution that have ever characterized the manifestations of Life.

For nearly a century it has been a demonstrated fact in physics that matter is indestructible. Since the days of Lavoisier this statement has stood unquestioned. The present century has given us the demonstration that Force is alike eternal and indestructible, suffering no diminution and subject to no augmentation. Not only eternal, but Forces are correlative—

"That neither, taken abstractly, can be said to be the essential cause of the others, but that either may produce or be convertible into any of the others."—Groves.

The physical forces, gravity, heat, light, electricity, magnetism, and the yet higher force of chemical affinity, are known to be correlated to vital force; and vital forces are as distinctly correlated to mental force—

"So that we come to the broad conclusion that not only as to living-matter itself, but as to the forces that matter exerts, there is a close relationship between the organic and the inorganic world—the difference between them arising from the diverse combination and disposition of identical forces, and not from any primary diversity, as far as we can see."—Huxley.

The natural evolution and correlation of all forces, and consequent unity of all things in the divine order, is fast becoming an established formula of science.

Organic forces are ever working upward. First, we have the Physical, then Chemical, Vital, Mental, &c., each manifestation representing higher combinations and more complex action. Maudsley observes that, "all exaltation of matter and force is, as it were, a concentration thereof." As one equivalent of chemical force corresponds to several equivalents of inferior force, and one equivalent of vital force to several equivalents of chemical force, so in the scale of tissue, the higher kind represents a more complex elementary constitution."

In the animal world the highest development is called instinct, though it plainly betokens mind

only in a lower sphere, for all the actions which it prompts are as distinctly impressed with the laws of reason as those which rise above it. Nor can we draw a line of demarcation between the phenomena of sensation and those of vital forces. "The conscious and unconscious sides of the process are so blended together that it is only by a mental fiction that we distinguish them and assign a cause to the one different from that which produces the other. If we go upward from sensation toward the more intellectual regions, each step involves a corresponding action of the nervous system which gives occasion to the allied mental phenomena as certainly as any other organ of the frame is associated with its appropriate function. And even if we ascend to the automatic power of the will, still that is only reached by a succession of steps, all involving both thought and feeling, between no two of which we can draw any line of demarcation, so as to say where the vital and automatic processes end, and where those of the soul, *par excellence*, begin. The whole, in fact, are so interwoven in producing the result, that they point us of necessity to a primitive unity as the real starting point of them all."

Morrell.

Thus from motion to chemical affinity, from crystal formation to vegetable growth, from the "vital principle" to instinct, and from instinctive intelligence to man's lordly will, we are conducted by insensible gradations, and in each stage behold but the manifestation of Force in different degrees, and are led to the conclusion, to adopt the words of Dr. Laycock, that "Life and Mind are correlative in consciousness, and dependent therefore upon correlative forces. *Knowing and Being have the same cause.*"

The question hereupon arises, if mental force be correlated to vital forces, does it not resolve intelligence into a mere attribute of matter? Is not the Dynamic Theory purely Materialistic? At this point we take issue with the Materialist.

No force is a mere attribute of matter. Force is eternal—the sole Reality. Everything around us results from the mode of action or manifestation of this One Force, the different forms of which we call phenomena. "Every form is force visible," says Prof. Huxley; "a form of rest is a balance of forces; a form undergoing change is the predominance of one over others." Says Prof. Tyndall, "We know no more of the origin of force than of the origin of matter; where matter is, force is, for we only know matter through its forces."

Unreflective minds are apt to speak of the stability of material forms, when in fact they are more illusory than a dream. Draper in his *Physiology* says: "The aspect of identity which an animal presents is an illusion, hiding from us the true state of the case. An organism, no matter of what grade it may be, is only a temporary form, which myriads of particles, passing through a determinate career, give rise to. It is like the flame of the lamp, which presents for a long time the same aspect, being ceaselessly fed as it ceaselessly wastes away." Coleridge compares forms to "the column of blue smoke from a cottage chimney in the breathless summer noon, or the steadfast seeming cloud on the edge point of a hill in the driving air-current, which momentarily, condensed and recombined, is the common phantom of a thousand successors."

Now the inevitable inference from these facts is that the essentiality of a body is not contained in the matter of which it is composed, but in something that underlies all material existence. Oersted, in his *Soul in Nature*, held that the permanence and invariability of Nature are not found in its individual parts, which are all undergoing perpetual changes; but the invariable, that which endures, is found only in the abstract nature of things. "Nothing is invariable in Nature but laws, which may be called the Thoughts of Nature."

View it as we will, we can only see in matter a manifestation of force, and force as manifested in material form in its varied manifestations. Force is nowhere innate, nor can we trace its modes of action to an initial force. There is ever a Power within and underlying it that escapes our scrutiny. "This force," says Davis, "is the negative side of a yet more positive expression called Power." This Power lies back of all Phenomena, and eludes our finite vision; we behold but the continent of the power, the sensible effect merely by which its presence is indicated. "No force in the whole range of material nature," says Grindon, "is initial. The utmost point to which science can convey us, even when dealing with the most occult and recondite phenomena, never shows where force begins. There is always a still anterior force."

Svedberg announced the unity of Nature a century since. He said: "There is one sole essence, one sole substance, and one sole form, from which are all essences, substances, and forms that are created." So true is it, that the "poetical reveries" and "mystic vagaries" of yesterday are to-day sober matter for scientific thought. What then is this substratum underlying all force? Force must originate in omnipresent and infinite Power, or rather, this Infinite Power which can alone be said to exist, is only faintly perceived in the correlative manifestation of force. Force being the mode of action of this underlying power, must be the bond of union between the Infinite and the material universe. As matter is concentrated force or centres of force, so force is the mode of manifestation of the Infinite "Being." As it has been expressed by James Hinton: "This physical, temporal world is the appearance to us of the world that is, the eternal and spiritual world, and we believe it not to be an appearance only, but itself a true existence, simply because we do not know that true and absolute fact which causes it to appear. We are in the eternal world, and thus we feel it. We perceive the appearance to us of the eternal world, and call it the world that is."

This something, underlying all phenomenal ex-

istence, is persistent. Matter is incapable of acting of itself, it must be acted upon; and this vigorous quality which underlies and fashions all forms, is the same to-day as yesterday. The matter passes indifferently from mold to mold, retaining no individuality. Spirit alone can act, matter is but the result of the act. Grindon in his *Life* ably remarks:

"That invisible, potent something, cannot be a mere Energy, either—a Cause; that is to say, an active, productive force, cannot be efficient unless it operates from and through a substance. If there be a spiritual world at all, it must be like the natural world, substantial. Substance must not be confounded with matter. Substance is a generic term; matter is one of the species which it includes. Spiritual substances are none the less real because, out of the reach of chemistry or edge-tools, or because they are inappreciable to the organs of the sense. Indeed, it is only the grosser expressions of matter which can be so treated and which the senses can apprehend. Each class of substances is real in relation to the world it belongs to—material substances in the material world, spiritual substances in the spiritual world; and each kind has to be judged according to its place of abode."

Having briefly shown that matter is but an expression of force, and that Force is the mode of action of that which exists and is alone persistent, that it is Infinite Life underlying law that sustains, and that "the law is merely the mode of the putting forth of that life, the rule of its action, the definite method in which the internal, Divine, dynamic principle is projected," let us now hasten to its application to the doctrine of man's continued spiritual existence.

"This underlying principle is differently manifested in different organisms. It is Life animating all and pervading all. As is the capacity of the mind, so is the degree of God-like imparted. 'According to the Materialists their favorite dogma that ideas are not innate, but may all come from experience, we have yet to consider how the capacities to receive ideas are formed. A man and dog is each formed with capacities to receive ideas suited to the several places in the Universe held by each. We merely repeat the lesson of the Universe according to our degree of capacity, or 'receptivity,' as Kant termed it. Baden Powell says:

"All science is but the partial reflection in the reason of man of the great all-pervading reason of the universe, and thus the *unity* of science is the reflection of the *unity* in Nature, and of the *unity* of that supreme reason and intelligence which pervades and rules over Nature, and from whence all reason and all science is derived."

"The *substantiality* underlying all phenomenal existence is God, the Infinite 'Being' of the Hegelians, consequently the higher the structure in the organic scale the more perfect his manifestation, and the more God-like and spiritual the instrument. In man alone do we find the capacity to receive ideas or impressions of God, of Soul, of Worship, of a Hereafter. Whenever capacities to receive ideas or impressions are sufficiently general in any given species of creature to be called universal to that species, and yet not given to another species, then, from all analogy throughout Nature, those capacities are certainly for the distinct use and conservation of the species. In the beautiful words of Emerson:

"The soul looketh steadily forward, creating a world before her, leaving worlds behind her. She has no dates, nor rights, nor persons, nor specialities, nor men. The soul knows only the soul; the rest of events is the flowing robe in which all is clothed."

In man we find spiritual faculties unfolding; God becomes manifest through new avenues. Here God's nature is disclosed. Says Emerson: "Common sense knows its own, and recognizes the fact at first sight in chemical experiments. The common sense of Franklin, Dalton, Davy and Black, is the same common sense which made the arrangements which now it discovers." Soul exists in all forms, from the formation of the first cell-germ.

"The works of God are fair for naught."

Unless our eyes, in seeing,

See hidden in the thing the thought

That animates it—being."

The outward form is not the whole.

But everything is modeled

To image forth an inward soul.

That dignity is unfolded."

"The soul pervades the whole structure, in man constituting the peculiar essence of humanity, and with the body the reality and unity of the individual man. 'The soul in man is not an organ, but animates and exercises all the organs; it is not a function, like the power of memory, of calculation, of comparison, but uses these as hands and feet; it is not a faculty, but a light; it is not the intellect or the will, but the master of the intellect and the will; it is the background of our being in which they lie—an immensity not possessed and that cannot be possessed. From within or from behind, a light shines through us upon things, and makes us aware that we are nothing, but the light is all.'—Emerson.

In man alone do we meet with faculties transcending finite existence and allying us to the Infinite, not by adoption, but by Nature. With inferior forms it is far different. Chalmers has ably expressed it in his *Bridgewater Treatise*. He says: "With the inferior animals there is a certain squareness of adjustment, if we may so term it, between each desire and its corresponding gratification. The one is evenly met by the other, and there is a fullness and definiteness of enjoyment up to the capacity of enjoyment. Not so with man, who, both from the vastness of his propensities and the vastness of his powers, feels himself chained and beset in a field too narrow for him. He alone labors under the discomfort of an incongruity between the circumstances and his powers, and unless there be new circumstances awaiting him in a more advanced state of being, he, the noblest of Nature's products here, would turn out to be the greatest of her failures."

Organic life and spiritual life flow contemporaneously from God; though so different in expression, they are identical in essence. God manifest in rock, tree, man physical and man spiritual, is still the same, but how varied the expression!

Dr. Carpenter, whose labors have thrown so much light upon the problem of life and vitality, in expressing the evolution of force as manifested around us, used the following language:

"Starting with the abstract notion of force, as emanating at once from the Divine Will, we might say that this force operating through inorganic matter, manifests itself as electricity, magnetism, light, heat, chemical affinity and mechanical motion; but that when directed through organized structures, it effects the operation of growth, development and chemical-vital transformations."

So we might say, when manifested through the mind, it effects the development of spirit, and arises to self-consciousness and personality, and is brought face to face with the realities of the universe, and consequently we have welling up in us, from the infinite depths of divine consciousness, those God-like operations of aspiration, boundless desire and love.

"So, since the universe began,

And till it shall be ended,

The soul of Nature, soul of man,

And soul of God, are blended!"

It enables us to rise superior to the dominion of matter; it is a connecting link between this phe-

nomenal life and the reality beyond. Soul-life overles brute-life and death, but removes the bonds of material existence.

"It is not
So much even as the lifting of a latch;
Only a step into the outer air
Out of a tent, already luminous
With light that shines through its transparent walls."

Life henceforth must be higher, more spiritual, God-like. The spark of Divinity struggling upward through cloud, flower and brute, has attained self-consciousness in man, and the still upward and onward unfoldment must needs come from within, subject to new forces and manifested in new directions. We have every reason to gird up our loins in the warfare of life, and seek to aid the spirit in its intuitive yearnings for truth and virtue; confident that the soul within will respond to the soul without. Let us go on undismayed, and in the bright future still ascend, our soul-life expanding and unfolding, ever drawing nearer and nearer to God, until again at home in the Great Soul of Nature and infinite rest attained.

"Life winds its little circles, hour by hour, day by day, year by year, faithfully concluding each before another is begun, but never failing to commence afresh where it left off, and so goes on overlastingly, ring rising upon ring, every circle covering and reiterating its predecessors on a higher level, nearer and nearer to the heavens. The material body drops away like dead leaves, but Life goes on in beautiful and ceaseless aspiration."

THE SYMPATHY-HUNTER.

BY F. T. L.

Transcendentalist I am, hermit I would be, yet how eagerly do I catch at every invisible straw. The confirmed sympathy-hunter is like a hatless boy chasing butterflies in a whirlwind, yet what am I but a sympathy-hunter? He catches at straws visible; he runs after the butterflies, while I wait for them to alight in my open palm. The difference is only in mode, so I am no transcendentalist or hermit, after all, but a sympathy-hunter. He has his tale of woe, his sorrow exercising as the toothache. I have mine, too. He seeks relief by climbing the back of some friend. I recuperate by sitting in the sunshine. The difference is only in mode, so I am a sympathy-hunter, after all. He puts his worst side out; he is a Lazarus at your gate to be comforted by being wept over. I keep my worst side in. I, too, have sore spots, but I take care that they do not become eruptive. When I want help and comfort, I appear to my friends in my good clothes and best behavior. The difference is only in mode, so I am a sympathy-hunter, after all.

He is miserable, because he is not understood or appreciated. I suffer from the thought that I am so simple-minded that people have no difficulty in apprehending my actual worth. I should be happier in knowing more, at the risk of being understood less.

I cannot condemn the sympathy-hunter, without in some way implicating myself. What, therefore, should I do for those who go about crying to be comforted? Scrape lint from the mantle of charity and assuage their wounds. When we help a person who is tender-toed, we naturally reach out at arm's length. We can pardon the pucker in his gait, though we would not imitate it for the sake of being esteemed companionable. A mirror reflects us as we are, but our ideal reflects us as we would be. He who carries a mirror in a crowded street is liable to be damaged both in person and property; and if we carry our ideal on the highway of life, and use it as the coquette does her mirror, for merely objective purposes, we find it fragile as the looking glass, and sooner or later we come to grief. The sympathy-hunter frequently meets with such disasters, but he is careful to save all the fragments, and burdens himself and his friends with a professional display of broken ware. He who is perpetually telling how much he "suffers," soon attains a condition wherein he has neither time nor inclination for positive enjoyment. It is as true spiritually as it is physically, that a wry face never assists digestion. The friction of ordinary life tends to make the reformer thin and cadaverous, therefore he should improve every opportunity to "laugh and grow fat," for if he does not resort to every healthful method to keep up a good supply of adipose matter, he may become over sensitive by having his nerves too near the surface.

Whether we look to mortals or to the immortals, the streams of sympathy are as constant as they are innumerable; but the sympathy demanded by the professional seeker is much like a tall candle that glares and flickers for a while until some over anxious friend snuffs it out. The mantle of charity is of various texture. People can afford to give to the daily beggar only the cheapest kind—mere words—a piece of shoddy; but for the truly deserving, they weave into the texture judicious acts, and thus make a garment of purple and fine linen for the weary soul.

Lawrence, Mass.

LINES ON A SKULL.

(Some forty years ago the following poem was found in the *London Morning Chronicle*. Every effort was vainly made to discover the author, even to the offering of a reward of fifty guineas. All that ever transpired was that the poem, in a fair clerical hand, was found near a skeleton of remarkable symmetry of form in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn, London, and that the curator of the Museum sent them to the *Morning Chronicle*.)

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was Thought's mysterious seat;
What cautious visions filled this spot,
With dreams of pleasure long forgot!
No hope, no joy, no love, no fear,
None left one trace of record here.
Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal word—
If social life that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the deers of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright,
When stars and sun are sunk in night.
Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift and useful tongue,
If falsehood's honey it disclaimed,
And when it could not praise, was chained;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke;
The silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity.
Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with the envied ruby shine?
To sew the rock or wear the gem
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth or fame.
Avalis it whether bare or shod,
These feet the paths of duty trod;
If from the bowers of Ease they fled
To seek Affliction's humble shed;
If Grandeur's guilty brother they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned,
These feet with angels' wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

Anna Mowatt Ritchie earns \$4,000 a year in England, by her literary labors.

The suspicious mind will always find something on which to rest its doubts.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.
Address, No. 16 West 24th 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 day."
(LITTLE HEART.)

UNCLE SILVER'S SUMMER.

"Children," said Mr. Silver one sunny afternoon, "let us sit down near these bushes, close by home, for I do not feel like a long tramp, and I have something worth showing you, even here. Mrs. Silver says every spring, 'I do hope you'll trim up those bushes; it's a real disgrace to see them running riot just on the border of the garden.' Now the means I take to have my own way about such things is the easiest way in the world. I always say, 'Yes, yes, Mrs. Silver,' and that puts off the matter for a week, at least, and then perhaps something else comes along to be done, and so I get my way without the least contest."

"I think," said Linnie, "that the bushes look rather scraggly myself."

"Ah, the sweetness in them in the glad May time! If you could be here then, Linnie, you'd let them grow; they are the favorite resort of the *Turdus Iridus*. I am almost afraid to give you the common name, because I want you to think well of my beloved friends."

"I know," said Seth, "the cat-birds always build in such places. I hate the cat-birds."

"There it is," said Mr. Silver; "the common prejudice. I find it everywhere; no one really likes the cat-bird, yet it belongs to the beautiful family of thrushes."

"Do they call them cat-birds because the cats like them?" said Esther.

"You needn't laugh, children, at Esther's question, for it is a very natural one. But this bird is a kind of mocking bird. It is often called the American mocking bird. Its notes combine many snatches caught from other birds. I have heard it trill away in the most approved style of our best forest singers, and it will sometimes practice on a passage for a long time, showing a patience quite commendable. He begins his practice of any passage in a low, timid voice, but as he succeeds in his efforts he utters the notes in a higher and higher key, till he seems to satisfy himself that he has done very well."

Among the sounds that he succeeds best in imitating, is the mewling of a kitten; you would surely think that some distressed little grinnakin was near, if you chanced to disturb the little fellow when he was building his nest or caring for his young. He is one of the most familiar and trusting of our birds. He does not make his appearance as early as the bluebird and robin, but as soon as he does come, he enlivens the woods and the garden with his social notes, and does not seem to be afraid, but flies near you, frequently uttering his cry as if to entreat your forbearance.

These birds build their nests of dry leaves, weeds, small twigs, and line them with delicate fibrous roots. The female lays four, or five eggs of a greenish-blue color. They are very anxious parents, and manifest the greatest distress if any danger is threatened to their young, uttering the most distressed cries, and flying about with open mouth and wings drooping.

But with all the amiable qualities of this bird, he is not a favorite. The farmer does not like him, and boys will steal his nest far sooner than that of the robin. He is, to be sure, a homely bird. His plumage is a deep slate color; the upper part of the head, the legs and bill are black. He feeds principally on fruit, and I have to sacrifice some of my best strawberries and cherries to his appetite for good things, but I think myself well paid by listening to one of his imitative songs. And then I believe I love him better because he is so disliked by people generally.

Did I ever tell you about old Jonathan Jones, who once lived on the road leading to the village?"

"Oh do tell us about him," said Linnie.
"Well, I never could see the cat-bird that I did not think of him. In the first place, he belonged to the good family of Joneses, of Pinkerton—an excellent, every way respectable family—just as the cat-bird belongs to the thrush family, the family of sweet singers. And then Mr. Jones was such a homely man. He might brush and fix himself up as much as he pleased, he never looked like anything but a grizzled bear, he was so rough and scrawny. He had many disagreeable ways, also, that had crept upon him little by little, till they seemed to be a part of himself. To sum up the whole that I might say of him, nobody liked him, and the dislike he met everywhere made him morose and an enemy to the whole town."

If there was any blame to be laid upon any unknown person, it was put upon Jack Jones, as the boys called him, and as he had to bear all the blame, he got to thinking that he might as well be the just cause as the unjust, and so he did not hesitate to take a few apples, a shock of corn, or some of the ripest peaches for his own use. Whatever mischief of the kind was done in the village was all laid upon him, and I'm sorry to say the boys took great delight in covering up their own sins with Mr. Jones's, so that he got the blame, and they the greater pleasure.

I had always contended against this injustice, and said that every man had his good qualities; but no one would listen to me, and it was not easy for me to prove what I said, for I really could not point out the good deeds of Jonathan Jones. But I had seen the lonely man out in the fields with his homely face always looking downward, as if he had not manhood enough to meet the gaze of another, and I said to myself, There is surely a spark of divine fire in that soiled, worn, defiled temple. If I was a little child I could find it, for he would not be afraid of me, but being a man, and owning some of the apple trees that he pillaged, and some of the grain he gathered, he would not let me approach him.

But I kept thinking of him, and what a pity it was that he should go to another world without finding any of the joys of this. And I just resolved within myself that I would break through those cold, hard, iron bonds that bound him just as if he was in a prison, if the Divine Love of the Universe would work in me and through me.

We were going to have a town picnic, a grand affair, to which every one was invited, and the Jackson Band was to be present, and we were to have speeches and toasts, and a great deal of fun was expected to come from the whole affair. I was determined that Mr. Jones should go, so I hired him to drive my team, for he was a good driver of a yoke of oxen; and we had the oxen trimmed with wreaths of oak, and the cart filled with the baskets was shaded by pine boughs. It was a pretty affair, for my oxen were as white as the snow, and I bought a new palmetto hat for Mr. Jones, and he tied a red bandanna handkerchief about his throat, so if it was a possible thing for him to look picturesque he did then.

There was a boy in the village, Jack Wade, who was disliked among the boys as much as Mr. Jones, was among the men, though he was one of the smartest boys in town. But he had come from the poor-farm to live with Squire Smith, and Mrs. Smith's motto was, anything is good enough for poor folks, so she let him go half clothed, and people said even hungry. I never went to the village that I did not put an apple or a cracker in my pocket for him. He never so much as said thank ye, but ran off, and I knew it tasted good, so I did not mind.

Well, the boy was kicked and knocked about, till he got old enough to kick back, and then he became one of the wickedest boys in town. He was up to all sorts of wrong doing, but he always managed to escape detection, and to put much of the blame on Jack Jones.

And I said of him, Surely God has not forgotten to put a little of his divine life in that sad looking body, and I tried to hire him to come and work for me, but he was too serviceable in Squire Smith's stable, and they would not let him go.

Well, I determined that he should go to the picnic too, so I hired him in a secret way to go and hold my horses, though I knew he'd have to run away to be present, but I thought that he needed the change, and that he would run away anyway, and that if I hired him it might save him a thrashing.

Everything went off well, and I saw Mr. Jones driving my oxen in the most orderly manner, and Jack waiting to hold my horses, though they would not have run away, if I had told them to stand still, at anything less than the firing of a cannon.

Jack, up to all the mischief he could find, fastened his horses and climbed one of the tall maples and began a series of hoots, shouts and imitations of all the birds that could be found in the forest, and every barnyard fowl that he had ever heard. Squire Smith was just making a speech upon the duties we owed to each other in a social way, when Jack broke in with a real chattering crow. Everybody laughed, but Squire Smith grew very red, and screamed out, 'Bring him down stone him! whoever hits him shall have the best silver dollar that lies in the bottom of my pocket.'

Mr. Jones hated Jack, for he knew that he had to bear the blame of half his pranks, and he loved silver dollars, and Squire Smith's just as well as any. So he seized a large stone and threw it into the great green maple. There was a little sharp cry, and then something fell a dull weight to the ground. Poor Jack had been hit in the head, and in falling had broken his leg. It was a dreadful sight to see, but Mr. Jones and I picked him up quietly, and put him in the cart and drove him off, without disturbing the general enjoyment of the meeting, and Squire Smith went on with his speech.

We drove out a little ways and sent back for the doctor, when I said, 'Where are we to go? Squire Smith won't have him, Mrs. Silver won't have him, and the poor-house is a dreadful place for a sick boy.'

Mr. Jones stood erect; he looked a head taller. 'I shall take him to my home and take care of him. Didn't I do the dreadful thing? Who else should take him?'

I saw the Jones blood flush into his face—a grand fire of manliness and pride—and I let him have his way. I felt as if it was a Providence sent out of heaven. Very tenderly was poor Jack lifted out of the cart and put upon Mr. Jones's bed, and when the doctor said that he would not die, I saw poor old despised Jack Jones kneel down and bless God, while the tears fell down his face on his red handkerchief, a shower of mercy to his dried, seared heart.

Jack slowly came back to suffering consciousness, and moaned and groaned piteously.

'Oh don't! don't!' said Mr. Jones. 'See! I will rub your head, and I will bathe your hands, and here is the medicine for you. Don't cry. I'd take all the pain if I could. There's a good boy. Now we'll be the greatest of friends, and I will tell you stories that I heard when I was a boy. Did you ever hear about the great giant that buried keys and bags of gold in the great cavern, and of the little boy that found it?'

As I sat there and listened to the outgoing love from that great coarse man's heart, I kept very still, but I said to myself, 'I was right. The divine love dwells there, and even he belongs to the kingdom of love.'

I left them, for it was better that they should be alone, but I visited the little brown house often. I always found Mr. Jones sitting by the bed, telling stories and reading, or else preparing something for the comfort of Jack. The neighbors carried them all that was necessary, and lent them books and pictures.

The long autumn wore away and the winter set in, and yet Jack had to keep his bed, and it was thought that he would be a cripple; but Mr. Jones watched and cared for him like a tender father, and Jack never complained. They acted the part of hero and martyr through the long days and nights, for poor Jack suffered terribly, and Mr. Jones would let no one take care of him but himself. He taught him to read and to draw, and he sold every article that was not absolutely necessary in his house to buy some pleasure for his boy, as he called him.

And through that long winter the little roots of kindness and love were gaining so much strength that no one wondered in the spring to see the beautiful blossoms come forth. As soon as Jack could get up on his feet, Mr. Jones supported him and led him to the door, and there, in the great arm chair, he brought to Jack all that he asked for—green mosses, little opening buds, twigs with the soft silken leaves upon them, and these Jack would imitate with his pencil in a most wonderful manner. Mr. Jones would hunt the woods over for some new, pretty flower, and together they would study the delicate shades, the tiny veins and the little tendrils, and when Jack had made his drawing, Mr. Jones was as greatly delighted as if they had really created the beauty.

But Jack wanted to paint, and Mr. Jones wanted to get him a box of water colors, and so he came to work for me to get the money. How he would dig and delve, and then hurry home to help Jack from his easy chair to the bed, and to prepare his supper. I sometimes followed him for the sake of seeing their meeting.

'Well, my boy, have you wanted anything?' Mr. Jones would begin. 'I knew you would say no. But see this nice egg. Mrs. Silver sent it, and I just happened to think that once I saw some eggs painted so beautifully. I shall have the box of paints in ten days, and then you'll have nice times! Oh, Jack, it is such good fun to work for paint boxes and nice things for you. I am never tired now. How lonesome I used to be when I came home here! And are you happy, Jack?—just as happy as you used to be when you ran about in the fields?'

And in this way the old man would go on, his heart running over with love and kindness, and Jack was as patient and as merry as he could be. He used to whistle and work alone with his brushes day after day, till he really became quite

an artist, and then Mr. Jones and he went to the city and took a little room, and enjoyed life heartily. Jack never got quite well, and always limped, but he blessed the day when his good friend brought him this misfortune that was to lead him to a better life.

Now, children, when you look upon the poor, despised, and even wicked people of the world, do not forget poor Jack and old Jack Jones, for a loving Father showed us all that even they were his dear children, who had hearts to feel and souls to be warmed into noble life. I shall never forget how handsome they looked to me when they were talking together. Their rough features smoothed down into lines of real grace, and from their countenances beamed the only true beauty—that of loving kindness. Like our homely cat-bird, they had their noble qualities, that would shine out if not despised and ill-treated. And you will find it so with all those whom a loving Father calls his children. Give them the opportunity, and they will show the true beauty of divine love."

THE ANGEL'S CHARGE.

Faded in meekness on her breast her little hands were laid. And on her brow and lofty brow grief drew her blighting shade.

Tears stood upon her pallid cheeks like dewdrops on a rose. Those sunny petals scarce are used their beauty to disclose. Then came a smile, a sunny smile, and chased the cloud away.

It played around her unclouded lips, and in her dimples lay. And her grand features, stern and harsh, then seen the sleep of death.

Their tones of anger must have changed to accents soft and mild. Gay voices, with a breeze-like swell, were heard within the hall.

While music's witching harmonies sent back a silvery call. And graceful forms waved to and fro amid the maze dance. And brilliant, soul-enkindled eyes were throwing glances for dances.

Had she to part, no place assigned in this gay, festive scene. Where children's light and buoyant forms, like airy sprites, were seen? Oh, in the cheerless solitude were there no words of love To soothe the silent agony of this poor wounded dove?

As yet! A form was bending low above the humble bed. Whose sweetest on its pillow course the weeping, throbbing head.

A voice, a low, soft, thrilling voice, was murmuring in her ear. And loving glances scanned the face that had not found its peer.

The Angel touched her forehead fair and opened her inner eyes. When beauty after beauty rose, as Alps on Alps arise; Till lost in pleased, in glad surprise, all shadows from her past.

And joys imparted by the best their dimless lustre cast. Again the father who had taught her infant lips to pray, The mother in whose clasping arms at night she nestling lay.

Stood each revealed in beaming calm, pure dwellers of a clime Where avarice-handened souls come not to dream of crime.

The touches of the olden time attentively she heard. Sweet lessons uttered gently as the carols of a bird. To strew along life's daily path the golden seeds of good. Though evil with her flaming sword within the pathway stood.

The playing Angel looked within her being's inner cell. And found it pure as pearls that lie in rainbow-tinted shell: Two sleeping doves in loving love the crystal wall o'er span. The one was Confidence in God, the other, Hope in Man. Day after day, and week by week, he watched the buds expand.

And joyed to see how much they looked like those in Summer-land! While fragrance from their glowing cups, their last, their crowning grace. Breathed through her form symmetrical to rest upon her face.

And still the faithful Angel stood beside her drooping form. Chilled by the frosts of cold neglect, like buds beneath the storm. While brighter 'neath the evening hush looked out the violet eyes.

As if they saw, through half-veiled eyes, the bliss of Paradise. Such heart-soft in so young a child he never had seen before. And her being's end accomplished, he waited for no more; So pressing on her parted lips Death's icy seal of love, He gently bore her in his arms to waiting ones above.

—La Saint, New Orleans.

—From the Rutland (Vt.) Independent.

Spiritualist Picnic at Moriah, N. Y.
The Spiritualists of Moriah, N. Y., got up a picnic which came off on Saturday, Sept. 12th, and was, on the whole, a very pleasant and successful affair. The place selected was a grove about two miles from the steamboat landing, at Port Henry, and commands a fine view of the lake and surrounding scenery. A little to the southeast lies Crown Point, a low point of land on which is seen the ruins of the old fort, peacefully slumbering and mouldering away, oblivious of the warlike scenes once enacted within and around its walls. The waters of the lake rippled and sparkled in quiet restlessness, like a thing of life. Fertile farm lands stretch away from the Vermont shore, in gentle swells and undulations, back to the Green Mountains, whose rugged sides and lofty peaks, distance and a hazy atmosphere softened and mellowed into a most refreshing scene.

Altogether the place and scenery possessed a beauty beyond what the eye often meets with, and a charm beyond what the soul often feels. Joyful hearts and busy, willing hands had contributed to make all things pleasant, and render the occasion one to be long remembered as a bright spot in the journey of life.

A stand for the speakers and music was erected, and, extending from it in front, a floor of rough boards was laid of sufficient capacity to accommodate two or three of chairs. A band of music was provided. The services of two instrumental speakers, from Vermont, were procured—A. E. Simmons, of Woodstock, and Dr. E. B. Holden, of North Clarendon. A long table near the speakers' stand covered with the flowers of linen, and festooned with garlands of the brightest of evergreen, the most fragrant of flowers and most beautiful of bouquets, fairly glorified beneath a profusion of edibles, fanciful and substantial, to satisfy the cravings of the hungry or tempt the appetite of the dainty epicure.

The heavy rain of previous days and nights, and which were not suspended until late in the forenoon of Saturday, delayed the assembling of the people somewhat, and kept many away who had been looking forward to the occasion with bright anticipations of pleasure. A goodly number were present, however, in spite of the unfavorable circumstances; and with a smiling sky above them, and the consoling presence of an innumerable host of invisible friends around them, they testified in the most unmistakable language by their cheering and cheering voices, their high praise of the feast, material and spiritual, prepared and prepared for them.

The exercises commenced with singing by the choir, followed by some most soul-stirring music from the band. Austin E. Simmons then took the stand and led the audience enraptured by the power of his eloquence and the soundness of his logic, for more than an hour. The band responded in strains so cheerful and enlivening that the floor was soon filled with eager dancers, who with nimble feet kept time with the music as they moved in the intricate of the graceful cotillon. Prominent among the torchbearers throng, and with an apparent relish as keen as any was seen the speaker of the forenoon. And it was quite noticeable that the dancing in the dance added vastly to the enjoyment of the rest.

The dancing was kept up till the Chairman announced that the "tea-water was hot," and extended a general invitation to all to repair to the table and partake of the banquet there spread out in such tempting profusion. The banquet was really sumptuous; and while it was being discussed there was a constant, genial flow of small talk, interspersed and enlivened by spontaneous bursts of wit and flashes of sparkling repartee.

Dancing followed the repast till the Chairman announced the hour for the afternoon lecture. Order soon reigned. There was singing by the choir and music by the band, when Dr. Holden took the stand and gave the closing lecture of the day. Then followed dancing till a late hour, when the friends dispersed to their several homes and places of entertainment, to meet again at night at different private dwellings, some to indulge still further their fondness for the social dance, and others to join in circles for the purpose of holding communion sweet with

ILLINOIS.

Grimes and Jamieson's Discussion at Aurora.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT.—I sent you a brief account of the first evening's debate between Prof. Grimes and myself. Everything passed off well, and the Professor said it was one of the most pleasant discussions he ever held. The arrangement was to have three evenings' debate, but it was closed the second evening, although I was very anxious to demonstrate on the following evening that the will of a mesmerizer is necessary in controlling subjects, and thus earn the fifty dollars which the Professor had offered! He said he would meet me some other time, as he would be obliged to leave the place the next day. Some of the thrice-told tale thought he had beaten a retreat; but in this supposition they were probably mistaken, although if a Spiritualist had pursued the same course, it would have been considered a defeat. "Circumstances alter cases."

In accepting his challenge to debate I claimed the right, as the challenged party, to propose questions, and submitted the following:

Resolved, That spirits of departed human beings have communicated, and do communicate, with mankind.

He said he would not debate that question, for he could not see the "catch" in it. He said Christians generally believed spirits had communicated. "Very well," I replied, "we will make it present tense." Not accepted. I then submitted a second proposition:

Resolved, That spiritual phenomena can be philosophically explained without admitting the agency of departed human spirits.

He declined to affirm that. I asked him if he had not debated a question very much like it at one time? He answered by saying he would debate the proposition:

Resolved, That Modern Spiritualism is not true.

This was finally agreed upon. Last evening closed the debate. As I denied the proposition, my business was to meet objections, of which I made copious, photographic notes, replying as follows:

If mesmerism will account for Spiritualism, it will likewise account for Christianity, for the systems are identical. If, as the Professor declares, mediums do not see spirits when they affirm emphatically that they do, and prove it by describing them accurately, then, by what rule can the Christian's evidence be admitted? It is based upon the appearance of Jesus to his followers. By what rule can it be believed that Jesus Christ ever appeared to his disciples? or that Moses and Elias were ever seen by Jesus himself?

You church people seem to be perfectly willing to have Spiritualism demolished, forgetting that the same means that would serve to annihilate it would utterly destroy the foundations of Christianity. You must confess that if no one after death has ever communicated to and never been seen by man, you are without any demonstrative proof of the soul's immortality. You profess to believe that Jesus walked this earth after his crucifixion. People then living said they saw him. I want to ask you a candid question: Was the eyesight of the disciples of Jesus any better than that of your own neighbors or relatives, who declare they see their spirit friends? The Professor says there are honest men and women who think they see spirits, and who believe they talk with them, but that it is all a mistake. His theory is that though many of them are honest, they are deluded—they are self-mesmerized! If this is an explanation of present, it is also of past phenomena. Now what is mesmerism? Ah! there is the question. The Professor disavows among themselves in answering it. One says, "The will of the operator has nothing to do with the experiments." Another declares as positively that mesmerism, or more strictly, psychism, is the "power of mind over mind." Mr. Grimes says genuine so-called spiritual phenomena are mesmerism. What are some of the phenomena? Names of departed spirits are written; fac-similes of their handwriting when they lived on earth are obtained; facts, dates and names are given, establishing the identity of spirits as clearly as any fact can be proved in a law court. The intelligences say, "We are spirits." "No," says Prof. Grimes, "it is mesmerism!" Then mesmerism lies! The witness is perjured.

The Professor says Spiritualists argue, "If it is not a spirit, what is it?" There may be some simple-minded people who indulge in such phraseology, but I protest against the respectable and intelligent body of Spiritualists being held accountable for any such loose logic. Spiritualists reason in this way: "Here are phenomena through which is manifested intelligence. This intelligence admits that it once inhabited an earthly tenement, but now is a denizen of the spirit-world. If it is not what it claims to be, what is it?"

Neither Mr. Grimes nor any other person has ever been able to explain Spiritualism upon any other hypothesis than that announced by the intelligences themselves: "We are spirits!" Prof. Hare tried it, so did Judge Edmonds, Tallmadge, Dr. Dods, an eminent psychologist, and a host of other minds equally profound. Their investigation of Spiritualism resulted in their conversion and consequent acknowledgment of the supra-mundane character of its phenomena, and the truth and grandeur of its philosophy. My brother says he desires to become convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, if it is true. He has acknowledged to-night that if he could believe Spiritualism is true he would be one of the happiest men living. No doubt of it. That admission came from his heart. Spiritualists experience what my friend desires to know. They know that Spiritualism is true. They have seen their friends who have passed the portals of death. Their testimony is just as good as Paul's or Peter's, or that of any other mind of ancient times.

The Professor wants to know if Spiritualism is true, is a knowledge, why one of the "Fox girls" joined the Roman Catholic Church? Well, suppose she had united with that Church. My friend has already admitted that the Roman Catholics are believers in Spiritualism. But it is a false report. She did not join the Church, and is still a good medium.

I have known Protestants to join the Roman Catholic Church. Did that prove Protestantism false? Hark, my friend, says, denounces Spiritualism, therefore (!) Spiritualism is not true. Wonderful logic!

The Professor says he must have first-class evidence, and then defines what first-class evidence is: "Must bring on the mediums, and produce the phenomena in presence of the audience. I have never claimed to be able to do this. We have met here to debate. For the production of spiritual phenomena, proper conditions are requisite. The works of Jesus Christ depended upon conditions. He could not perform any mighty work in a certain place because of the unbelief of the people. Even my brother here, in his mesmerism experiments, must have conditions. He demands the condition of silence, and when one of the audience, the other evening, laughed outright, it interfered very much with his conditions, and the success of his experiments, and called from my amiable friend a pretty sharp rebuke. I claim to have given you first-class evidence—the best the case affords—the testimony of living witnesses. No good, reliable medium guarantees on his or her own responsibility a single manifestation from the spirit-world.

There is something that I suppose my friend intended for an argument: "Spiritualism is pure Atheism." I reply to this by saying, Without Spiritualism you have no demonstration of the immortality of the soul. He says Spiritualists believe in a God that never alters his laws. For once he is right; he has stated our position correctly. Does he believe in a God that alters his laws? The God whom Spiritualists believe in, is not one who makes mistakes, repents, gets angry and pleased again. The God whom we worship does not need to change his laws. Then, again, he says that we believe in "no God, no Saviour, no forgiveness for sin, no sin that can be repented of—and if people do repent of sin, it does no good, according to Spiritualism." Spiritualists believe in the God of Nature. Don't you? While we do believe in a Saviour, we do not believe that the shedding of the blood of Jesus Christ will save any man from the just consequences of his sin. We must work out our own salvation. Spiritualism teaches us that we must save ourselves. We never expect to go to heaven on the merits of Jesus, nor on the merits of any other good man. We expect to earn heaven. We believe that obedience to God's natural moral laws will ensure our happiness; to disobey them is to suffer. Thrust your hand into the fire until the flesh is burnt to a crisp, and then ask God to forgive you! Ask him to take away the pain! Will he do it? I think not.

Says my friend, "He omits no opportunity to attack Christianity; he does all he can to lower Christianity in your estimation." Ladies and Gentlemen, I have never opposed Christianity. Protestants, you who wage war against Christianity when you oppose Roman Catholicism? I oppose the Secularism which exists in this world in the name of Christianity. Secularism has cursed the world. It has created great partition walls between neighbor and neighbor; engendered hate where love only should have dwelt; trampled truth in the dust in the name of God; sacrificed the lives of thousands of innocent men and women upon its bloody altar in the name of religion, and degraded man below the level of a beast. I am happy to say this is what Spiritualism is not. Oh! I long to see the day when the terrible monster, Secularism, will be swept from the face of our lovely earth.

Spiritualism is *eclectic*—it proves all things, holds fast that which is good, in the Methodist Church, in the Baptist, in the Roman Catholic, in the Pagan—anywhere, and everywhere. It is the true, holy, catholic religion which is destined to become universal.

I come now to where the Professor reiterates the statement that his will has nothing to do with mesmerism experiments. I would like to test that. I have studied Psychology with Prof. Starnes, one of the best of living psychologists. For two years I gave lectures on Psychology, and practiced psychological experiments. While I know there is truth in the science of mesmerism, I am also aware that there is a great deal of humbug about it, on the part of subjects and some operators. I am prepared to demonstrate that the will of the operator is necessary in the control of mediums. Let me select a half-dozen of persons from this audience, and we will see whether the Professor's will has nothing to do with the experiments? You have noticed invariably, whether he will has anything to do with them or not, that the subjects do whatever he tells them to do. You have seen that when he told them they could not get down from a table they could not; when he set their hands in motion, as in the act of writing, they continued to move until commanded to stop; and yet his will has nothing to do with the experiments!

I acknowledge that there is a percentage of alleged spiritual phenomena that is of mundane, psychological cause. Psychology is a stepping-stone to Spiritualism, and the science has done much toward satisfying my mind of its truth. I know of no philosophical Spiritualist who accepts the utterances of mediums, under influence, as the exact words of spirits controlling. Spirit-communications partake more or less of the fallacy of the mediums through whom they are received. On the part of intelligent spirits there is no claim to infallibility. They teach people to accept nothing without adequate proof. In the light of this statement I inquire, What becomes of the Professor's charge that Spiritualists are, as a class, led by the *ipse dixit* of spirits. A few may be by high-sounding titles. There are some bombastic ones on the other side of death's valley as well as on this. Such minds will find followers.

My friend has tried to make capital out of some of my statements made in a lecture delivered in Chicago, but he has misquoted the paragraphs. He said that I declared in that lecture that "Seventy per cent. of the spiritual phenomena, so-called, are a cheat." Mr. Chairman, I did not say that.

Prof. Grimes.—An imposition, you said.

Mr. JAMIESON.—No, sir. I wish the gentleman had read more carefully.

Prof. Grimes.—Does the gentleman mean to deny his own words in the printed lecture?

Mr. JAMIESON.—I will stand by what is printed in that lecture. Here is what I did say: "Seventy per cent. of alleged spiritual phenomena are of mundane origin." Quite a difference between mundane origin and a "cheat," or "imposition." I believe that a very small proportion of spiritual phenomena is an imposition. There is no system of religion or philosophy of which the world has ever known that is entirely free from imposition. I could not expect to meet my friend here in debate, nor to meet any one else, and claim that Spiritualism is free from humbug. Perhaps this is what the Professor expected I would do: defend anything and everything that anybody says proper to call Spiritualism.

In that lecture, from which my friend has endeavored to quote, I claimed that we have indubitable proofs that if a man die, he shall live again. My friend says that I acknowledged, after speaking of the origin of seven-tenths of phenomenal Spiritualism, that the other three-tenths are "rather shaky." I said that "probably still further investigation would reduce considerably the remaining three-tenths of supposed genuine spiritual phenomena." One incontrovertible fact proves spirit-existence and communion as positively as a million facts can do. A million facts added to the one would make that one no more of a fact. This is the way I feel in regard to Spiritualism. Years since I witnessed phenomena under circumstances that precluded imposition or trick of any kind. There may be ten thousand counterfeits, but they do not shake my confidence in that which is genuine.

The Professor says the boy orator, Walter, discovered Henry Slade writing under a table with his feet! He tells us that Slade always takes his boots off and wears slippers in his ciphers, that he wears stockings without toes, that he performs all his feats in this way, and further declares that Slade always had manifestations with his boots on! Unfortunately for the Professor's theory, I have seen Dr. Slade's manifestations when he had his boots on. I am well acquainted with Dr. Henry Slade, of Jackson, Mich. I believe him to be perfectly sincere and honest. There is not a better medium for physical manifestations in the world.

The question is, "Is Modern Spiritualism untrue?" The Professor says it is. We have shown that Spiritualism teaches the Existence of Deity; the Immortality of Man; the Brotherhood of the Human Race; the Paternity of God; Endless Progress; the Adaptation of Spirituality to Man's Nature; Happiness as a result of acquaintance with and obedience to Natural Law. The Professor is placed, or placed himself, in the dilemma of affirming that these propositions are all untrue. A denial of Spiritualism is practical Atheism. Without the light of Spiritualism, all is dark, vague, uncertain, concerning the future. Death is no kind friend, but everywhere feared as an enemy without the divine revelations of Spiritualism. By its revivifying power the soul is uplifted, and this earthly life has no sorrow great enough to overwhelm it.

My friend has undertaken to prove a negative. It is his own question. It remains with you, audience, to decide in your own minds how much progress he has made.

Yours for the "Agitation of Thought,"

W. F. JAMIESON.

MINNESOTA.

Letter from Mrs. Logan.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Please allow me to say, through your columns, to the many friends who have so kindly entertained and cheered me in my journeyings, that I find myself on the western side of the "Father-of-Waters." In the beautiful cottage home of Mrs. C. E. F. Bancroft, mistress of the *Manorville Express*.

In referring to you as an instance of what woman can do, I trust she will pardon the liberty I take in bringing her financial matters before the public. Besides the cost of supporting a family of six—which of course is a great deal in these days when children must be educated not only in the English branches but in the languages and music—and the expense of running her printing office, amounting to five hundred dollars yearly, she has built a neat, tasteful cottage-house, costing two thousand dollars, all of which she has earned in her business in less than three years. Her good husband formerly was editor of the paper, and considered her the angel of the house, and I doubt not she still has her star in her hand in spirit-life, for harmony, peace and love are entrusted upon the brow of each member of the household. If woman, "weak woman," can do all this, why should our laws continue to class her with children and idiots, as far as the suffrage question is concerned? But the good time is coming by-and-by. The world moves!

When I lecture, in halls, court-houses or churches, on temperance, its cause, its consequences and its cure, giving as the only remedy the ballot, old gentlemen respond "Amen!" ministers at my right on the sofa whisper, "That is the only remedy, the only cure." Give the right of suffrage to woman, and she will place, by her vote, temperate men in office.

My present address, Mrs. F. A. LOGAN, Care of Religious-Philosophical Journal, Chicago, Ill.

CALIFORNIA.

Spiritualism in San Francisco.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—On returning to the Pacific shores I have endeavored to scan the movement of the great tidal wave of Spiritualism and its influence; and, after mingling with the thinkers and progressive minds in the East, I can say California is not standing still. There is a broad liberalism in this city, sufficient to sustain two large meetings Sunday evenings, and yet a centralization into organizations is feeble. Two systems are moving here—liberal progression and secularism; and there is a desire to bring our great, free growth to the latter, which would shut out spontaneous growth. Others demand a broader movement, and ask the cooperation of all liberals, and exhort them to become fully acquainted with the whole

subject of spirit-influence and a knowledge of the various phases of the phenomena, so as to know just where we stand, and how much is possessed, to absorb the minds and give a knowledge of a truer and a truer life. This movement is drawing in the people and reaching into all churches, all systems of philosophy, all the sympathies and needs of individuals, calling up the truer and better natures and demanding them to think and act. And it is such a movement to be left to chance to grow, or it is to be met with soul-life and cooperation with good spirits in the body and out of the body.

There is too much here to be lost, too much to be neglected, too much to be narrowed to a set, too much to be dwarfed to an idea; and if old staid advocates, those who helped it when it was not understood and unpopular—if such up its claims with the same strong determination for the best interests of the great truth, they may hope for success. I know that, some of our best minds and most earnest souls desire to secularize, but the law of eternal progression declares in thunder tones: "Not you may stop, but the movement of religious spontaneity and growth never!"

The field is broad and the cause generous enough, for the vast numbers of thinkers and unlearned minds are needed to effect the greatest good. I need not name our workers here, but they are earnest and true. I am often met and taken by the hand by some of Dr. J. P. Bryant's old patients, and many of the inquiries after him and thanks for what he has done for them.

Our fruit and grain crops are abundant. Prosperity and progression are the rule here, not the exception.

Yours respectfully,

J. H. ARKESON.

San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 17, 1868.

NEW JERSEY.

A Few Plain Words to Liberals.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—I have noticed with satisfaction that you occasionally draw the attention of your readers to the fact that there is an organized movement among the adherents, both "lay" and "clerical," of the "evangelical" churches, looking to the introduction of an amendment to the constitution of the United States, "acknowledging Almighty God the author and source of civil government, the Lord Jesus Christ as the ruler among the nations, and his law given in the Bible as of supreme authority," &c., &c.

I am glad that you keep this before the people, for liberals are too apt to indulge in an apathy which is anything but creditable. It is high time this listlessness was thrown aside, and each and every one within our ranks was thoroughly aroused to the necessity of action. Was anything ever accomplished by sitting down and relying on some one else to attend to our affairs, thus shifting the responsibility from our own shoulders? I say it here, that if the priests and their bigoted followers are allowed to succeed in their designs, we deserve the yoke they will certainly place upon our necks. The liberal element of this country has it within its power to prevent this great wrong. Is it equal to the task?

What are we doing? Are we organized for persistent and determined work, as are our clerical opponents? Cannot some of our thinkers produce a plan whereby we can rally all liberals to an organized resistance to priestly oppression? There is no use of merely thinking about this; there has been a great deal of that and very little work. All will agree with me, I think, that devotion to the cause of free thought should be paramount to all other political party.

Now comes the question, *How can we labor to accomplish the end in view?* I will merely suggest one way, leaving it to others to make further efforts. Let liberals, without regard to party ties, resolve to give their support to no man for Congress, or even to a State Legislature, who shall refuse to pledge himself to disavowance by his vote any attempt upon our religious liberty. If we are banded together with this end to be labored for, we need not fear. If we take no action, there is danger that we may be deprived of our freedom and ourselves rendered ineligible to any office under the government. Such will be the result if we allow the Evangelicals to have their own way. Spiritualists, free-thinkers, Unitarians, liberals of all shades, Jews, what think you of the prospect? I have drawn no fancy sketch. It will all be reality unless you (not some one else) will put your shoulders to the wheel. Through the action of each liberal society in the country we can soon present a front that will disconcert the enemy. Friends, are you ready?

Windows, N. J., Sept. 20, 1868. I. H. ARKESON, M. D.

MISSOURI.

Note from Henry C. Wright.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Please inform your readers that the post-office address of Henry C. Wright is no longer care of Hilda Barker, Boston, but care of Banner of Light, Boston; that from Oct. 1st to Oct. 30th letters can be sent to me care of Charles A. Penn, St. Louis, Mo., as I will be in St. Louis during October. Shall be in the West (Ill. Jan. 1st). If any Societies of Spiritualists or friends of progress wish to send me a letter, they can address me to the above direction—care of Charles A. Penn, &c. I have no engagements after Nov. 10th.

Dear Banner, shine on. Let thy rays of light penetrate and scatter the gross darkness that covers the people in regard to their relation to God, to one another, to God, and to eternal life. The feelings of the theory of Christendom are looming up, and in the light are being seen in all their most hideous, most hideous and revolting deformities. There is no man and woman and child, but they are all slaves, that they could ever have been made to think that the blood of God could appease the wrath of God, or cleanse the souls of men and women from sin, or keep heaven in and hell out of them.

I need the Banner of Light wherever I go, and its fruits are the same in all who read it. Bible authority, miraculous conception, blood of atonement, an angry God and an eternal, arbitrary hell, go by the board, and the fact is substituted for their relation to God, to one another, to God, and to eternal life. The feelings of the theory of Christendom are looming up, and in the light are being seen in all their most hideous, most hideous and revolting deformities. There is no man and woman and child, but they are all slaves, that they could ever have been made to think that the blood of God could appease the wrath of God, or cleanse the souls of men and women from sin, or keep heaven in and hell out of them.

Go on, friend Banner, and shed a still more brilliant light on the one great thought of the world, I mean and his Master's teaching, to hold out to the people the hope of heaven and hell out of us, as individuals, families, states and nations. The Church, as a bulwark of a sectarian, stationary religion, is anti-God, anti-progress and anti-human, hell is in it, by virtue of its existence as a sectarian body, and in it hell must remain. It is not to be destroyed, but to be destroyed by the human mind with its unaided and persistent theology.

God bless thee, Banner of Light, in thy glorious mission. Cordis, Ind., Sept. 28, 1868. HENRY C. WRIGHT.

Call for a National Convention of the Friends of the Children's Progressive League.

At the Fifth Annual Convention of Spiritualists, held at Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 22 to 28th, 1868, composed of delegates from fifteen States, the District of Columbia, and Canada, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we recommend to the Children's Progressive League to form State Associations, and from these a National Association, to be held in the city of Philadelphia, to commence on Thursday, the 20th day of November, 1868, at 10 o'clock in the morning, and continue in session two days.

We therefore invite each and every local organization of Spiritualists to send as many delegates as they may have representatives in Congress. And where there are no State Organizations, we invite each local organization of Spiritualists to send two delegates.

Let us come together and take counsel as brothers and sisters in this, the most important and practical work upon which we have entered—a work born of the Summer Land, and destined in its fruition to bless the fairest portion of God's family—our children, as well as ourselves.

M. B. DAVIS, 148 South 2d Street, Philadelphia; W. E. DAVIS, Orange, N. Y.; W. E. DAVIS, Orange, N. Y.; A. E. CARPENTER, Boston, Mass.; A. E. CARPENTER, Boston, Mass.

The days will be devoted to business; the first evening, 20th inst., the Children's Progressive League will give a grand Entertainment, and upon the evening of the 27th a Social, the proceeds of which are to be devoted toward defraying the expenses of the Convention.

Free return tickets will be furnished to all delegates who pay full fare in cash to the Convention on the Pennsylvania Central or the Philadelphia and Erie Railroads, good until the 25th of December.

Meeting of the Illinois State Association of Spiritualists.

To the Spiritualists of the State of Illinois: In pursuance of the action of the Third Annual Illinois State Association of Spiritualists, a State Convention will be held in Springfield, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 10th, 11th and 12th inst. The Convention will convene in the Spiritists Hall on Friday at 10 o'clock A. M.

Each local society is entitled to two delegates, and one additional delegate for each fifty members, or fraction of fifty members over the first fifty.

Cordial invitation is extended to the Spiritualists of the State to be present for the purpose of united action.

Spiritualists, let us all come to this meeting baptized with noble resolves to labor for the benefit of humanity.

W. F. JAMIESON, Sec'y.

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Yearly Meeting of Friends of Progress at Richmond, Ind.

The Fifteenth Annual Meeting of the Friends of Progress will be held on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 16th, 17th and 18th, at Richmond, Ind. Address, J. H. ARKESON, Sec'y.

Convention in Kansas. The Spiritualists of Kansas will meet in Convention, at Topeka, on the 20th, 21st and 22nd of Oct., 1868. Messrs. J. M. HARRIS, J. H. ARKESON, and others are invited to speak. Ample provision for entertainment of friends will be made. All are cordially invited to attend. Address, Executive Committee of State Association of Spiritualists, Topeka, Kan.

Meeting of Spiritualists. A meeting of the Pennsylvania State Association of Spiritualists will be held at West Chester, Pa., on the 14th and 15th of October, at 3 and 7 P. M., and on Thursday, the 15th, at 10 A. M. By direction of the Executive Committee.

HENRY T. CHILDS, M. D., 631 Race Street, Sec'y.

Obituaries. Departed from the earthly form on the morning of Sept. 17th, 1868, Mrs. Clara P. Durant, wife of Edward J. Durant, and daughter of Abraham and Clarissa Pugh, of Lebanon, N. H., aged 41 years.

The funeral services were held at their residence, attended by a large audience; offerings of beautiful flowers and sweet music were given, and words of consolation were spoken through the organ of the writer. Mrs. Durant was an estimable lady, and beloved by a large circle of friends; she died at her home, after a long and painful illness, and was buried in the family vault at Lebanon, N. H., on the 19th inst.

Our fruit and grain crops are abundant. Prosperity and progression are the rule here, not the exception.

Yours respectfully,

J. H. ARKESON.

San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 17, 1868.

Went home to dwell in the Summer-Land, Sept. 8th, from South Boston, Mass., Mr. John Blackler, aged 97 years; Sept. 9th, his daughter, Rachel Blackler, aged 31 years; also on the evening of the same day, Lizzie Aborn, infant daughter of William and Catherine Aborn, aged 10 months.

These three passed from the life of this world, and are now dwelling in the Summer-Land, and the little one, just becoming conscious of its existence on the shores of time. Father Blackler was confined from the last part of the winter, and it was with great difficulty that he was able to get up in the Spring. About this time his daughter was taken ill, and those who watched over the invalid ones during the Summer only were his faithful attendants. At last death came to relieve them from their frail forms, and bear them beyond the surging life to the pleasant land on the other shore.

Mr. Blackler was a man of rare gifts, and often have I seen her in circles give the most convincing tests of spirit power and presence. Physical weakness seemed to have her progress here, but the mind was clear and active, and she will find no obstacle to her soul's true development. But inspired with true zeal and courage she shall overcome all. She passed away at 10 o'clock, and her last words were: "I shall take the baby with me." Little Lizzie went to 9 in the evening. Heavens! friends, we know your hearts are sad to part with those who have been so dear to you, but we cannot mourn. To the dear friends in West Newbury we tender our sincere sympathy, and hope that she may prove to them the truth of spirit communion.

Passed to the shores of the better land, Sept. 18th, from West Newbury, Mass., Miss Abigail Allen, aged 84 years. Mrs. Allen was a devoted friend to the home of the angels, and the silver cord was loosed that bound her to the mortal, and the glad spirit was made free. Her was a natural, simple, and pure, and in the vision of the coming, from the East, a new fashion, living in accordance with the law of harmony and life; not bound by creeds, but holding the still, small voice in the holy fires, the singing, dancing rill, or the sweet melody of truth and gathering from each and all the lessons of that experience which is better than the wisdom of the world because it is the knowledge of that which is eternal. To the dear friends in West Newbury we tender our sincere sympathy, and hope that she may prove to them the truth of spirit communion.

Passed on to the higher life, from Rockport, Me., Sept. 20th, Mr. Ambrose W. Harriman, aged 43 years and 10 months. Mr. Harriman was one of our most enterprising citizens, and has been a great help to the cause of the spiritualist in this place, since it first started on its heavenly mission; and the many mediums who have spoken here, credit to his worth and his high character. He was a true friend to the cause, and his death is a great loss to the cause. To the dear friends in West Newbury we tender our sincere sympathy, and hope that she may prove to them the truth of spirit communion.

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

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1868.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET.
ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE, LUTHER COLBY, ISAAC B. RICH.
For Terms of Subscription see eighth page. All mail matter must be sent to our Central Office, Boston, Mass.

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

All business connected with the editorial department of this paper is under the exclusive control of the Boston Office, to which letters and communications should be addressed.

Prescience and Invention.

If men are not ready to be convinced through their spiritual faculties, than which there is no conviction so deep and thorough, they will perforce become convinced by appeals to their interest. Invention opens a very wide door to these times for spiritual truths to pass through. There are large numbers of inventors who are perfectly willing to confess to the power of external impressions; they received their valuable ideas and suggestions—how do they know from whence? None are more conversant with the secret than they. In the *Pittsburg (Pa.) Post* we find an article conspicuously setting forth the intimate connection between inventions and spiritual origination. Invention really has no end; it is, as the writer avers, "an attribute of the eternal divine mind." And he proceeds to say: "But all discoveries and inventions have been made in a perfectly consecutive order, on a plan preconceived in the universal mind; so that however fortuitous they may appear to have been, they have been by no means the result of chance. The very fact that they have all been discovered and invented in the order of their necessity, and in no other order, in the conduct of human economy, is to our view conclusive proof of their divine origin, and of their coming precisely, as they were divinely appointed to come."

The inquiry has been raised, whether it is possible for invention to proceed for the next half century as it has progressed for the last. Conceding the great fact that invention is but creation, and that the source of its supply is infinite, because it is the limitless mind of the Creator, there is no reason whatever to doubt the fact that the work will go on without end. After commenting on the electric telegraph, stereotyping, steam presses, and other comparatively recent inventions, by which the material condition and destinies of the human race have been affected in a manner not now possible to measure or reckon, the article from which we have quoted concludes its very just and comprehensive reflections with the following passage: "But there is something more than this to be said, inasmuch as the world has for many ages believed that spiritual intercourse has, at various periods, existed on earth between human beings and spiritual existences. Hence, when very numerous claims are made by various persons in all parts of the country that they have been favored with spiritual communications, it would seem to be the part of wisdom to give the subject the most candid and careful investigation, and not hastily to conclude that, because we may never have experienced anything of the sort, therefore it has no existence in the world at the present day. We may, indeed, conclude a priori that, if we can imagine the world could ever need such communications, they would certainly at some time come." Thus we find the truth is spreading. For one reason and another, by one instrumentality and another, it makes its way. The scientific mind is more than ever receptive to Spiritualism and its truths to-day. The day for the blind Harvard professors never can come back again. The light that now shines can be hidden under none of their little bushels. Where's that Report?

It Still Lives.

Spiritualism has been "killed" so many times by the preachers and men of science, it is remarkable what tenaciousness it manifests for life still. Every week we read in our exchanges of sermons and lectures that are pronounced against it. We have just read the report of a sermon delivered by a Rev. Mr. Caffey, in the Congregational chapel in Williamsport, Penn., against the monstrous "evil" which he would be glad to overthrow. He warns his hearers not to think Spiritualism dead. But his professed knowledge of the subject is positively startling. Nine-tenths of all the manifestations, he says, are jugglery and deceit, which is certainly a convenient way of silencing his doubts. Three-fourths of the other tenth, he avers, may be accounted for on scientific laws; and he believes that the remainder will be accounted for on "natural and mundane principles." Bless your pious heart, Brother Caffey! it is all to be accounted for on "natural" principles. The only mystery about it is that which goes with God's whole universe. Isn't it a mystery how your soul and body are joined, how they work together for and with each other, and how the intimate relation is finally severed without destroying or diminishing the soul? Isn't it an equal mystery, where thought comes from? how ideas are born? But Mr. Caffey must have his say, or he would cause no sensation. He calls Prof. Haro "insane," and A. J. Davis a man of "nonsense." He charges that Spiritualism brings nothing but evil to "morals"; that it teaches "universal licentiousness"; that it tends to "infidelity"; and that it has never done a single good thing. Which simply shows that a person not a Spiritualist can know nothing at all about the matter.

Scaled Letters.

A correspondent writes: "Please inform me, through the *Banner of Light*, if the letters referred to as answered by the medium at your Free Circles are scaled letters."

Yes, the letters are sealed. Generally they are laid upon the table by the visitors, and the answer—necessarily brief—is given in their presence, the medium writing it upon the envelope. Such letters should contain but one, or perhaps two, questions of sufficient importance to draw the attention of the spirit friend, to whom it should always be directed on the inside.

Connecticut.

E. Annie Hinman, Agent for the State Missionary Association, will speak in Norwich City, Oct. 11th; Mystic Bridge, Oct. 13th, 15th, 16th; New London, Oct. 18th; Hamburg, Oct. 20th, 22d; Moodus, Oct. 23th. Address as above or Falls Village, Conn.

Indian Massacres.

For the past two years, no matter for what particular reasons, whether political or not, there has undoubtedly been a concerted effort on the part of persons duly interested to set on foot a general Indian war; and it looks just now as if the plan had been successfully worked up. Two of the leading Generals in the late Union armies—Sherman and Sheridan—are to-day on the frontier, and are swearing vengeance on all Indians who do not see fit to demonstrate their friendliness anew. There has recently been a fight between a party of fifty United States troops and a straggling body of Indians, in which some forty of the latter were killed, and eighteen whites wounded and two or three more killed. If the origin of this latest trouble can be distinctly traced, it will prove nothing more than the desperation of a few vagabond Indians from different tribes, rendered desperate by hunger and want in consequence of not receiving the dues granted them long since by the Government. That is the almost invariable cause of complaint among them. Even the new Indian Peace Commission has not been allowed a fair opportunity to perform its work, by reason of the unaccountable withholding of the pay of its members. Their hands have been cruelly tied, so that they might not carry out the plans originally laid down by them.

Gen. Sherman is at the head of the business, so far as waging war is concerned, and Gen. Sheridan is his first lieutenant. Sherman went out to the plains a professed Indian hater, intent on making short work with them and thoroughly clearing the country. But the reasoning and persuasion of the more patient and just members of the Commission operated to soften his views greatly, and for a time he consented to try the latter experiment of justice and kindness which they suggested. So far as an experiment thus imperfectly managed could prove successful, this one has; but as we said before, money has been withheld from the Commission, and the more restless Indians of certain tribes have been kept out of what was promised them, and in consequence broken loose from the restraints imposed by their pledges. But it is to be kept in mind that Government teaches them how to break their pledges. The faith of an Indian is not to be shaken, so long as we deal honestly and honorably by him; but when it comes to cheating him out of what he has been fairly promised, how are we to find fault if he follows merely the examples set him by ourselves?

We trust that Government is not about to give way to these rising clamors for another Indian war. Gen. Sherman's influence will no doubt go far to induce it to yield, and he has written a letter urging that the whole Indian business be taken out of the hands of civilians and lodged in those of the military. This course we sanction, for it will be the prime means of cutting off the speculators' "supplies," as the politicians manage those at the head of the Indian bureau.

It is of secondary importance what another Indian war is going to cost the nation, even at the average expense of a million of dollars for the killing of every Indian. But we can ill afford—nay, we cannot at all afford to practice gross injustice in the interest of any men or any parties. The blood of these wars will hang to the national skirts long after the last red man has gone the way of his fathers and brethren. We must begin and do right in this matter now; not by-and-by, for it will then be too late; and it is as certain as that God lives, who loves justice, that we shall never be permitted to go on to the end of this bloody business with impunity. The testimony of old Indian fighters is in our favor; they declare with all solemnity that the Indian will never break his pledged word if we are as careful to be true to our own.

The Death Penalty.

We have read with much satisfaction the appeal of the Hon. M. H. Bovee, of Wisconsin, the Vice President of the Universal Peace Union, to Gov. Geary of Pennsylvania, in behalf of Alfred Alexander, who was sentenced to be hanged in Philadelphia for murder. The letter is strong in its logic and sentiments, and exerted a visible influence on the Governor in granting a respite to the condemned criminal. Mr. Bovee dwells chiefly on the fact that the Government proposes to deter men from the commission of murder by murdering them in return; which he argues is against every rule and instinct of justice and humanity. He holds with truth that, instead of punishing the criminal for the crime, the law only repeats the crime. The spirit of murder is kept alive in the community by such means. It is stated in the course of his letter that the sheriff of a certain county, whom the writer personally knew, resolved to resign his office rather than hang two young men who were condemned for murder. During their incarceration they had become "converted," and had made a "profession of faith," joining the same church to which the sheriff himself belonged. He naturally felt that he could not execute two persons who were members of his own church. Yet there were eight clergymen who worked upon him to induce him to overlook his Christian sympathies, two of whom were present at the hanging. The sheriff gave in to their persuasions; but when the bodies of the victims hung in the air, he averted his head in tears, while they looked down through the trap without moving a muscle!

Music Hall Meetings.

Next Sunday afternoon, Oct. 18th, the course of lectures on Spiritualism will commence in Music Hall, at half-past two o'clock. The season will extend to the close of April. As we have before announced, engagements have been made with scientific, inspirational and trance speakers of such well known ability as to give the assurance that our heaven-born philosophy will not suffer in their hands. The public mind is all alive to the important truths developed by Spiritualism, and we doubt not these exponents will be able in a great measure to supply the demand for knowledge on questions of such vital interest to all.

Mr. J. B. Ferguson, of Tennessee, a gentleman of reputation as a scholar and orator, will deliver the first three lectures of the course.

We will remind those who desire to secure seats that they can procure season tickets for three dollars any day or evening at the *Music Hall* box office, or at the counter of the *Banner of Light* Bookstore, 158 Washington street. Apply before the day of the meeting, and you will get better seats and save the annoyance of a crowd around the ticket-office.

Personal.

A. E. Newton, who for many years past was superintendent of the colored schools of Washington and Georgetown, was unanimously elected Mayor's clerk of Washington, D. C., in joint convention of the councils, on the 1st inst. We congratulate our friend and brother, and trust his new position will not so overtax his energies and wear him out so rapidly as his former position was doing.

What Kind of Life is there in the Spirit-World?

ARTICLE THIRD.

BY "THE UNKNOWN."

There has been a good deal of variance among mediums in their revelations concerning the external appearance of the spirit's home. Some of the ablest of the public speakers have in glowing words given us a philosophy more transcendental than ever an Emerson or an Alcott imagined.

They have borne our spirits on the rainbow wings of their eloquence into a region of intellectual bliss, and left us there to find our way back as best we could. But when we wanted real practical facts concerning spiritual things, they have given us a loaf of this very same philosophy, which, however white and pure, did not satisfy a hungry soul asking for realities.

Cora Daniels, in her golden days of inspiration, used to tell us that our wants should be satisfied, and that our wishes should bring about us what was dearest. The man who loved pets should summon them by his love; the man who desired flowers should see them blooming about him as readily as the breath flowed from his lungs. The artist should cultivate his taste through beautiful objects that came at his wish, and the whole realm of thought should be peopled with the thought creations.

There was no one but loved to hear her inspired words; but almost all asked, Shall I be content with these thought creations? Shall I be satisfied to merely wish for what I would have?

Others gave us similar descriptions of our future enjoyments, and yet others described a real country, with its scenes of beauty, its hills and valleys, its trees and flowers, its homes and the sweet content that abode in them.

But there were contradictory statements concerning animal life there, that seemed very strange; for surely we ought to believe that it would be as easy for a spirit to testify of the inhabitants of its realm as for a man to testify of what he himself here.

Being somewhat in the mist of uncertainty on the whole subject, I was hoping for something that should be a reasonable and satisfactory proof to myself. No doubt others were already satisfied for themselves, but controverted opinions only satisfy the controversialists. I had a pet bird, a little loving creature that knew my voice and my hand—that would answer my call and greet me with cheerful song when I had been away. It was in no ways remarkable, except for the love it exhibited, and it proved the old adage true, "Love begets love," for I bestowed on the favorite an unreasonable degree of sentiment.

By an unfortunate accident the bird was wounded, and I found it lying almost helpless on the bottom of its cage, but with life enough to know me. I took it in my hand tenderly, and held it up to my face and breathed upon it, and covered it with my warm hand. It sensibly revived, and looked up to my face seemingly with real gratitude. Its eyes spoke, and it said plainly, "Oh how your hand soothes me!" I held it long, until it seemed much stronger, and I thought it would surely recover, and left it for the night, but not without a prayer. What it would have seemed irreverent to ask the great Father of Love, I could ask of his angels, who I was sure must know my sorrow, for it was grief I felt, if only of a mild form.

I asked sincerely if there was no power that could keep so helpless and tiny a thing as my bird. For though I remembered that one of the most clear-sighted of spiritual reformers had said "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without the Father's knowledge," yet, also, I knew that the most devoted of his worshippers would never dream of remembering a bird in their prayers to him.

In the morning my bird was dead. It had left the warm, soft bed I had prepared for it, and lay with outstretched wings on the floor. Perhaps it had sought me in its last struggle. I took it up as one takes up a crushed flower, and as I looked upon its glazed eye and its lifeless form, the real sorrow that comes from losing what is dear swept over my heart. Something bright had gone out of my life; one of the lamps that lighted my way was missing—a little thing—but God was in little things.

"And so," I thought, "spirits could not help so little a thing; it had to die." As I thought, I heard close by me a voice like the voice of a young girl. "Look here," it said. I looked, and there indeed was my bird; just as natural in its soft brown dress and with its tender eyes as the morning before, when it sang to me. Could it be? or was this an imaginary thing, a fancy, a dream of the waiting moments, the objective creation of a wish? Do birds inherit immortality? I mentally asked, and I submitted myself to the usual process of arousing one's self, by rubbing the eyes, shaking the head, and endeavoring to find if there was reality in all things around. But still my bird did not depart. It was either a picture before my vision, or a real object. I heard again a voice, but not the same; it was more mature, and had a wiser tone.

"That is your bird. All of its life is here in spiritual individuality. It has an existence in a spiritual form. All birds are not immortal, more than all animals. The greater portion of animal life goes out at death into the great ocean of electric and magnetic life that forms the force of the universe. It does not preserve its individuality, nevertheless it lives as a force, a power. But there are animals and birds that are endowed with a great degree of intellectual life or of affection. When such die, the spirits have the power to concentrate and preserve in individual form and with the individual characteristics the vital force of the animal or of the insect, that they may desire to possess. Your aspiration brought near to you those spirits that love you and desire to fulfill your pure wishes; and that nearness enabled them to watch with interest so little a thing as the going out of the life of a bird. And it was easy for us to attract the particles by the law of attraction, and to hold them until Nature here had done her work, and now you look upon the spirit form of your pet. Remember it shall be kept in spiritual bowers, and its song shall great spirit ears."

This was no imagined theory, it was no gotten-up fancy; it came as a new and surprising thought, something not dreamed of before, and so singular that it must be laid by in the most secret places of the mind to be reasoned upon, and, if possible, tested. Therefore it was not an experience to be told of for people to laugh at.

Once afterward a clairvoyant gave a tolerable test concerning the bird, but not sufficiently definite to absolutely prove that she saw the identical bird. Two or three years after this, Dr. Child, of Philadelphia, published a paper giving the testimony of some spirit in regard to the existence of birds and animals in the spirit-world, which coincided perfectly with what had been told to me of the transformation of my pet. It was declared that spirits had the power to preserve the identical emanations from some animals, and to cause them to form into spiritual bodies, but that the great portion of aura passing from the animal crea-

tion, by the death of the earthly body, went to swell the great ocean of electric and magnetic life which constitutes the spiritual realm. Mr. Davis says: "The spirit-world is made up of the aggregate emanations, in zonal form, of all the teeming planets of one great circle of spheres, each one of which contributes its quota of spiritualized elements." Also: "The most gifted spirits have the power chemically to bring together magnetically essential particles that are floating in the human atmosphere. Thus they construct and inspire with transient animation some of the most perfect forms of beauty." We can then readily believe that they could bring together particles already in perfect magnetic sympathy, as would be the case in the spiritual entities of an animal.

If it be found to be a true statement concerning the existence of animal life in more beautiful and etherealized form than we can yet well understand, does it not harmonize the seemingly contradictory statements concerning the existence of such life? It will be found true that animals do exist in forms bearing a resemblance to those of earth, but also that the existence is not by the spontaneous production of progressive life there, but dependent upon higher laws, and the creative power resident in spirits.

It must be allowed that this theory has many philosophical objections, but what we want are facts. I presume there is no one but would be glad to believe in the individual future existence of some favorite of the animal creation, and this is inferential proof that he will enjoy such delights hereafter. But the method by which he could gain his wishes has seemed doubtful, since it hardly seemed probable that the whole animal creation would inherit immortality.

Evidence Cropping Out.

Even in discussing other questions, the secular writers are compelled to call in the aid and services of Spiritualism. Only by relying on its principles can they find a solution for their own problems of life and nature. The September number of *Pittman's Magazine* contained a final article on the Elzevir Williams story, going to demonstrate by the marks seen on his person that he was indeed the Dauphin of France, or Louis XVII. The writer is Dr. Francis Vinton, a distinguished Episcopal clergyman of New York. We extract the following significant passage from his account of the case, going to show the marvelous power of impressions, made on the mind of man by intelligences, and strengthened by a law of association, with which the subject individual can have nothing to do. Dr. Vinton first tells of a visit to Newport by Mr. Williams, in 1844, when both he and Mr. Williams were the guests of Mrs. Commodore Perry. On the table in the parlor were some illustrated volumes of French revolutionary history. Not a word had been said of these books, nor of the conjecture of the identity of Williams with the Dauphin. Mr. Williams, however, was turning over one of the volumes of French history, when the following incident occurred:

"All at once I was startled by a sudden movement, and on looking up I saw Williams sitting upright and stiff in his chair, his eyes fixed and wide open, his hands clenched on the table, his whole frame shaking and trembling as if a paralysis had seized him. I thought it had. I exclaimed: 'What is the matter?' and I rose quickly to rouse him, for no answer came. It was a minute or more before he could speak. But with great effort he raised his hand, and pointing to one of the wood-cut portraits at the bottom of the page, said in a hollow voice and with great difficulty of utterance:

"That image has haunted me day and night as long as I can remember. 'Tis the horrid vision of my dreams. What is it? Who is it?"

I looked. There was no name on the page. On turning the leaf, I read that this was the portrait of Simon, to whose care the Dauphin of France, son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, was committed in the prison of the temple.

I shut the book, for while it was open Williams gazed at the picture as if fascinated, while overwhelmed with unutterable horror."

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. Emma F. J. Bullene requests us to state that she cannot make any engagements to lecture this winter. Friends who are writing to her for such engagements will bear this in mind.

Dr. M. Henry Houghton has closed his engagement in Troy, N. Y., and is now ready to accept calls to lecture anywhere in the Union. Address him at Troy.

Mrs. F. A. Logan's address is care of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

Mrs. Abby N. Burnham, trance-speaker, has taken up her residence in this city at number 27 Metropolitan Place. She spoke acceptably to a large audience in Dorchester, Sunday before last. Mrs. Laura Hastings Hatch is holding her musical séances at her residence, 8 Kittredge Place. She has changed days. See her card in another column.

Dr. Jas. K. Bailey, a good healing medium and lecturer, has changed his residence from Adrian to Palmyra, Mich. Keep him busy at work.

P. Brett Thomas will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism throughout the States of Maine and New Hampshire during the months of October and November. Address North Attleboro', Mass., box 61.

Presentation.

Mr. John W. McGuire, recently Conductor of the First Children's Progressive Lyceum of Boston, was lately presented with a very beautiful picture and frame, the handiwork of Mr. Albert Morton, of Webster, the subject of which was an illustration of the Magic Staff. Mr. M., who is a most generous contributor to the spiritual cause, donated the picture, valued at fifty dollars, to the Lyceum, the proceeds thereof to replenish its treasury. It was disposed of among the members, each paying a certain amount which entitled them to a vote, the highest candidate receiving the coveted prize. Mr. McGuire was the successful competitor. But two or three weeks ago this gentleman connected himself with the South End Lyceum, where his experience and faithfulness as an earnest worker in the Lyceum movement are having their due effect. In this connection it is pleasant to mention that our city is blessed with two Progressive Lyceums, between which may mutual respect, unity of feeling and harmony of effort ever prevail.

The Spanish Insurrection.

With but very little bloodshed the revolution in Spain is a triumph. The Queen fled to France. The successful party have formed a new cabinet as follows: Marshal Serrano, President; Castello, Minister of Commerce; Topela, Minister of Marine; Aguiar, Minister of Justice; General Prim, Minister of War; Olayaga, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Madiz, Minister of Finance.

Williamsburg, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Williamsburg hold regular weekly meetings every Thursday evening, in Masonic Building. Dr. Willis, of New York, lectured there Oct. 1st. He was followed by C. Fannie Allyn, for two weeks. She is quite acceptable there.

New Publications.

THE HARVEST: For Gathering the Ripened Crops of Every Homestead, Leaving the Unripe to Mature. By a Merchant. Boston: William White & Co.

This striking little monograph is appropriately dedicated to "Science, the Unwritten Law of God." The author simply professes to have made a "constant and laborious study into the history of the rise, progress, and introduction to the world of the various arts and sciences"; and likewise to have compared and contrasted the experiences of men who have been in advance of their age in developing literature or art, religion, politics or trade. Coming from a person who confesses that his own experience has extended no further than that of a mechanic and trader, it is a truly remarkable performance; and we are not surprised at his admission that his mind was alternately exercised with joy and anguish.

For spiritual wealth he conclusively shows that all the labors of man are steadily put forth. If we think to get something different, and neglect the real boon which the universe has to give, disappointment tells the story of our being woefully cheated. Man may work for a selfish end, but all conduces at last to the development of the spiritual law. In human affairs, our author demonstrates that it is the law of Love. He shows that charity abounds in solid riches, and that the human race will yet prove it to be so to their own satisfaction. To "love one another" is the Divine law; it is the controlling principle of man's salvation; it secures man's highest perfection, his crowning glory. He regards the perfection of all things as the spirit, or meaning for good, of the thing itself; and hence that the highest perfection and glory of the Christian law is "the spiritual power it unfolds, worked out into practical use for the good of the human soul."

The single aim of the writer, from the beginning to the end of his argument, is to demonstrate the fact that "law underlies the whole superstructure of existence. It is constantly holding its court, and forever giving its verdicts, which are absolute, unchanging and eternal. With this, no man, sect, or party, can trifle or tamper; for it is a stern reality, forever binding upon all mankind. And, sooner or later, it will produce—through its pains and penalties of sufferings, sorrow and distress—its legitimate fruits, which are integrity, charity, virtue, and love."

We should like to quote from this little living book by the solid page; but it contains so orderly and well-connected an argument, obediently to its line of investigation, that it would be doing its author a certain kind of injustice to present his continued thought in fragmentary form. But no man can close these covers after an attentive perusal of the work, without having become convinced in mind and heart that the law of Jesus is the true and abiding law of life, and that the individual and the nation must recognize and obey that law, in order to become powerful, wealthy, or happy.

MEMORIALS: Its Laws and Conditions, with brief instructions for the formation of spirit-circles, by J. H. Powell, has passed to another edition in consequence of its large sales. It is a thorough and timely exposition of a subject no longer locked in superstitious mystery, but exciting everywhere the inquiry and the thought of men and women. All whose natures tend to the silent reception of spiritual truth by the provided channels of mediumship, will be eager to avail themselves of the best practical instructions for the successful formation of spirit-circles. For sale at this office. Price 25 cents.

THE RADICAL for October contains several striking articles, editorial and contributed. The one on Pythagoras is one of the most practically—that is, harmoniously—spiritual that we have read in a long time.

MAKE OR BREAK; or, The Rich Man's Daughter, is the fifth serial story published by Oliver Optic in his magazine, *Our Boys and Girls*, and the fifth in his popular "Starry Flag Series." It is unsectarian, while its plan is to teach pure morals. Its characters—Leo and Maggie—have already become favorites with thousands of the readers of his magazine. Published by Lee & Shepard.

PEAKS OF FORTUNE; or, Half-Round-the-World, was written by Oliver Optic as a sequel to "The Starry Flag," and has already had a chance for popularity in the *Our Boys and Girls* magazine. That popularity will be largely extended, now that this exciting story is presented to the juvenile world in the attractiveness of covers. Published by Lee & Shepard.

THE OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE, by Edward Garrett, is the title of a reprint tale from *Littell's Living Age*, than which no more striking, impressive, sympathetic and truly natural story has been told for many a day in the English magazines on which *Littell* habitually draws. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

Benjamin J. Dutts, of Hopkinton, publishes a neat pamphlet, containing a practical dialogue on the eight-hour plan of work. It is entitled "Eight Hours Disastrous," and is sold for eight cents.

Number Five of the "SPIRITUAL ROMANCE" is received—the issue for October. It is published at Chicago, and the present number contains a varied and valuable table of contents, bearing on the Harmonical Philosophy.

We have the REPORT OF THE HOUSE OF THE ANGEL GUARDIAN, Rev. George E. Haskins, Rector and Treasurer. It shows by facts and figures what is being done for the reclamation and safety of boys in the city; and the exhibit is a most satisfactory one for all sides to contemplate.

New Music.

Oliver Ditton & Co. have just published another of Laura Hastings Hatch's inspirational gems of music, entitled, "March d'Amour." It is as pretty and delicious as music itself. She is destined to be one of the most popular composers of the day, and, indeed, has already an enviable reputation.

C. M. Tremaine, 481 Broadway, N. Y., has just issued James G. Clark's splendid campaign song, entitled "Gen. Logan's Gathering," with a fine portrait; "You have stolen my heart," a ballad, by C. F. Shattuck; "The face that wears a smile," composed by H. P. Danks.

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.

Velocity of Tidal Waves.

The speed of tidal movements so vast as those which recent earthquakes have caused, is almost incredible. The great earthquake wave of April 20th was transmitted from Hawaii to the shores of Mexico, California and Oregon, a distance varying from three thousand to five thousand miles, in five hours' time, as indicated by the government self-registering tide-gauges at San Francisco and Astoria, which recorded its arrival on the evening of the same day in which it had desolated the coast of Puna and Kau.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. J. G. Fish commenced a lecturing engagement at Buffalo Sept. 20th, and is still there. His able discourses are much liked, and good audiences gather to hear him. The Children's Lyceum is doing well. The energetic officers are striving hard to bring it up to a higher standard of perfection and usefulness.

Newburyport, Mass.

A. E. Carpenter spoke in the above place on Sunday, 4th inst., to a large audience. He reports the Lyceum in fine working order, and increasing in numbers.

Puncheon, the English revival preacher, styled by some of the papers "the Methodist Cicerone," is to give a lecture in this city, at Tremont Temple, Wednesday evening, Oct. 14th, on "Daniel in Babylon."

The Spiritual Harp.

We are pleased to know that this new music book is so much admired and commended. The *Christian Register*, organ of the Unitarians, published in this city, says:

"This is a handsome octavo, filled with poetry and music for general and religious use. It is prepared in the interests of the so-called Spiritualists. In the 'greeting' of the authors they inform us that 'the songs we produce, however humble, set all the universe ablaze with melodious light, and ringing through the arches of heaven, bless all hearts with new joy.' Also that this work, aiming to be 'full of the live thought and song of the age,' has been prepared after consultation with friends both in spirit and in flesh. We notice among the music and poetry many familiar friends, but more than that, it is strange."

The *Lyceum Banner*, published at Chicago, Ill., expresses itself thus:

"At last we have it—the beautiful and sunny 'Spiritual Harp,' so long promised and anticipated. It is really a gem. It is neatly gotten up, vital with the best thought, and full of soul. It certainly supplies the demand, and is truly what all our *Societies* and *Lyceums* need. We are glad to note that very many of its songs are adapted to the grade of children suitable for the Lyceum, and that its department of 'Spirit Beliefs,' so carefully culled and orderly arranged, can be used as 'Sister Chain Recitations.' Its music is mostly original, and rich with inspirational melodies, variegated as a summer landscape, all redolent with song and praise. Its poetry, too, is choice, largely original, purely eclectic and rhythmic."

The *Liberal Christian* says:

"It is prepared with care and selected with taste, and with lively, inspiring, cheerful music. Though some of the pieces are less poetical and more spiritualistic than we quite fancy, most of them are unexceptionable."

The *Chicago Tribune* has a good word for it:

"The plan of the volume is unique, aiming to combine the devotional sentiment with the inspiration of poetry, but free from the dogmatic phrases of traditional theology. In general, the selections indicate taste and feeling, and will prove attractive to many of the lovers of sacred poetry, even if they do not share the convictions which animate the volume."

J. B. B. Franklinville, N. Y., expresses his grateful thanks to the authors for furnishing so able a work, and one which truly meets the demand.

D. W. T. Savoy, Mass., writes: "The Harp came to hand all right. It is a beautiful work, both in typography and sentiment, and its enlivening songs will awake and thrill to action many a sluggish soul, and lead it into communion with the dwellers in the spirit-world."

Mr. White's Missionary Work.

DEAR BANNER—Please allow me, through your columns, to say to my friends in the east, that, having accepted the position as Agent of the "American Association of Spiritualists" for the Eastern and Middle States, I propose to go to work with the energy which I feel the cause deserves. Feeling that I shall not conflict in any way with the interests of State Associations or local societies; feeling that the time has come for a concentrated action that shall give force to our blows, and feeling that in no way can such action be so well secured as through the harmonious and united labors of National, State and Local Organizations, I accept my position with much satisfaction, and desire, as far as possible, to do a thorough work. That this may be, I appeal to the friends of our glorious cause to open the way for me, by arranging for meetings in large places where they have or can secure halls for Sundays, and in smaller towns for week evenings. I am prepared for the work, friends, and am at your command.

I commenced my labors in this field at Chelsea the first Sunday of this month with success. Sunday, the 11th, I have arranged for Taunton; the 18th for Charlestown, and the 25th in Convention with the State Agents at Lawrence. Can do some work week evenings, if desired, in the vicinity of Boston through this month. November I propose to spend in New York State, and will arrange for the Sundays and week evenings of that month, upon application from societies or individuals. December I propose to go into Pennsylvania, and January to fill a previous engagement at Washington. Will you meet me, friends, cordially in this great work? If you will we cannot fail, and the result of our labors, I am confident, will soon, very soon be gloriously manifested. While we, one and all, reject without hesitation all attempts to hamper and fetter the soul with creeds, the great body of the Spiritualists of this country, I am satisfied, recognize the necessity for a solid organization, and the fact that the time for such an organization has arrived. Such was the expression from the delegates to our last National Convention, the most harmonious and orderly Convention, by the way, we have ever held. Let us respond now in a tangible, practical way to that expression.

N. FRANK WHITE.

Washington, D. C.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—In your issue of Sept. 12th there appeared a letter under the signature of "A." In it there are exaggerations, which we regret to see. Plain, truthful statements, are all that are desirable, or should at any time be made; more than this is prejudicial to our cause. One statement therein especially we beg leave to correct. It is this: "The great prop of Spiritualism in this section is Thomas Gale Forster. His lectures lift it up into respectability." &c.

We feel quite sure that our good Brother Forster did not authorize, nor would he sanction such a statement. He is a very excellent lecturer, nor would we detract one iota from his merits as an inspirational speaker.

But what shall we say of such a statement when for the past year a large society of Spiritualists in this city has been energetically and successfully disseminating the principles of our divine philosophy? Bro. Forster spoke one month for our society—the First Society of Progressive Spiritualists—one month of that year; but we had also Sisters Cora L. V. Daniels, Sarah A. Horton, Nellie J. T. Brigham, Mary J. Wilcoxson, Alcinda Wilhelm, Miss Bennett, and Bro. J. M. Peckles. Are these, among whom are some of our best, most earnest, eloquent and successful speakers, to be ignored? Has not their work been quite as important as that of Bro. Forster? These, one and all, are equally worthy of esteem with Bro. Forster, for their work's sake, but neither of them has been "the great prop of Spiritualism in this section." No one person can claim precedence in the great work which has been jointly accomplished.

Spiritualism does not need props to keep it from falling, in the city of Washington. It has been set upon its feet by the earnest cooperation of scores of earnest souls, and it now stands firmly on its own feet, and is steadily advancing in the appreciation and affections of an intelligent public. And being thus in itself highly respectable, while it may confer respectability on those who come under its refining and sanctifying influence, it can never be made otherwise, or more so, by the lectures of any individual.

We hope that no such statements, so unjust to others, will be repeated by your correspondents.

JOHN MATHEW, President.
GEORGE WHITE, Vice President.
JULIUS H. MOTT, Secretary.

Washington, D. C. 1868.

Illness of Mrs. Agnes M. Davis.

DEAR BANNER—As your flowing folds are given to the breezes of thought, please permit me to offer to the friends of the cause an excuse for my seeming dereliction in the line of duty. The hand of disease has been laid heavily upon me for the past two weeks, utterly incapacitating me for duty; but though my work among you has not been done, my heart has been with you, and now that by the ministrations of our angel friends my health is partially restored, I would glad me for the battle anew and stand firm and unflinching in the front. To those whose kindness and loving sympathy was like cool water to the fever-paroled tongue, I would say I will prove the extent of my gratitude by the zeal with which I hereafter work. Trusting you will receive my apology in the spirit which it is given, I remain,
Very fraternally yours,
AGNES M. DAVIS.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Rev. Henry Morgan delivered his popular lecture on "My Mission Life in Boston," Sunday evening, Oct. 10th, in Willard's Theatre, to a large audience. His recitations from "Ned Nevins," in connection with his lecture, elicited rapturous applause. He lectures in the same place next Sunday evening.

Those who have been accustomed to visit, professionally, Mrs. C. M. Brown, will doubtless desire to learn that hereafter she is to be found at No. 7 Sheafe street, Charlestown—but a couple of rods from the Bunker Hill horse-car station. We are hearing successful accounts of her clairvoyant and business powers. See her card in another column.

A Spanish real is equivalent—at its highest value—to twelve and a half cents. Queen Isabella succeeded in getting out of Spain with twenty-three millions of these reals in gold—about three million dollars.

A man in Reading, Pa., has invented a machine—a combination of wheels, balls and levers—which has been going some weeks, and which he claims to be the long sought for perpetual motion. It has been visited by many skilled mechanics, who are utterly unable to explain it or to detect any hidden force.

A POOR COOK—One who kneads bread and instruction at the same time.

William Lloyd Garrison is hard at work upon the "History of Slavery" in the United States.

Ralph Waldo Emerson always jots down any thought or fancy that comes to him at any time, even rising from his bed at night to do so. On one occasion he got up at two in the morning, when his wife asked, "Are you ill, husband?" "No, my dear, only an idea."

Scene in a French hospital. The surgeon comes in, grave and disturbed. "How many dead this morning?" he asks of the nurse, "Nine." "Both?" "I gave ten prescriptions last night, didn't I?" "Yes, but one did not wish to take his."

The New York Methodist throws cold water on the hopes of some Episcopalians that the two denominations can be reunited. Among other obstacles mentioned, it says: "The dogma of ministerial succession through bishops has always been the chief obstacle to Protestant unity; that dogma Methodism will never make the slightest concession." But what does Episcopacy amount to without this?

BALNEO, IND.—Margaret Brown writes under date of Sept. 23—"We have been having some glorious meetings here lately. Prof. E. Whipple has been here, and lectured in this vicinity a week or more. No speaker has made a better impression on the people than he. He organized a society while here of about fifty members."

The Prince Imperial of France is very fond of dancing. His religious training has not been neglected, as is evident from the following which is credited to him: "When I am Emperor I will have everybody perform his religious duties; I will not have persons without religion."

Submission is the footprint of faith in the pathway of sorrow.

Miss Kellogg will give some concerts in this city, at Music Hall, about the 1st of November, under the management of Mr. Max Strakosch. Miss Kellogg will remain in this country until spring, and then go again to Europe, where she is to sing for three years, beginning in April, under engagement to Maurice Strakosch. The engagement was entered into only the day before Miss Kellogg left Liverpool, and the American tour was included in the arrangement.

The abandonment by Mapleson of his projected visit to America will, of course, prevent us from hearing Tietjens this year.

The Ritualists in England are indulging in strange eccentricities. At St. James in Haydock, among the offerings placed on the altar were eggs, pats of butter and, most astonishing of all, a pig's head.

In Paris it is said that bonnets seem to be disappearing altogether. Every woman who considers herself young—and we know how large a proportion of the sex this includes—has taken to wearing a hat, not merely at the seaside and in the country, but in the Bois de Boulogne and on the Boulevards.

A MUSICAL SEANCE by Mrs. Laura Hastings Hatch, whose performances on the piano and singing have been so much admired, will be given at her residence, No. 8 Kittredge place, on Friday evening, Oct. 16th, for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hutchinson, the invalids. Those who attend on the above occasion will feel richly repaid by the musical feast, besides doing a small deed of charity.

SPIRITUALISM IN OREGON AND WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—A correspondent at Portland, having lately paid a visit to Olympia and ports on the Sound, writes that the people of that region are fast becoming Spiritualists.—*Banner of Progress*.

The United States Government have under consideration the proposition to send telegraphic messages for the people. Postmaster Burt, of Boston, proposes that the Government shall contract for the delivery of messages with the telegraph companies, on the same basis that it contracts for the carrying of the mails.

Five cattle died out of a lot of seven which were purchased by a drover of Fall River, at Brighton, week before last. They were immediately sent to the soap boilers.

Among the wealthy foreign residents of Paris are fifty negro and mulatto families who hold intercourse with a great many aristocratic French families on terms of perfect equality. M. Pontchery, a wealthy negro from Port au Prince, lives with his family in one of the finest houses on the Chaussee d'Antin, keeps half a dozen white servants, and was invited last winter to all of M. Rouher's parties.

The deposed queen of Spain has invested most of her money in England, thus following the example of her mother, who left the throne of Spain with a mighty fortune, and of her cousin Francis II., of Naples, who placed millions enough in foreign countries to make him one of the rich men of Europe.

The death of William F. Ritchie, husband of Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie, favorably known at one time as an actress and authoress of ability, is announced to have taken place at the residence of his brother-in-law, Dr. Stone, in Washington, on Friday, 2d inst. The cause of his death was disease of the heart.

What does the nightingale care if the toad despised her singing? She would still sing on and leave the cold toad to his dark shadows. What care the true and the good for the sneers of those who grovel in earth's pleasures alone?

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE,
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WARREN CHASE, LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT.
FOR NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

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Four books by Warren Chase—Life Love; Fictive Wife; American Crisis, and Gift of Spiritualism. Sent by mail for \$2.00.

Complete works of Thomas Paine, in three volumes, price \$6; postage 00 cts.
Persons sending us \$10 in one order can order the full amount, and we will pay the postage where it does not exceed book rates. Send post-office orders when convenient. They are always safe, as are registered letters under the new law.

We can now supply a few complete volumes of twelve numbers of the New London monthly, Human Nature, edited by J. B. B. Franklinville, N. Y., at the rate of \$1.00 per volume. It is being republished in this magazine as a story, but is not concluded yet. Human Nature is a radical and well-illustrated, and most richly interesting and instructive, as well as a valuable work.

Send us five dollars, and we will send by mail Arabia, Hurler of Health, and every other book in the collection. To secure this liberal discount you must send us a copy of the Human Nature, which we will send you a copy of. To those of our subscribers who are in possession of a copy of this book, would find it of great value; but as a large stock is now available, and as its last large pages are mostly taken up with the engravings.

The Boston Investigator and Religion.

It is not often that we have to differ with Bro. Seaver on the subject of religion, and especially on Christianity. We differ from him on the subject of spirit-life and spirit-messages, but we generally join him in double-shooting our guns for both Catholic and Protestant sectarian superstition, and most heartily do we thank the editor and publisher of the *Investigator* for the good work it has done, in which we, too, have put forth our feeble effort for many years, to relieve the minds of its readers from the tyrannical and oppressive superstition of our churches.

In the *Investigator* of Sept. 23d and 30th is an article from the editor on "The Religious Element," in which we are obliged to join issue with Bro. S. on one point, while we join him heartily on others: Our issue is on the Naturalness of Religion. We believe it to be natural; he does not. We agree with him that religion is *not* morality, and that not even Christianity is moral; that there is not necessarily any relation between religion and morals, for both history and our own observations prove some of the most religious persons to have been among the most wicked and corrupt of ancient or modern times, and we have the best of evidence that both the religion and the crimes were often conscientiously performed.

We also agree with him that the mode of religious expression or exercise is educational, and may be Quaker or Shaker, Mahometan or Christian, by training in schools or churches, and it seems to be this fact that misleads Bro. Seaver, who attributes all religion to this education, which "being something that is taught, is altogether an artificial or acquired property." He also attributes it all to schools and churches. We fall back of all these and find more, even more, religions without school or church, than with the most thorough education, at least so far as outward demonstration is concerned, because the uncultivated mind has less sources of enjoyment than the cultivated and runs more into extremes on the natural sources of enjoyment or excitement. The Indians and Africans without schools or churches were religious, and are evidence that it was not from these sources; so of all people we ever read of, as none are free from religion, however free from schools and churches.

To us the devotion and homage paid to a snake or wooden image is not less a religion than that paid to Jesus or Jehovah, and not less or more natural, both being in germ natural to the human mind and trained in expression by education and interest.

The first religious feeling of a child is naturally to its parents or superiors, and rising from that, it goes out to what it conceives to be superior to them or what it is taught is superior.

To us all forms, creeds and doctrines of theology seem to be educational and may become conscientious; but religion, distinct from them all, seems to be natural, and springs up spontaneously in every human mind or soul in some degree; of course in some weak and some strong in expression, as is evinced by the varied degrees of love to parents in children.

No nation or race is without it, if individuals seem to be exceptions on account of organic weakness of the organs which have no other action or function, and are only found in human brains.

Another error of Bro. Seaver is that "religion is a system of faith and worship, rites and ceremonies which have reference to another life." The Jews were eminently a religious, bigoted, superstitious people long before they were taught another life, and when their cruel God promised his rewards and punishments in this life wholly, as no other was taught. Such is also true of many other religions, ancient if not modern. Religion does not necessarily teach another life, nor, without education and cultivation, does it point to it, as superior powers are found here sufficient to draw it out. We have long been satisfied that religion was simple and natural, belonging only to human beings, and became the lever in the hands of strong minds, by which nations were controlled and often ruined; an element of human character convertible into an almost demoniac or angelic demonstration by education, and hence the necessity of freeing our country and the race from the rule of selfish, bigoted, ignorant and superstitious teachers and leaders of the young, and our schools from all forms of sectarian education, and having for once a natural and enlightened religion and education together.

Treatment of Convicts.
The New York Sun thinks the convicts sent to State prisons who have no trades and are taught one so as to be useful and earn their support, ought to be taught law and medicine, as well as other branches of business, so that their competition should not fall entirely upon our mechanics.

It thinks the experience of some who are sent there and have to learn trades, fits them better for law than for any other trade, &c. We entirely agree with the Sun in its effort to bring the professions on a level with stone cutting, brick laying and shoemaking, as far as respectability and competition are concerned, and do not object to having prisoners taught anything useful and respectable; but we noticed the Sun carefully avoided bringing in the other profession of preaching, evidently a little fearing to couple it, if it boldly did law and medicine, with convict labor. We add preaching, and suggest that a portion of them be taught to preach. They can no doubt succeed as well as John Allen, and we think

their early experience, like his, may furnish good material to begin on, and might, in many cases, be as good or better preparatory fitness for this profession as for law. If a change of heart could be effected and good promises obtained, we do not see why it would not be well to teach a large portion of those who are capable of preaching to labor in this department in competition with those who work in it, as well as to put them in other trades and professions. To us, it seems most fitting of either profession, and likely to be most useful to the convict. Teach them to preach and pray, a la John Allen, and send them out when discharged to try it, first in New Haven or Stamford, Conn. If they fail in this, they can turn to politics, as John has, and try a hand in that. "Competition 'twixt the life of business." Let us have more of it in preaching and praying, as well as law and medicine, shoemaking and wood-sawing.

When Will the Wonders Cease?

New manifestations of spirit power, presence and interest, are constantly being brought to light, often unconsciously by those who record them, as in the following, from a Virginia paper, which astonishes the editor, but to us is only one of many such blessed signs of the dawning of a new era for mortals.

"WILLIE COFFMAN."—This interesting and remarkable little blind boy—"The Child-Plantist"—only two years and nine months old, has been an exhibition in this place for several days. This child is not exotic, but is a rare flower which sprung indigenous from the soil of Virginia. His father, Mr. Andrew Jackson Coffman, though now a resident of Norfolk, Va., where "Willie" was born, is a native of Page county, in the Valley of Virginia, and his mother, whose maiden name was Maria Daniel, is a native of Madison county, Va. Both parents being Virginians, and the child being born also in Virginia, he is a Virginian *intra et extra*, and as such has special claims upon every Virginian.

The remarkable performances of this little blind child, yet on the confines of babyhood, have excited the wonder, admiration and astonishment of all who have witnessed them, particularly of Professors and Teachers of music, who are better qualified to appreciate them. He plays accompaniments to tunes which he never heard before. As soon as a tune is played or sung to him he plays the accompaniment as if by intuition. He is not taught, of course, for a child of his age, and blind, too, could not be taught.

He is the most remarkable musical prodigy in the world. We suppose that there has not been an instance before in all the time in which child of his age was able to perform as he does. He plays with his fingers, wrists and elbows, holding his arms transversely across the keys. His manner of execution is as unique as is remarkable and wonderful.—*Staunton Spectator*.

Dogs.

There are thousands of utterly worthless dogs in the city of New York feeding on the bread and meat for which hundreds of children suffer with hunger. There are breeders and retailers of these creatures in the city, who would be in more harmless business if breeding fowls and mosquitoes. Recently six or seven deaths by hydrophobia have been reported as part of the result of the annual bite of the rabid part of these animals, and very few of which are killed every spring in biting time, but none ever until some human lives are sacrificed. A few days ago a man died a most horrible death who was bitten by one while he was fighting it off from a little child, which he saved at the cost of his life; but as the horrible death does not occur for several weeks after the bite, the excitement of cause and effect are separated, and only the rabid dog is removed, and all others left to take their turn in getting mad and biting others. There might be some excuse for dogs in the country, shepherd dogs, and where hogs are kept and cattle can be driven, &c., but in a city there is none, and they are only an intolerable and dangerous nuisance.

Science of Geology.

Those who are interested in this vast, rich field of literature will find a treat rarely met with in the late work of William Danton. Since we read the "Vestiges of Creation" we have not seen as well written, condensed and comprehensive a work on this most instructive and fascinating science. All persons who do not love geology as we do, but to us it is solid food for the mind, feeding it with the bread of history—the history of our world—which no fabled God-written history can supply; indeed, they are like hawks, to come in comparison. If you can read and reason, do not fail to read this book. It will pay.

We have received a few copies of that sharp little work, on the Science of Ignorance, written by C. M. Bantle, of Salem, Oregon, and before noticed by us, and those who wish can have a copy sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents. It cuts to the quick, like the writings of Thomas Paine, and will not suit superstitious persons. None but clear headed reasoners can receive it.

We have a few copies of Ball's Pronouncing Lexicon, large and complete in words as Webster's, which we can sell for \$4.00 per copy—postage 60 cents.

Salem, Mass.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—At a meeting held by the officers and leaders of the Salem Children's Progressive Lyceum, the following preamble and resolutions were passed and ordered to be published:

Whereas, We the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Salem, Mass., having been in want of a library, accepted the proffered services of C. Fannie Allen to deliver a lecture free of expense as regards herself; therefore,
Resolved, That we, the officers and leaders of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Salem, Mass., tender our most sincere and heartfelt thanks to C. Fannie Allen, for the donation of the surplus fund obtained from the lecture given by her in this city, Sept. 24, 1868.

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

By order of the Lyceum,
W. SCOTT LAKE, Sec'y.

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.

Business Matters.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1162 Broadway, New York. 5c. 03.

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.

ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS, by R. W. Flint, 105 East 12th street—second door from 4th avenue—New York. Inclose \$2 and 3 stamps. 010.

THE BEST PLACE—THE CITY HALL DINING ROOMS for ladies and gentlemen, Nos. 10, 12 and 14 City Hall Avenue, Boston. Open Sundays. 035w C. D. & L. H. PIERSON, Proprietors.

THE SPIRITUAL ROSTER: A Monthly Magazine, devoted to the Harmonical Philosophy. Moses Hull and W. F. Jamieson, editors. For sale at this office. Price 20 cents single copy. October number now ready.

JEANNE WATERMAN DANFORTH, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, gives correct diagnoses clairvoyantly, and heals diseases in trance state. Residence 313 East 34th street, New York. 017.

A TRYING TIME.

We're living in a trying time,
Of that there is no doubt;
The land is full of sin and crime,
That no one can run out.
Man oft to man will break his word,
In every way he can;
And how his fellows to defraud
The night and day will plan.
But GEORGE A. FENNO, in BUCK SQUARE,
As everybody knows,
Will sell the Boys, at present,
A "BUT" of good Fall "Clothes."

Special Notices.

In theory beautiful, in practice perfect: NEGATIVES FOR CHILL OR AGUE, POSITIVES FOR FEVER; hence Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders know no such things as CHILL AND FEVER, DUMB AGUE, CONGESTIVE CHILLS, and FEVER AND AGUE. 067.

MATHEW A. McCORD, 81 Chestnut street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps on hand a full assortment of Spiritual and Liberal Books, Pamphlets and Periodicals. *Banner of Light* always in stock. Aug. 1.

Agents wanted for Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders. Printed terms free, postpaid. For address and other particulars, see advertisement in another column.

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Keep constantly for sale all kinds of Spiritualist and Reform Books, at Publishers' prices. July 18.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are, for each line in *Agate 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 Thursdays.

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

OBED GRIDLEY, M. D.,
THE CELEBRATED NATURAL REMEDY PHYSICIAN FOR SALE OF THE TREATMENT OF DISEASE, without the use of Poisonous Drugs, has requested located at 41 Essex street, Boston. Chronic Diseases only Treated. He was born with Natural Curative Powers, and has been practicing the healing art with such success that he has astonished the Nation, and during which time he has performed wonderful cures. Much excitement has been created in the city and towns the Doctor has visited. The Doctor has testimonials from many honorable citizens testifying to his superior method and skill of treating diseases, and for the remarkable gift of Discovering the Character and Location of Disease, also for prescribing a remedy. The Doctor's object is to cure the sick and restore them to health, and he is free to scatter the leaves of life from the tree of life for the healing of the nations. Dr. Gridley is endowed with wonderful power for treating diseases. He has been in the acquired such a knowledge, but the fact he has established, and every new case adds laurels to his reputation. The Doctor feels confident in stating that he can cure all diseases which are curable, and if they are of a curable nature.
Terms for Treatment—Persons pay in proportion to property or income. Consultation and Examination one dollar. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Oct. 17—4w

ADDRESSED TO INVALIDS.

S. B. BRITTON, M. D.,
MEMBER OF THE
New York Eclectic Medical Society,
WHO has made an almost life-long study of the Constitution of Man, the Plan of Man, the Plan of Man, the Plan of Man, and Professional Treatment on Natural and Physiological principles, is now established at
No. 7 Bruen Place, 11th street, Newark, N. J., where the subtle agents known to Medical Reformers are scientifically applied.

Special attention given to all phases of Organic Disease, Physical Weakness, Functional Infirmity, and Decay of the Vital Powers peculiar to the Female Constitution. Patients from abroad can be provided with board, at convenient places, and at very reasonable prices, in Newark.
Send for a Circular. S. B. BRITTON, M. D.
Oct. 17—5w

MRS. PLUMB.

Perfectly Unconscious Physician.
Business and Test Medium.
413 Broadway, opposite
the old hotel, 4th
street, Charles-
town, Mass.

MRS. PLUMB cures Cancers and Tumors, Fevers, Paralysis, all such diseases other physicians have given up, please remember, all prices are reasonable, and the time will be given with the sick if called upon to do so. Will examine DISEASES AT A DISTANCE, for \$1 and return stamp; Correspondence on Business, money, Letters, look for Lost or Stolen Property for \$1 and return stamp, each.
Oct. 17—1w

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

WE, the undersigned, have formed a Copartnership, under the style of WILLIAM WHITE & CO., for the purpose of printing and publishing the newspaper called the BANNER OF LIGHT, and for printing and

Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant.
These Messages are held at No. 125 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (up stairs on corner of Broadway and Broadway Avenue). The circle will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.
Miss Conant receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays until six o'clock p. m. No gifts or private letters.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 125 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (up stairs on corner of Broadway and Broadway Avenue). The circle will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.
Miss Conant receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays until six o'clock p. m. No gifts or private letters.

Invocation.

Our Father, thou holy Infinite Spirit, whose hand-writing is upon the faces of Nature, whose divine inspiration enters all forms of being, whose presence is everywhere, whose love embraces all the Jew and the Gentile, the saint and the sinner, whose everlasting arms fold in the great heart of love and mercy and wisdom all created things, we would adore thee before thy grand and glorious throne, remembering the many mistakes we have made in life, and asking thee with the full expectation that thou wilt hear us, that thou wilt answer us, and will lead us out of the darkness of all past error into the glorious sunlight of present truth. Thou art speaking to our souls through every channel of being, and the music of thy voice we hear wherever we go. Thou dost speak to us through childhood, through mature age, and again when man stands tottering in the autumn of time. Thou dost speak to us through the green leaves of spring, through the gorgeous flowers of summer, through the rich fruits of autumn, through sunshine and shadow, through every conceivable condition of life. Still we ask to know thee, to commune face to face with thee. If there are moments of transcendence, of being where the soul can come into more intimate relations with thee, there we would come, and bathing ourselves in thy glory, in thy wisdom, we would lose ourselves in thy ignorance, somewhat of our own imperfections.

We pray thee, oh Infinite Jehovah, that we may ever remember that thou art our Father and are all thy children; that thou art watching over us with the tenderness of a mother and the wisdom of a father; that thou art calling our souls, through all the various conditions of time and of eternity, onward, forever onward, nearer, forever nearer, unto thy great mighty self. We would not forget that we cannot wander from thee. We would not forget that thy presence can never depart from us, nor we ever from thee, from thee not even in thought—wherever thought is, there thou art. Thou fillest, too, all space; thou standest upon the shores of time, and thou standest, also, upon eternity's fairer shores. Oh grant that thy children of this age who have been the recipients of this new revelation to the soul, may appreciate the blessing and return thee more than morning and evening thanks therefor. Oh, may every act of their lives, and every thought be a holy sacrifice to thee, be an incense of thanksgiving for the blessings which thou hast conferred upon us. May they go forth among their less fortunate fellows, preaching the gospel through holy deeds, lifting up the down-trodden, speaking words of cheer to the down-hearted, causing every soul to feel the sunshine of their love, shedding a holy benediction wherever they go. Oh grant that all souls who have received this new light, may feel that it is a duty to praise thee through every deed and every thought. Grant that they may live such lives of earnest piety here that they shall find themselves possessors of glorious mansions in that spirit-land whither they are going. May they commence their kingdom of heaven here, and find it only where they shall live in nearer communion with thy great mighty soul. Amen.
June 4.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLED SPIRIT.—If you have propositions for our consideration, Mr. Chairman, we will attend to them.

QUEST.—Will the controlling intelligence please inform us if there is any merit in "Planchette," which is a board, shaped like a heart, about eight inches long by seven wide, in its widest part. It is supported on two small wheels, or castors, (on which it moves about very freely when pushed), and one soft pencil, with which it is said to write its truths. The method is to place the "Planchette" on a sheet of paper, and one or more persons lay their hands very lightly on it, when, it is said, it will answer questions. Is it designed to promote the cause of Spiritualism? or are its movements caused by electricity, as many suppose?

ANS.—This instrument, which you have called the Planchette, is certainly some merit. But whatever merit it does possess lies only in the fact that it may be used by departed spirits in communicating their thoughts to their friends who remain here. It is an agent, or medium, between mind of the body and mind in the body. I have no knowledge that electricity possesses intelligence. I have yet to be made to understand that that subtle force which pervades all forms of existence, which fills all atmospheres and is found everywhere, is capable of originating one single thought, of forming one single sentence. Electricity cannot do this, but, like the Planchette, it is an agent in the hands or under the law of intelligence. That divine spark of being that finds expression here through human form, again finds expression through spirit form.

Q.—Is it created to draw or to aid a spirit in controlling a medium for friends to be present in the circle room?

A.—Under certain circumstances it is calculated to aid them very essentially. It sometimes happens that departed spirits are unable to approach any particular medium that they may wish to approach, without receiving aid from some one upon whom they are in magnetic rapport. If such a person, in the audience, is generally assists them very much.
June 4.

Joseph E. Smith.

I have only one simple request to make here, and that is that you will assist me in reaching the friends I have left. I am not at all acquainted with these things. The only information I ever obtained upon the subject I obtained from an officer on board the "Ohio" who was somewhat posted in these things. But for myself I knew nothing. I never witnessed any manifestations, and had no belief in the return of the spirit after death—in this way, at all events. I am aware that many obstacles lie between my wish and my friends. I am aware, also, that the greatest of all is their want of faith and want of intelligence concerning these things.

I have recently visited a Mr. Foster, in New York city, and so far as I was able to judge I could do finely with him. But whatever I do, of course at first must be purely experimental, because my movements will be based not upon knowledge but upon a desire to obtain it. I had a strange presentiment with regard to the manner of my death. It was that I should be mortally wounded at the time I really was. I cannot tell from whence came the presentiment. "Coming events cast their shadows before them." Perhaps in this way I received the foreshadowing of my death. But I really think that I received it from those who knew what my fate would be, and by being able to come near to me impressed that upon my brain; but of course I, at the time, knew nothing about it. I only knew I felt that such would be the case. I think my last words were, "Never mind me, boys; attend to your duty," and when I came to consciousness on the other side of life, I felt the same desire to still exercise my duty as an officer. I had no knowledge that I was dead; that never occurred to me. I felt that some strange change had passed over me, but I did not think that I was dead. And when the news was first broken to me, I received it with great want of faith.

Now I wish my friends, if they can, to meet me at this Mr. Foster's. I do not know him, only that he is one of those persons to whom we can come. I shall be very glad to communicate my thoughts to them, and to satisfy them, so far as I am able, with regard to the truth of this modern Spiritualism, or new religion, for such it seems to me to be. My name, sir, is Joseph E. Smith.

son of Admiral Smith, commanding the "Congress."
June 4.

Margaret Maloon.

It is so strange to have been away so long when I come back. I am pretty much as I was when I left here. It is thirteen years since I went away—thirteen years, and a little better—thirteen years last February. I had not a very pleasant life here in this world, so I would not come back here only that I have two children here, and I want to come. I want to say something to her, too, because I know she always feels bad because I died the way I did. I was—oh dear! I had a hard life here, a very hard life. I was very unfortunate. I had much to go through with, but I did not like to say a great deal about it. I died at Deer Island, and I was—oh dear! I had many faults when I was here. Then I was taken sick, and was taken back, and I died. And I found out I could come back, and I never did very well till I got good assistance to come here to-day. And now, you see, I want to communicate to those children, want them to know that I can come, and want—oh dear me! I want my sister to know that I am out of purgatory, and that I am—well, that I am not banished to any bad place, but all that I am getting and in this beautiful world where there is no temptation to drag a body down. I am getting along well.

You see, I made a sort of a communication to the priest a little time ago—and—oh dear! I don't like to say anything about it, but I go to him, and I suppose—well, I suppose he did think much about it, and because it was not direct from me. You see, I sent a word through another one that was communicating. Well, I think he did not think much about it, and so he did not do anything about it, and then I find the way here. I was helped here. This is the only time I ever came this way. I say here from this place what I say to the priest. I want to communicate to those children, and want my sister to know I am happy in this beautiful world. I can't rest till I know she knows that you see.

My name, sir, was Margaret Maloon. Thirteen years ago I died at Deer Island. Oh dear! when I come back here I feel so sad, I don't feel happy at all. [Do you remember your age?] Oh yes, I do. I was twenty-nine, most thirty, when I died. Oh, I don't like that word at all. It's not a very good word. [Give your children's names?] Very good, Margaret and James. I was married when I came back, and I don't want any brought up thinking their mother died in a bad place, and she has gone to hell. [Are you with them much?] Oh yes, I am, a great deal, I am. Good-day, sir.
June 4.

Samuel Augustus Scott.

I want my mother and my grandmother to forgive me for running away. [When did that take place?] It will be in July. You see, I was running after the soldiers, and I meant to come to Boston to see 'em off, and I thought if I could get a chance to go as captain's boy, I should. I wanted to go to war. I wanted to be a soldier. My mother said I was not old enough, and grandmother said she should think that mother was crazy that she did not put a stop to it right away. But I was most ten years old, and I thought I was big enough. But you see I got drowned. [Where?] In Kennebec.

My name, sir, is Samuel Augustus Scott. I do not know how it was, but we got upset, and I don't know what it was. I could swim. I knew how to swim as well as any boy, but I sunk, somehow I could not swim then. I don't know how it was, but the water just sucked me right down and I had such a horrid pain in my head that I could not think. [When the boat upset?] Yes, after I went down once, then I came up, and then I sunk right down. I could not swim at all. The boys did not try hard, because they knew I could swim well. I was a good swimmer, but I don't know—I know I could not then. [Who were the other boys?] Johnny Page, and a little Chase boy that was visiting down here. Come on, come on, come on, I was saying. Yes, we were coming to Boston, somehow. I am sorry I am away. I should not do it now if I was here. I am sorry my mother and grandmother were made so unhappy, and I should like to come back to them very much. [Where is your mother?] She is in Saco. [Was she then?] Yes, we lived there. Do you think that I was drowned because God was displeased with me? I don't know, my mother? [No, I do not.] Well, that's what everybody says here, that was the way I was to go. Well, if it was, how do I know but what God made me run away? I wish I could see him. I should get up courage to ask him, if I could. But you see, nobody ever sees him here, more than they do on the earth. I don't think he is anywhere. I don't know. Nobody ever sees him. I've seen great people here. I see one man that had lived here, oh, a great many years ago, and he knew a great deal. And I asked him where God was, and if I had ever seen him, and he says, "You may feel him. He is right here in your own heart." And I said, "Well, I want to know where he lives." And he said, "He lives to trouble myself about finding God, that he would be so not to see him, and such a horrid pain in my head. So that's all I got. So then after that I began to think I did not believe that God was anywhere, or if he was, he was everywhere, he was everything, and I did not know which it was. [That is it.] My mother thinks, you see, that he is in heaven, and all good children go to him through Jesus Christ, and I know she thinks perhaps I haven't gone there, because I was disobedient, and I was disobedient. But I've got a good heaven—got a good home, and am very happy, but have been sorry all the while because I wanted to come back to her and tell her. Well, I don't know; if I ever do see God I shall ask him about it. I know I shall. Tell my mother I am in Boston now, anyway. I started for it, and I am there. [After a long time.] Yes, sir, I am here. I have been here, as long as I got here. [How do you like Boston?] Don't know, ain't been round any; never was here before, and don't know anything about it. You print our letters, do you? [Yes.] And then we are to watch 'em, are we? [Yes.] Haven't anything to pay with. [We don't ask anything.] Very much obliged to you. Try to do as much for you sometime.
June 4.

Daniel Johnson.

I want you to tell my friends that Daniel Johnson is alive, and they will hear from him very soon in an unmistakable manner. And what is more, I am sane. My faculties are clear, and my Spiritualism is proved. That's better than all the rest. I know, and I was also here. I know sometimes talked very strangely, but I had not stood upon, and that's what they did not. Tell them I am all right, and they will hear good cheer from me very soon nearer home.
June 4.

Séance conducted by Joshua Beri, a Rabbi of the Jewish faith; letters answered by H. Marion Stephens.

At the close of the séance a lady in the audience received the following communication in writing. She attests its truth, and requests its publication:

DEAR VALUED EARTHLY FRIEND—I had intended to speak with you, and through you to my dear ones at home, but friend Johnson has upset me, so far as speaking is concerned, but I am all right at writing. I am most happy to be able to add my poor testimony to the many thousands already given in favor of the certainty of Spiritualism. You will remember I told you I would come if I could, but did not know how it would be. Well, I have tried many times, but was not successful till to-day. Thanks to you for coming to help me. Tell my dear ones at home that I am there every day, and shall ever be in my power to aid them. I wish them to hold circles again this fall and winter, and I will be there in spirit. GEORGE AUSTEN CLARK.
To Mrs. A. P. Brown, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.
June 4.

Invocation.

Oh thou whose infinite goodness we may never reach, we worship thee because of thy loveliness, we adore thee because of the glory of thy power and thy wisdom. Thou dost descend to the smallest of thy creations, and with thy power, with thy wisdom, thou dost write with the finger of love upon all forms of being, and thou art writing perpetually upon the tablet of our souls. And for all

this, oh Infinite Spirit, we praise thee; tuning the harp of our being as best we can in accordance with thy will and good and beautiful of life, we would ever be found worshipping thee, singing thee a song of thanksgiving and praise. Oh we thank thee that it is our mission to return to earth after having passed through the shadow of death—to again return, over the river of life, ministering unto the needs of those who dwell in the vale, answering the call of those who still are close upon the flesh. Thou Spirit Eternal, thou hast no need of our praises. Thou art infinite in all things, and we cannot add to thy glory by our praises or our prayers. We cannot take aught from thy wisdom by beseeching thee to bestow wisdom upon us. We can only come somewhat near to thee. We can only read a portion of thy law. We can only behold a portion of thy glory. Yet forever the soul ascends in the scale of being; we ascend, and we ascend, till at last it overcomes the ignorance of time and rejoices in the wisdom of eternity. We thank thee that benevolence finds a place on the earth, that charity, with her fair robes, sitteth in many hearts, that purity of purpose and divine love are not absent from thy mortal children. We thank thee that the soul that is dwelling in the flesh finds cause to seek thee in the earth, in the skies, in the sphere of mind. We praise thee that it is ever turning toward light and wisdom, never satisfied with what it has, but ever seeking for what it has not. We praise thee for all the glorious scenes, both of Nature and of mind, with which thou hast blessed the earth—for the spring-time with its young glory, for the summer with its maturer life, for the autumn with its grander old age, for the winter with its night of change. We praise thee for the different degrees of thought with which thou hast blessed the mind. We praise thee for ignorance, for it showeth more potently and beautifully thy wisdom. We praise thee for crime, for it teacheth the soul the better way to heaven. We praise thee, oh Lord, for all the lesser things of being, for these are the lower steps on the great ladder of eternity. We praise thee, oh our Father, for the world as it is, the natural and the spiritual, for all things and all thoughts, for every kind of life, oh Lord, we do most fervently thank thee. We will not ask that thou wilt remember those who dwell in the shadow of sorrow, for thine angels will come nigh unto them and lift them out of the darkness and lead them into the light. We need not ask thee to bless the sick, for thou wilt be nigh unto them with thy ministers, who will comfort them, and will finally bestow upon them the glory of thy light, which gives all life even in this life and in all that which is to come. Oh our Father, for all things, whether they be in darkness or in light, whether they are surrounded by ignorance or crowned with glory and wisdom, we thank thee, now and forevermore. Amen.
June 8.

Questions and Answers.

QUEST.—If my husband and I should be in different spheres, and each want our children, which would have them?

ANS.—There is a law of gravitation which binds congenial souls together, and it is always active, never at rest; and this law will decide in all such cases. If the children are naturally more strongly attracted to the father, they will gravitate to him. If they are more attracted to the mother, they will gravitate to her. There is no such thing as binding uncongenial souls together in the spirit-world. The law of repulsion is also exceedingly active. It acts upon all souls; none are exempt from it. You may expect in the spirit-world to be separated from those you are not attracted to, and who are not attracted to you—it matters not what binds you together here upon the earth.

Q.—I saw some time ago in the *Banner of Light*, in the communication of a little child, that when she was ready to leave she was afraid to go. What was the meaning of that fear? Is there any painful sensation experienced in passing from this state into the spiritual state again?

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Q.—Have spirits power to foresee events, and if so, whence do they gain that power?

A.—That they have the power to foresee events has been perfectly demonstrated many, many times. I have seen "coming events" and "their shadows before them," is very true. It is these shadows that the disembodied spirit perceives, and judges concerning the objective form which will take place in the earth-life. Every idea that is wrought fully in the earth-life, gathers to itself a large, long train of circumstances, which are unseen to you, but not so to disembodied intelligences, and whose is able to add together and discern the circumstances which will give you a correct answer concerning the issue upon all points, from the smallest to the very largest.

Q.—Do not many attempt to prophesy who are not competent?

A.—Certainly. Many persons suppose they have solved a problem correctly, but it is one thing to suppose you have done a thing right, and quite another to do it. But the failure of one individual does not detract from the power of another. By no means.

Q.—Whence comes the material that forms the spirit hands so frequently seen in the presence of mediums?

A.—From the atmosphere, or from what is contained in the atmosphere, focalized and condensed through mediumistic life.

Q.—Does it not in the estimation of the people?

A.—No; not even in the estimation of its opponents. Spiritualism, as a natural science, cannot be harmed by the trickery of one, two or a

thousand individuals. All those persons who practice trickery under the name of Spiritualism do but excite the populace to investigate, to know what is true and what is false. That which they would use against Spiritualism the great God throws into the scale and uses for it.

Q.—Are spirits in the other world subject to impressions of the elements as we are? Do they experience night and day; the benefits of the sun, &c.?

A.—They do; not in the same sense that you do, but in a similar sense. They have their seasons of rest and of intense activity.

Q.—More so than in this world?

A.—No; perhaps not.

Q.—Do they read time as we do?

A.—Oh no. There is no time in the spirit-world, not such as is recognized by you.

Q.—Do they not reckon by minutes and hours as we do?

A.—Nothing of the kind. Time, if it is measured at all, is measured by events.

Q.—How do they regulate their hours of rest?

A.—By their needs. The spirit rests when it has need of rest.

Q.—Then there must be a limit to their power?

A.—Certainly.
June 8.

James Egan.

You see as how I got permission to come here, because I want to go back to my father and mother. I was eleven years old when I was here, and I have been dead since that winter. I was a newsboy, sir. And since I've known about these things being put in the paper, I wanted to come, and I come round here ever so many times, but I don't get in because I was not ready, somehow, I don't know how. My name, sir, is James Egan, and I lived in Jackson's court, when I was here. [In Boston?] Yes, sir. Do you know how I knew about this place? [No, I do not.] Well, sir, I got one of the papers that had letters in it from dead people, and I carried it home and read it, and then my mother asked the price, and then my father told me not to have anything more to do about it, but would not say it was not true, at all—wouldn't say it wasn't true, and I remember very well hearing my father say—or I know just as well as if he told me, it was true, and it was, you see, I do know. I was sick with some kind of fever. I don't know what it was, at all, was sick a little better than two weeks, and when I died I did not know I was going at all.

[Could you read?] Yes, sir, I could read. There's plenty of Irish people that come back, and they say that I can go to my mother and father, and let them know I can come, and to let them know that my Uncle Jerry is dead. He was in the big ship, and he died, and my father doesn't know anything about it, at all. You see, my father was writing him all the time, and sending him money. Sent him two pounds, and was going to send more, because he wanted him to come over here, you know, and the letter that was to come to my father has gone somewhere. I don't know where, and my Uncle Jerry is dead, sir. [Do you know when he died?] Yes, sir, I do know when he died. It was in the beginning of February. He was alive on the first, and was dead before the first week had gone. And my father's cousin, he has wrote him about it, and now the letter has not got here. I don't know—it is lost somewhere. [Is this uncle your father's brother?] Yes, sir, he is then. [The spirit struck out suddenly with the left arm, and the Chairman asked what was the trouble?]

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shall be entitled to a copy of the BANNER OF LIGHT one year
it will be forwarded to their address on receipt of the paper
with the advertisement marked.