

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 7.

Written for the Banner of Light.
AUTUMN TIME.

BY M. E. B. SAWYER.

The yellow leaves are falling—
Falling, everywhere;
The Autumn winds are sighing—
The hills grow brown and bare.
The birds are all departing,
For a more genial sky,
The squirrels in the forests
Rich stores are laying by.
The vines drop down like sapphires,
Above the purling stream,
Like gold the chestnut branches
Blend with the crimson gleam
Of oak, and stately maple,
While fresh beneath our feet
The evergreens are turning—
An emerald wreath complete.
The skies are soft and hazy—
Their sunsets gorgeous line
Is never traced more lovely
Than in the Autumn time.
The happy-hearted reapers
Their garnering work have done,
And shout with joyful voices,
"A merrie harvest home."

Why call the Autumn dreary?
Charms rest on all I see,
From valley to the mountain—
All 's beautiful to me.
The groves, the farthest hill-tops,
Each rock and tiny stream,
Conspire to make the very earth
Bright as a poet's dream.

Pittsburg, Mass., 1868.

SQUANDERED LIVES.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

The fisherman wades in the surges;
The sailor sails over the seas;
The soldier steps bravely to battle;
The woodman lays axe to the trees.
They are each of the breed of the heroes,
The manhood attempted in strife;
Strong hands that go lightly to labor,
True hearts that take comfort in strife.
In each is the seed to replenish;
The sailor dropped in the sea;
The soldier lies cold by the cannon;
The woodman is crushed by his tree.
Each prodigal life is wasted
In many achievements unseen,
But lengthens the days of the coward,
And strengthens the crafty and mean.
The blood of the noble is lavished
That the selfish can profit may find;
God sees the lives that are squandered,
And we to his wisdom are blind.

Original Essays.

SOME REMARKS ON FARADAY'S "EDUCATION OF THE JUDGMENT."

BY ISAAC REHN.

This discourse, the "Education of the Judgment," was delivered by Sir Michael Faraday before the Royal Institution of Great Britain, with Prince Albert in the chair, and serves to show what and how many foolish things a great man may say when treating a subject upon which he is poorly informed, against which he is strongly prejudiced, or which through personal pride, or the pride of learning, he deems beneath his notice.

He opens the address by stating the importance of adhering to the "rigid test of fact and experiment" as the means of arriving at truthful conclusions; all of which is excellent, and we shall see how he has set the example in this particular before we get through the subject before us. He proceeds to say: "I believe that the truth of a future life cannot be brought to his (man's) knowledge by any exertion of his mental powers, however exalted they may be; that it is made known to him by other teaching than his own, and is received through simple belief of the testimony given. Let no one suppose for a moment that the self-education I am about to commend in respect to the things of this life, extends to any considerations of the hope set before us, as if man by reasoning could find out God."

Here then, of course, the "rigid test of fact and experiment" is of no sort of use. All that relates to the future of man is to be received by faith, or "received through simple belief of the testimony given," and this can have no other reference than to the Bible as the "testimony given." Now, we have the way so paved that all tests of "fact and experiment" are to be and must be ruled out, being of no avail, for the reason assigned that "the self-education I (Faraday) am about to commence" extends to no things but those of the present life. And this is the way we are to begin to educate the judgment. (?) We shall not fail to see that no education could be possible of any state of existence, either present or future, if such a method was adopted to begin with. It is simply saying, I can't know and I won't know, and so far as Mr. Faraday was concerned, in regard to the future life, he did not know.

But the learned Professor was not content to stop here, for he not only denied any knowledge of his own touching the future of man, but he stoutly denied it to all others. Nor would he allow them any "rigid test of fact and experiment" proving this state; nor that any judgment should be had upon matters of a spiritual nature, except to judge them all out of the pale of judgment. With his mind thus entombed with theological materialism, the Professor is ready for an assault upon the outworks of the spiritual camp.

We are then enlightened by a profound dissertation on the method of education of the senses by playing with our fingers, which must have been very amusing to the children, if any were present; and how, also, he was deceived at a certain time at which he thought the moon was green, when the green was all in his eyes. And so, says the Professor, "error results occasionally from believing our senses," but which "ought to be considered rather as an error of the judgment," and attributed to too much haste in many cases; in which opinion there are many who entirely agree with him.

The following rule, laid down by Mr. Faraday, is a very good one, and one by which we propose to try the value of much he has said. In speaking of the "haste" above referred to, he says, "I look back upon the error as one of 'presumptuous judgment'."

"I do not think the expression 'do strong' for if we are led, either by simplicity or vanity, to give an opinion upon matters upon which we are not instructed, either by the knowledge of others, or of our own intimate observation, * * * our judgment must be qualified as 'presumptuous judgment.' It is very desirable that these quotations should be remembered, as many of the Professor's arguments and statements assume a very interesting appearance in the light of them. He says, for instance, at a point of attack, in which he essays a flank movement, that 'You hear at the present day that some persons can place their fingers on a table, and then, elevating their hands, the table will rise up and follow them'; * * * 'and the assertion finds acceptance in every rank of society, and amongst classes which are esteemed to be educated. Now what can this imply, but that society is not only ignorant as respects the education of the judgment, but is also ignorant of its ignorance.' And," says he, "those who are inclined to think and to hope they are right, throw up Newton's law at once." Now the Spiritualist but says that in such a case the table is lifted by an intelligent agent, and that the law of gravitation is no more "thrown up" in this instance, than it is when Prof. Faraday lifts a pinch of snuff from his box to his august nose.

But the Professor grows quite ultra-terrestrial a little further on; for he says: "Such a man, furnished with a nicely constructed carriage on a railway, ought to travel by the more draught of his fingers." This profound argument must, of course, silence all opponents, and convince the groundlings how wise a man must be whose "judgment is educated."

Again, hear him! "Perhaps it may be said the delusion of table moving is past, and need not be recalled before an audience like the present. Even granting this, let us endeavor to make the subject leave one useful result; let it serve for an example not to pass into forgetfulness." It might be here suggested to such as talk thus, that one of the best modes of arriving at "useful results" in such cases would be to submit the occurrences, that is, if they are not quite all gone, "to the rigid test of fact and experiment." Some we know have done so, and the results have been very "useful" indeed.

But, some may ask, "did not the Professor experiment to learn the truth of this matter?" According to his own statement he did; and in order to show the kind of experiments he employed, and the point he tested, the reader shall have this Professor's own words, and we are justified in the supposition that he thought, at least, he was making a strong case, and testing the stronghold of the Spiritualist. He says:

"When I was engaged in the investigation of table-turning, I constructed a very simple apparatus, serving as an index, to show the unconscious motion of the hands upon the table. The results were, either that the index moved before the table, or that neither index nor table moved."

In regard to this point, it is but necessary to say that any child knows that persons may move a table or other light body unconsciously; and further, that no intelligent Spiritualist relies upon such movements as tests of spirit power, but that if such means of communication are used, it is the intelligence and not the movements that he regards as the proof; and again, there are many cases in which heavy bodies, such as pianos of hundreds of pounds weight, rise up upon the contact of the tips of the fingers of delicate children—tables with four, five and six heavy men on them, also rise up in like manner. And still further—cases in which bodies, such as tables, rise up with no human contact whatever, (as the writer has seen.)

For a man to test the truth of an opponent's theory by selecting the very weakest of his facts, and then such as he does not rely upon himself as test facts, while there are hosts of those upon which he does rely, and which the man pays no attention to, is, to say the least of it, a very poor evidence of cultivated honesty, and no better evidence of a "cultivated judgment."

Then we are attacked again on the other flank, by Mr. Faraday, on the basis of the correlated forces. We are told that "It is impossible to create force." And upon this dogma asks, "What are we to think of table-lifting?" To this question it might be replied with equal force, What do you think of your snuff-box?

But the presumed force of the argument implied in the above, is from the supposed incompatibility of the doctrine of the correlation of the forces, now the accepted and beautiful truth of modern science, with the facts of Spiritualism. As that argument is maintained by many other minds than that of Prof. Faraday, some attention will be given it further on. It is worthy of respect, though it does not claim any attention from any importance derived from the use of it by the Professor in the present case.

He then proceeds to a dissertation on the reservation of the judgment, and to tell us that, "This education has for its first and last test, humility." Now, one of two things is without doubt true: either humility is not the characteristic of this education, or if it is, Mr. Faraday has missed getting it; for if any one in his senses can statements made by the Professor in his treatment of the spiritual question, he will have more than ordinary sagacity.

As an illustration of this, see what he says in the following, after speaking of electricity, photography, &c.: "What has clairvoyance or mesmerism, or table-rapping, done in comparison with re-

sults like these?" Of course he presumes all these to be false, but then this very presumption is the demonstration of his ignorance on these questions; for had he made the proper efforts to learn of their truth he would not have made these stupid questions a sort of triumphal argument on his side, but have learned that clairvoyance, mesmerism and table-rapping, as he terms it, are genuine facts. "Neither," says he, "has the assertion of any new thing a right to claim an answer in the form of yes or no" to his theory. That may be true, and it is equally true that, if any one volunteers an answer, he should do so out of his knowledge, and not from the absence of it; and even with more propriety still should we look for this from those whose judgments are educated. To hear a man deny the fact of mesmerism, even if he denies clairvoyance and table-rapping, is to create the suspicion that he must have spent most of his latter years in Timbuctoo, or else to have greatly neglected his opportunities. Many do know of the truth of all three classes of phenomena above alluded to—the writer of this included—and that from direct experiment and experience, thus showing the value of the method of "rigid test of fact and experiment." There is, therefore, no reason why Prof. Faraday might not have known so too, except that he mistook an absurd prejudice for a conclusive argument, and decided a priori, and to have added the other folly, that of supposing people foolish enough to take his word as a decision of the whole matter.

This is not the place, even did the length of the article permit it, to enter into a discussion and narration of the many facts upon which the Spiritualist bases his knowledge; and it is necessary only to say, in this connection, that the facts of positive knowledge are not to be offset by those who have not taken the needed steps to inform themselves upon the matter. If there are to be found those who are disposed to other than spiritual interpretations, but few, whose opinions are of any importance, are to be met who deny the facts.

The Scientists, as a class, have done much to aid the progress of the world, more, ten times over, in all probability, than all the theologians combined; but in regard to the facts of Spiritualism they, with a few exceptions, have acted more like theological bigots than men of progress, since it was their duty no less to investigate the phenomena thoroughly and report their truth or falsehood, as they might turn out, to mankind, with the methods employed and the results obtained, as they would be expected to do in all matters of physics. It may look very wise and profound, to simple minds, for great men to turn up their learned noses and talk scientific nonsense to justify their prejudices, while, metaphysician-like, they sit in easy chairs at respectable distances from the opportunities of proof.

As an instance of this kind of twaddle, we have only to turn to Leves's Biographical History of Philosophy, page 18, Introduction, and read. After building a man of straw and showing his prowess by beating it to pieces, he goes on to say, now, "Let us look at the scientific method. The point sought is the unknown cause of the table's movement." Since hands were on the table, he concludes that the "table was pushed by the hands resting upon it." The same want of candor is here manifested as in the case of Faraday above complained of. And we have only to ask both: "How do tables move when there are no hands on them, and no human contrivances connected with them?" And what answers have we heard? A dignified silence, or else "Hallucination!" "Insanity!" "Fraud!" &c. But how do the sagacious men know that we are hallucinated, or insane, or cheats? Have they taken any steps to verify those statements? What "scientific" methods have they resorted to in the latter case, more than in the first? Or are these some more of the evidences of educated judgments? Alas that science should be thus insulted in the house of its friends! For thirty years it has been to me a field of boundless pleasure, and I glory in all her many triumphs, wrought out by patient industry and the most indefatigable zeal. Alas that some of her devotees should have become proud, dogmatic and insolent, and not only so, but to shamefully trample on the very methods that have won her victories and built her fame!

Let us now turn to the consideration of the doctrine of the "Correlation and Conservation of the Forces," as this is by some supposed to apply to the spiritual question.

This doctrine is based on the indestructibility of matter and force, or, as by some stated, on the indestructibility of matter and the persistence of force. From this it is argued that all forms, however diversified, are but the reappearance of the primitive atoms of elementary matter in new shapes; and, analogous to this, the powers of matter are but the reappearance of the stored forces of the universe, as they are translated into heat, electricity, chemical affinity, gravity, light, vitality, mechanical force, &c. According to this theory, wherever mechanical force is expended, the given amount of this force must quantitatively appear as some other form of force; it may be heat or light, or both, or in some other form of force than either; but yet, in whatever form or forms it may appear, it must be quantitatively the total of the initial force, however much it may differ qualitatively from that, and can be no more and no less.

It is still further urged that the varied forms of matter and force, as they effect the transformations in the world, are also the efficient and only powers through and by which all vital phenomena are produced, these vital phenomena being interpreted in that large sense which includes all intellectual or other power, by whatever names called. Now it is another postulate of the doctrine of the correlation of the forces that, every form of force made to appear, may also be made to appear in any other given form of force. Thus, if heat is made to appear as electricity, electricity may, in turn, be made to appear again as heat; and so on through the chapter.

The point sought, to be made against the spiritual theory is, that under the doctrine of the correlation of the forces, vitality or vital force, is the reappearance of some other form of force. According to the law, it may also be made to appear as the initial force or forces engaged in its production, and so can have no continuity of existence beyond the physical duration of the present life; and we are referred to the fact, as a confirmation of this, that, in the retrograde decompositions of the organic compounds of high chemical formulae back to the binary states of matter, all the forces appear in the putrefactive chemical changes of decomposition. And if spirit, therefore, exists in man, it, too, must be but a form of force; a translation of some other force, which, in its turn, shall also be translated and, therefore, cease to be, as spirit.

This looks very well on paper, and all will acknowledge that the above, though necessarily a brief statement, is a fair one of the doctrine under consideration. But if we would have our judgments educated we must look at all sides of the question and at all of the facts touching the matter, and not, as Prof. Faraday has done, take a small part of one side, and the weakest at that, and one that nobody relies on as evidence. The enlightened portion of the Spiritualists at least are not troubled by the correlation of the forces; that is a grand and beautiful truth, and, fairly interpreted, is no enemy, but a friend to the Spiritualist. At all events, it is our duty to examine our ground in view of it, and see how we stand in regard thereto. If others choose to say stupid and foolish things concerning that which appears in the way of their notions, why, let them. Let our duty, as well as our endeavor be, to meet every fact and look it straight in the face; we shall be right in the end.

This doctrine, the correlation of the forces, interpreted in the most strict and literal way, results in the baldest Atheism, inasmuch as God and all spirituality are at once voted out of the universe. It presumes all forces physical, and in no state can they ever appear in which they may not reassume the initial form, that is to say, that if all the world, its furniture and people, were and are the evolutions of transformed nebula, and the forces thereof, then they may, by the law, be negatived again.

The Professor says in the early part of his essay, "I believe that the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his Eternal Power and Godhead." If this is his belief, it cannot be that he means this Atheistic interpretation to be placed upon the correlation of the forces; and, if he does not so interpret it, the most marvelous nonsense will be required to perceive why any other interpretation should be drawn against the Spiritualist and not against his own views, unless the educated judgment be the means of it. He has not taken the trouble to tell us in what way he holds on to his faith in view of the correlation of the forces, while he evokes the doctrine to kill off all spiritualistic theories and facts. We can only refer this to that judicious "reservation of the judgment" he commands, and on which it happened just at the time to be convenient to practice.

But to the point: If it be maintained, as by some, that "the forces are indestructible, convertible, impendable objects," (Mayer, p. 252, Youmans's Comp. Correl. Forces,) it is not yet settled how many such forces there are. Or if it be assumed that all forms of force are but the translation of one primal force, it is no better settled whether there are not permanent residuary forms, not convertible by any knowledge we possess, or that all force is, per se, physical, and that there can be no force but such as appears in transformations of matter, or in the phenomena of heat, electricity, gravity, &c. These points, I say, are not by any means settled, and until they are, it is but begging the whole argument to declare all spiritual phenomena impossible in view of them.

The whole argument might, therefore, be rested here, since it is the business of those who urge the argument, founded on the forces, against us, to show in what way they can demonstrate by the "rigid test of fact and experiment" that all phenomena are resultant experimentally and logically from the physical forces.

We simply deny that such demonstration has ever been made, or that even the vital force has by any such means been made to appear as a translation of the other forces. The most that can be said upon this point is, that where vital force exists, there the other forces are brought into play, and that nobody pretends to deny. We may also admit that vital force nowhere appears in the absence of the others, and Mr. Faraday, or anybody else, is welcome to all the use that can be made of this admission.

But who in his senses ever heard of the consciousness being translated into heat, gravity, mechanical force, &c. Where are the demonstrations, nay, even the probability, that the treasury of the memory, with the thousand incidents which make up the record of our experience and give us the incontestable proof of personal, individual existence, that this is convertible into electricity or chemical affinity? For if the doctrine of the correlation of the forces is to be brought against us, we have a right to insist upon the terms upon which its demonstrations are had, which are, in brief, that any form of force correlated to another form is susceptible of translation, forward and backward, at the will of the demonstrator. With heat, electricity, chemical affinity, mechanical power and magnetism, this may be done. With the affections, memory, consciousness, intelligence and vitality, it has not been done, and, in all probability, never will be done. Until this latter has been accomplished demonstratively, our Spiritualism is in no danger of annihilation from arguments founded on the correlation of the forces, any more than from damage by the other futile arguments of the learned Prof. Faraday.

Philadelphia, August, 1868.

ANGELS.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

"Angels must be other than human or mundane in their origin," for, said the speaker, "do we not read of them in Genesis, before ever a man had died?" And there was triumph in the speaker's eye. Who could go back of that? No one disputed the fact that "it was so writ in the bond"; but a man said, "Your authority is no proof." I would not detract from the merits of the Bible, or dispute the fact, as some do, that the Bible has been of no service in the progress or civilization of mankind; but while so large a number are anchored to it, not only as solid ground but as its bed rock, God himself, and the remark that leads off in this article being a mutual track or connection with such people of great faith, and the Spiritualists, who, though inclined to receive the Bible for all it is worth, and are tender to it from associations, yet reject the bed-rock authority or foundation claimed for it, and who are literal believers in the angelic fact, it may be worth while to carry out the idea suggested by the remark referred to, taking the ground that the authority is no proof. This subject was discussed at a meeting for mutual improvement lately, and what follows may be looked upon as an argument on the negative side of the question, the writer believing that the angels referred to in the Bible are identical with the "spirits" which constitute the principal feature in modern Spiritualism, hence are of human or mundane origin.

I am a believer in the fact of spirit messengers or angels, spoken of in the Scriptures; that is, that such as are said to have appeared to Hagar, Abraham, Manoah, Jesus, Peter and others, may have been and probably were actual objective realities. I believe so wholly on the fact that the identical class of messengers are manifesting today. Were those of ancient record miraculous manifestations, or of super-mundane origin, I should reject the reports or traditions as fables, the imaginings of people in an ignorant age, which this age, from logic born of culture, ignores entirely, excepting those which are protected by the sanctity of Scripture; without the revelations of to-day, I would reject all sacred and profane, seeing no authority or foundation for a fact stated in the Bible, when the same fact outside of the Bible, suppose in Greece instead of Judea, is rejected.

One reason, and a good one, is, where are they now, or where have they gone? The man who believes in a super-human or distinct creation for Bible angels, has no right or authority for denying them now. It is notorious that the apparitions associated with modern Spiritualism are the only intelligences that have a foundation in fact—if such be a fact—or that appear now. If the old apparitions were fundamentally different, where are they now? why don't they appear, wings and all? If not to the rabble, why not to the sages or the prophets? what change has the world undergone, or the messengers themselves undergone? Has there been a "drift period" in spiritual geology, as well as terrestrial, and we can see the boulder scratches of a past-age, but no such period since? that now, when the heart of man calls, "they answer not again?" There is no Bible authority for their exit, closing the door after them, and logic suggests none.

As I have said, I accept the ancient as verities, which I should not do on the evidence given, were it not for this modern corroboration; and seeing by historic record that every age and every nation have had, with more or less distinctness, these mysterious phenomena, I draw from it the basic fact that it is the principle of individualized life existing after the decease of this body, claiming to be of human origin in the modern manifestations every time; claiming also to be so by implication and statement, whenever they do identify themselves in the Bible manifestations.

This principle of individualized life or intelligence, disembodied, as far as the mundane is concerned, is a fact in the universe—yesterday, today and forever; at least that is my conviction; and one of the great errors of mankind has been in its awe, or reverence, or fear, or ignorance, to have looked upon it or them as gods, something super-human, when their super-humanity is only a different sphere of life, and that a wider sphere, not at all supernatural except by its or our erroneous construction.

I maintain that the Bible, without corroboration, cannot be proof of its own facts or statements; that is, Adam said to be the first man, and Abel's death the first death; therefore angels appearing before a death had occurred in the human family settles this matter affirmatively. I maintain that to be no proof. The intellect of to-day has proved by an unimpeachable word of God that the whole story of Adam is a fable, for the origin of man runneth further back than any written or traditional record, and that population was large long before the age that the poet tells of, or places the story of man's creation and the garden of Eden. The question must come right down to what history teaches, and that is, that there has ever been a belief in super-mundane intelligences, and in every case, sacred or profane, where such had any foundation in fact, it is suggestive of humanity for its origin. That fact alone is remarkable, considering the ocean of ignorance that all these records have floated through in reaching us.

Again, what proof the Bible gives is in harmony with history, and also with modern Spiritualism. In every case where the identity is manifest, it is human. Wherever one defines himself in the Bible, it is ever "once an inhabitant of this earth"; and whenever any of these angelic messengers appeared, they were in the form of men, and were called men, and all the evidence favors their being the spirits of men. So clear and distinct is this point, the imaginary cases of Jesus, as well as the real ones, fit such a conclusion. Take the instance where the Sadducees asked him, "Whose wife shall she be, for the seven had her?"

Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 153 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday Afternoons. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.

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

Invocation.

Oh God, thou spirit whose changeless love abideth with us forever, thou whose voice we hear sounding over the turbulent waves of the ocean of the soul's experience; thou who art ever nigh unto us, we come to thee with our prayers, with our praises. We come in our weakness asking for strength, in our ignorance asking for wisdom, in our imperfection asking to know of thy perfect life. Oh God, we praise thee for being, with all its shadows, with its dark, rude experiences and with its glowing sunbeams. Grant, oh Holy Spirit, that the souls of the children, that come into such near communion with their own inner lives that they shall rest secure in thee, feeling safe in thy presence, never fearing that thou wilt forsake them. We praise thee, oh Great Spirit of Time, that it is our privilege to return to earth ministering unto the needs of those who are weak, and also unto those who are strong. And oh grant that we may so impress every heart with which we come in contact with their nearness unto thee and the great spirit-world that they shall feel no longer absent from thee, no longer separate from that world of mind that makes the world of matter all that it is. We know that thy life is as near unto every heart, as the perfume of these blossoms is to the blossoms, (alluding to flowers on the table). Though we pray, there may be no need that we pray; though we praise thee, we cannot add to thy greatness; though we thank thee, we cannot change our fate, for we know that our destiny resteth with thee and thou wilt fashion all wisely and well. And whether it be our lot to pass through shadows, or whether daylight is always given unto us, still thou wilt be with us and thine infinite presence will sustain us. Oh grant that thy ministering angels, who are strong in all that makes up goodness, grant that they may be nigh unto the weak and the children, ministering to their needs, strengthening their weakness, and when their feet stand upon slippery places may they guide them to more pleasant paths. Our Father, baptize us this hour, with the consciousness of thy holy spirit. Let thy love which passeth all human understanding come into our inner lives, and that sweet peace that all souls continually pray for come so near unto each soul that they shall view it as the promised land. Father, receive our prayers, and our praises, for thine kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your propositions, Mr. Chairman, we are now ready to attend to.

Q.—If a letter-writer from Lima, Peru, is to be believed, there is a region forty leagues from that city, called the valley of Juana, where the climate restores consumptive persons to health as certainly as night follows day. No other medicine is required except the pure air of the valley. Hundreds of persons are said to go from all parts of Peru, yearly, to be cured of this terrible disease; and although the writer anticipates that medical men "will smile at the idea of consumption being curable," he still avers that every invalid—excepting only those in the last stage of the malady—returns physically sound after a residence in Juana of from one to two years. Will the spirits tell us something about this "valley of Juana," in Peru, and inform us if the above statement is true? Would they advise recommending people to go there, and what is the philosophy of the cure?

ANS.—Certain minds who were in the medical line when on the earth, have long been acquainted with the existence of such a locality. And if my memory serves me right, I am quite sure the statement you have received from your correspondent is correct. In all probability the philosophy is exceedingly simple. The condition of atmosphere will arrest the decay of the parts which perform the cure. It is of itself all the remedial agent that is necessary. Pulmonary consumption, we are informed, can only be cured by atmospheric means. No amount of drugs can by any possibility effect a cure. They may palliate for a time, but they cannot cure. Diseased lungs can only be restored to a state of health by atmospheric remedies. If Nature furnishes them in any locality, why Nature then stands there as a preeminent physician. The time is coming, I believe, but it is far distant from the present, when diseases of every kind will have departed from the earth, because the inhabitants will have learned how to prevent disease. Now they dwell in the midst of it, and court it, because they are ignorant concerning the laws of life; but as mind progresses it will, we shall see, out of this unhappy condition. There will come a time for the inhabitants of this earth, I do most firmly believe, when there will be no more disease, not of any class, when bodies will come into the world healthy and go out naturally. But, as I before remarked, that time is far distant from the present. But Nature is marching on to it perpetually. The earth does not make a single revolution upon its axis but it brings you nearer to that millennium.

Q.—As all things are governed by natural laws, can there be any real free-agency? And if natural laws were fully understood and obeyed, would there exist a necessity for the civil law of governments?

ANS.—All civil law is the result of ignorance and barbarism. When Nature's laws are fully understood they will be obeyed. Then there will be no need of the extraneous rules, these rules which that certain minds have cast for all the world to go by.

Q.—How do you reconcile the justice of God with the miseries and tortures that are inflicted by man upon his fellow man?

ANS.—It is perfectly in harmony with the ignorance which exists among humans; perfectly in harmony with the present undeveloped state of human life. When the soul in its external being is fully unfolded and has come into perfect rapport with the laws by which it is surrounded, then as a soul it will fully understand that it can by no possibility inflict suffering without suffering more or less itself. Our curses that are sent out to rest upon other heads, always return with terrible vengeance upon ourselves. And when we fully understand it, we shall cease to curse, we shall cease to persecute, we shall cease to exercise aught save love and charity, and all the higher attributes that belong to the soul. The lower ones will die and the higher have come into action. By-and-by all ravenous beasts, all poisonous plants, all that is inimical to life, health or happiness will have passed away from the earth; but at present they are but natural children, the legitimate results of the earth. So can give forth no higher expressions, no grander children. By-and-by, when the earth is grown older, purer, these manifestations will cease. The rude, uncivilized manifestations of mind which meet us at almost every turn are in perfect harmony with these rude exhibitions of Nature—with the tornado, with all the tempests that sweep over the face of the earth. Everything that does not tend to the highest happiness that the soul dreams of will by-and-by pass away.

Q.—From whom did the race of giants spring which is spoken of in the Old Testament? Did they spring from Adam and Eve?

ANS.—I know no Adam and Eve—not such as figure in Biblical history. Every race and tribe that existed on the earth in ancient times had doubtless its Adam and its Eve, but I do not recognize any first pair.

Q.—You speak of the disappearance of evil, even of poisonous plants. This would involve a great change, and would it not necessarily follow that there should be a great change in the material that composes this planet? What would be this change?

ANS.—An infinite number of changes. The material composing this planet is perpetually changing by its own inherent law. It is growing more pure, more perfect, better adapted to give forth higher expressions upon its surface. The change is gradual. There will be no marked change, but a gradual passing out of the lower and entering the higher. In looking back over a series of years—say fifty—you will perceive changes all along the way, in society, in politics, in religion, a change in human nature, a change in material science, a change in the entire chemistry of life. Nothing stands precisely where it did even one hour ago.

Q.—Speaking of the race of giants alluded to in the Old Testament, do you believe such a race ever existed?

ANS.—In contradistinction to a race of pygmies, yes, certainly. But I do not believe it in the sense in which it is generally believed, according to Biblical history.

Q.—What reason have we to doubt it?

ANS.—It would be impossible to enumerate all the reasons why, but if you will read the chapter following, and the one that precedes it, I think you will understand why. You certainly will, if your mind is unprejudiced by old religious theories.

Q.—What became of the male and female God made before he made Adam and Eve?

ANS.—I have no knowledge of the existence of any such persons, nor do I know of any one who ever lived.

Q.—The Bible speaks of them.

ANS.—So far as the existence of male and female is concerned, I believe that from the incipient stage of this planet male and female life has always existed in every kind of form; not alone in the human.

Q.—Are we to derive all our spiritual truth, or any great degree of it, from the Bible?

ANS.—By no means. You should seek for spiritual food everywhere, not confining your search to any one place. Seek for God in the air, and for the food which is proper for the spirit everywhere. The starry heavens will furnish it; the earth will furnish it; the living child will give it to you; these fair blossoms (referring to a bouquet on the table) will impart spiritual food. It is not well to imagine that God, or the food which he provides for all souls, can, by any possibility, be shut up within the lids of the Bible.

Capt. Thomas Vinal.

I feel strange after an absence of eighteen years. Capt. Thomas Vinal, of New Bedford, I have so long been unused to hearing that name I had well-nigh forgotten it, but I straightway remembered it was the only one by which I would be recognized. I sickened in a foreign port and died; but, strange to say, I found myself alive after death. And I have been seeking to learn this particular theory of spiritual navigation for the last fifteen years. This is the first time I have been able to sail into port. To me the situation is so extremely novel that I can hardly realize its reality. I have dreamed of dying and coming to life again on the earth, but I never realized it before. I am here just as much in mind as I ever was anywhere, but my body rests in the island of St. Domingo—all there is of it, probably not much of it now. I lost a wife and one son and daughter. I had also a brother and two sisters, and now after my long voyage, I would like to hunt them up. That is my business in port to-day. They have mourned me as dead, and their tears have long been dry, and now I suddenly sail into port with colors flying. But I am invisible; that is the unfortunate part. I once remember distinctly, during a voyage to Russia, I think we were within a few days' sail of Constantinople, when my second mate had got into some trouble with some of the hands; some order was disregarded. I had been sick, confined below for several days, and my first officer was also sick. My second mate was acting at the time, and as I before said, he got into trouble with one of the hands. His orders were not obeyed, and we were experiencing rather rough weather, when in a fit of passion he went aloft. I could not tell how the accident happened, but it seemed to me he fell from the yard-arm; some way, I can't tell how. Well, after waiting long time for him to come on deck—by the way, I had come on deck myself to see what was the matter—I thought something was wrong, and sung out to him through my trumpet, and I received an answer clear and distinct, but I could not see him. I waited full an hour. I sent a boat aloft, then another, then a third, but nothing was seen, but he was nowhere to be seen. After another hour after he called to me, I am sure it was from aloft, telling me what course to take with regard to avoiding a certain danger. I again sent a hand aloft. He was nowhere to be found. I searched the vessel, and he was gone.

Well, occasionally from that time till we arrived in port I heard him speak to me from aloft, and he would ask me questions, but I could never see him. Now he tells me, since we have met on this side, that it was his spirit speaking to me through that class of atmosphere that was most favorable to such a manifestation. But I could not see him. Of course after the vessel had been searched and we had arrived in port I knew he was dead. His body never was found. But when I became a spirit myself, the same voice greeted me, and at first I could not see him then. But by-and-by, as I have already said, I began to see where I was and how I was, I could see my mate Harris—Nelson Harris.

And now I stand in pretty much the same position in regard to coming to my friends. I am calling to them, but they cannot see me. I am just as near them as ever I was in the body, but I am invisible. Now what I want to get at is, what shall I do to render myself spiritually visible to at least one? You often tell me to furnish you a medium through whom you can speak to them as you do here. I understand. I am, from this place, to ask them to meet me in near communion. [Yes.] Well, now, good friend, if I am successful I will come and inform you. [Thank you. I hope you will.] And if I am not successful, I shall beg the privilege of coming again. I have a great many things I would like to say about regard to family and home and old associations and my experience in the spirit-world—a great many things to say, but this is my place and no time. [In regard to this voice you heard, did it give you the right directions?] Oh, yes. [And you followed them?] Yes. I had, as you understand, been sick, and had trusted the care of my vessel, as I was obliged to, to under hands, and I was a little bewildered. I was laboring under what almost amounted to brain fever, but that voice made such a clear impression upon my mind that it seemed not only to give me spiritual strength, but it gave me spiritual strength. It affected me strangely. I repeated the circumstance to many of my sea-faring friends and to my family. They are all familiar with it, and I thought it might not be amiss to bring it up here as one of the things by which I might be identified. [Have you learned how the accident happened?] Yes, he says he simply lost his hold; he went up in a fit of passion. He was violently passionate; would at times lose all control of himself and become very weak. His anger would take away all his strength, and he had not been in the habit of going aloft. So the accident happened. "I went down," he says, "and went up very quick." [Will you give me your age?] Forty-seven when here; an quite an old man now, you say, if you add on the other eighteen years, which I shall do, leave you to do that.

Oh! my ship! the Mary Elizabeth! I had forgotten that. [When you were sailing to St. Domingo, or this time of which you speak?] Both times. Good-day, sir. Pleasant passage to you when you come across. If you need a pilot I shall be most happy to act in that capacity. I served in it for a time in my youth, and perhaps by the time you get ready to come across I shall be pretty well acquainted with the spirit-world and can do pretty well for you. If I can't steer my bark myself—Call on me. I'll do what I can to help you.

Matthew Cassidy.

I am from the 16th Massachusetts. I was a sail-maker by trade, an Irishman by birth. I have never been satisfied with the way I went on. I thought I was to be a great man, but at all, I wanted to go on the battle-field; but I was taken sick and ordered to the hospital, and after about nine or ten days I died. Cassidy is my name, sir—Matthew Cassidy. I suppose you have no knowledge about the Columbian Artillery of Boston. [I have heard of it.] Well, sir, I was a member of it before I went to the war. Now, sir, I tell you what brings me here is the relatives I've left here. And the one thing more than all the rest is about one of the children. She was a small, weak, little thing when I went away, and the mother was not able to support it, and it was brought to me by her. And I am not at all satisfied with the way it's being taken care of. I don't know as it's just the thing to be coming back troubling yourself about the things of this world. Perhaps it is not, but so long as you have attractions here, I suppose it's right to come. I've nothing to say about the children's being brought up in the Catholic faith—I don't care a straw about it, anyway. But I do care about a having some kind of an education—a decent one, you know. It's a very hard work to get along in this world, knowing all that it's possible for you to know. Now, you see, I want him to send the girl to school; that is it. There's something better, I pray God, for the child than merely working with the hands, and there's no reason at all why she should not go to school. There's no need of the girl's being done with the way she has been none at all. I can see all the ways and the wherefores of it, and I know all that's back of it, and all I ask is that she go to school. I know very well the disadvantage I labored under myself from that very same thing when I was here. I know, too, just how much the girl wants to go, and you, see, that's what brings me back here. Talk about resting in the contentment of the spirit-world when there's work to be done here! I never rested contented in idleness when there was something to be done, and I am very sure I shan't do it where I am. [How old is your little girl?] Thirteen—no, not thirteen, not twelve she's going on twelve. [Do they send her to school at all?] No, sir, not at all.

I've been hearing that the priests have much to do with these things, and that all the letters of this kind that's published in your paper go through the hands of the priests, more or less, and it is in that way I hope to reach my people. They say all the wishes of those who return appealing to the Catholic Church are attended to. If they are, then I am all right.

I haven't any particular course to mark out for the children at all. I can be doing just as well for them here as I could do if I was with them. I am not particular about the Catholic Church at all, but I am learning I want her to have. Maybe she will have to stay here three-score years or more, just plodding along with hardly enough knowledge to write her name. I'd not like that, you see. It's all very well to talk about being just as happy if you don't know anything. I know very well I was not as happy myself when I was here as I should have been had I known more. Many is the time I could just as soon have blown my own brains out, because I didn't know anything. I see those around me here. And I feel just the same now, you see. If I don't come back and defend the girl, who should?

[To the Chairman.]—Thank you, sir, for the way you have opened for us to come back. May you long live in it, and be prosperous in every possible way; and when you die may you have a full band of angels to sing you to sleep and to wake you in the resurrection of the new world. I don't know anything about the things of this world when here. Age of the body, you mean? [Yes.] If I was to give the age of the spirit, according to the sermons I've heard about it, I'd have to go back altogether too far.

Mary Jones.

I wish to find my son William and my daughter Mary. I died in East Cambridge, where I lived for over twenty years. I had no knowledge of this way of coming back. I was sick a good many months, and finally died of consumption nine years ago. Mary Jones, my name. My son is a cabinet-maker by trade. I was sixty-one years old, and I've come back to preach the blessed gospel of the resurrection of the soul, and not of the body. At my funeral the minister said to me, "I don't know anything about this; I should rise again at the resurrection, the last day, glorified in form and spirit. But I want to tell my children that I was resurrected at death; that there is no more resurrection for the body than it has already passed through. I promised to meet them in heaven. I prefer now to meet them on earth. Tell them so. Good-bless you. Good-day."

Freddie Bartlett.

I am Freddie Bartlett, mister, and I want you to tell me Mr. Bartlett I want to go home. I lived in Cambridge street. I want you to tell my mother I want to go home and see her. Will you? [Yes.] I was sick with the fever, and I can't know what I did. I have been here a long time, but I want to see my mother. Do you see? [Yes, I understand.] I've been here a great many times to get the superintendent to let me come to my mother, but he would say every time, "My little fellow, you can't come to-day; you must try again." But to-day I got a chance. [How old were you?] Nine years, sir. [How long have you lived with your mother?] A little more than a year last February, my aunt says. [Is she with you?] Yes.

I want my mother to know I can come, so I can come home to her. Do you print it in the *Herald*? [No, we print it in the *Banner of Light*. Do you remember hearing of that paper?] Did the boys cry it? [I think not.] I don't know it, then. [Do you want to send word to any one else?] No, only to my mother. She has cried so much to have me come home, and I believe that this contentment will be by-and-by submerged, and will again be resurrected from the waters. I believe that Nature is constantly at work, never idle, and because she is constantly at work, she is perpetually bringing out new revelations, and taking away the old, clearing away the rubbish, and bringing forth a higher type of existence.

Brad Williams.

I told Luther I'd come. Tell him Brad. Is all right. Tell him if ever a man enjoyed his freedom, I enjoy mine. I am weak in coming back here, but I am strong on the other side, tell him. Tell him I am coming to him, as soon as I can, for a good old-fashioned chat.

Scance conducted by William E. Channing; letters answered by "Cousin Benja."

Invocation.

Thou Infinite Spirit of all past, present and future, we bow our heads before thee, and we bow our faces before thy glory, would worship thee for thy worthiness and adore thee for thy loveliness. Thou hast opened the book of Nature that we may read and become wise and strong. Thou hast called us into conscious life, that we may come into communion with thy great self. Thou hast led us through past darkness into present light, and thou art to-day revealing the glory of the future of our souls. Great indeed is the destiny which thou hast marked out for us. Thou who in thy wisdom dost mark the course of the falling sparrow, dost tinge the flowers and give glory unto the heavens, thou spirit of love, we know thou wilt care for us; whether we seem to wander far from thee, or whether we dwell continually in thy presence, thou wilt be the same unto us; thou wilt ever lead us by ways we know we cannot understand, and still nearer to thee. Oh, we praise thee for the gift of being; for life with its glory; for death with its shadows; for out of the darkness of death thou dost send forth radiant sunbeams, that the soul may understand that thou dwellest in death as in life—for, indeed, death is but another name for life, and the grave is but the resting-place of the cast-off body. When the soul no longer needs the outside garment, it will throw it off and enter the clear light and communion more clearly with thee. We praise thee for the various religions that have from time to time blessed the soul. Though many of them have been clothed with darkness, still they have all contained the germ of light, of wisdom, of truth. And we praise thee, oh Lord, for every one of these—for all the different religious phases that have had an expression on the earth, for every kind of worship, of all kinds of praise, for all the shrines that thy children have been permitted to erect in thy name; and, oh Lord, for the last—nay, not the last, for there is much to come—but for this latest expression, oh Lord, we do most fervently thank thee.

We praise thee to-day that the soul knows that it lives, and forever; that death can have no power over it, and that all the changes through which it passes are but changes of life. We praise thee, oh Lord, that we are permitted to walk through the valley and shadows of earth, after we have cast off the mortal after we have laid it aside as no longer of use. We praise thee that we can return and borrow these bodies that we can use for the moment. We thank thee that we still find cause to bless thee because we can return. We pray thee that we may longer be thus blessed. We pray thee that the doors of human hearts that have been opened to admit the angels may never be closed; that the chambers of the inner life may ever be opened, and that all angel guests may ever find a welcome. Our Father who art in heaven and in earth, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. Leave us not in temptation, but deliver us from all evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

QUEST.—Is there any property system in the spirit-world analogous to the one we have on earth—respects landed, personal or monetary property?

ANS.—The law of mine and thine, so far as universal nature is concerned, has an existence only on the earth, and I, for one, thank God for it. Whatever the soul has absolute need of, in the spirit-land, that it has, and no more. It cannot hoard up treasures in that kingdom of the hereafter. It cannot gather to itself any more than it can make use of; but all that it can make use of, for its own good and the good of its fellows, that it always will find. Land-holders, such as we find on earth, will lose their occupation in the spirit-land. Those who find their heaven in the sphere of real-estate will step out of heaven when death visits them. And I would advise all such to change their sphere while here, for so sure as they do not, terrible remorse and dissatisfaction of spirit will be sure to overtake them.

Q.—Do the laws of Nature, justice and harmony guarantee to every one a free use of all the natural elements, such as sunlight, atmosphere, water and earth, in such quantities only as are needed for actual use? And do they not forbid all monopoly of the same?

ANS.—Why, certainly. The gifts of God are free to all. The sun shines upon the criminal and the pious man alike. There is no difference. The water is just as pure to the sinner as to the saint. Flowers bloom in the bad man's garden as in the good man's.

Q.—Why should the earth be monopolized by a few, at the expense of the many, when the water, air and sunshine are free to all?

ANS.—According to higher wisdom there should be no monopoly, and when the soul has entered the sphere of the higher wisdom there will be none. It is only because you dwell in darkness. You are ignorant of the better way, that you choose that one.

Q.—Cannot mankind be taught a better system for the distribution of the soil, in equitable shares to all, so that each and all may have home and plenty, instead of as now, the two vicious extremes of excessive wealth and extreme poverty?

ANS.—Yes, they can be taught in this direction, but it will be by slow degrees. They have been a long time learning to accumulate. The spirit of greed has been too long a household guest. It is one of the idols, and when it is demolished there will come weeping and wailing because of its death. But by slow degrees the soul will be taught to understand that all that it gathers to itself that it cannot use, will be a drug in heaven's market. Now, remember that, every one of you. If you have a dollar more than you know what to do with, get rid of it just as quick as you can.

Q.—Could not human laws be brought up to harmonize with the natural or divine, in guaranteeing this equitable distribution of land, in shares proportioned to population, and would not this do more than any other thing to abolish poverty, degradation and crime from society, and to establish justice, plenty, harmony and happiness among men?

ANS.—Yes, but as I before said, it can only be done by slow degrees. There can be no sudden overturn in this direction. It must be brought about by a slow, even process of development. It cannot by any possibility be brought about, to stand upon a firm basis, in any other way.

Q.—It is supposed by some at the present time, that this earth was inhabited by human beings many thousands of years before the account given in the Bible. If there is any evidence to show this to be a fact, I should like to know what are the best proofs.

ANS.—Geology furnishes about as good evidence as any other class of science. That the earth was inhabited by human beings thousands of years before the biblical era, I most firmly believe, for there is, to my mind, the most perfect evidence of its truth. I do not believe that this earth is no more than six thousand years old. On the contrary, I believe it to have existed for an infinite number of ages. It would be absurd to believe that this earth had been in existence so long and had been unpeopled. I believe that it has been constantly passing through a series of changes, natural revolutions, throughout all its different departments, that races have come into existence and gone out, a countless number of them. I believe that the race that now exists on the earth will, by-and-by, be no more, and a superior one will come in its place. I believe that this contentment will be by-and-by submerged, and will again be resurrected from the waters. I believe that Nature is constantly at work, never idle, and because she is constantly at work, she is perpetually bringing out new revelations, and taking away the old, clearing away the rubbish, and bringing forth a higher type of existence.

Q.—Who wrote the five books of Moses?

ANS.—Not Moses, by any means. It is impossible to tell whose hand wrote them. I believe that they were written by many hands, and I believe that they have been gathered from various minds, compiled by various processes. I do not believe they have simply one authorship.

Q.—Would it not be possible to obtain Moses's testimony on that subject? Is he not accessible?

ANS.—Certainly. Just as accessible as myself. To persons now on the earth?

ANS.—Certainly. But suppose he were to come in proper person, as a spirit, would more evidence be given than any other spirit? He could declare that he was not the author of the books referred to, which he has to many thousands in the spirit-world, but the evidence to earthly minds would be no more conclusive. If you could see him face to face, and could know that it was the real Moses, it would change the thing entirely; but as you cannot, the evidence would remain rather imperfect.

Q.—Was the writer of those books inspired?

ANS.—All writers are more or less inspired. If not by other minds, they are inspired by the ideas they are endeavoring to develop. The world moves by inspiration. Mind is unfolded by inspiration. There never was a thought recorded that was not blossomed by inspiration. Robert B. Thomas was quite as much inspired when he wrote his almanac as was anybody else. The man who makes the primer for the little child is also inspired, and the little child who gathers ideas from the primer is also inspired. Inspiration is free to all and runs through all life. I know it is believed by a great class of minds that the only inspired work on the earth is the Bible. This is a very great mistake—there was never a greater mistake. I once thought so myself, but I have got happily over it.

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return, and he was very much distressed, just as much so as if we had both been on the earth and I had died. He don't know anything about it, and I don't know much, but I had seen about it, and he came back again, and so I thought I could. [Wouldn't it be possible for you to remain?] No, I suppose not.

My father wishes me to say to my mother that all has been as right since he left, and soon he thinks everything will take a fair turn. He would like to speak, but he can't see about it. [He would rather have her seek out a medium, so that he could speak to her directly.] Yes, sir. If I were here now I should be fourteen years old. I was thirteen when I died. My mother mourns, because she thinks I should have lived if she had been well; that we should all have lived if she had been sick; but I think it was not to be. At all events, we are satisfied, and should be very happy if those we have left were happy.

My Cousin Jennie once asked me—do I do wrong in speaking of this? [I think not.] She asked what I supposed the angels did in heaven? And I told her I supposed they sang all the time. She said she liked singing, but that she should get tired of it to have it always. Well, I told her I didn't know. That's what I always have heard. I supposed it was true, but I did wish there were green fields and flowers and birds and beautiful things in heaven as here. I want to tell her that there are, only they are a great deal more beautiful, and nobody sings here only when they want to. [You find no place where they sing all the time?] Oh, yes. We used to take a great deal about such things. She once asked me, I don't know, I don't know if I supposed it was larger than the

Western Department.

J. M. PIERCE, EDITOR.
Individuals desiring to contribute to the BANNER OF LIGHT by mail, or otherwise, should send their contributions to the Editor, J. M. Pierce, at the Boston office, 155 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Contributions should be sent to the Editor, J. M. Pierce, at the Boston office, 155 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Contributions should be sent to the Editor, J. M. Pierce, at the Boston office, 155 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Lincoln's Tomb—Springfield, Ill.
Among the graves in Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield, Ill., the tomb of Abraham Lincoln is the most beautiful and interesting. It is a simple, white marble structure, with a plain, white marble slab for a headstone, telling the name, age, and time of translation.

With no sympathy for babel-building, or grave worshipping, with no tendency toward hero-worship, we cherish a positive dislike toward the construction of costly, magnificent monuments in honor of the deceased. The white marble in Grand College could have been put to better purposes than walling in sprightly orphans. "Feed my lambs," said Jesus; not build me temples with turrets and towers.

Lincoln's Tomb is the Mecca of Illinoisans. There stand and weep silently stout men with saddened and subdued memories; while careless feet tread the fallen leaves into the soil.

Yesterday was a festival day with the Masonic fraternity, many of whom, after attending to the laying of the corner-stone of the new State House, visited the resting-place of all that is mortal of the martyred President. Gen. Grant was in the city.

Ever avoiding crowds, we sat to-day alone by this tomb and mused. There's no monument yet erected. The whirling, falling leaves played dirges. 'Tis sweet, thrillingly sweet, to be alone. No, not alone; the love of the better land is ever with us. Oh, fleshed people! why push yourselves into our presence? Is there not space enough? Is not the universe infinite? Is it not better for all to find their pivotal points of spiritual self-balance, and then moving in harmony with the law of divine order, impinge on none others? Are mistletoes flammable? are parakeets healthy growths? are not apings, followings, and leaning upon others among the world's chief follies?

It is an Indian Summer day; how hazy the atmosphere! how quiet and thought-inspiring the scenery! Pearly frosts came down a few nights since and kissed with cold the oaken leaves of the prairies. Trustingly relying upon the chemistry of Nature, they returned the chilling touch with hues of red and gold—good for evil.

But why among "graves, mounds and polished shafts?" let the theologically confined there sit, and thus muse?

Ay, why? Lincoln was a national man. His life's blood flows in our national veins to-day. His virtues and his vices, too, are ours. None are all perfect—none all evil. Sweet and heavenly is that charity which buries hereditary tendencies and temperamental ills with bodies that are chemically "of the earth, earthy."

What is the chaff to the wheat, the husk to the corn, the shell to the bird, the body to the spirit? Oh world, instead of now plucking the briar-seeds of suspicion, envy and jealousy, to pierce our soul, plant genuine thorn-seeds around our grave, and cover it over deep with thistles, that not a single unwise wet-eyed weeper may there spill sympathetic tears, or spend precious hours while the hungry cry for bread, the thirsty for a cup of water, the despairing for an encouraging word, and the ignorant for knowledge and wisdom. While the "dead bury their dead," let graves be company to graves.

The Planchette Mystery Solved.
Those carefully noting the change of time and circumstance as they have transpired during the past few years, are not surprised at the position Spiritualism now occupies. It is no longer to be disposed of with a sneer. It is no longer to be laughed out of countenance, or lampooned into hindmost places. Its discussion is not confined to a weird minority of iconoclasts—to a few ultra speakers and writers. Science has been forced to notice it respectfully, and the best literary writers of the age speak of it with becoming gravity. Many of the profoundest men of the world advocate it; men who

"Have taken the giant world by the throat and thrown him, And made him swear to maintain their name and fame. At peril of his life—who shed great thoughts As easily as an oak leaf sheds its golden leaves. In kindly ingress to the light of the great mystery. Whose hearts have a look southwards, and are open To the whole poem of Nature."

The Chicago Evening Journal says of the Planchette: "It is certainly to be classed among the most tractable of this mysterious family. Sensitive to the extreme to human magnetism, it starts and delights the 'operator' by its intelligence and ready replies. Let no one for a moment believe the apparently supernatural character of this wonderful toy. The innate, although unconscious, power of the operator that guides the pen in writing a letter alone governs the movements of Planchette. It is innocent of diabolism or Spiritualism."

"It delights the operator with its intelligent and ready replies," and "is innocent of diabolism or Spiritualism." From whence the intelligence then? Conscious intelligence alone can transmit intelligence, be the agency what it may.

What guides and "governs" the "movements" of the Planchette? and from whence the intelligent replies that so "delight"? Listen: "The innate, though unconscious, power of the operator. The editor of the Journal is evidently a metaphysician. Hereafter, certain sensitives, to write editorials, or books even, have but to procure Planchettes, place them on paper, let fly this "unconscious, innate power," and lo, the work is done!

Autumn Days.
That youthful poet of much promise, budding into public favor in Milton, Ohio, Frank A. Marsh, sings thus of the fading season:—
"The flowers are going darksome ways,
And autumn winds will shake the trees,
Fair summer, with her golden days,
Lies dying on the emerald leas.
The clasp of vines that hang so mute,
And dangle moodily thinking of their gay friend
Hang out the sweetest golden fruit,
Which gods nor mortals ever scorn."

Saddest season of the year! The forests are losing their yellowing leaves, and their tremulous boughs seem nervous with hectic flushes, harbingers of dissolution. Eternity holds departing and coming years in its hands; many are golden, while others are crowded with care and suffering. It is well.

It is well to bear the storms of winter, but without a leaf which may stir next spring in glad recognition of the breezes and the birds coming back again.
The birds, too, have learned the mystery, and have flown, all save the brown sparrow and other so-called songsters. They know that they have no business here, where the flowers are in bloom and little winged bunches of blue and crimson and gold are filling all the air with their trills and trillings. You may listen very earnestly now, and you will only hear in the day a chirp from the sparrow, and in the night a chirp from the cricket, that little black undertaker of the insect, who tries to be very cheerful but only succeeds in being sad.
And I further said to Mignon: "These latter days of the year are akin to music, which is only music when there runs through it a vein of melancholy, a melancholy like Tennyson's 'tender grace of a day that is dead,' not sorrow nor grief, but that ineffable melancholy which is to sorrow what the dreamy twilight is to the darkness of the night. But we will make these days the happiest, for, believe me, the chattering bobolink is not as happy as the sparrow, nor the shrill, noisy cicada as happy as the chirping cricket; and fellows who have no regrets or regrets with melancholy memories to which hope's tendrils may cling."

Nothing vs. Something.
Some author has facetiously said, "I was terribly straining to kick at nothing." If possible, it is worse folly to write about, or think of nothing. When a Churchman, with brain illumined by "grace," it was not quite clear to us how God managed to create the "world in six days" out of nothing. This handy Pauline text, however, was comfortably satisfactory: "Great is the mystery of godliness!"

Existence implies something which exists. Something is substance. Everything that is, is substance. There is physical substance and spiritual substance, corresponding to what is commonly termed matter and spirit.
There are different gradations of physical substance, and different gradations of spirit substance. The minutest molecule is constituted of both. The most infinitesimal particle is dual, attracted or held together unitively—unitated and interpenetrated by law, force, or the God-principle. In a more metaphysical sense, therefore, every monad in existence is a trinity. Every entity, even reduced to the last analysis, is doubtless a trinity composed of material substance, the outer, spirit substance, the inner, and the God-principle the innermost. Man, then, as the conscious crown-flower of the universe, is constituted of innumerable trinities in unity, and allied to all worlds, elements and principles of Absolute Being.

Waukegan, Ill.
The friends of progressive thought in this old fort of Spiritualism are exhibiting increased signs of life and enthusiasm. Willie F. Wentworth has recently addressed the citizens, the audiences continually increasing.

Gifted with poetic improvisation, Mr. Wentworth retired one evening recently, sad, discouraged. As medium lecturer, he saw little before him save thorny paths, Calvaries, Galgathas. Soon a portion of his spirit-bath approached, and gave him a cheering poem which he was compelled to write out at the time. Regret we have room for none:

Walking in the mountain shadow,
Rocking on the dark blue sea,
Comes the whisper of so lightly:
"Brother, we are guiding thee."
When the waves beat o'er and round thee,
And white foam crests flick the sea,
When the clouds hang dark and deep,
Angels friends are guiding thee."

Mr. Wentworth is giving excellent satisfaction wherever he speaks in the West.

Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. Carrie King, a lady of fine culture, and teacher of the modern languages, writing us of American customs, etiquette, "church-goers" and their motives, says: "One is tempted to quote Paul Helme's Lizard: 'The stones turn into plants, the plants change into animals, and animals into men, but men into gods.' But," says Helme, "what becomes of these easy-going people, the gods? 'All in its own good time,' replies the Lizard; 'probably they will be requested to resign, and be properly cared for by the wise people of the future.' When one reads that, they are only men and not Lizards," replies Helme, "one wonders at the wisdom of such people."

Mrs. S. M. Lott, Lottsville, Pa., sending for a copy of the "Spiritual Harp," adds: "Bro. Clark, during his short call at our house, sang for me his new piece entitled, 'Where the roses ne'er shall wither.' The sweet tones of the singer still float in my mind, and that piece of music has been the Harp, where I will find the words, but the music cannot be the same, for the spirit of melody will be absent."

H. C. Wright in St. Louis.
This veteran, a peace-soldier in the field of progress, is meeting with excellent success in St. Louis, so writes a friend from that city. Spiritualists are highly edified. Orthodox evangelists vince under his cool, yet well-directed cannonading. Sharpening his mental steel, and relying upon the God within, he battles in mercy, and chastens in tender love.

He remains in Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan and Indiana some three months yet. See that he is kept in the lecture-harvest week-day evenings, as well as Sundays. Ere very many winters have sheathed the earth in white, we shall listen to him only through media.

Which Way?
All liberalism, under whatever name, tends to Spiritualism; so all theological—thinking and training tends to Roman Catholicism. Strictly speaking, there are but two church parties—Eccle Deus party and Eccle Homo party. The Eccle Deus cry is, "Vox et præterea nihil," and exceedingly popular in High Church circles. The more non-evangelical Christians generally adhere to the Eccle Homo—the man—Jesus of Nazareth. The Athanasian creed yet chains millions. Oh for angel gifts to help God's dear humanity break every yoke and sever every creodol chain!

Spain.
It is said on good authority that Spain at this moment possesses no less than 800 convents, with 15,000 nuns. There are 53 bishops, 2,500 canons and abbots, 1,800 "regular priests," and 24,000 vicars.—Exchange.

Time, high time, poor, priest-ridden Spain, for a revolution! Governed too much, crushed by crowned Quenecraft and chained to dead creeds and ceremonies by a Papal power, it is not strange you're lagged behind the more northern nations of Europe. Roman Catholicism, Protestantism, Spiritualism, are three upward religious steps toward the temple of Eternal Truth.

Salem, Ill.
There are several prominent friends of Spiritualism in this vicinity—some eight miles from Springfield—whose energy is truly commendable. Invited, we addressed them in the Methodist church, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 14. Wise enough to supply themselves with books and Spiritualist papers, they are more than a match for opposing sectarists. Wm. L. Johnson, a sound thinker, has already commenced public speaking in the adjoining regions to good acceptance. Media are making their gifts manifest, and the good work is going on to the glory of humanity.

To Land and Home Seekers.

Those wishing to secure a good locality for the cultivation of fruit in a new settlement, will find an excellent opportunity at Fruitland, Ill., situated on the Mississippi River, forty miles north of St. Louis, accessible by steamboats to several of the best markets of the West. The land is rolling, with soil adapted to a great variety of fruit; climate healthy, water excellent, with timber, stone and coal in abundance. The natural scenery and resources of the location, diversified, meet offer, in time, an abundant harvest to the practical agriculturist and horticulturist, who will combine intelligence, industry and capital.

Lure inducements are also offered to those of limited income, who, if industrious, temperate and moral, will receive a few acres gratuitously by improving and cultivating, as the settlement is an attractive liberal and progressive mind. Spiritualists and lecturers, westward bound, should not fail to visit this locality. All such who are not afflicted with indolence will be most gladly welcomed at the hospitable home of Bro. Williams, sole proprietor of Fruitland, who is an earnest Spiritualist, a true philanthropist and practical worker in behalf of human elevation.

Persons seeking Western homes, desiring further and more explicit information, will address
P. O., Deer Plain, Fruitland, Calhoun Co., Ill.
P. S.—Having visited Fruitland, I endorse the above.
ALICIA WILHELM.

Books for Children.

The following resolutions were presented to the National Convention:
Resolved, That we give for the best twenty stories, \$30; for the second, \$25; for the third, \$20; for the best drama, \$20; for the best poem, \$20; for the best story, \$20.
Resolved, That these articles shall be submitted to R. T. Hallock, M. D.; Mrs. H. P. Brown; Mrs. Mary F. Davis; Mrs. Mary J. Dyott and Col. D. Y. Kilgore.
The resolutions did not pass, but the money was subscribed and most of it has been paid.

Mrs. H. P. Brown was elected Secretary and Treasurer. The money is in her hands, and will be paid to those to whom the premiums are awarded.
The Committee decided that the stories should be in the hands of the Committee by the 20th of December.
The "twenty stories" are to be made a book worth at wholesale about fifty cents. They must be suited to children from ten to fifteen years of age. They must be devoid of sectarianism and contain a moral. It is hoped that those who can furnish these stories will at once set about the work.

The premium stories will be the property of those who may be named in the MSS. will remain in the hands of the Treasurer, subject to the order of the writers. It is hoped that these stories will be the commencement of a long list of premium books.
The names of those who pay the premium will appear in the book. Mrs. L. M. Whitcomb has been appointed on the Adjudging Committee, in place of Mrs. Brown.
All MSS. for the books should be sent to R. T. Hallock, M. D., No. 140 East 16th street, New York.
The MSS. may be sent to H. P. Brown, P. O. Drawer 580, Chicago, Ill.

Conventions and Lectures.

LETTER FROM A. J. DAVIS.

With your kind permission, dear brethren of the Banner, I will write a few paragraphs concerning the genius and needs of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, with special reference to late movements and several published opinions on the subject.

Whoever will carefully study the fundamental principles of the Lyceum, and in the light thereof investigate the Constitution and By-Laws set forth for its embodiment and government, will find therein the outline, if not the main superstructure, of a just and harmonious Spiritualist Lyceum. Nothing can be more simple in construction (as it seems to me), and nothing easier of administration. Fondly and gratefully my affections remember the wisdom-illumined in the Summer-Land for the possession by earth's inhabitants of these self-perpetuating blessings.

The inherent genius of the Lyceum is first of all manifested in its self-evident applicability to the true constitution of man. It meets and administers to the "body" first; then it penetrates to and lovingly awakens the soul that is within the body; lastly, it touches and receives from the "spirit" that is within the soul. First the senses; next the soul; finally, the spirit. Thus the Lyceum genius—i. e., the very life and spirit of the celestial institution—is in very truth "progressive." Indeed, it is progressive chronologically, as well as physiologically and spiritually; because it begins where all men and women and angels begin—with infancy, first; and thence onward, through childhood, youth, manhood and maturity—being at the same moment, and under all possible circumstances, as perfectly and as thoroughly adapted to girlhood as to boyhood, and to grown women as to men.

The system of the best political government could be elaborated from the Constitution and legal provisions of the Lyceum. It is broader than the broadest democracy, and contains a higher platform of universal justice than American republicanism. In a word, it is the orderly method of attaining on earth somewhat of the kingdom of heaven. A Spiritualist Lyceum is fore-shadowed in every well-organized and well-administered Lyceum; but in every "wrongly-constituted and arbitrarily conducted association of this nature, you have the inversion of whatsoever is peaceful, beautiful and attractive. Heaven inverted is hell; and hell is the watchword for "destruction."

Children, strange to say, know all the foregoing by intuition. They are instinctively interested in a Progressive Lyceum, and will join one, if left untrammelled by the pride and educational stupidities of their parents and relatives.

But, alas, how hard it is for "adults" to become as wise and as genuine as children. The grown-up people assume the right to judge and to insist. Dogmatic methods grow out of proud and arbitrary minds, and every religious system is more or less troubled with these willful intellects, and Spiritualism is no exception. And yet, on the whole, doubtless, Spiritualists are, in this particular, considerably superior to every other class interested in religious questions. But they do not come up to the lofty standard erected by the Children's Progressive Lyceum. True, (and it is a subject for gratitude,) the great body of Spiritualists, both in America and Europe, are not opposed to the inauguration of the Lyceum within the wings of the lecturing association. In fact, a majority of spiritualistic societies are strongly inclined to aid in the establishment of these schools.

But, after all, "the children are disturbers of the peace," and the Lyceum session is "too long," and "interferes with the feast of reason" prepared for the old folks. Therefore, the Society votes the Lyceum "into a corner," or sends it down stairs into the cribbed and cabined "basement of the Lecture Room," or sandwiches it between the morning and evening meetings for adults, and so cripples it that not half of its beautiful proceedings can be measured out to the thronging and ever-eager little ones. The lady leaders of groups, not more than the gentlemen who participate, being justly fond of attending both morning and evening lectures, are too fatigued to give fresh and hearty work in the Lyceum session. Consequently they attend the groups with jaded nerves and weary faculties. They are, therefore, very easily "excited"—cannot bear the least "discord"—are extremely susceptible to the promptings of "selfishness" in the form of some egotistic conceit—on the verge of surrendering their leadership or resigning their offices under the fancied assault of "criticism" emanating from spectators or other indifferent persons present—and thus, as day follows night, the Children's Progressive Lyceum is shorn of half its glory and held from the accomplishment of half its legitimate work for humanity.

In the line of this wrong was the action of the Fifth National Convention of Spiritualists at Rochester. "Only two hours of four long days" given to the question of education involved in the Lyceum movement! The constitution of the "American Association of Spiritualists" is practically silent on the subject. All that was done by that large and intelligent body of delegates, with reference to the existence and furtherance of the Lyceum interests, bears the stamp of haste, and not less an unguished effort to keep the hours of the Convention open to "eloquent speeches" and "the business" of the denomination. Are the delegates satisfied with their labor during those "four long days" with only "two hours" given to the essential questions of true education? In order to effectually redress the annual Convention of the subject which is nearest the heart of our glorious reformatory principles, it was resolved to set the Lyceum apart from it, by recommending the formation of State Associations, and from these a "National Organization," and to this end a committee was duly appointed. In the spirit of this action the committee have appointed a day and a place for the establishment of the national organization.

Now, to my mind, this is unnecessary. In the first place, the cause of the Lyceum does not need any central legislation. If it did need such aid, who are to be the legislators? Adults do not yet take in the central ideas of the Lyceum. (Of course there are many illustrious exceptions to this sweeping remark.) As for me, I would an hundred times prefer the intuitive votes of the children to the brain-

proud opinions and "resolutions" of the delegates at any Convention.

In the second place, the proposed Convention would cost hundreds of dollars, and is, therefore, a violation of the law of economy. Only those would attend who are most deeply concerned in behalf of the educational work, and these are, for the most part, the very persons who are giving all their extra dollars to sustain Lyceums in their several localities. The expense consequent upon attendance at these fast-multiplying conventions is just so much withheld from the treasuries of different Lyceums. And why all this extra conventionalizing? So that the "adults" at the great Annual Association can enjoy their "four days" without giving so much as "two hours" to questions involving the true education of body, soul and spirit!

The Lyceum movement does not call for these great conventions. Let the State Missionaries advocate its adoption by societies, and let each society organize and regulate its own Lyceum; and, at the yearly meeting of the "American Association of Spiritualists," let the delegates call for statistics, reports, suggestions, &c., from persons officially authorized to represent the Lyceum cause in their several localities. This plan is "short, sharp and decisive." It does not smell of "red-tape diplomacy," and disposes of all necessary business in the uncommon bonds of common sense and economy.

Let all who fancy they fully comprehend the genius and import of the principles of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, suspend their judgments and become, as near as possible, "like little children," enter the groups and learn of "the least of these" the better way to the kingdom of heaven. Let every society establish a true Lyceum, not a half-born and half-made up cripple, resembling more a Methodist Sunday school than the real image of harmony, and let every speaker open the hearts of "adults" to the loveliness and eternal good which dwell deep in the undeveloped spirits of children. Fraternally,
A. J. DAVIS.

Orange, N. J., Oct. 10, 1868.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Alphabetically Arranged.

Boston.—Music Hall.—Meetings every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock. Evening meetings every Sunday at 7 o'clock. Normal and inspirational speakers. A quartette choir is also engaged. Season tickets, (securing a reserved seat for the next six weeks,) \$4.00; single admission, 10 cents; to be obtained at the counter of the *Banner of Light* Bookstore, 128 Washington street, or at the Music Hall ticket office. L. B. Fergusson, Chairman. Speaker for next Sunday, J. B. Ferguson, of New York.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The First Spiritualist Association meet at 2 o'clock, 22 Summit street. M. T. Dale, President; Samuel N. Jones, Secretary. Meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. D. N. Ford, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Seward, Guardian. All letters should be sent to the present to Charles W. Hunt, Secretary, 51 Pleasant street.

Springfield, Ill.—The South End Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. Springfield, Ill., 88 Springfield street. J. Chase, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Stewart, Guardian. Address communications to A. J. Chase, 1671 Washington street, South Boston Spiritualist Association.

Temperance Hall.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold their meetings in Temperance Hall, No. 6 Maverick square, Boston, every Sunday, at 3 and 7 P. M. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Juliette Yew during November; Mrs. Sarah A. Hyman during December; Mrs. M. A. Macomber Wood during February; J. M. Peckles during May.

Westboro, Mass.—The First Progressive Lyceum Society hold their meetings at Webster Hall, Webster street, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Sarah A. Hyman during November; Mrs. M. A. Macomber Wood during February; J. M. Peckles during May.

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