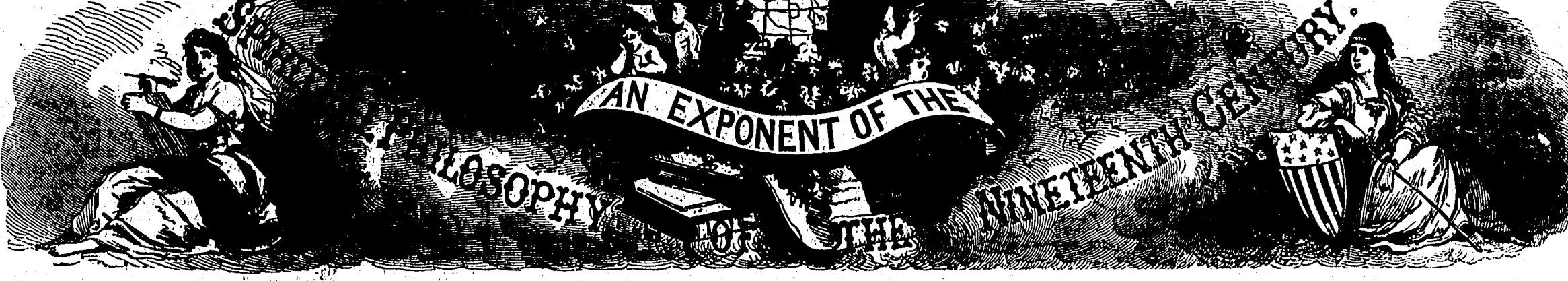


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 3.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

### ELONGATION OF MR. HOME, WITH MEASUREMENTS.

From the London Human Nature for March.

The character of the manifestations I have now to record differs from that described in former letters; and though what I have to say may not possess the elements of the terrible, such as the carrying of Mr. Home through space from one window to the other at Ashley House, nevertheless what I have to relate here is quite as full of interest as the more marked phenomena, and I shall, with your permission, detail the circumstances of the occurrence at some length.

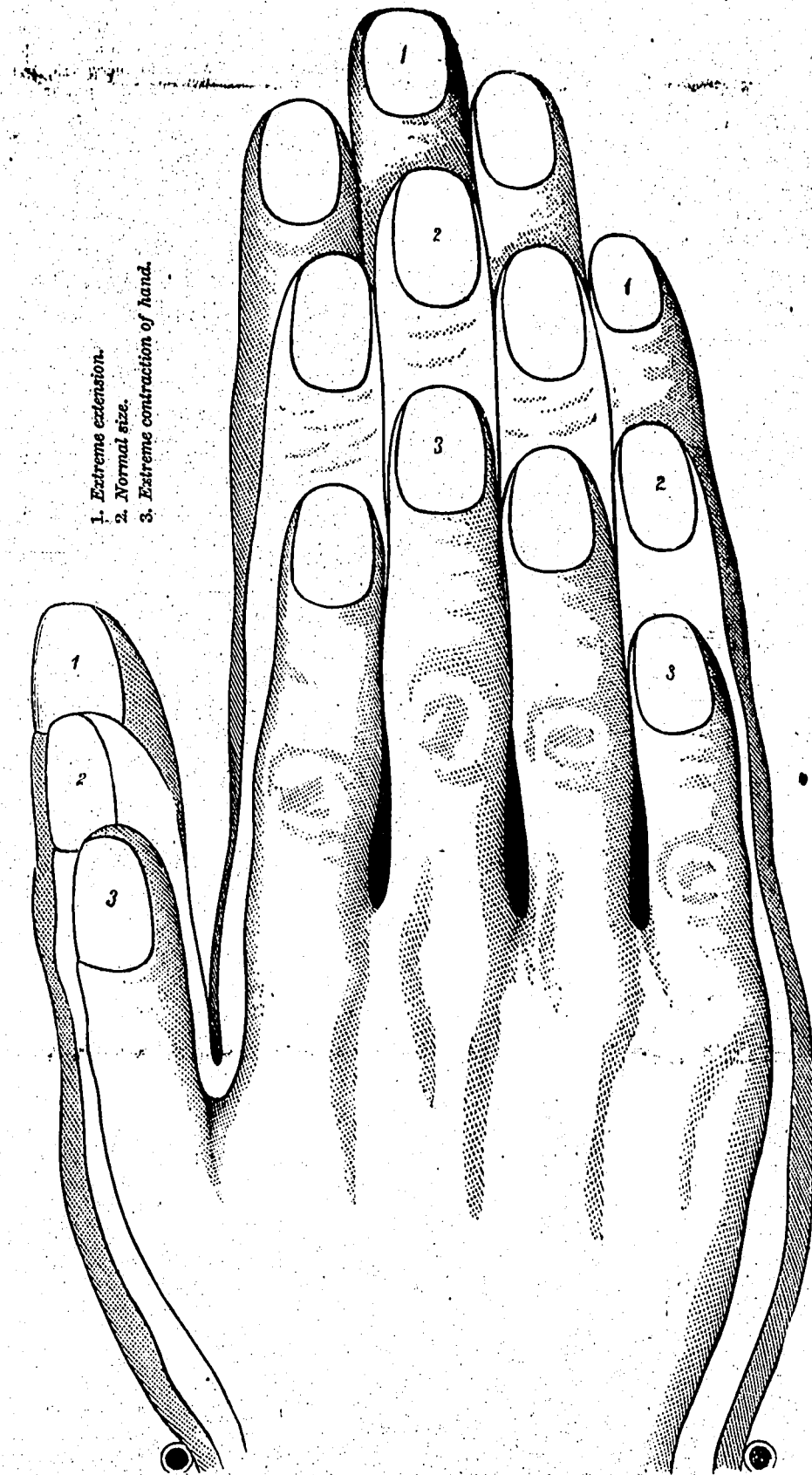
Our circle, consisting in all of seven, met as usual at tea. During the whole of the time we were seated at the tea-table, raps were heard close to the mantelpiece, and the chair behind the friend who was seated next to me trembled and moved. On re-seating ourselves in the drawing-room, a cold current of air was felt to pass over our heads; the floor vibrated, and the table tilted, moved, and finally was raised into the air, remaining suspended in space for nearly a minute, as if balanced, if I may use the comparison, upon a cushion of steam. The semicircle then moved spontaneously from the wall into the room, and raps and a tremulous vibration-movement of the instrument were noticed. Mr. Home had by this time taken the accordion, holding the lower end, the keyboard hanging downwards. Gradually the instrument placed itself horizontally, and a very fine piece of music was played. The accordion was then carried underneath the table to Mrs. J., and played, whilst held by her, a few chords. My opposite neighbor, Miss P., said she was being touched and her dress pulled; then her right hand became stiff and rigid, as the hands of Mr. Home usually are when in his trance state. The gentleman to the lady's left, Mr. P., was now touched by a hand on his knee; then Mrs. J. was gently patted on her knee, and her dress pulled and rubbed so strongly that all present could hear the rustling of her dress.

Mr. Home now passed into the trance state, and, rising from his seat, his eyes closed, his arms rigid and drawn across his chest, he walked to and fro; opening the door, he beckoned for the unseen friends to enter; then stepping up to Mrs. J., said, "Amelia is here; she says that since she departed and her sufferings ended, it appears only a day, though in true love it is an eternity." Mr. Home now took a violet and a few leaves, and kneeling down at the hearth, stirred the fire with his hand. He then showed us the flower, and, seizing it with the fire-tongs, placed it in the fire. I distinctly saw the leaves burn away, and, on withdrawing the fire-tongs, only the stem was left. Twice he repeated this burning of the flower, then, handing the fire-tongs to Miss —, he stepped on one side, and we saw the flower being replaced between the nippers of the fire-tongs. I asked whether they had reformed the flower, to which he replied, "No; that the flower had never been burnt, only shielded, protected from the fire; that the freshness of the flower had, however, been destroyed." He then handed me the violet and leaves, which Miss P. took, and I believe has preserved. Mr. Home then showed his hands, which felt harsher, harder than in their normal state.

Mr. Home now stepped into the middle of the room, and we noticed the elongation from the hip, such as I have described in my former letters. Mr. P., to make certain that the lengthening was not caused by the levitation of the body, knelt down at his feet, and, placing his hand on Mr. Home's hip-joint, satisfied himself that the elongation proceeded from the centre of the body. Mr. Home asked us to measure the length of his outstretched arms; this was done by placing our arms parallel to his. The extreme extension or elongation of each arm was equal to the length of an outstretched hand; the total space from finger-point of left hand to finger-point of right hand, upwards of seven feet six inches. The right leg of Mr. Home was then elongated about six inches, then shortened, the foot literally shrinking into the trouser. I carefully examined the leg from the ankle joint to the hip. The limb felt shrunken and withered, and, gradually elongating, it felt as if it were being expanded by air being inflated. Whilst the leg was so shortened, he walked about the room, proving, that though lessened in size, the function of the limb was unimpaired.

The final and most satisfactory test was, however, the lengthening and shortening of the hand. Of this extraordinary phenomenon I have given a sketch or tracing made at the time, and, as the weight of the testimony depends much upon the accuracy of the tracing taken, I will describe my method in making the outline. I caused Mr. Home to place his hand firmly on a sheet of paper, and then carefully traced an outline of the hand. At the wrist joint I placed a pencil against the "trapezium," a small bone at the end of phalange of the thumb. The hand gradually widened and elongated about an inch, then contracted and shortened about an inch. At each stage I made a tracing of the hand, causing the pencil point to be firmly kept at the wrist. The fact of the elongating and contracting of the hand I unmistakably established, and, be the cause what it may, the fact remains; and in giving the result of my measurements, and the method adopted to satisfy myself that I had not been self-deceived, I am, I believe, rendering the first positive measurement of the extension and contraction of a human organism. Mr. Home now resumed his seat, and awoke from his trance, exhausted and feverish. These phenomena took place in a well-lighted room.

The phenomenon of elongation I am aware has been questioned, and I do not quarrel with those who maintain their doubt, despite all that may be affirmed. In my own experience I have gone through the same phases of doubt, and utter dis-



ELONGATION OF MR. D. D. HOME'S HAND, ON THE 10TH JANUARY, 1869.

belief of what I was seeing. The first time I witnessed an elongation, although I measured the extension at the waist, I would not, could not credit my senses; but having witnessed this fact some ten or twelve times, and that in the presence of fifty witnesses, from first to last, who have been present at the sances where those elongations occurred, all doubts have been removed; and that the capacity to extend is not confined to Mr. Home, was shown some months ago at Mr. Hall's, where, at a sance held at his house, both Mr. Home and Miss Bertolacci became elongated. The stretching out and contracting of the limbs, hands, fingers, above described, I have only witnessed on this one occasion, and I was much pleased to have a steady Oxonian to aid me in making the measurements above detailed.

You will ask, whence arises my urgency to re-impress the reader with the *modus operandi*, and weary him with repetitions of proof upon proof. I am prompted by a double motive—first, I wish to perpetuate the record of what is occurring, hence I publish; and secondly, I am seriously putting it to the scientific world, ought they to keep aloof, and not investigate with facts crowding in, facts attested by witnesses whose evidence can hardly be rejected without exposing the recusant to the just reproach of wilful blindness? Whatsoever the cause of these phenomena is, I will not trespass upon your space in giving my theories; but that they do take place is true, absolutely true, as a physical fact; and I repeat that such being the case, the time has come for an earnest, scientific inquiry into the causes that produce them.

H. D. JENCKEN.

Norwood, Feb., 1869.  
P. S.—Since writing the above, the spirit form of Mrs. Home has appeared to some eight friends at Ashley House, distinctly visible, and sufficiently dense to obscure light. At some future time an account of this manifestation will be published.

### NOTE IN FURTHER EXPLANATION OF THE PHENOMENA DESCRIBED IN FEBRUARY LETTER.

The Levitation of Mr. Home.—It appears he was only raised three feet clear off the ground, not four feet, and that he placed the arm chair, described as being held out at arm's length, next to Lord —, but it was not carried round.

Voices Heard.—These were only understood by one witness; the others did not perfectly understand the words.

At the time Mr. Home went out of the drawing-

room window, and appeared at the other window, the folding doors of the former were closed. The second time he was shunted out into space all but horizontally, whilst the first time he appeared at the window of the adjoining room, and opened it, and was half shunted and half stepped into the room. The second time he was shunted into the room feet foremost, all but horizontally.

The dove mentioned in my last letter was only seen by one witness; but the other witnesses heard the flap and fluttering of the wings.

I omitted to mention that Mr. Home said "the phenomena now witnessed were similar to those mentioned in the Pentecost, and explained that they had been produced with that object." Finally, I have omitted to state that tongues of fire formed in an irregular circle round Mr. Home's head, flickering in fits and starts, from one to three inches long.

I have at once rectified any error in my former letter. The phenomena are so extraordinary, that it is quite necessary to give as accurately as possible the narrative of what happened, and rather to err on the side of caution.

H. D. J.  
Feb., 1869.

In an article giving an account of a sance held

a year ago, Mr. Jencken relates in detail all the

manifestations witnessed during the evening,

from which we take the following extract:

"On the first of the evenings Lord — was

seated next to Mr. Home, who had passed into a

trance state, in which, after uttering a most beau-

tiful and solemn prayer, he alluded to the pro-

tecting spirits whose mission is to act as guardian

angels to men. 'The one who is to protect you,'

addressing Lord —, 'is as tall as this.' And

upon saying this Mr. Home grew taller and taller;

as I stood next to him (my height is six feet)

I hardly reached up to his shoulder, and in the

glass opposite he appeared a full head taller than

myself. The extension appeared to take place

from the waist, and the clothing separated eight

to ten inches. Walking to and fro, Mr. Home

specially called our attention to the fact of his

feet being firmly planted on the ground. He then

grew shorter and shorter, until he only reached

my shoulder, his waistcoat overlapping to his

hip. Other and equally remarkable manifesta-

tions occurred that evening; six spirit-hands were

made visible; beautiful discs of light floated about

the room, and our semi-grand was raised bodily

two feet into the air."

The Mount of Olives has become the property

of the Crown of France.

## Literary Department.

### REMINISCENCES AND EXPERIENCES

#### OF A WORKINGMAN.

BY EMILE SOUVESTRE.

Translated from the French, for the Banner  
of Light,  
BY SARAH M. GRIMKE.

#### CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

History of a Little Glass of Brandy—The Influence  
of Boyhood upon Manhood—Lodging Rooms for  
Laborers—The Good Man Marcotte and Farou-  
mont, nicknamed The Galley—A Difficult Position.

To return home I got into one of those carts, then quite common in the environs of Paris, which transported pell-mell merchandise and passengers. The vehicle was drawn by a single horse, which walked leisurely over the stony road. The seats were only boards poorly fastened. I got out of patience with this sort of traveling, so I jumped out and joined the driver, who was on foot. He was a young man of attractive appearance, whose countenance announced that robust health and contented mind which is the recompense of a good conscience. At every hamlet where we stopped I saw him deliver packages, &c., and receive commissions, without hearing a word of complaint. If he had to return the change for money, it was always taken without being counted. The women inquired of him respecting their children, and the men engaged him to make purchases for them in the city. The conduct of all proved the affection felt for him and the entire confidence reposed in him.

So far as I could judge, the driver well merited both. His conversation exhibited great good sense and a degree of courtesy which I was wholly unaccustomed to meet with in the Parisian coachmen. He was acquainted with all the agricultural improvements going on in the surrounding country; he named the owners of the different fields that we passed, and showed an interest in the crops which each one was raising. I soon learned that he owned several acres of land, which he cultivated between his trips to and from the city, and he profited by all the observations he heard from travelers, as to the best modes of agriculture. He was giving me the history of his domain, as he jestingly called it, when we were passed on the way by a man shabbily dressed, his body bent and his gray hair hanging in disorder about his pimpled face. As he passed us I perceived that he staggered; he saluted the driver with all the noisy familiarity of a drunkard, and the latter replied with the affability of an intimate acquaintance, which surprised me.

"Is that one of your friends?" I inquired when he had passed on.

"That man? He is my benefactor and my master!"

I looked at him in wondering amazement.

"That astonishes you," he replied, smiling. "It is true, nevertheless. But the unfortunate man has never suspected it. I must preface my story by telling you that Jean Picou—that is his name—was one of the companions of my childhood. Our parents lived next door to each other, and we made our first communion the same year. Picou very early showed a disposition for fun and frolic, and, as he grew up, he adopted all the airs and habits of his jolly companions. I had not seen much of him for some time, when chance threw us together as workmen in the employment of the same gentleman. The first day, as we were going to our work, Picou and the others stopped at the tavern to take a morning dram. I remained outside, uncertain what I had better do.

"He is afraid of being ruined!" cried Picou, laughing. "Two sous of his wages! Perhaps he thinks if he saves it he will become a millionaire."

The others joined in the laugh. I felt ashamed, so I went in and drank with them. While I was busy at my work the words of Picou were constantly recurring to me. True, the price of that little glass was, in fact, but a trifle; but two sous every day would amount to thirty-six francs ten sous at the end of the year. I next calculated what that sum would purchase.

"Thirty-six francs ten sous," said I to myself. "If I were at housekeeping, that sum would enable me to hire an additional room, which would add to the comfort of my wife, contribute to the health of my children, and to my own good humor. It would furnish all the winter's wood, and give us sunshine in the house when there was nothing but clouds and snow storms out of doors. With that sum I could purchase a goat, whose milk would greatly increase the happiness of the household. It would pay for the schooling of a child." Then, continuing to reflect, I repeated, "Thirty-six francs ten sous! Our neighbor does not pay more than that for the rent of the ground which he cultivates, and with the proceeds of which he supports his family. It is precisely the interest of the sum that I want to borrow, to buy from the city commissioner the horse and cart he is about to sell. With the money I should spend every morning, to the detriment of my health, I can purchase a home, bring up a family and save something for old age."

These calculations and reflections decided my course. I cast aside the false shame which had induced me once to yield to the solicitations of Picou. I laid by out of my first earnings what he would have had me spend at the tavern, and soon I was enabled to make a bargain with the driver whose place I now occupy. Since then I have carefully calculated every expense and practiced the strictest economy, while Picou has persevered in what he calls enjoying life. You see the result in both cases; the rags which cover the poor Picou, his premature old age, and the contempt of good men, in contrast with my comfortable clothing, my robust health and my good reputa-

tion. All this is the result of a little firmness at first, and of habit afterwards. His wretchedness is the consequence of his little glass of brandy drunk every morning; my prosperity I owe to the two sous which I daily save."

Since I heard the driver's history I have often called to mind the little glass of brandy, and I have frequently related it as a warning to others. The departure of my mother made a great change in my circumstances. Left alone, I was compelled to eat at a restaurant and sleep at a lodging-house for workmen. Not entering into the amusements of my fellow laborers, I did not know how to dispose of my Sundays and my evenings. Maurice perceived that I was getting low-

spirited. "Take care!" said he, "the wise man learns a lesson from every change. I have passed through many, my child. I know what it is to lodge as you do in some temporary place, to carry one's life in one's hand, and swallow one's breakfast in a hurry. At first all that is very perplexing and annoying; one would rather sleep on clean straw than in sheets that have been used by everybody. But we must serve our apprenticeship. I tell you it will do you good to be left to depend upon yourself, to stand on your own feet. As long as we have mothers to care for us we are never weaned. When we are babies they are a great blessing, provided by God to supply our wants and minister to our necessities; but when we are men and are separated from them for a season it is of great service to us. If Madeline had not gone away you would never have learned even to sew on a suspender-button."

I felt the truth of what he said, but I found this new apprenticeship harder to bear than that I went through in learning my trade, and I began to understand that it was more difficult to be a man than to become a workman.

The lodging-room in which I slept had a dozen beds occupied by laborers, who were working on different parts of the same building, masons, carpenters, painters and locksmiths. Among them was a man from Auvergne, named Marcotte, who was about to return home, and who had formerly worked in my yard. He was a quiet man, devoted to his work, although he was not a first-rate workman. He never spoke except when he could not keep silence. The good man lived on nuts and turnips, and sent nearly all his earnings home to buy land. He was already the owner of about ten acres, and intended as soon as he completed the dozen to retire from his business and live upon his farm. He calculated on building a small house, buying two cows and a horse, and turning farmer.

This project, cherished ever since he was fifteen years old, was about to be accomplished. In a few months he would realize his darling desire. We sometimes rallied the good man, whom we had surmised the *Landed Proprietor*, but our jests made no more impression on him than rain on a slated roof. Absorbed in his one idea, he heeded nothing else. Seeing what he had accomplished, I became deeply impressed with the marvelous power of will, when always directed to the same object, and unceasingly active. Before my acquaintance with Marcotte I was not fully aware what perseverance can do, even against great obstacles.

The man who occupied the bed next to Marcotte completed the lesson. He was a locksmith, young and skilful, but who only worked when he pleased, amused himself according to his fancy, and never staid in the same workshop more than a month, for fear, as he expressed it, that the moss might gather upon him. All restraint was treated by him as mere superstition. If any one mentioned regularly in business, he cried out, "Superstition! Honesty toward employers, superstition! Obligation to each other, still superstition! Doing to others as we would they should do to us, all superstition!" Faroumont loudly proclaimed that everybody ought to live for himself, and regard other men as capital game whenever they could be caught. We only laughed at his ideas, but rumors were afloat that he had been guilty of crimes, which merited fine and imprisonment, and honest workmen avoided all intercourse with him, save the exchange of common civilities.

For my part, I shunned him as much as possible; less at the suggestion of reason, than because I felt toward him an unconquerable repugnance. Besides, from the first day of our acquaintance he nicknamed me the *Pink*, in ridicule of some scruples I had expressed, and I retaliated by calling him the *Galley*, in allusion to the kind of punishment to which I thought his principles must inevitably lead him. By these names we had ever since been known in the lodging-room. Although Faroumont had appeared to take it as a joke, he had evidently a grudge against me, and several times had tried to pick a quarrel with me, well knowing that I was no match for him in physical force. But I had self-control enough to avoid a fight. Maurice, who witnessed one of these attempts of his, encouraged me to persevere in the line of conduct I had adopted.

"Mistrust the *Galley* as you would the devil," said he seriously. "I am no child, and I have come in contact with some sturdy and brutal fellows, but I would rather be ill for six months than have a quarrel with that man."

I thought so too. His skill in fighting, and his malice, rendered Faroumont truly formidable. One of the misfortunes of us workmen is the absurd, blind respect we pay to brute force. A kind of code of honor reduces the workman to the necessity of personal defence. It is a disgrace to use any other, so the strongest man, or rather the greatest bully, tyrannizes over the whole corps of workmen. If the race of duellists, with the sword, is disappearing in the upper classes, the race of boxing duellists continues quite as numerous among us. How often have I seen these ferocious and worthless fellows cripple good and honest workmen, sometimes even kill them, making their wives widows. And yet their mere



proceeds has procured for them consideration. No one dared to treat them with the contempt they deserved, lest they should swell the list of victims. The common language among us was, "Avoid that man; he is a wicked scoundrel." Still they were obliged to treat him with respect. Why is it that peaceable workmen do not unite against these wild beasts and expel them from their ranks? The difficulty lies in our low idea of true manhood. Like savages we mistake strength and brutality for courage; we exalt them into virtues, and regard them as redeeming qualities.

Lodging in the same room had created an intimacy between the honest Marcotte and myself, so far as the difference in our age and tastes permitted. He confided to me his intention of soon returning to his country; he was only waiting until he amassed money enough to add two acres to his little property. Two or three days after he had intrusted me with his secret, he came in later than usual; part of our company were already in bed. I had sat up to write to Longjumeau, and was about to extinguish my light when I heard the good man coming up stairs singing. He opened the door in so boisterous a manner that I was astonished. Contrary to his usual habit he spoke in a loud voice; his eyes shot fire, and his hat was cocked on one side of his head. The first glance assured me that the Proprietor had departed from his habitual sobriety. Wine made him talkative, and he seated himself on his bed to give me an account of the way in which he had spent the evening. He had just left the stage driver, who had informed him that the piece of land so long coveted, and which would complete his twelve acres, was now for sale—the notary was only waiting for his money.

"You have the requisite sum, I suppose?"

"Ay, truly, my dear fellow," replied Marcotte, lowering his voice and assuming an air of mystery. "Everything is ready."

He looked around to make sure that the lodgers were all asleep, then thrusting his arm up to the shoulder into his straw bed, he pulled out a bag, which he showed me with a triumphant air.

"Here's the stuff," said he. "I have enough to buy me a nice bit of land, and wherewithal to build me a shelter."

He untied the cord which fastened the bag and plunged his hand in to feel the contents, but at the rattling of the silver he started, looked all round, and made me a sign to be still. Then he quickly tied up his bag and hid it under his bolster. He was soon asleep and asleep.

I undressed myself to follow his example, but just before I extinguished my candle I happened to look toward Faroumont's bed. His eyes were wide open, but he instantly closed them. I made no remark, and went to bed.

I knew not what disturbed me in the middle of the night, but I was suddenly awakened. The moon shone through the uncurtained windows, and threw a bright light on our side of the room. I was opposite the *Galley's* bed—it was empty. I leaned on my elbow to take a better look; I could no longer doubt; Faroumont had risen. At the same moment I heard the floor near me creak. I turned my head—a shadow quickly stooped down and seemed to be lost under Marcotte's bed. I rubbed my eyes to satisfy myself that I was not dreaming. I looked again, but could discover nothing; all was silent. I laid down, keeping my eyes half open. A quarter of an hour elapsed, and my heavy eyelids were closing in spite of me, when the creaking of the floor again startled me. I had barely time to see Faroumont pass. He got into bed and was quickly enveloped in the covering.

Cries, mingled with sobs and groans, woke me in the morning. I started up; daylight had just begun to dawn, and I perceived Marcotte tearing his hair and standing by his bed, which was turned topsy-turvy. Every one in the lodging-room was sitting up in bed.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" demanded several voices.

"His money has been stolen," replied others.

"Yes, I have been robbed this very night," repeated Marcotte, in a tone of frenzied despair. "I had it last night; I handled it; I went to sleep with it under my head—the thief must be in this very room."

I turned toward the *Galley*; he was the only person in the room who seemed to be sleeping through all the turmoil of voices and exclamations. I quickly saw what I ought to do. I was probably the only one who had any knowledge of the theft; if I remained silent the Auvergnat would lose the money so laboriously earned, and by means of which he was expecting to realize the cherished hopes of forty years. On the contrary, if I revealed my secret, I might force the *Galley* to make restitution, but by so doing I should expose myself to his revenge. Notwithstanding the peril I incurred, I did not hesitate long. I extended my hand to Marcotte.

"Take courage, Father Marcotte," I exclaimed; "your money is not lost."

"What is that you say?" cried out the old man, who looked quite bewildered. "You know, then, where the money is. Unhappy wretch! Is it you who stole it?"

"Come! come! Don't be a fool," said I, in an angry tone.

"Where is it then? where is it?" he exclaimed, looking at me.

I turned toward Faroumont and said: "Let us see. The *Galley*, I suspect, has played a trick upon you. Come! come! Do not carry your joke so far as to give the Proprietor the jaundice. Return him his money at once."

Although he persisted in keeping his eyes shut, his face changed color, which proved that he had heard what I said. Marcotte threw himself upon him like a bull-dog, and shaking him fiercely demanded his crown. Faroumont acted prettily the part of a man who has just waked, and inquired what they wanted with him. The cries of Marcotte apprized him of this quickly. I insisted resolutely that he had the money, always appearing to think that he had only intended it as a joke to worry the old man. The *Galley* was obliged to restore the bag, reiterating that he only meant to have some fun. Nevertheless, he could not but see that we all understood him. We dressed ourselves in haste, and went out without making any remark. He alone affected not to be in a hurry, and completed his toilet whistling. But as I passed his bed he cast upon me a look of cold-blooded rage, which made me shudder. Henceforth I was sure he would be my mortal enemy.

[To be continued.]

A physician writes to the *Dublin Journal of Medicine* in support of the old notion that people sleep much better with their heads to the north. He has tried the experiment, in the case of sick persons, with marked effect, and insists that there are known to exist great electrical currents, always crossing in one direction round the earth, and that our nervous systems are in some mysterious way connected with this electrical agent.

It may seem strange, but it is true, that a man in New York, perfectly undressed in art, took half a dozen exquisite portraits in less than half an hour. We must admit that he himself was soon afterwards taken for the thief.

## 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 little angels that are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."  
(LUTHER HICKS.)

### NED RIGBY.

#### PART XI. [CONCLUDED.]

Mrs. Clarkson's parlors were filled with a merry company, for children are not long strangers, and soon find the best part of their natures, and open them without reserve. Ned had never been so happy, and a light seemed to ray from his face, shooting up through his sunny hair like a crown. Mr. Clyde was there, bringing such children as he knew needed such a season of joy. And as he led their voices in the songs he had taught them, his face glowed like Nell's, but with whiter light, that made her think of the day they sat in the autumn sun looking at the mosses.

Ned was so proud of Nell's fine appearance that he hardly joined in the singing, and Mrs. Rigby, as she looked in at the open door, wondered if heaven would bring more gladness than she saw now. It was wonderful to see how similarity of dress and sports made the children of the poor resemble their richer friends; and Mrs. Rigby thought that of all the children none were more beautiful than Nell.

"Because," said she to herself, "her heart shows right through here, and looks out of her eyes, and glows in her cheeks, and shines on her forehead." And very much the same thought all the company, for they turned to her, and the children sent back smiles to meet hers.

"How good is God," said Mrs. Rigby to herself, as she heard a sharp ring at the door. The children and Mrs. Clarkson looked at each other, and Mrs. Rigby and Nell were in the centre, her face glowing with anxious excitement.

Mrs. Rigby was horrified as she opened the door and saw Joe's mother and a police officer. They passed by her rudely, and stood at the door of the parlor.

"There she is," said Nell's aunt, "that one with the curls, in the middle. Take her quick."

Nell heard the words, though spoken low; but the voice had so often brought her anguish, that she could almost feel it as it hit and poked her. She lifted her eyes, and the feeling of impending trouble came upon her as a weight, and bore her down. She crouched on the floor an instant, and then gave a spring to the side of Mr. Clyde, who took her hand in his, and patted her head gently to assure her.

"Take her! take her!" said Joe's mother, and the officer stepped forward, and taking Nell by the hand said, "You must come with me."

There can be no greater terror to the children of the poorer classes than a police officer; he embodies to them all the cruelty of the law, with none of its justice. To them he is the great avenging angel, more cruel than death, and more to be dreaded than all the ills of their condition. Nell had seen enough of the misery that followed the appearance of the stern-visaged men with blue uniforms and the merciless badge of office, and the color left her face in an instant. It seemed to her as if a heavy hand had settled over her. She could see no one. Through the mist that enveloped her, not one friendly eye sent its glance to cheer her, not a sound fell on her ear. She lifted her eyes as she had the habit with her, and it seemed to her as if one gleam came and rested on her forehead; but that faded, and the terror that she had sometimes felt when alone in the darkness seized her.

Mr. Clyde did not let go her hand, though the officer dragged her forward.

"What is this?" said he; "you should tell us of what we are accused?"

"I'll tell," said Nell's aunt; "she stole my money—the jade—and she bought that ribbon on her hair. Search her and find the rest. My money—that I had put up so carefully, a poor woman's money"—and her voice broke into a wail.

Mr. Clyde was used to scenes somewhat like this, and he had a quick appreciation of the motives of others, and knew how to act on the moment. Turning to the officer he said:

"Your time is valuable, but we must have a moment's delay; take this, and he slipped a piece of money in the hands of the officer.

"Now, Nell, we will listen to you. Look up, child; no one here accuses you, until something is proved against you. My children," he added, turning to the company, "we all know how great are the temptations to wrong; and we also know that accusations do not prove anything. The Christmas song we have been singing was full of the spirit of love; let us not forget its strains as we listen to what our friend has to say."

"I did not do it," said Nell. "I could not, and I said so. If I had wanted to, there was some one looking straight at me. Oh, oh! you do not believe I did it," and she looked up into Mr. Clyde's face, her eyes full of the clear, bright light of truth. Some of the children looked pleased at these words, and others turned and whispered among themselves.

"It's always so. Grace should not have asked them. I hate poor folk! One of them stole our spoons the other day, and father got him sent to the prison. I should not wonder if Nell had to go. I wish I was at home."

But the whisperings were silenced by Mr. Clyde's voice.

My friends, the angels of little children always behold the face of our Father in heaven, we are told, and it means that the Spirit of God watches over every child. If Nell had spoken the truth to me, I believe we shall all know it and love her the more; but if she has not, we will love her still, for so God does to all of us, forgiving us continually and seeking to lead us from our wrongs to the right."

"But she did take it," said the aunt, spitefully, "and we will have her! Come, let us go."

But the officer whom she addressed followed Mrs. Clarkson into the refreshment room and quietly enjoyed a cup of coffee. Ned came forward and stood by Nell and whispered, "Don't be afraid!" while Mrs. Rigby clasped her hands in terror, remembering an act of injustice long ago, when the innocent suffered for the guilty. There was a silence in the room, no one caring to speak, or fearing to hasten the evil time that seemed so near.

The front door had been left a little ways open, and no one was in the hall; therefore unmolested and without disturbance the quiet old man, Nell's father, had advanced to the door, led to the parlor, and uncovered his head. His long, gray hair fell on his shoulders; his form was bent; but there was in his face an expression of dignity, and in the grasp of his hand a revelation of strength. Every eye was turned to him, but no one spoke for a moment, and he awaited.

"What are you here for?" at last Nell's aunt said. "You sneaking old rat! I know you; you are always minding other people's business, because you have none of your own!"

And in her excitement she gave old Mr. Gray a push. His body seemed to loom up into greater proportions, and from his mild blue eye shot forth flashes of courage and determination.

"I am here for a good purpose: to prevent the innocent from suffering for the guilty, and to let the truth triumph over falsehood."

"You? you?" shrieked Nell's aunt. "Go home, if you have a home! What can you do here?"

By this time the police officer had returned, and she added:

"Take him out; he's no right here! There's Nell; bring her along."

The old man brushed his forehead as if to clear his thoughts, and then, looking around the room to draw all eyes to himself, he said:

"I am an old man, and have grown gray in my walks up and down the world, and yet I have never seen an innocent child entirely forsaken of the good God."

"What has that to do with us?" said Nell's aunt. "We have come here for Nell, and to get my money. Oh! oh! get me my money."

"Yesterday, just at dusk," continued Mr. Gray, "I felt my heart tremble just like a poplar tree in the wind, and so I went out of my little room and

down the long stairs, and my heart kept repeating, 'Lead me, oh God, to thy light; and somehow I kept thinking of little Nell. I could not think of anybody else, I and a poor man, but I never forgot a child's kindly word, and Nell has often met me, and she never ran so fast that she could not say a kind good-morning; and when she said it I went back—way back to the days when I and my sister ran round the Battery, and she shook her sunny hair and said, 'When you are a rich man we'll sail away off in those ships.' And she did sail in one, and she lies down, down—"

"Hurry up," said Nell's aunt.

"Yes, we are in a hurry," said the officer; "I have no time to lose."

Mrs. Clarkson felt the necessity of delay, and a greenback made the officer say, "Go on."

"Well, I found Nell looking out of the window, and I sat down and looked about the room. It was all right there then, and I took her out with me, and we walked and walked, and when we came back Joe was in the room, and he ordered Nell to go over to see Ned, and just then, Ned came, and she went. Then he ordered me to go, and I went; but somehow I could not stay away, and I slipped down the wall into the back yard, and there I stood in the shadow and watched while Joe went to his mother's bed and took out a box and opened it and pocketed the money."

"Oh dear! dear!" said Joe's mother, "but it is 'n't true! my son Joe?"

"Listen," said the old man; "I have followed him round since, and if you want to know where he has spent his money, I can tell you," and he stepped up and whispered a word to the woman.

"If that's true I'll have him. Let Nell go and catch him," she said, turning to the officer.

"I've had enough of you," said he.

"But I demand the proof of Nell's innocence," said Mr. Clyde; "bring Joe here; his mother demands it."

The officer hesitated; but Mrs. Clarkson spoke a word of promise to him and he went. The old man was about following, when Nell took hold of his hand.

"I want to speak to you," she said.

"So we all do," said Mr. Clyde. "We want to bless you and make you happy for the great good you have done us."

The children arranged themselves around the group in the centre, consisting of Ned and Nell, Mr. Clyde and Mrs. Rigby, Mrs. Clarkson and Grace. In front of them stood the old man whose words had turned the face of little Nell. All eyes were turned to him as he said:

"I want no thanks from any of you. I served a higher power than man's, and I have all the reward I ask. But I have a few words more to say to these children. Only a few years ago I had a home, and children shared its blessings, and I knew what it was to have their love. But I became, little by little, poor and sick, and at last I got so low as to want everything, and then no one knew me except the angels in heaven, and then all I wanted was bread and warmth; I wanted a pleasant word and a kindly smile. When I had good clothes, and oranges and apples to give to children, they always had a pleasant word for me. But my poor coat and my empty hands have gotten for me many a rude act. I would not like to tell you how many boys have pitched my hat into the street and laughed to see me pick it up, and how many girls have run away from me as if they were afraid. And so I got hungry for one little word of love. I thought I was starving, when one day I met Nell. She looked up to me with her face full of God's love, and I took her smile right into my heart, and thought I would live a little longer. And after having received so many smiles and pleasant looks, I began to wish to pay something back, and the wish became my daily prayer. And so I used to go out often, to see if there might be anything I could do for her. I don't think I thought of anything else in my walks, but she would meet Nell, for, you see, I was just like a starved man. So it happened—and I mean by happened God ordered it—that I saw the light fading away out of my little room, and I began to wish I could just see Nell for a minute, for I had no supper that night, and was hungry in two ways. I went softly down my stairs, as if I was walking on some sacred journey, and boldly went into the room where she lived and took her out with me. I don't know how I dared to do it, but I did, and I had a pleasant walk together, and you know the rest. This is Christmas Eve, and I want you to learn a lesson of its love. Nell has repeated in her life the song of the angels, 'Good will to men'—not good will to the rich alone, but the poor, and the hungry and the sad—and she has had her reward in some degree, for she has let an old man feel that his days are not all useless."

Nell looked up, her face all radiant with gladness, and putting up her hands she kissed the old man again and again, and all the children laughed and clapped their hands. Mrs. Clarkson stepped forward:

"I have a word to say. I take Nell as my daughter, if her aunt will give her up. She has shown that she is a worthy companion to my child."

"Give her up? Indeed I will. She's only a bother to such men as I."

But the children are becoming weary of so much serious conversation, and were invited to the refreshment room, after which they began their games as if nothing had happened. Joe was admitted to the basement, and confessed to the theft, but owing to the interposition of Mr. Clyde and the old gentleman, his mother forgave him, if he would leave her home forever. So on the moment Mr. Clyde offered him a place in the country, and he was dismissed.

Nell opened her new life with the gladness of a thankful spirit, but Ned missed her dearly. She visited Mrs. Rigby every week, and Ned always made great preparations for her. Everything that she learned he determined to know also, and in his school he forgot his low companions and strove to make his life as nearly like Nell's as possible. Old Mr. Gray was cared for by Mrs. Clarkson, who fitted up a comfortable room for him, and he taught Ned many useful things, but the most earnest of all his instruction was this:

"Seek nothing so much as to do right, and fear nothing so much as to do wrong, and remember that rich and poor are children of one Father."

### Written for the Banner of Light.

#### COMPENSATION.

BY JAMES K. BAILEY.

Why this tireless aspiration?  
This continuous desire?  
Why this ceaseless contemplation,  
This eternal, quenchless fire?

Whence this love, with pure devotion  
Burning for the right and true?  
This exalted soul-emotion,  
Risen and purified anew?

Why these longings? Mid our suffering  
In the heartless world of strife,  
Compensation or is coming—  
Never met, though always ripe!

Are our hopes all doomed to failure?  
Is success a fleeting power?  
Does the future hold our manhood—  
Is this earth-life childhood's hour?

Oh for a divine assurance  
Of one ceaseless earthly joy!  
The attainment and endurance  
Of one hope without alloy!

Cease, oh soul, thy restless longing!  
Know you not that all of earth  
Are but "modes of motion"—fleeting  
Forms of evanescent birth?

Turn thee to the coming morrow—  
Worldly pelf and place forgo—  
Turn thee, mortal, from thy sorrow,  
Born of selfish strife and woe.

Look unto the life immortal,  
If reward thou seek'st to find,  
Standpoint for thy hope eternal  
Base upon the plane of mind!

Act thy part with the reflection  
That in yonder world doth shine  
All thy deeds, with truth's perfection,  
Though the scorn of earth be thine!

Know these longing aspirations  
Never reached in earthly strife,  
Point to grandest compensations,  
Sacred joy—immortal life!

## Original Essay.

### THE ORTHODOX CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

BY A. E. GILES.

In the *Boston Post* of March 3d, it appears that "China has recognized religious freedom, that the preaching of religion is to be permitted, and that everybody in that country may hereafter submit himself to be proselytized."

It is surprising yet interesting to observe that while the religious idea is thus becoming liberalized in the greatest, and hitherto the most conservative empire of the East, systematic efforts are being made to abridge by law, freedom of conscience and the rights of worship in the great republic of the West.

Many Evangelical Christians are petitioning Congress to amend the Constitution of the United States, so as by law to institute what they designate a "Christian Government." Societies have been formed and newspapers controlled with a view to the same purpose. The petitioners evidently do not recognize the present Government of the nation as "Christian"; for they would not petition for a government which they already possess. In their petition, appears the method by which they propose to render the Government "Christian." The Constitution is to be amended so as therein to express words to recognize, first, Almighty God as the source of all power and authority in civil government. Second, The Lord Jesus Christ as the ruler among the nations. Third, His revealed will as of supreme authority. Other changes also are to be introduced into the Constitution, so as to give effect to these three dogmas. Then it is expected that the United States will have a "Christian Government."

We wish that our Evangelical friends would state clearly and minutely the benefits, other than those we now enjoy, which would inevitably result from that "Christian Government." Has history, which has enrolled the rise, progress and fall of many governments, portrayed its blessings?

Were those governments "Christian" which, during a long course of centuries, at the instigation of the Papacy, tortured human beings and slaughtered them by millions, for alleged errors of Christian faith and practice? Yet those governments received and acknowledged the above three Christian dogmas. Was the Inquisition, which in many European countries plundered thousands of families of their property, and tens of thousands of people of their lives for free thinking, a "Christian Government"? Surely it was a Christian tribunal, and its members believed and unswervingly adhered to the afore-said three Christian dogmas.

In the English Parliament, the bishops and lords spiritual, for many years, almost alone protested against, and successfully resisted the efforts of Sir Samuel Romilly and other philanthropists, to mitigate the death penalty for larceny of a shilling's worth of property. Many a child has been hung at Tyburn for stealing a handkerchief or a wallet of the value of a shilling, who but for those Christian bishops and lords spiritual might have ripened into mature life. Yet those bishops and lords spiritual most tenaciously held to the above three "Christian dogmas." Was it a "Christian Government" which scourged, branded and hung the Quakers, the Baptists and the "witches" in Massachusetts, two hundred years ago? Yet the Puritan Government imbibed those three Christian dogmas almost with their mothers' milk, and afterwards catechized them into their children.

Not long since, the public prints alluded to a Presbyterian clergyman who whipped his little son to death, in New York, for not saying his prayers. Was he a "Christian" governor of his child? Yet the above three Christian dogmas are among the essential articles of the Presbyterian faith. At the present time almost every effort to ameliorate the death penalty, and to do away with the gallows, is resisted by the Evangelical clergy. Is the gallows a "Christian" institution? The efforts of the people to obtain the use of their own free public libraries on the Sabbath day—generally the only day in the week which they can devote to uninterrupted reading and study—is strenuously opposed by Evangelical clergymen and laymen. Do they believe a condition of ignorance to be a "Christian" state? The petitioners to Congress want a "Christian Government!"

"Lutheran, Popish, Calvinistic, all these creeds and doctrines exist; but still the doubt is where Christianity may be."

Do our Evangelical friends, by the phrase "Christian Government," mean such a government as Jesus would institute if he were now an inhabitant of earth? Do they realize what kind of a kingdom Jesus sought to establish? Are they aware that it was a government whose laws are not written on parchment, whose principles cannot be incorporated into conventional constitutions? Who better than the author of Christianity could state the nature of his kingdom? Whatever it might be, there is one thing it surely was not. It was not an outward kingdom; it was not an external government. Church religionists have not been alone in believing that an earthly, an external government, founded by law and supported by force, was to be established by Jesus. Even in his own day, with all the advantage of personal and frequent intercourse with him, his disciples and friends could not catch his idea of a spiritual kingdom, existing in each person's own soul. William Byrd, an English poet, had caught glimpses of it when he wrote:

"My mind to me a kingdom is;  
Such perfect joy therein I find  
As needs all earthly bliss  
That God or Nature hath assigned."

"The kingdom of heaven is within you," said Jesus to his disciples, as he sought to guide them thither. That idea was too fine, too spiritual, for their perceptions. They could appreciate his miracles, but not his thoughts. They believed that Jesus, with his wonder-working powers, would in his lifetime establish a kingdom of pomp and force. To those who asked that Zebedee's children might sit the one on his right hand and the other on his left in his kingdom, he answered that they knew not what they asked. He reminded his disciples that they were Gentile rulers, not his followers, who exercised lordship; that they were the great ones of earth, and not the lowly and the meek, like himself, who used authority. He expressly declared that he came not to be ministered unto, but to be a servant. When a multitude came to take him by force to make him a king, he quietly withdrew into the mountain himself alone; and before Pilate he clearly declared, "My kingdom is not of this world."

Suppose our Orthodox friends succeed in forcing their sectarian amendment into the Constitution, will they have thereby made a "Christian Government"? Rather will they not have thereby made a Gentile kingdom and a government of the great, which exerts lordship and authority? By and as much as it has those qualities, by so much it ceases to be the government of

Jesus. Any of such persons might Jesus have said: "This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me; in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."

To make converts by force, to proselyte by the sword and to build up religion by external law, appears to us to be of the earth, earthly, and its fruits are deceit, violence and bloodshed. Such action springs legitimately from the vaunting of self and the condemnation of the neighbor. The proselytizer necessarily praises his own religion as good and stigmatizes that of his neighbor as evil. An eminent English artist and poet, William Blake, whose inner vision was at times wonderfully opened, wrote: "It is not because angels are holier than men or devils, that makes them angels; but because they do not expect holiness from one another, but from God only. Angels are happier than men and devils, because they are not always prying after good and evil in one another."

If the petitioners to Congress would, in the light of Blake's revelation, endeavor to become more like angels, they might thereby be less zealous, but more wise, and then, perhaps, would be better prepared to fraternize with the Chinese in extending and maintaining religious freedom.

Boston, Mass.

## Free Thought.

### CONJUGIAL RELATIONS.

DEAR BANNER—"Is it any of your business?" is the very pertinent question anticipated by the editor of your Western Department, in an article under the above heading, in your issue of Jan. 16th.

The author may have been "just in fun" in his lamentation over this "marrying out of a wide field of usefulness into a narrow solitude, next to nonentity; but for fear he is not, we will 'make a few remarks.'"

The editor of your New York Department set this example several years since, of volunteering this kind of *obituary notice* whenever a woman medium chose to exchange the almost thankless life of a public speaker for the love, sympathy and comfort of a home.

Emma Jay, Mattie Heulet, Belle Scougall, and many others have been thus complimented.

Now are there not two sides to this subject? While we, alike with you, may regret to lose the efficient labors of our sister-speakers, think you they have no duties outside of a public life? However much they may desire the reform and education of the world at large, must or can this satisfy all the demands of woman's nature? If she can administer to the intellectual and spiritual wants of the people in such a manner as to call forth the applause of the multitude even, is that all a woman's heart craves?

Where are the joys and comforts of home? where the yearnings of the soul which says:

"Love me gently, truly, sweetly;  
Love me wholly and completely!"

Where is the constant craving of the mother-heart, that highest, most noble asking of a woman's nature? Must she stifle or annihilate this, the crowning glory of her life? dwarf her own nature, and enter the spirit-world but half a woman, thus practically ignoring the very principles of a harmonious development which she preaches to be of so much importance?

No, this mourning over the marriage of our sisters is uncalled for and unphilosophical.

If Mrs. Wilhelm Slade chooses to "pledge herself not to leave the reform field," or Mrs. Townsend Hoady to continue her public labors, all are glad of it; but their lives may thus be made no more useful as a whole than those over whom you write "nonentity," for "who knows how a life at the last may show?"

Many are the noble and true women who care for the "household pets," spread the "generous table, sweep and arrange the best room, and greet the careworn speaker with a kindly welcome, whose life has all been of this "nonentity" kind; and think you "these things do not pertain to the highest interests of humanity?"

By such wives and mothers we have many times been entertained, and have said, and still repeat, angels bless them wherever they are. Even these brother editors find it convenient, and no doubt comfortable, to be "settled" where they can have their families with them, or take an occasional "run home," (happy, heaven-born word!) and enjoy the quiet and rest alone to be found there.

I once heard a good brother say, "Was it not for the love and sympathy I receive from woman, I could not perform half the mental labor I do."

Did this assistance all come from public lecturers, or had some of these "in narrow solitude" something to do with it? or, "is n't it any of your business?"

L. T. WHITTIER CONGAR.

Chicago, Ill.







### The Press and Sorosis.

DEAR BANNER—At a late conference between some members of the New York Press and of the Woman's Club, known as Sorosis, it was agreed that a Press dinner should be given at Delmonico's, at which the lady guests should pay for their tickets equally with the gentlemen, and be called upon to make speeches in response to given sentiments. Accordingly invitations were sent to many periodical and newspaper writers in the city and vicinity, and, on the 20th of March, about one hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen, of more or less celebrity in the literary ranks of our metropolis, assembled to enjoy the social and mental entertainment.

I record this event with pleasure; not that it is rare for literary people to meet at the social board, or give great dinners to certain celebrities, but it is one of the signs of the times that the striking innovation is introduced of inviting ladies to participate on equal terms with gentlemen at such entertainments. This is due to the establishment, about one year since, of Sorosis. The injustice of excluding literary ladies—members of the New York Press—from the "Dickens Dinner," given at Delmonico's, by the Press Club, roused the indignation of the ladies themselves, and they determined to have a "Club" of their own.

Mrs. "Jenny June" Croly and Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour, were leaders in this movement. Mrs. Croly is known to a large literary circle as a sparkling, clever writer on fashions and current topics of universal interest in society. Mrs. Wilbour will be remembered as one of our ablest pioneer lecturers on the New Philosophy. I need only mention the name of Lottie Beebe to revive, in the hearts of thousands, the memory of the exalted satisfaction which her inspired, profound and marvellously beautiful discourses gave to the listener's "attentive and believing faculties." Now she is a happy, honored wife, wearing the crown of motherhood with the queenliness of the true woman, and none the less a friend and sister as she because of these sacred relations. Her four beautiful children belong to the New York Children's Lyceum. To her husband, Charles E. Wilbour, American readers are indebted for his excellent translations of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," Ernest Renan's "Life of Jesus," and other works. I am happy to see the name of Mrs. Wilbour among those announced to speak at our coming Anniversary, on the 31st of March.

But to return. The Press dinner, on the 20th, passed off finely, and I think the gentlemen present felt that the presence of ladies was not only an addition, but an improvement. One of them frankly acknowledged that the fears and prejudices which he had entertained relative to this innovation had vanished, and that he was gratified with the agreeableness of the situation. Their speeches were of course witty and profound, but the ladies deserve perhaps the greater praise for overcoming the embarrassment of their novel position sufficiently to respond aptly and eloquently when called upon.

This is woman winning her way slowly but surely to rightful recognition; or, rather, man begins to apprehend that he need no longer defraud himself by excluding woman from his banquet halls and council chambers. MARY F. DAVIS.

March, 1869.

### Laura V. Ellis in Bucksport, Me.

DEAR BANNER—The spiritual dearth that has so long existed in this place has recently been broken by the advent among us of Miss Laura V. Ellis, the renowned medium for physical manifestations. She gave two entertainments here to large audiences, a committee consisting of one gentleman being chosen by the audience each evening to see that no deception was practiced on her part, and each man was honest enough to acknowledge it impossible for such wonderful manifestations to be performed by the girl. The committee on the first evening was a Methodist clergyman, who, by the way, is a man of the right stamp, and a gentleman in the greatest sense of the word, and we hope this beautiful Philosophy that illuminates so many souls at the present day has shed at least one ray of light upon his, that may be the means of leading him to that port where theological darkness can no more obstruct the path of eternal progression, and where the invisible will extend to him the right hand of fellowship. In short, both gentlemen of the committee were men of strict integrity, and discharged the duties of their office to the entire satisfaction of all present, having thoroughly scrutinized everything that came within their jurisdiction, and satisfying every reasonable person that the phenomena were produced by some power and intelligence outside of human agency.

We are told by Miss E.'s father that she is about to retire to private life for a season, which we very much regret, as the world is much in need of such manifestations as are given through her mediumship. Our sympathies and most heartfelt wishes accompany her to her earthly home, and we hope at some future time she will resume the good work which she has so early and successfully commenced. Yours fraternally,

S. W. TUCKER.

Bucksport, Me., March 22d, 1869.

### Mrs. Jennette J. Clark.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—As it is my wish to keep the good people advised of the movements of one of the most devoted, earnest, and gifted missionaries—whose appointment thereto was made by the angel-world—please say in the columns of your paper, that she is lecturing in Stafford, Conn., and giving tests, (the latter power greatly augmented of late,) in describing spirit-friends and giving their names—sometimes before and in the presence of those assembled in the lecture room. On the 29th, she will return to Boston, No. 7 Kneeland Place, where she may be addressed by societies and associations of Spiritualists, desiring her labors as a Missionary of the glorious Gospel of Progress. E. P. G.

Fair Haven, Conn., March 21, 1869.

### Dr. J. B. Ferguson Going to Europe.

We find in the London Human Nature the following extracts from a letter from Washington, addressed to Mr. Cooper, written by our esteemed friend, J. B. Ferguson:

"Spiritually I feel I will be in London by May or June next, and on my way to France and Italy. My mind seems converging also to this proposal. If I come, I desire to come to you and others in the fullness of an allied spiritual power—a power of unity and harmonizing strength. My health is greatly improved. My condition, for two years, would be called strange by even the lovers of 'wonderful manifestations.' A few have realized it, which has been a strength even in great physical weakness.

The Davenportes are here, and have made a marked impression. They desired me to go with them again, but I declined. For see beneath the surface of their most marvelous work. They themselves do not. Who does? Nearly all the American Congress witnessed—many fully avowing the truth of what could not be denied.

I write you in the fullness of a devout faith—laying my feeble offerings of unrecognized labor and experience upon the altar of truth; satisfied that whatever the varieties of human realization, there are reflections from one Eternal Sun, whose promise is divine, allying itself to all conditions—because of one Universal Spirit, whose throes are co-extensive with every department of life, whether considered high or low."

The bump of destructiveness—a railroad collision.

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## Banner of Light.

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### Then and Now.

Inconsistency appears to be about the only consistency in man. The feeble laughter and the infantile sneers that are leveled, and for twenty years have been leveled at Spiritualism, may be better understood, just as they are and for just what they are worth, by showing to the public the kind of mouths out of which they proceed. We take a city daily as an illustration, from nothing like ill-will, but because it happens to come first to hand. When John Pierpont was thrust out of Hollis-street Church, thirty years ago next October, by a vote of sixty-three pew-holders against sixty, the Boston Journal very properly indulged in some indignant comments at the proceeding, venting its sense of the high outrage in no velvet language. It felt this honest indignation stirred to such depths because it knew that Mr. Pierpont had been driven from his pulpit on account of his devotion to the cause of temperance. It predicted that this hostility to ministers of the Gospel would not stop there; the work of proscription would go on; "the fires of the distillery must burn even on the Sabbath," and "the rum-seller must be allowed to mete out the poisonous liquor to the wretched inebriate without rebuke." The Journal demanded to know if the citizens of Boston would sanction proceedings like these, and if they would not testify their abhorrence of such tyrannical proscription by rallying in full numbers around the rum-seller's innocent victim.

The same Journal is published in this city now. Instead, however, of denunciations of the traffic in liquor it contains in its columns pleasant apologies for the establishment of what it styles a "liberal license law," thus holding that to be liberal now which was exceedingly tyrannical in its eyes. The liquor-dealing interest, too, professes to be of extreme liberality in its sentiments now. It is the proscribed, not the tyrant. It finds it is about to change places with Mr. Pierpont. We do not doubt its perfect readiness to proscribe an independent man now as quick as it did then, only it finds a virtue in independence which it was not then able to distinguish.

The bigots of Orthodoxy, in the same way, pretend to be very liberal, professing temperance but consorting with liquor dealers; but it is only because the exigency drives them to lay hold on all the helps, good and bad, that come in their way for the attainment of their end. Spiritualism has been hooted at by men who will shortly be offering it their patronage, and they will claim to be "liberal" because of their willingness to bestow it. We are ready to forgive and receive them in advance. We expect to see the same papers, whose columns have found plenty of room for sneers at our faith, in due time opening to appeals for the truth and power which it contains. This boasted liberalism is a suspicious quality. When it is nothing more than a chattering, putting off and on its garments to suit the need, it deserves to be pointed at with the finger of scorn, that it may at least lower its pretensions and adjust its dress with less ostentation.

### Woman Suffrage in Minnesota.

In the course of an evening debate in the Minnesota House of Representatives, on the subject above named, Mr. Pyle, a member of the House, met the objections that are commonly raised against the proposal with true frankness and courage. He declared it to be wholly false that the bill granting woman suffrage was not asked for by woman herself. He said he had at that moment a number of petitions on his table in favor of it. When he spoke in favor of the measure twenty years ago, he very well remembered that he was answered with the argument of rotten eggs. Many of those who oppose it, he said, do so from fear of ridicule; and they were only a remove worse than the class who offer it sneers and dirty satire. There is no reason, in the fitness of things, he argued, why any such distinction should be made in the rights of the sexes. Females ought to enjoy the same means of vindicating their rights which men do. There are grievous wrongs daily perpetrated on the women of the country, for which there is no remedy but the ballot. Mr. Folsom, another member, said he believed in equality before the law. How many women carry on business in their own name. God made women with the same minds that men have, yet they are pressed under the heel of masculine tyranny. On a call being made on the ladies present to speak for themselves, Mrs. Adie Ballou rose and advocated the measure in a graceful, pointed and effective speech, which was received with general satisfaction. It is evident that the heaven is working, and that by persistent exertion the point desired will be carried in due time.

### "Lank, Long-haired and Cadaverous."

These are the choice epithets which the Round Table bestows on believers in Spiritualism, charging them with "fattening on the ignorance of the public," and hoping that some enlightened power will rise to dispel them. We do not think the Round Table was in its usual amiable mood when it let slip the above effusion of bile. It has in the past spoken fairer words for our Faith, and given its readers to understand that there was something of vastly more importance in it than matter worthy of ridicule. It is such stale, dish-waterish ridicule, too; tried and "played out" long ago; beneath the contempt of a journal that professes a decent self-respect or aspires to the respect of an intelligent community. We fully agree with our able contemporary in its desire for the investigation of the spiritual phenomena by the "leading savans and philosophers of the day," because we are sure that a cloudiness of doubt would then be permanently dispelled, which is all that keeps hungering and weary human souls from eating of the bread of communion which they will find to give life and a perpetual renewal of youth.

### Plety of Pantheism.

A recent discourse in this city by Rev. Samuel Johnson, who is a profound Oriental scholar and philosopher, brought out some most impressive and beautiful thoughts, and disclosed to public view a clear and comprehensive outline of the religions of the world which it would be difficult to obtain in such small compass by any other known method. Mr. Johnson is a fine thinker, and as intrepid as he is spiritual. For instance, he says—"But while for the cunning workmanship of the universe men are all eyes, the immanent spirit recedes from their thoughts. An outside Deism, oscillating between the Paleys and the Voltaires, knows God only as one knows an architect from his house, or a watchmaker from his watch. The universe thus becomes a stark machine; God is only seen behind, not in it. But in this God will never be found, and Science is learning that the mystery of the unfathomable life, the instinct enemy of intelligence, cannot be exercised out of law and form. So Science brings fresh tributes to the old mystic devotion, clothing it with a new wisdom in things practical and natural, allowing no vain distinction of the miraculous, since Deity, as in the old Pantheistic Plety, energizes in all. Could there be crowded a finer argument into what is, after all, only a statement of the truth in its depth and largeness? We proceed with a few more quotations from this striking discourse: "Humanity itself developed in the individual and race, as it never could have been in any Christ in the past. The aspiration never dies out in the soul, because God and the soul are essentially one." Again: "Our practical life is yet to be debtor to the Oriental dream. That scripping of the Divine within the face of one idealized man, which passes for saving faith, shows what need there is of the abstractions and universalities of pure Thought."

Mr. Johnson defined and commented on Pantheism in the following way: "There is very little understanding of the true meaning of Pantheism, even among its bitterest assailants. The sense of mystery leads us everywhere up into the absolute unity of all life in the Infinite Life, and the only practical solution of evil is in the Absolute Good. Undoubtedly common sense is sacred, and its instincts are not to be ignored. But alas for us, if our prayers open to us no higher organs of vision than our eyes or understandings; if the ships, railroads, and dollars, the woes and sins of the world, do not sometimes vanish and melt before us into the infinite glory and love." This is finely said. It explodes the worship of what is idolatrously called Common Sense, which is but another name for Mrs. Grundy and Materialism. How little do the men of the Present know or realize of what lies behind them in the depths of the great Past. "The thing which has been, it shall be again." Mr. Johnson spread before his hearers a wealth of learning, which he has patiently accumulated out of that Past, and shown what seas of spiritual life and liberty are yet to be sailed over, and what continents explored, before modern thought will fairly comprehend the first part of that boundless space in which faith and speculation have beaten unwearied wings for silent centuries of human experience.

### Are Spirit Impressions of Value?

This question, though asked regularly, is quite as regularly answering itself. We find a fresh illustration of it in the columns of the Gloucester Advertiser, which contains an account of Capt. Albert Howe, of Gloucester, commanding the schooner S. H. Merrill, being impressed to put to sea in spite of bad weather and repeated remonstrances, and by the means rescuing the two hundred passengers and the crew of the steamer Santiago, from Valparaiso for Liverpool. The steamer struck a rock while entering the Straits of Magellan, Jan. 22d. Capt. Howe being urged not to hoist sail from Port Tamen because of the weather, was nevertheless resolved to put to sea, saying that it seemed to him that "God spoke to his heart, telling him to keep on his way, as he would do good." He did keep on, and soon sighted a boat containing four sea captains, two seamen and two Indians, almost ready to go to pieces, who had left the wreck and gone a hundred and seventy miles east in hopes of falling in with a vessel to relieve the starving and exposed passengers who had been previously landed from the wreck. The whole company of passengers were in due time reached and rescued, and taken back to Valparaiso, where a movement was at once set on foot to raise a proper testimonial to Capt. Howe's deserts. But for this spirit-voice, bidding him put to sea, these people must all have perished. Again—are Impressions, is Spiritualism, in fact, of any practical service?

### Twenty-First Anniversary Celebrations.

In Boston the Twenty-first Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will be celebrated in a suitable manner in Tremont Temple, on Tuesday evening, March 30th, at 7 o'clock, under the auspices of the "Boston Association of Spiritualists," the whole proceeds to be devoted to the Children's Lyceum. The first part of the evening the Lyceum will give an exhibition of their varied exercises, which alone will be worth the price of admission. Prof. Wm. Denton has been engaged to deliver the address of the evening. Short speeches may be expected from others. The affair will be a success. There is a good demand for tickets, and we trust the Temple will be crowded. Single admission twenty-five cents; reserved seats fifty cents. Tickets can be obtained at this office.

In Philadelphia the occasion will be observed at Concert Hall, Chestnut street, on Wednesday, March 31st. At ten A. M. a free conference will be held for ten minute speeches. The afternoon session will consist of a song, Silver Chain recitations, an address by Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, an original poem by N. Frank White, &c. In the evening there is to be a sociable.

In Buffalo, Kremlin Hall has been engaged for afternoon and evening, March 31st. The Children's Lyceum will give an entertainment in the afternoon, and in the evening addresses from J. G. Fish and others, closing with a sociable.

In Chicago the occasion is also to be observed. The notice sent us came to hand too late for last week's issue, and this issue will not reach Chicago until after the 31st.

### Fall River, Mass.

Sunday, March 21st, Dr. H. B. Storer, of this city, lectured in City Hall, Fall River, to audiences which filled the hall to its utmost capacity. The Doctor's lectures were just what the people wanted, and created an earnest interest in the Spiritual Philosophy.

### Sacramento, Cal.

We learn from our correspondent, L. Armstrong, writing under date of Feb. 4th, that Miss Eliza Howe Fuller was then lecturing in Sacramento to full houses, and was very well liked. Church members, he says, are taking quite an interest in the Spiritual Philosophy.

### Spiritualism in England

Is progressing rapidly among all classes of people. We are in receipt of cheering intelligence to this effect from various parts of the Kingdom. Books and pamphlets are also multiplying there upon the subject. The last, just received, is a pamphlet from the pen of Rev. FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG, minister of the Free Christian Church, New Swindon, which gives an account of the cures performed through him by the "laying on of hands."

It will be recollected that this gentleman, who had long suffered from neuralgia, not long since visited the United States for the express purpose of being treated by the celebrated healer, Dr. J. R. Newton, who is now permanently located in Boston. Rev. Mr. Young returned to England, cured, and published the facts in the newspapers at the time. He was told by Dr. N., that he (Mr. Young) was a medium himself, and possessed the gift of healing by the "laying on of hands"; which statement proved to be true—as our readers are aware. Now these and additional facts are given to the world in pamphlet form. Mr. Young writes, in February, as follows:

"I have entirely and almost instantaneously cured cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, glandular swellings about the neck, sore eyes, chronic pains in the head, diarrhoea, face ache, and cold in the head accompanied by pains in the limbs. But I by no means intend to pretend that I always entirely succeed, or, at least, I do so sometimes. But at other times, while no actual cure has been wrought, relief of pain has been effected, and some measure of new life given to the patients. I cannot put my hands upon any human being, diseased or otherwise, without imparting a degree of the healing power for which I am a medium; while in at least eleven cases out of every twelve, I can at once relieve pain, however acute and of long standing, and surely if these things be true, as they most certainly are, I am entitled to ask from the public the ordinary attention and civilities which are paid by decent human beings to each other. I want no unfounded claim accepted, and I shrink from no honest scrutiny. But I do want fair play, and I do also shrink from men and women who betray a shocking eagerness to blast the reputation of the man whom they can neither gain nor silence, but who, in the midst of the excitement he has unintentionally occasioned, endeavors to maintain himself in the enjoyment of peace and the exercise of charity."

As a last word, let me further say that this healing power is not mesmeric or electro-biological, nor is it a mixture of religious and mesmeric forces. It is—or, at least, I believe it to be—the impartment direct from God, through me, as a medium, of healing influences, involving no tax upon my physical strength, or 'taking anything out of me,' but leaving me at the end of a very long day's work of healing as fresh in body and mind as I was on rising in the morning."

We had the pleasure of a personal interview with Rev. Mr. Young, and have no hesitancy in pronouncing him a conscientious, reliable person; indeed, a gentleman of more than ordinary education and culture. It takes a brave heart to stand out prominently and confront the bigotry and selfishness of men in high places, and we honor our friend for the bold position he has assumed in behalf of TRUTH. He knows whereof he speaks, and therefore concludes his remarks in this wise:

"To any inquiries intelligently put to me, and conceived in a generous spirit, I will give my prompt and full attention. If I am being deluded, or am deluding others, let the fact be shown, and no one will rejoice more thoroughly than I shall. But I ask for argument, not abuse; and patient inquiry, not ignorant and hasty judgment."

### Benjamin Franklin a Spiritualist.

O. B. Nelson, of Chicago, caused to be published the following beautiful and characteristic memorial of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, addressed to Miss E. Hubbard, which proves conclusively that he held to the same views which modern Spiritualism inculcates:

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 12th, 1766.  
DEAR CHILD—I condole with you. You have lost a most dear and valuable relation, but it is the will of God and Nature that these mortal bodies be laid aside when the soul is to enter into real life. Existing here on earth is scarcely to be called life. "It is rather an embryo state—a preparation to living, and man is not completely born until he is dead. Why, then, should we grieve that a new child is born among the immortals—a new member added to their society? We are spirits. That bodies should be lent to us while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or in doing good to our fellow-creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for their purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure, instead of an aid become an incumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them. That way is death. We ourselves presently in some cases choose a partial death. A mangled, painful limb which cannot be restored, we willingly cut off. He that plucks out a tooth parts with it freely, since the pain goes with it; and he that quits the whole body parts with all pains and possibility of pains and diseases is liable to or capable of entering on a party of pleasure that is to last forever. His chair (so-called chairs were then common) was first ready, and he has gone before us. We could not conveniently all start together, and why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are soon to follow, and we know where to find him? Why, then, should we grieve that he is to find him? In every state, your affectionate papa, BENJ. FRANKLIN."

The above, which is going the rounds of the newspaper press, as an unpublished letter written by Dr. Franklin, we are quite sure has appeared in print before, and we think has been read by others of our readers as well as by us. It may not have been published by his pious biographers, and of course would not be found in Sparks's life of this great man, as it would add nothing to the much needed proof of the Orthodox views of the writer. What a pity that none of our great men can be proved to have been Christians, while so many were and are either Infidels or Spiritualists.

### New Subscribers.

Our old patrons are still at work, each endeavoring to procure one or more new subscribers. The way the new names come in is in practical evidence that the circulation of the Banner of Light could be increased by tens of thousands, if our subscribers continue to use their influence in that direction as they have done of late. We are laboring for the good of humanity in disseminating the truths of Spiritualism, and we tender our sincere thanks to those who are striving to sustain us. We continue the list of names of those who have procured one or more new subscribers, with the money:

James Hook, three new ones; D. G. Spaulding, one; J. C. Moody, one; N. H. Prewitt, one; C. L. Spaulding, four renewals and one new; A. Simon-ton, one; J. Scobey, one; J. K. Jones, one; J. Hatch, one; W. Perkins, two; J. A. Blanchard, one; W. B. Ross, three; W. H. Shattuck, two; E. T. Chevallier, one; S. Young, one; A. Adams, one; A. T. Deyel, two; D. T. Smith, two; S. P. Crossman, three; B. S. Hubbell, two; W. F. Shattuck, one; C. B. Moore, two; M. Spencer, one and three renewals; W. H. Rudolph, one; W. H. Leavitt, \$9; W. Spencer, \$15 and one new; Wm. Burke, one.

### Music Hall Meetings.

A large audience assembled at Music Hall, Boston, on Sunday afternoon, March 21st, to listen to a lecture by Prof. William Denton. The subject was: "Science Man's Great Saviour," and it was handled with that evident deep research, earnestness of manner and incontrovertible reasoning, for which this gentleman is so widely and deservedly celebrated. We shall print a report of this lecture in a future issue.

Prof. Denton will lecture again at the same place on Sunday afternoon, April 4th. Subject: "THE UNSEEN."

### The South End Lyceum.

An election of officers of this Lyceum took place on the evening of March 17th, with the following result: Conductor, J. W. Maguire; Assistant Conductor, Dr. O. C. York; Guardian, Mrs. M. J. Stewart; Musical Directress, Mrs. Anna St. Johns; Secretary, A. J. Chase.

These officers were elected with great unanimity, and the spirit manifested by one and all was of that kind and degree which insures success.

From the Treasurer's report it appears that this Lyceum was formed a year ago this month. It began with only four children; now it numbers fifty. With no aid from any Society, and starting without a dollar, it has raised the sum of \$331.72, while its expenses have been but \$315.19, showing a balance of \$16.00 now in the treasury.

Overcoming the many difficulties incident to the formation of a Lyceum, paying for equipments, rent, library, &c., with a balance on hand, are present facts of a deeply significant character, and indicate still greater success in the future.

Its anniversary occurring on the 31st Inst.—Commemoration-Day among the Spiritualists—they propose to celebrate its advent with particular emphasis. On Thursday evening, April 1st, the Lyceum gives a free entertainment at Springfield Hall, No. 80 Springfield street, to consist of vocal and instrumental music, speaking by the children, tableaux, wing movements and dancing. Short and interesting addresses are expected from Lizzie Doten, Dr. H. B. Storer, Dr. H. F. Gardner, A. E. Carpenter, John Wetherbee, George A. Bacon and others.

We hope all friends in this vicinity interested in the Lyceum cause will attend and encourage those who are laboring so disinterestedly for and with the children. The blessings of angels rest upon the Lyceums.

### A Candid Review.

It is refreshing to find, in the secular press, so fair and candid an opinion of Spiritualism as we discover in a criticism of Mr. Sargent's new work, "The Despair of Science," which we clip from the Western Bookeller, a paper published in Chicago. How unlike the tone of the Universalist, published in this city, which sees nothing but "absurdity" and "triviality" in the work—a conclusion which no one free from bigotry and prejudice could arrive at after having read the book. It is evident the Universalist is alarmed at what is rapidly taking place; namely, absorption of the Universalist denomination by Spiritualism. But here is the extract:

"Mr. Epes Sargent has the honor of making the best work yet produced on the subject of Spiritualism. We gladly accord to his 'Full Account of Modern Spiritualism' the highest praise, because we believe it to be the work of a thoroughly satisfactory history of the most noteworthy religious demonstration of recent years. With millions of open or disguised Spiritualists in our own country, and millions more in other lands of Christendom, there has been great need of just such a book as this. As a candid account of Mr. Sargent has made. The average advocate of the movement has too little calmness and caution in moving among the strange things of this strange awakening, and are usually too deficient in judgment, logic and literary skill, to serve their cause with the world at large. But Mr. Sargent is a clever writer, free from enthusiasm and fanaticism, wary in encountering startling events, judicious in telling a story of wonder or presenting a suggestion, and thoroughly well informed on the subject of his book. The digest he has made of facts is far the best we have yet had. It gives us the most striking instances of the several classes of phenomena without wearying us with long stories and needless repetitions. His survey of opinions, faiths, fancies, etc., connected with Spiritualism, could not be better. Whoever reads his book will have run over the whole ground, in the company of an intelligent and trustworthy guide. We see no reason why the public should not call tens of thousands of this compact and readable history and exposition of Spiritualism."

### Chelsea Lyceum.

The Fourth Lyceum Concert was given on Sunday evening, March 14th. It was a grand success, the hall being filled to overflowing. The exercises were opened by a short address by the Conductor, Mr. John H. Crandon, after which "The Rock of Liberty" was sung with fine effect by the school, under the direction of the Musical Director, Mr. Hiley. The tableaux representing the passing from earth-life and awakening in Summer-Land, and also the Fountain of Love, were acknowledged to be the most beautiful ever given in Chelsea, the children all being dressed in white, and adorned with flowers. There were a large number of declamations, together with choice music and singing from the Spiritual Harp. At the morning session the Assistant Guardian presented the officers with new and beautiful badges and two new banners; one of white, and the other blue silk.

The Lyceum is now in a very flourishing condition, numbering between fifty and sixty scholars, and perfect harmony exists throughout.

### Dr. J. B. Ferguson.

The Nashville (Tenn.) Union and American, of March 13th, speaks of a lecture delivered in that city, by our friend Dr. Ferguson, in the following complimentary manner:

"The lecture of Rev. J. B. Ferguson at Masonic Hall last night called out one of the largest audiences of the season, composed principally of our oldest citizens. The subject chosen was Paris and France, in contrast with Nashville and the United States." Mr. Ferguson commenced his lecture by detailing the incidents connected with his trip to London and thence to Paris, which were highly interesting and entertaining, and greatly appreciated by his hearers. He then branched off into a contrast between Napoleon's dominions and the territory now presided over by Gen. Grant and with great ability handled his theme. None of the old fire has departed from him. The same eloquence which held his hearers spell-bound when he occupied the pulpit of one of our churches, is with him yet, and the same people who listened attentively to his logical and powerful sermons accord to him that fluency of language, and oratorical ability and poetry of thought, and elegant diction, and perfectly rounded sentences which made him so popular as a public speaker. We hope he may often be heard from during future lecture seasons."

### Industrial School.

Mrs. L. S. Batchelder, M. D., has opened an Industrial School for young women and girls, at 164 Hanover street, in this city, having for her object the making of women more independent than they now are of charitable institutions. The aim of the school is to assist girls and young women in learning to remodel and mend, in the neatest and best manner, all kinds of garments. We commend the new institution and its worthy founder to public attention; and wish for her that success which is her true desert in a work of such real charity.

### The Institution for the Blind.

S. G. Howe, in behalf of the trustees of the Institution for the Blind, asks the people of Massachusetts for one hundred thousand dollars. This sum is imperatively needed to keep the school in the front rank of kindred institutions. The present building needs enlargement, and the school requires new and improved apparatus. Contributions can be sent to Wm. Endecott, Jr., Boston, treasurer of the institution, or to S. G. Howe, 20 Bromfield street.

### Prof. Denton in Worcester.

A correspondent writes as follows: "I attended a lecture delivered by Mr. Denton last Sunday, (March 14th,) at Mechanic's Hall, before some two thousand to two thousand five hundred people. His subject was 'The Prophecies of the Bible,' which he apparently demolished entirely. I think it is a pity that the Orthodox bodies of Christendom are so slow to accept of the new era in discussion. I have heard him said that his listeners cannot be converted to so degrading a thing! In this thing, I trust their cunning, if they do not their wisdom. However, truth is working its way in spite of all opposition."



New Publications.

**THE NEW YORKER**, by Charles T. Congdon, are a make-up from the editorial articles written for the columns of the *New York Tribune* within the last dozen years, many of which are striking specimens of the satirical humorous style of writing for the newspaper. The larger part relate to slavery and the immediate causes of the war, and discuss those stirring events which followed. The flavor of the moment of first reading has by no means escaped, yet we could not fix our belief that fugitive and temporary editorial essays are the staple of permanent literature. Too often the very best of them would be dull reading, if pursued a day too early or too late, showing what an element of timeliness is in their value. Mr. Congdon is a ready and eloquent writer, loving good English with an individual relish, and fond of throwing out discursive glances, as he goes, at the rich stores of reading with which his vigorous mind has been fertilized. For sale by the New England News Company.

**PURMAN'S MONTHLY** for April continues the romance of To-Day, and gives us a variety table, with such attractive titles to the several dishes as *Confessions, Incidents in the Spanish Struggle, A Political Romance, Hunting in Cashmere, My Man Anthony, The Eastern Question, Wonders of the Deep, R. Hon. John Bright, The Young Men's Christian Association* and other good things pertaining more especially to current literature. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

**THE LADY'S FRIEND** for April is seasonably on our table, with a fresh Spring freight of engravings, fashion plates, patterns, receipts, poems, tales, essays, and criticisms. A spicy, racy, taking number of this always pleasant and useful magazine.

Joshua Warren, of Cliftondale, Mass., publishes the fourth edition of *Part of the First of a work entitled "TAXES CIVILIZATION,"* going to show that society has been formed on a wrong model—which is that of Communism, Clannishness, and Combination, instead of on that of Individuality, which is the great, supreme, divine, unconquerable law of order, peace and improvement.

**A REPORT OF THE SURVEYS** made across the Continent in 1867-'68, on the 33rd and 32d parallels, has been published by Gen. Wm. J. Palmer, to whom we are indebted for a copy. It is of much interest to all who turn their thoughts toward the furthest West.

**THE NURSERY** for April is a little gem for the little darlings. Mr. Shorey and Miss Severns are outdoing themselves with each new issue. "Once upon a Time" is just the picture to introduce the young folks to such a feast of pleasures.

The Rev. Mr. Hamilton, of Oakland, Cal., has preached four sermons from his pulpit (Presbyterian) on the future State, which gave serious offence to the Presbytery and finally led to his separation from the same. We have before us the offensive sermons, printed in handsome pamphlet form from the press of Carmony & Co., San Francisco. We may find space to recur to these discourses again.

**PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE** has a pretty steel engraving, called "Grandfather's Pipe," followed by brilliant fashion plates, blazings with the newest modes of Paris modiste, and the usual variety and attractiveness of patterns. The letter-press is from the most popular pens in light literature. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

**ONWARD** keeps true to its name, and monthly grows more substantially brilliant and enticing for the juveniles. Capt. Mayne Reid is throwing his energies into its success. He promises still better things ahead. The contents of the April number are very attractive for youthful eyes and minds. Published by Carleton, New York.

**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY** for April continues Malbone, an Oldport Romance, gives a pleasant essay on the Mission of Birds, commences the promised Autobiography of a Shaker, and proceeds with its table of supplies after this fashion: Run Wild; A Strange Arrival; How we Grow in the Great Northwest; A Carpet Bagger in Pennsylvania; The Fox in the Household; Our Inebriates, Classified and Clarified; Doorstep Acquaintance; The Pacific Railroad—open; A Ride with a Mad Horse in a Freight Car; To-Day; and Reviews and Literary Notices.

**LITTON'S MAGAZINE** gives the following table of contents: Beyond the Breakers, Part IV (by Robert Dale Owen); Hans Breitmann in Politics; College Education; The Prince's Surprise; The Neglected Grave; Our Globe in 1869; Traditional Fish Stories; First Fruits; Over Yonder; Women; Sam's Sermon; A Plea for the Shad; and Monthly Gossip and Literature of the Day.

**OUR YOUNG FOLKS** for April presents the Story of a Bad Boy; What are Corals? What will become of me? Wrecks and Wreckers? Gardening for Girls; The Violet; Tom Twist; The William Henry Letters; How to do it; At Queen Maude's Banquet; The Excitement at Kettleville; Round the Evening Lamp; and our Letter Box. A fresh and enticing series of papers.

**THE NEW YORKER** MAGAZINE—which we have noticed in previous months, published in Baltimore—has been consolidated with Gen. Hill's "The Land we Love," which is published by Turnbull & Murdoch, Baltimore. It gives a striking head of Bismarck, and the usual variety of fresh and readable selections from reviews, magazines, and daily journals, foreign and domestic.

Leo & Shepard have the "FATE MAID OF PERU," by Sir Walter Scott, from the press of the Petersons.

**VIRGINIA GRAHAM**, the Spy of the Grand Army, by Justin Jones, is one of the latest of Loring's publications in paper covers, and will be found full of excitement and entertainment.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

**A. E. Carpenter**, State Missionary, will lecture in Lowell, Sunday, April 4th; in Charlestown, April 11th.

**Cephias B. Lynn** lectured in Charlestown, March 21st and 28th, to crowded audiences. His lectures were sound, logical and very interesting. He is ready to answer calls to lecture in New England, before again returning West to fill engagements.

**J. B. Morrison** will lecture in Central Hall, Charlestown, April 18th and 25th.

**Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook** is engaged to lecture in Salem, Mass., during April.

**Mrs. Fannie T. Young** is lecturing in the West. Her address is Cedar Falls, Iowa, care of E. H. Griggs.

**James Trask** is lecturing in Somerset County, Maine, with marked success. His lectures and tests are awakening a lively interest among the people.

**G. A. Lomas**, a Shaker, "being desirous to advance the cause of Spiritualism from a Shaker standpoint," holds "himself free to lecture wheresoever 'two or three are gathered together' in Christ's name." He refers to S. J. Finney. His address is G. A. Lomas, Shakers, Albany, N. Y.

**E. V. Wilson** is lecturing in Cleveland to large audiences.

**E. S. Wheeler** wishes to make engagements to lecture "anywhere on the planet." Address, care of *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, Chicago, until March 28th; otherwise, room 1, 89 Bank street, Cleveland, Ohio, until further notice.

**Prof. J. H. Powell** gave his first discourse in Chicago on Sunday afternoon, March 14th, on the subject of "Spiritualism in England," to a very attentive and fair auditory. A desire was expressed, says the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, to hear Mr. Powell on the same subject again, which of course will depend on circumstances. Prof. Powell is waiting in Chicago for engagements, and will answer calls within any reasonable distance. His lectures are of a practical character, and delivered with force and earnestness.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

**S. L. Walker** writes that "the subject of Spiritualism in Poughkeepsie is stirring the public mind to a greater extent than at any former period of its modern history. We have had no lectures, or meetings, except private séances, but we have at least four healing mediums, and they are a convincing power in our city."

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The use of intoxicating drinks in the United States has recently been the subject of an extended investigation by a physician of St. Louis, Mo., who has published the results of his inquiries. From these statistics it appears that out of every three hundred men in the United States, one hundred and twenty never drink spirits and one hundred and seventy-eight drink to various degrees of intoxication.

The Women's Cooperative Union in California, six months old, has already cleared \$1000, having about \$8000 stock on hand. It provides one hundred and sixty women with sewing.

The Emperor of Russia gets \$25,000 salary a day; the Sultan \$18,000; Napoleon \$14,210; the Emperor of Austria \$10,030; the King of Prussia \$8210; Victor Emmanuel \$6340; Victoria \$6270; Leopold of Belgium \$1643; and President Grant \$38.50.

What is the best stimulant for the hare? The greyhound. Mayor Hall of New York is trying to break up the numerous swindling agencies which have their headquarters at New York, and find victims in all parts of the country.

Why was Herod's wife a Fenian? Because she had a head sent her.

Wirt is to have a monument.—Ez. He has one already, composed of the bones of his starved victims.

The New York Episcopalian fears the Methodists are "trying to take possession of the government." Poor bigot!

The Indian Ring folks are likely to lose their scalps under the new order of things at Washington. "Quaker" gunnars much more economical than iron ones, Uncle Sam is finding out at last.

The colored people of the District of Columbia are making arrangements to celebrate, on an extensive scale, the anniversary of the abolition of slavery in that District.

As the price of gold goes down, so flatten railroad stocks.

Charles W. Elliot, son of the late Samuel A. Elliot, formerly Mayor of Boston, has been nominated to the Board of Overseers, to fill the President's chair of Harvard University. The appointment awaits the confirmation of the Board of Overseers. He is a good specimen of "Young America," and cares more for physical culture than for creeds.

John Stuart Mill says all reforms "have to pass through three stages—ridicule, argument and adoption."

The Stockbridge Indians in Wisconsin are rapidly disappearing. This tribe once numbered ten thousand warriors. They immigrated from Massachusetts to New York in 1780, to Ohio in 1800, and to Wisconsin in 1821. They are now suffering for food, and number but three hundred men, women and children.

Why might carpenters really believe there is no such thing as a stone? Because they never saw it.

In the angel's holy presence my fainting soul grows strong. Strong still to seek to do the right, and meekly bear the wrong.

Sting still to suffer patiently, where'er my lot may be. Knowing the bliss hereafter, where my spirit shall be free.

Mas. M. E. B. S.

T. Bigelow Lawrence, of this city, Consul-General to Italy, died suddenly in Washington, D. C., March 21st.

Use makes the angel. Only the knowledge that subserves the ends of life becomes a working power.—Harris.

When stoves are red-hot the gases of combustion leak through their pores like water through a sponge. This is one cause of the unhealthiness of rooms thus heated.

THE PRESS OF HAIN.

[This is all very fine, provided the lover gets hold of one of the born and not bought treasures.]

Nay but, you who do not love her, Is she not pure gold, my mistress?

Holds earth aught—speak truth—above her? Aught like this treasure, seal and this dress?

And this last latest dress of all, So fair, so true, so sweet, so true?

Because you spend your lives in praising, To praise you search the wide world over; So why not witness, calmly gazing,

If earth holds aught—speak truth—above her? Above this dress, and this I touch But cannot praise, I love so much!

—Robert Browning.

When is a blow from a lady welcome? When she strikes you agreeably.

The following typographical error shows the vast importance of the comma. At a banquet this toast was given: "Woman—without her man, is a brute."

**RATHER HAS THE DOCTOR.**—Jesse Grant relates that the Rev. Dr. Wadsworth lately affirmed that "Satan is the God of this world," and then advised his hearers to "look for assistance to the ruler of all the earth." Fair Jesse does not mean to say that the Doctor told his hearers to "go to the devil," does he?—*Oakland (Cal.) Transcript.*

Why do girls kiss each other, and men not? Because girls have nothing better to kiss, but men have.

A lady in Philadelphia quotes a "notice" in the announcement of a grand ball at the Academy of Music: "Females of an equivocal character will be rigidly excluded." Why not apply the same rule, she asks, to males of an equivocal character? The question is well put.

**THE MARRIAGE OF PRIESTS.**—The Court of Appeals at Naples, Italy, has decided that the marriage of priests of the Catholic Church is legal. This decision establishes the perfect independence of the State in its relations with the Church, and determines the position of a priest in presence of the law. It is expected that the Ecumenical Council, which is to meet at Rome, in December next, will confirm and endorse this decision.

**EMMA HARDINGE'S NEW BOOK.**—The London *Human Nature* says: "From various sources, the information has reached us that Mrs. Harding's 'History of Modern Spiritualism' is rapidly approaching completion, and some positive announcement respecting it may be looked for soon. From all reports, it is a work of great interest." The same magazine adds: "A well authenticated rumor intimates that a Biography of Mrs. Emma Hardinge is in preparation."

The centenary anniversary of the birth of Napoleon I., which will occur on the 15th of August next, is to be the occasion of great festivities throughout the French Empire.

Never give your tongue its full liberty; let it be always your servant, never your master.

True wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing, and to do what is best worth doing.

A Louisiana paper says: "A mother and her child were accidentally ground up in Bogg's sugar-cane mill last week. We regret the accident, as the quality of sugar furnished at this place has been very good."

**Mrs. Moulton**—she that was Miss Greenough of Boston—is coming home from Paris to slog for charitable objects. Her voice is described as "the finest that America has produced, and her face as one that throws trouble into the innermost depths of the soul of man."

A dispatch from Omaha says the Union Pacific Railroad commenced carrying passengers and mails to Ogden, one thousand and twenty-four miles west from Omaha, on Thursday, March 23th.

**TO INVALIDS.**—Dr. Swan continues to treat all kinds of chronic diseases at his rooms, Washington St., with marked success. We have seen many certificates of persons who have been cured or greatly benefited by the treatment.

**Mrs. Morrison**, of Bushnell's Basin, who had been confined to her bed for ten weeks by nervous debility, was able after one treatment to ride ten miles.

**Mrs. Adair**, of Toronto, who had been a great sufferer for ten years from female weakness, came to this city for treatment some time since, and now writes that she is well.

**Mrs. E. E. Roberts**, of this city, states that her mother has for six months been confined to her room by what was pronounced by one eminent physician an incurable cancerous disease, and that Dr. Swan was called, who gave one treatment, when she was enabled to walk without support or supporters.

The above are only samples of the cures daily effected.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat*, March 30.

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE, 544 BROADWAY.

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

Large Assortment of Spiritual and Liberal Books.

Complete works of A. J. Davis, comprising twenty-two volumes, all neatly and substantially bound in cloth. Nature's Divine Revelations, 12th edition. Great Harmony, in five volumes, each complete—Physician, Teacher, Seer, Reformer and Thinker. Magic Staff, an Autobiography of the author. Penetrator, Harbinger of Health, the Power of the Human Mind, Questions, Morning Lectures (20 discourses), History and Philosophy of Evil, Philosophy of Spirit Intercourse, Philosophy of Special Providence and Free Thought Concerning Religion, Death and After Life, Children's Progressive Lyeum Manual, Arabia, or Divine Quest, Stellar Key to the Summer-Land, Harmonical Man, Spirit Mysteries Explained, Inner Life, Truth versus Deceit, and Memorabilia. Whole set (twenty-two volumes) \$25; a most valuable present for a library, public or private.

Four books by Warren Chase—Life Line; Fugitive Wife; American Crisis, and Gist of Spiritualism—can be had for \$2. Complete works of Thomas Paine, in three volumes, price \$6; postage 50 cts.

Persons sending us \$10 in one order can order the full amount, and we will pay the postage where it does not exceed book rates. Send post-office orders when convenient. They are always safe, as are registered letters under the new law.

London Spiritual Magazine, a most valuable monthly, mailed on receipt of the price of 25 cents. The *Northman*, a Chicago spiritual monthly, can be had at our stores; and also the radical, the ablest monthly published in our country on religious subjects, and fully up to its name.

Call and see our assortment, which now comprises nearly all the books and papers in print on our widespread and fast spreading philosophy of Spiritualism.

Is Life a Failure?

Some years ago, we were standing by an old friend of our earlier days, one who had sought riches and found them, who had raised a large family and seen a large amount of trouble with them, arising mainly from his wealth, but none from his wife, who had ever seconded his wishes, and proved a true and faithful sharer in his efforts to get rich. In an old familiar style of expression he said, "Well, with me life has been a failure. I started to get rich, and have got rich, and soon I shall die and leave a quarrel over my estate, and more misery than happiness for all this effort." He further remarked upon the uncertainty of the future to him. He had no fixed belief in a future life; all was uncertain; sometimes he thought Christianity was true, as his Calvinistic mother taught him, and sometimes he thought there might be truth in Spiritualism; but the phenomena he had seen led him to fear it was the devil, and his business did not allow him time to thoroughly examine anything pertaining to the future, even to the day of his sudden death, which occurred soon after our conversation. We assured him that to us life had not been a failure, and that the future was real, certain and transparent, and although we had not started to get rich, and were glad we had not, yet life had been a blessing, and amply rewarded us for living it.

This conversation and its two histories has often been a source of reflection to us, and led us to take into its scope many other persons whom we have known in whom some ruling passion has predominated, that led the mind away from the true source of happiness in this and the life to come, viz: a knowledge and performance of the proper and highest relations, obligations and duties to our fellow-beings, and in adding each to unfold the Divine germ within to harmony and love.

To try to get rich, and succeed for the sake of riches, is a failure in the purposes of life. To try to be popular for the praise of man only, is also a failure in its triumph, and such men, though counted wise, are often ignorant, as was the case of Daniel Webster, who seemed surprised to find he still lived when he was dying. He did not know that he could live through death.

**THREESCORE AND TEN.**

We heard Judge Edmonds relate the incident out of which sprung the piece of poetry which we insert, and a copy of which we begged from him.

On Saturday, March 13th, he was seventy years old. He returned home from his office late in the afternoon of that day, wearied with toil and pain, having suffered a good deal, for several weeks, from neuralgia. On arriving at his house he found it full of company; his children, grandchildren, sister, and nephews and nieces, having assembled, of their own accord, to celebrate his birthday, on his "Threescore and ten." And a very merry party it was, as he said, at dinner, and kept up to a late hour in the evening.

After the company had left, and his family had gone to bed, and he was sitting alone in his library, between eleven and twelve at night, he was influenced to write the following lines:

**THREESCORE AND TEN.**

I stood by the side of an old oak tree, Whose branches were bare and whose trunk was frail;

As the winter's wind blew strong and free, It told, in tones of a lengthening wail,

A tale of the present and past, Of the leaves that forever were gone,

Of the summers it never would enjoy again; And as it bent to the turbulent blast,

It told me in language so sad and forlorn, Such is the fate of Threescore and Ten.

I stood by its side when the storm had passed, When its life had withered and died;

While in the earth its roots were fast, Still to the Heaven it lifted its head,

And as if of the world of God, Of the blisses of a life eternal;

And wrote with the fire of a living pen— That beyond the reach of suffering's rod, There was a life in realms supernatural,

Rapidly coming to Threescore and Ten.

I saw it again when it had fallen to earth, And was a mouldering log in the wilderness;

When there was nothing left to tell of its birth, Or recall its vigor of childhood.

But out of the life of its certain decay The germs of a new life were springing,

And I saw in Heaven's kind providence then, That in the mortal life of to-day

Death a new use was bringing, Rapidly coming to Threescore and Ten.

I saw it again when it had fallen to earth, And was a mouldering log in the wilderness;

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kind, and when, unhappily, the teachings of true religion are indifferently preached and loosely practiced, the lover of his fellow-creatures will welcome any phase of belief which tends to exalt the hopes and refine the perceptions of large masses. We have no doubt that the influence of "Spiritualism" as a religious belief, is both elevating and ameliorating in its effect upon those who separate its ideal character from the gross impostures which demand its so-called "manifestations," and delude so many honest seekers after light.

We are glad to see this candid and fair statement coming from that source, for the article alluded to by us before was not the first scurrilous attack on the whole body of Spiritualists, and which we never before saw followed by an apology or a word of palliation. But the press generally, of late, is changing its tone and coming round with the public opinion of our country.

No doubt the above apology was elicited by the following remarks of a correspondent in reply to Mr. Anonymous "Professor," who, by-the-way, we understand is a rigid Swedenborgian. His "church" is in danger, he perhaps thinks; and so, like a mad dog, he barks at everybody, and would bite, had he teeth with which to nip:

"New York, March 10th, 1869.

To the Editor of the New York Dispatch: An article having appeared in your paper denouncing Spiritualism in the most unchristian spirit, from the pen of a professor or follower of Jesus Christ, it may not be inappropriate to remind the writer that the same style of abuse and aggression has been tried many times before in the world's history; and the bigot should know by this time, that the blood of the martyr is the seed of the church, and also, that no heresy was ever stamped out in the way the writer proposes. I have known of a certain heretic, who, they say, no doubt, hated the Christian as heartily as this great Christian Champion Professor hates the Spiritualists of to-day.

We hope, if he speaks again, that his reason will get the better of his prejudice and passion, and that he will tell us in the name of our Father in heaven, why he entertains such a bitter spirit toward his fellow-creatures. For the enlightenment of the gentleman we will mention some of the principles of belief and practice in which all Spiritualists agree: We believe in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; that God is a God of love; in the immortality of the soul; that the future life is a continuation of this life; that our happiness hereafter depends on our deeds in this life; that after death, we retain our identity, and that human beings, after death, do return and make themselves known to their friends and relatives in this life. These are some of the articles in the creed of the Spiritualist. They are not printed in catechisms, but constitute the consciousness of the Spiritualist, the every-day struggle and effort of that consciousness to manifest in deed and practice. For further information, we cordially invite the gentleman to be present at our next anniversary, which will take place at the Cooper Institute on the 31st of March, in the evening, on which day the child will be twenty-one years old. Respectfully, J. R. A.

New York Children's Lyceum.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Permit us to call the attention of the Spiritualists and mediums in general, and New York City in particular, that, though the Lyceum, in this city, under the able direction of Mr. Farnsworth, and the meetings at the Everett Rooms, are prospering, and that Spiritualism is fast becoming a power through the above organizations, yet we need the pecuniary efforts and support of every friend of our cause in this city. There are many here possessing abundant means to add us, and if they, and many mediums who are prosperous, would come forward with a will, to encourage us by their presence and contributions, we would not be behind our brethren in your city in obtaining a hall of our own. We appeal to every Spiritualist who sincerely desires to advance the cause of humanity in this world and the spirit-world, to encourage, support and strengthen the organizations in his respective locality. Our motto is onward and upward. J. R. A.

New York, March 11th, 1869.

Spiritualists visiting New York, can be accommodated with rooms, in a private family, on more reasonable terms than at the hotels, at No. 140 East 15th street.

Boston Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Services are held in this elegant and spacious hall every SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AT 2 1/2 O'CLOCK, and will continue until next May, under the management of Mr. L. B. Wilson. Engagements have been made with able normal, trance and inspirational speakers. Season tickets (securing a reserved seat), \$1.00; single admission, ten cents. Tickets obtained at the Music Hall office, day or evening, and at the *Banner of Light* office, 163 Washington street. Prof. William Denton will lecture April 4.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 80 cts. per copy. HULL'S NATURAL HISTORY OF THE JOURNAL OF SCIENCE and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents. THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by S. S. Jones, Esq. Single copies can be procured at our counters in Boston and New York.

THE ROSTRUM: A Monthly Magazine, devoted to the Harmonical Philosophy. Published by Hull & Jamieson, Chicago, Ill. Single copies 20 cents.

THE PRESENT AGE: Devoted to the Spiritual Philosophy. Published by the Michigan Spiritual Publication Company. Price 6 cents per copy.

THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

L. ARMISTEAD, SACRAMENTO, CAL.—Jan. 7th, 1869, received \$6.00; March 19th, received \$6.00.

C. H. GORDON, TREASURE CITY, NEVADA.—\$6.00 received. "SHAWMUT."—Would like to see you.

Business Matters.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1162 Broadway, New York. 4w.M6.

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

ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS, by R. W. Flint, 105 East 12th street—second door from 4th avenue—New York. Inclose \$2 and 3 stamps. M13.5w

Mrs. R. L. MOORE sends clairvoyant prescriptions on receipt of \$1 and two stamps. Address care of Warren Chase, 544 Broadway, New York. F27.8w



## 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 a medium.

**Mr. 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 more advanced sphere of spirit-life. 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 time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Free of charge. No collection. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

**Bouquets of Flowers.**  
Persons so inclined, who attend our Free Circles, are requested to donate natural bouquets of flowers, to be placed on the table. It is the earnest wish of our angel friends that this be done, for they, as well as mortals, are fond of beautiful flowers, emblems of the divinity of creation.

**Invocation.**  
Keep us, oh Lord, ever within the consciousness of thy love, and may we not seem to be deserted by the good and the true. When the shadows of evil are round about us, oh may our good sense and our divine inspiration be our guard by day and by night, leading us out of the darkness and into the morning light of truth and wisdom, giving us strength with which to perform the duties of life, and shedding across the pathway of our being those bright sun-rays of the kingdom of heaven that shall ever guide us to peace. Our Father, the thoughts of these thy mortal children float out upon the atmosphere, rising, ever rising in the scale of life and hope. And we ask thy blessing to rest upon them. Not that thou art not always blessing each soul, but may blessings come into their conscious lives and rest upon the altars of their souls like a fair white dove, and when its soft wings are folded closely, their hearts may be sent out a song of thanksgiving, giving that shall be deeper than that of the angels, that shall be brighter than that of the angels, and on the plains of Judea, many, many years ago. Oh grant that all mortal souls this day may feel thy nearness and be blessed by the holy assurance that they are encompassed about by the world of spirits, that their every thought is known, that their every deed is seen, and all their lives are treasured in the great record of eternity. Oh Holy Spirit, we bless thee for this hour and its advantages, for the great light that is being shed throughout the earth in this age, and for all those blessings which come disguised to us, oh our Father, we do most fervently thank thee. Grant that we may be enabled to order that we may obtain mercy. Teach us to be true, in order that we may understand thy truth. Teach us of those higher attributes of divinity, so that we may enjoy thy kingdom wherever we may be. And in thy name, oh our Father, we ever utter our praises, we ever send forth our prayers, we ever lay our petitions upon the altar of life. Amen.  
Dec. 21.

### Questions and Answers.

**CONTROLLING SPIRIT.**—We are now ready to answer your questions, Mr. Chairman, if such you have to propound.

**Q.**—Will there not soon be more distinct communion between the spirit-life and the earth-life?

**A.**—If your correspondent means to ask if there will not be very soon a more general and direct communication between this life and that which is to come, I shall answer, just so fast as you are fit to receive communications of an emphatic kind from the spirit-world, you will receive them. You seem to suppose that that world is situated far from you, when it is really in your midst, and the communications coming therefrom are as closely allied to your own souls as they can be by any possibility. Every soul seeks for light from the spirit-world, for new revelations concerning this modern faith; is constantly expecting something greater, something more clearly defined, something that shall answer the call of human nature more definitely, something that shall appeal emphatically to the senses. This is well. And will their expectations be realized? I think they will. The spirit-world is constantly making great efforts in your behalf. Societies are being formed all over our spirit-world for your good, for the good of all those minds that are bounded about by clouds of clay. One set of minds can be reached in one way, and another set in another way; one demand the alphabet of the science of life; another group demands something higher, and so on. All are calling for certain degrees of these spirit revelations. Every soul will be answered, I believe, in due season.

**Q.**—Will the intelligence please inform us into what state or condition our spirits enter (while in the body) when we are under the influence of sleep, produced naturally or otherwise?

**A.**—The spirit under such circumstances retires or recedes from the external sensorium, therefore it can receive no impressions from the external world during that time. But where is it? you ask. It may be floating off in space, communicating with distant intelligences, gathering into its soul-life that food which the soul has need of. It is living in the inner life for the time being. It has departed or receded from the external world, the outer life, and it lives in the inner life, and the record of that inner life is being made up at that time. It is answering the demands of that soul. There is no such thing as absolute unconsciousness for the dwelling spirit. It knows of the outside world, but it is conscious then of the inner life. There is no such thing as absolute rest, you say. If the spirit is always conscious during sleep, why does the reason seem to lose her sway over it?

**A.**—There are two sets of reasoning powers. One belongs to this human life, the other to the inner life. When it retires from the external consciousness, or the external sensorium, it does not lay aside its reasoning powers in the internal. It has only yielded up the control of the external for the time being. You live, here in this world, two distinctly marked lives. It possesses two distinctly marked individualities. One has been made up of external circumstances, of the things that belong to the human body, to human life—the other made up of spiritual circumstances, or of things belonging to the inner life.

**Q.**—But the mental experiences in dreams often seem nonsensical. How should that be so if reason still guides?

**A.**—There are sometimes certain detached fragments of life, of the circumstances through which the soul at the time is passing, that are disarranged by the external brain; and because they are detached fragments, unconnected scenes, broken into here and there—because the spirit has not control of the external, they seem and are nonsensical. It is only because the spirit has retired from the external machinery, it is not because the spirit itself has forgotten its reason. By no means.

**Q.**—If spirits are always conscious of spiritual surroundings, please explain why some spirits return through mediums and declare that they are living in a life of the flesh, or the external life, not seeming to understand that they have passed out of the body?

**A.**—You misunderstood me. I affirmed that the spirit was never absolutely unconscious; that would be equivalent to death to the spirit. Its powers are active, sometimes in one direction and sometimes in another. Circumstances, both those that belong to this life and to the spirit-world proper, have very great power over the manifestations of all spirits. For instance, a spirit passes out of the body under the influence of alcoholic stimulants. He enters the spirit-world in a befogged and clouded mental state, but is he unconscious? By no means; he is a thinking, moving spirit, not unconscious, but by reason of external circumstances the expression of the spirit is not uniform; it is clouded; its steps are tottering, and it cannot give forth free and clear speech concerning itself.

**Q.**—If Spiritualism were proved false, what effect would it have upon the history of the Bible?

**A.**—To my mind it would have a very serious

effect, because by and through the life of Spiritualism—ancient Spiritualism—the Bible has its existence. It lives through that, if it lives at all. So to prove that Spiritualism were false, would be to prove that all the circumstances recorded in the Bible were equally false; for they every one of them stand upon the spiritual platform and exist by spiritual life, if they exist at all.  
Dec. 21.

### My Phelps.

I am Amy Phelps. I was born in Sandusky, Ohio. I was twenty-two years old and three months at the time of my death. At the breaking out of the war I was teaching in Tennessee. I believed, as many Northerners did, it was only a short storm, that would soon pass away, and so I made no effort to go to my friends in the West. And when the waves of war began to run high, it was found to be quite unsafe for all Northern people, unless they were radical in Southern notions. After the North began to take prisoners from the South and the South from the North, and the hospitals began to be filled, I assure you there was work enough to do; and I thought it would be far more benevolent for me to stay where I was and do whatever I might be able to do for the sick and wounded in the hospitals, than to fly from the scene of war to a home of peace, even if I could have done so—but crossing the line was then rather dangerous.

I received one letter from my friends in the West, urging me to come home as soon as possible. I answered it, giving my reasons for not going, but told them I should do so as soon as I thought it would be right. I went into the hospital; I ministered to the needs of those who were suffering from wounds and sickness, and I finally broke down myself with lung fever. I rallied from that, and got able to go on duty again, but took cold and had a relapse, which resulted in what they said was quick consumption and hemorrhage of the lungs. I was unable to give any information to my friends of my condition. I died in silence toward them because I could do no better.

I have been watching with such intense anxiety for the hour to come when I could return and give them some information concerning my death and my present state of existence. I know they have never been able to gain anything definite, because they do not know where to direct letters to those who were with me during my sickness. I know their minds have been tortured with the belief that something fearful happened to me; that I died a terrible death; that perhaps I was murdered; or that I was imprisoned because of my Union sentiments; and so they are wondering what could have taken me away. If they will direct a letter to William Alexander, at New Orleans, La., they will be asked with earthly information concerning my death, and I shall have done that. I ask that their next step will be to seek to communicate personally with me. Lay aside all prejudices with regard to this religion, and receive it for what it is worth. If they prove it to be worthless to them, they need have nothing further to do with it. But if it gives them one truth concerning the life to come, it is worth more than all this world hath bestowed upon them; because a knowledge of the life to which all souls here are hastening, is indeed the pearl of great price, and whosoever possesses it, possesses a light which will guide them through the darkness of death and make glorious the shores of the hereafter. Farewell, sir.  
Dec. 21.

### Ben. Harris.

Hallo! hallo! hallo! Oh, beg pardon. [You didn't know where you were going, did you?] No, hardly. I am an engineer by profession, and am in the habit of running pretty fast—sometimes too fast. Ben. Harris, my name. I hail from the old Green Mountain State; however, I spent quite a fair portion of time in old Massachusetts, but came to a sudden wind-up in earthly affairs by an accident on the road. They said if I had been running slow at the time the accident did not have happened. But, you see, the rebs were bound to upset us, anyway. The command I had on board were ordered to be at the next station at such a time. I had only a very short time to go there—well, I had about twenty-two minutes, and I should have occupied three-quarters of an hour in going that distance. I was told to be at that station at such a time, and I was going to be there, but, you see, the rebs, they tore up the track, and as I was running fast of course we met with an accident, and I was the first to get on the other side. I believe there were some six or seven sent over with me—never heard of any more.

I've been trying, you see, to get round this way to state the case as it was, and to say to my friends this way I am very well situated in the spirit-world, and as there is a good deal of fast traveling there, I can exercise my proclivities in that direction to my soul's content, and no danger of accidents, no necks to break, nothing of the sort.

I had a premonition, some seven years before my death, that I should be killed on the road. I related that premonition, which came in the shape of a dream, to my friends. I related it to my friends. It was like this: I am traveling, you see, by this statement—I had seven stations to pass, and at each station there was a child holding a white flag, and when I came to the last station the child threw down the white flag and says, in effect—I stopped and asked the meaning—the child says: "You have passed seven stations; it is all you are required to pass. You have completed seven cycles; that is all you are required to complete in this life. You go no further." I woke up. It was a dream, and, strange to say, it troubled me. I came to the conclusion that there was a seven about it some way, and I was not to tell. Some of my friends suggested one thing, and to the effect: One of my good friends said to me, "Perhaps you took seven glasses of whiskey before you went to bed, and it meant that." But it really was not so, because I was not in the habit of doing any such thing; not that I was any better than anybody else—I was not total abstinence—but I was not in the habit of getting drunk, and I rather think if I had taken seven glasses I should have been tee-totally drunk.

I should be very happy to communicate with my brother Nathan and with my friend Robert Adams—those two particularly; happy to communicate with all the rest, with feel that they would not be risking too much to talk with a dead engineer. Good-day, captain. [On what road were you killed?] The Ohio and Baltimore. When you want a good fast ride on our side call for me, and I am just the one who can get you from one point to another safely. [Dead-head?] Yes, dead-head in more senses than one. [Thank you. Where did you start from when the accident occurred?] I was running out of Baltimore.  
Dec. 21.

### Harrison L. Dyke.

I would be very glad to communicate with the friends I have left, because I have many things which I might inform them concerning, which would lift many burdens from their shoulders, and enlighten them very much concerning these things. I know nothing of this spirit force, or power, before my death. I was on board the Cumberland. Harrison L. Dyke, my name. I was in my thirty-second year. I left my wife and two children in Philadelphia. They consider me dead. Do not know that they can have any further communication with me, till, as they suppose, the sea shall give up its dead, and in trumpet shall sound. But there is a way by which all such clouds of ignorance may be swept into the dark past, where they belong. And I propose to make the very best use of that way, by forcing myself through the shadows, till I come out in such tangible shape that they cannot reject me. I am not invested with the dignity of an angel, by no means. I am just where I was when death found me. Have taken a few steps, perhaps, in advance, but not enough to make any very great change in me. And my friends must not suppose me to be an angel, because death has separated me from the body. What I mean by an angel is a superior intelligence. I am no more in that line than I was when here. I could man a gun on board ship when here, and give me the right instrument I could do now; but to preach a sermon would be quite another thing. To talk about the great white throne, and the city whose streets are paved with gold, and the walls studded with precious stones, would be quite out of my call. My imagination is not vivid enough. I would like that my friends take the usual means by which we dead people can communicate with those you call living, and after they have taken what steps are necessary, I will add

still further; and if the shadows don't clear away, it won't be because I don't try to clear them away. Farewell.  
Dec. 21.

### Edith Stevens.

[Well, little one, what have you to say?] I don't know. I want to say a good many things. I was born in Albion, Mich. But when my father went to war, my mother came down to New York to stay, and I was sick there, and I took the scarlet fever there, and died. Edith Stevens is my name. I was eight years old when we came down to New York; but I am twelve, most thirteen, now. My mother says she has seen cause to curse the day that she took me to New York. But that isn't the best way, because, you see, now I am living in a beautiful world, where people don't get sick as they do here, and where, when my mother gets ready to come, I shall be here all ready to meet her. And I want to tell her not to cry any more, because my father blamed her for taking me to New York. He said it was a very unwise move. I shall scold him right smart and hard, when I get a chance to go; that, because, you see, he should not have told her so. She felt bad enough, and he should not have told her so, if he did think so, and I shall scold him just a heap when I see him. [He did not consider how she would feel.] I know. People do that, you know. They say things when they are provoked, that they would not say any other time. It won't hurt him any for me to scold him. He is often saying things when he gets cross. My mother says she has got no little peace-maker now. I don't like to have her say that, because, you see, I am alive now, just as I was. I see her, and I see my father, and I am just coming back over the road again to be a peace-maker, and if I do scold sometimes, it will be because people need it. It was good for me to get scolded sometimes. I was better for it afterwards.

Now I want to tell father that next time he thinks anything like that he must not speak it, better not say it, and he would not be happy, and he wouldn't do any good at all. It couldn't bring me back. If it could, there might have been some sense in saying it.

And won't you say, too, that Uncle Orlando would be very glad to communicate with my mother? He was killed in the Confederate service. You see, he lived South, and he went into the war South, and he was killed, and my mother did not learn anything about it, only she knows he was killed in the army. And you say to her that he would like to come back, would like to talk. My mother thought it could not be possible that he was in the army, because he had a stiff wrist, and she thought he would not be taken into the army; but he says, "Tell her that they was not so particular at the South as they was at the North about accepting volunteers; anybody that was willing to serve, if they had it but one arm or one eye, was accepted." [Was he willing to serve?] Yes, oh yes, he was. He lived at the South, and he thought just as the people there did, and he said that there would be one good smart brush with the Northern folks, and then they would see the South was really in earnest, and they would back down and give 'em their rights; but they didn't back down, did they? My father was fighting against him, and he was fighting against my father. Wasn't that awful? [Yes, it was, but it was not now.] [Is your father in Michigan now?] Yes.

The superintendent here requests me to say that when I leave, you will listen to a reading by "Prairie Flower." Don't forget my name, sir, and my age, and all that, will you? [No].  
Dec. 21.

The selections read by "Prairie Flower" were two poems by Mrs. Howarth, entitled "All Souls," and "Edgar A. Poe."

Scéance conducted by William E. Channing; letters answered by William Berry.

### Invocation.

Our Father, Wisdom, and our Mother Love, we pray thee that the fair white dove of peace may fold her soft wings closely around these human hearts, shutting out for the moment the cares and confusion of the earthly life, quickening their senses so that they may hear faint whispers from that spirit-land, so dear to all—dear, because it contains treasures greater than the earth ever knew; dear, because the mother's babe is there; dear, because the sire is there; dear, because brothers and sisters are there; dear, because husbands and wives are there; dear, because friends and neighbors are there; dear, because all the soul-wealth of the earth is gathered there.

Oh our Father, we praise thee for the spirit-world, with its crown of beauty and glory, with its river of life, with its peaceful valleys, with its towering mountains, with all that makes life beautiful. Oh, for such a spirit-world we praise thee. And descending therefrom, we praise thee, no less, oh our Father, for the gift of the earthly life, with all its bright sunbeams and with all its dark shadows, with all its sickness and crime, with all those cruel and painful whorls and treads, and all those fine and cruel whorls and treads of mortality, we bless thee for this handsome day, which, like a gem upon the brow of time, glitters to praise thee, the giver. Our Father, thou hast heard our prayers in all the past, and hath never forsaken us. Thy right hand of strength hath led us through all places. Thy wisdom hath been sufficient for our ignorance, and, oh Lord, we do not doubt this hour, but we pray more earnestly than ever that thy strength and wisdom and love may be poured out into the consciousness of human souls, so that they shall walk more consciously with thee day by day, and more by hours, understanding that day and night and year, and that their every thought, is considered and recorded in the spirit-world. Oh, we pray thee that ministering angels of mercy may hover nigh the beds of suffering where diseased forms languish between the world of matter and the world of mind, where the great shadow of sorrow has fallen. Oh may the angels be there to lift it, and soft hands be there to wipe away the tears, gentle arms be there to twine around the weak ones when they shall hear the voice calling them to come up higher. And oh grant that benevolence may find a place in every heart, that charity may no longer come knocking at the doors of hearts, seeking to find a resting place, but oh, may it be a guest in every heart, and an honored guest. Oh may it be understood, and clothed henceforth in pure white robes. May it be worshiped more on earth because our Father is as one of thy ministering spirits that will lead children out of darkness into light, receive our prayers; guide us in the way of truth; lead us into thy kingdom of wisdom. Grant that we may practice all holy virtues, through all our deeds and all our thoughts, so that thy kingdom of heaven may ever be with us. Amen.  
Dec. 22.

### Questions and Answers.

**Q.**—Why is such absolute authority permitted in the Catholic Church? I mean authority over the mass of the people.

**A.**—It would be well to ask the same question concerning all other Churches. The Catholic Church is by no means alone in the exercise of power over the common people. The clergy of all Protestant Churches exercise the same power, only in a different degree. It has a different face, wears different clothes. Still it is the same spirit of religious authority. There is very little tolerance in the Church or Churches—very little in the Church of them, either Catholic or Protestant. The Church marks out a certain path by which her adherents are to find heaven, if they find it at all, and whose dares to step outside of that path commits a sin against the Church, and against the God of that special Church. The Catholic sins if he eats meat on Friday, unless he has special permission from the priest so to do. The Protestant sins if he happens to ride too fast on the Sabbath; if he goes out into the fields, instead of going within the walls of some Church to listen to some prayer sermon. Where is the difference? Only in appearance; none in fact. From time immemorial the Churches have always exercised a spirit of authority. We go back as far as Churches had an existence, as religious sects had a being, and we find that the leaders of those sects exercised their authority over the masses. Go, if you please, among the Shakers; see the authority that the leaders exercise over the masses there, and yet they are God's people, so they say. Listen for a moment to a conversation between two church members of the Protestant Church. One desires very much to visit a certain place of amusement, and the other says, "Well, I would like to go, but what would my minister

say? How will it look for a church member to visit such a place? I want to go, but then the Church rises up and forbids it." Now here is a warfare between natural inclination—and honest inclination—and the Church. The authority of the Church says, "Thus far and no farther; and why does it say so? Simply because the people allow it. The masses allow the few to rule. But you may say, 'They do not rule. We choose our clergy.' We change them if we do not like them." All that may be very true, but the changing of the clergy does not by any means rob them of their spiritual assumed authority. They will tell you, "It is wrong. God says so." Well, how do you know he says so? "Why, the Holy Scriptures tell me so." But I tell you that is no revelation at all. What comes to your individual soul is a revelation to you. When it comes through a sect or party it is no revelation. Now, the authority which the Church exercises over the people comes in consequence of the willingness of the people to be led. They want somebody to do their thinking and their praying for them. They want somebody to unlock the doors of heaven for them. The Catholic wants a St. Peter. The Protestant wants a Jesus Christ. Where is the difference? In the name. That is all.

**Q.**—Why cannot mediums give full names as well as parts of a name?

**A.**—There are various reasons why this cannot always be successfully done. In the first place there are very few mediums through which the full name of a person, personal information, or inspiration—call it by what term you please—can be received. Mark me, there are very few through which the full tide—it may come in ripples, it may bubble upon the shore and break—but the full wave can come only through a very few, compared with the great whole. Now suppose, for instance, I were writing a communication through the hand of a medium. I may have what I call magnetic control; that is to say, I may have been successful in cutting off the electric and magnetic current running through the arm and thence to the brain, thus conveying impressions. So I might have a hand and arm to use as I would a pencil. Well, what then? Why, the medium is looking on, sees what is written, and knows, nine times out of ten, when the power is diminishing, because of the tremor that passes through the arm. The outside spirit is losing control, and the inward spirit is resuming control. The medium can tell that, and so he says, "This message is almost finished. Now I wonder what name will be attached to this." There comes the obstacle which interferes very much with the giving of the name. The positive brain is exercised, consequently it cannot be given. When mediums learn the philosophy of this they will do differently. They will see to it that their wills are abstracted from the work of the spirit. If they do this, it will be very much easier for the spirit to finish up what he began. It is hard to give a name because, at that point, the spirit of the medium becomes positive. The forces of the spirit have grown less. They have about exhausted their power with the medium, and just as they are going to finish up and sign their name, as I before remarked, the positive power of the medium comes in and interferes, so you don't get your name. Now do not say there is some fraud, because we have got no name. Rather say: It is something we do not understand. Let us look into it, analyze it, weigh and measure it, bring all the powers we have at command to ferret out the cause of this deficient communication. If you took half as much pains to do this as to find fault, it would be very much better for you and for us. Pardon me; I am a plain-spoken individual, used to telling the truth in very plain terms.

**Q.**—How is it that some spirits can control so soon after they leave the form?

**A.**—Some spirits happen to be very fortunate in having spirit-friends who know how to return, who understand the *modus operandi*. Consequently they bring their friends to some media whom they know will assimilate with their magnetic life. What is the result? Why, they are forced right back through mediumistic life, whether they will or no. [Forced, you say?] Yes, that is the word I intended to use.

**Q.**—I asked because it has seemed to me as if some spirits were forced into possession of this medium.

**A.**—They are absolutely forced. They come within the magnetic attracting power of the media, and it absolutely forces them to come into bodily control, and then they may as well speak as do anything else. It is easier to speak than not to.

**Q.**—Some who have passed from this life return and tell us that they have no remembrance of any other existence previous to that commenced on this earth. If, as has been lately maintained on this platform, "the soul ever has been, is, and ever will be," how does this loss of continuity of memory differ, as regards the individual's identity, from total annihilation? Of what avail is it to the thinking part we call I, if the essence of man is immortal, if that essence is not eternally connected with his individual being? and how can this be otherwise done than through the memory?

**A.**—Memory is subject to the call of external circumstances. Now always remember that. Memory is subject to the call of external circumstances, and may slumber in some of her parts, for thousands of years, if external circumstances do not disturb her. Do not forget that for all I have need to use that simple knowledge, but very few are—in being resurrected in memory, concerning a past existence, by external circumstances. A Pythagoras would tell you, did he speak with you, that he remembered three distinct earthly lives. Mark me! three distinct earthly lives he remembers clearly. Not all their circumstances, to be sure, but enough to show that they are three distinct earthly lives. He has been fortunate in having external circumstances to call up, to resurrect this past memory, that belongs to the past, that slumbers with those past memories, and there is no morning peace of the present, no chime that might call up the past. Now let me illustrate, to make my position more simple. Suppose, for instance, a friend of your childhood might come into this room—either a disembodied spirit, or one in the body—and should address you by name. You look into his face and say, "I do not know you." You do not? "No." "Do you remember," he says, "such a person that you used to play with in your boyhood days, who lived in such a place, occupied such a position in life? You think a minute. The external words of the man are calling up your memory from the past. You say, 'Oh, yes, I remember that.' Now, if I know you," and you go over and over your boyhood days with him. All the green fields are present in your memory; all your little boyish acts are called up and lived over again. You know the man for an absolute certainty. It is precisely the same with regard to a past existence. Thousands and tens of thousands of souls are waiting for some resurrecting circumstance, that they may remember, that they may see, that they may live again, in thought, in the past, and know that they have lived there. Do you understand? [Yes].  
Dec. 22.

### Alexander Redman.

Alexander Redman. I knew you, but you did not know me perhaps; George's brother. I promised to come back if I found things as I expected to in the spirit-world. Say, will you, that I have found them just as I expected to. I was told, before my death, that George was being used as a medium here, just as before death. Some of them laughed at me for the statement. Tell them, from now it is an absolute fact. But if they can't get used to believe it till death comes to them, they must wait till it does, that's all. I cannot bring them any satisfactory demonstration on that point; can only tell them what I promised to—whether it was true or false.

My sister Lizzie wants to know if it was really true that I did come and control her. Tell her yes, it was true. She need not doubt it.

And say to mother we are all here waiting for her, and when she joins us we shall be most happy.

[To the Chairman.]—I received your call to come into the office. Do you know? [Yes]. I received it, but wasn't able to answer. [With regard to the stereotypic plates, you mean?] Yes. [Can you tell anything about them?] Mother can. Go to her. Good-day.  
Dec. 22.

### Albert Wedger.

It is some time since I happened round here. I used to come once in a while when Mr. Berry officiated here, but he has taken a post on our side, and so the ball moves on.

I want to send a few words of encouragement and cheer to marm. Any objection? [To marm?] Why, yes; marm. Oh Lord! yes. Beg your pardon; that's what we used to call her. You all have different ways, I suppose, of talking about your mother. Well, mother, that's it. But we boys used to call her marm, you tell her we are round, and don't care about her thinking of us as dead. I say we. There's Albert; that's me. First come, first served. There's Daniel; that's my brother. There's Nancy Jane; that's my sister. Here, we are, a trio, and we all send a heap of love. Tell marm we've got the old fiddle here, and we will give her a right smart winking up when she gets on our side. Ask if she remembers the time we laid out Nancy Jane? She thought something awful would happen to us for trifling with such serious things. We laid her out, and told marm she was dead. Sort of a jab, you know, and marm was comical improvised for the occasion. Pretty good joke. Marm will remember it. We had some right jolly times down there in old Unity street, I tell you. [In this city?] Yes; yes, yes. Where did you think I was from? [I did not know.]

I'm afraid the folks will think I have not progressed much, but then I tell 'em it's all in appearance. I've got ahead nicely. I don't know as I've got any more airy now, only in one way. Tell John—that's my brother—he is looking after the welfare of certain northern preachers down here—[A policeman?] Yes; and tell him if he gets any hard cases he do not know how to handle, just call on us. We will be round and give him a hand. Marm, you know, is as good as a saint, and I will let the rest of it go to finish. If I can only just succeed in opening their spiritual ears, I will tune my old fiddle and play so sweetly that they will forget their evil thoughts, and, as the poet says, come up higher. Now tell marm she need not wonder because I've got my fiddle here on the other side. You tell her that heaven would be no heaven to a chap that likes music if he could not have an instrument whereon to make it. Now tell her, and all the good folks, I am just as happy as ever anybody need to be, and am in no such place as a seven-by-nine heaven—not a bit of it. I want all creation to roam over.

And, by the way, tell my friend Theo. He and I are all right. I call round occasionally and give him a rap over the head when he don't know it—a polite way I have of saluting people. [Did you say Theo?] Never mind; he will know. Oh, I'm a joker, you see.

Now for my name. It's not at all hard for us to give names round this quarter, you see. What's the reason? Because we are "monarch of all we survey, our right there is none to dispute." My name is Albert Wedger, and if you want a wedge driven in any time, just call on me. I'm the boy that can do it. [Come again.] All right. I will. Good-day.  
Dec. 22.

### Johnnie Joice.

How do you do, sir? Well, you see I got round once in a while. [Is it Johnnie?] Yes, sir. You see, I have to come round just about so often, for when I stay away a little while, some of the folks that would just as lief I would stay away as not, begin to think it's all up with me—he thinks I'm wound up, and I ain't coming any more. So when I got that, you know, I was pretty sure to come first, and then I got. Give my compliments to him, and tell him I ain't half as much dead as he thinks. Give my compliments to his people, too, to his family, and say to them, from me, that I have a certain little document in preparation for them which I propose to issue in good time. If they don't understand it, call on me from this place, and I will give them all the information they want. Good-day, sir.  
Dec. 22.

### Adah Isaacs Menken.

Say to my friends whom I left here on earth that the night of my earthly sadness is past. My spirit rejoices in the light of morning, such a morning as earth never knew. Say to them that this glorious philosophy is more than true, and the great sunlight is only waiting for human hearts to be more ready to receive it, when it will come in all its glory. Say to all those who sometimes talked harshly to me when I spoke of these things, the time is not far distant when they will understand, surely know, beyond all doubt, that this modern Spiritualism is a glorious truth.  
Dec. 22.

Prayer by Theodore Parker; questions answered by Thomas Paine.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Dec. 24. Invocation: Questions and Answers; Elizabeth Graham, of Boston; Gen. Hindman, Annie Leonard, of Cambridgeport, Mass., to her mother; Reading by "Prairie Flower."

Friday, Dec. 25. Invocation: Questions and Answers; Matthew Jennings, Yale College, New Haven, Conn.; Theodore Thompson, 73d New York, to Albert Carter; Lydia Miller, of New York, to her mother; James Devine, to his brother Michael; "Hello Wide-Awake."

Tuesday, Dec. 29. Invocation: Questions and Answers; James Smith, of Gloucester, Scotland; Nathan W. Montpelier, Vt., to his friends; Ellen Warren, killed at the fall of the Pemberton Mills, Lawrence, to her brother and sister; Margaret Murray, of South Boston, to her sister Mary.

### Obituaries.

[Obituary notices sent to us for insertion must not make over twenty lines in any one case; if they do, a bill will be sent, at the rate of twenty cents per line, for every additional line so printed. Those making less number published gratuitously. The pressure of other matter upon our space compels us to adapt this course.]

**ELIZABETH MCQUITY.**—We desire to say a word which is due the memory of our fellow laborer, Mrs. Elizabeth McQuity. We met her for the first time last Spring, while lecturing in Fall River—her place of residence—and to her endowments of a noble mind, she added a noble heart. She was a devoted wife, a devoted mother, a devoted friend. Her life was a life of self-sacrifice, and she was a noble woman. She was a devoted wife, a devoted mother, a devoted friend. Her life was a life of self-sacrifice, and she was a noble woman. She was a devoted wife, a devoted mother, a devoted friend. Her life was a life of self-sacrifice, and she was a noble woman.

**PASSED TO THE HIGHER LIFE.**—I was called to preach the funeral sermon over the corpse of Mrs. Sallie Knickerbocker, of New Lenox, Ill., on Saturday, March 13th, 1869. She was, at the time of her departure, nearly 64 years of age, and a firm Spiritualist.

A large crowd of neighbors came to the funeral, and I believe the world was inspired by the presence of her husband, who is a firm Spiritualist



Mediums in Boston.

MRS. M. E. BEALS, TEST, Business, and Medical Clairvoyant Medium, Office hours for private sittings, 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.

Free Circles Every Wednesday and Friday, at 3 P. M. Evening Circles Every Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock.

432 1-2 WASHINGTON STREET, 432 1-2 Apr. 3. (Opposite Essex.) Boston. 1w

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE, AT NO. 226 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON.

THOSE requesting examinations by letter will please enclose \$1.00, lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age. 1w-Jan. 2.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM, MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM, 297 Washington street, Boston. Mrs. Latham is eminently successful in treating Humors, rheumatism, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, and all Bilious complaints. Parties at a distance examined by a lock of hair. Price \$1.00. 4w-Mar. 13.

DR. JAMES CANNEY CHESLEY, No. 16 Salem street, Boston, Mass. Electrostatic and Magnetic Physician, cures mind and body. Dr. C. is eminently successful in treating those who are called insane; cures strange feelings in the head, fits, after all the doctors of the land, kidney, rheumatism, humors, bilious complaints, and all diseases which arise from impurity of the blood, disordered nerves and want of magnetism. Those requesting examination of diseases, humors, or any ailment, by letter, from Dr. C., or Mrs. Chesley, will please enclose \$1.00, stamp and lock of hair, also state sex and age. If you wish to become a medium of note, call on Dr. C., the great healer, and he will give you the necessary instructions. Developing circles Monday and Thursday evenings.

MRS. S. J. STOKES, 16 Salem street, Medical and Business Clairvoyant, examines and prescribes for persons at a distance, by lock of hair, or by letter. She will give the spirit of your friend, take control, and talks with you about the affairs of life. Circles Tuesday and Friday evenings. 1w-Mar. 13.

MRS. S. A. R. WATERMAN, Psychometrist, Clairvoyant and Medium, would respectfully announce to the public that she will answer letters (sealed or otherwise) on business, to spirit friends, for tests, medical advice, delineations of character, &c. Those wishing personal information, should enclose separately the person's photograph or lock of hair. Short letters, \$1 and two red stamps; delineations, tests, medical advice and lengthy letters, \$2 to \$5 and three red stamps. She will also give sittings at private residences. Address, Mrs. S. A. R. WATERMAN, Box 413, Boston, Mass. 1w

MRS. GRIDLEY (formerly Mrs. Spafford), has returned to her home at 44 Essex street, where she will be pleased to resume her sittings, in answer to the earnest solicitations of her former patrons. Hours from 10 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 5 P. M. Mar. 20-1w

MRS. M. E. JOHNSON, Medium for Spirit-Communication, 127 Commercial street, Boston. Those wishing to send their photographs and receive a written communication. Residence No. 127 Commercial street, Boston. Hours from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Fee \$1.00. 3w-Mar. 27.

MARY M. HARDY, Test and Business Medium, No. 93 Poplar street, Boston, Mass. Sealed letters answered by lock of hair, or by letter. Circles Thursday and Sunday evenings. 1w-Feb. 20.

MRS. M. A. PORTER, Business and Medical Clairvoyant, 8 Lagrange street, Boston. Mar. 13-5w

MRS. C. A. KIRKHAM, Test and Trance Medium, 29 Maiden street, Boston. Hours from 10 to 4. Feb. 6-13w

MRS. A. BABBITT, Medical, Clairvoyant and Test Medium. Circles Sunday and Wednesday evenings, at 224 Harrison Avenue, Boston. 3w-Feb. 13.

MRS. ARMSTRAD, Test and Spirit Medium, 3 Appleton street, from 1819 Washington street, Boston. Apr. 3-13w

SAMUEL GROVER, Healing Medium, No. 13 DIX PLACE, (opposite Harvard street). 13w-Jan. 2.

Miscellaneous.

SOUL READING, Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character. MR. AND MRS. A. D. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit them in person, or send their photograph or lock of hair, will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and future life; physical disease, with prescription therefor; and, in some cases, the cause of their present troubles; to be successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those intending marriage; and hints to the harmoniously married. Full delineation, \$2.00; Brief delineation, \$1.00 and two 3-cent stamps. Address, MR. AND MRS. A. D. SEVERANCE, No. 402 Syracuse street, Milwaukee, Wis. Address 6.

DR. DUMONT C. DAKE, Celebrated Analytic Physician, OF ROCHSTER, N. Y., treats all diseases with unparalleled success. Sufferers—none but itself can be its parallel. LAMENESS, DEAFNESS and BLINDNESS cured in one treatment. At Coldwater, Mich., until further notice. Mar. 27-4w

DR. J. R. NEWTON, PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN FOR CHRONIC DISEASES, 23 HARRISON AVENUE, ONE DOOR NORTH OF BEACH STREET, Boston. Dr. N. will usually be at his home in Newport, R. I., Saturdays and Sundays.

OPIUM EATERS CURED By Spirit Direction. SAMUEL B. COLLINS, MEDIUM, L'APORTE, LaPorte Co., Ind. See communication headed "An Opium Eater Cured" in Banner of Light, March 13, 1869. All correspondence strictly confidential, if requested. Mar. 20-4w

ANNE DENTON ORIDGE continues to make Psychometrical examinations. Terms for metals, oil, &c. for character, sometimes obtaining pictures of the future. \$2.00. Address, No. 18 Phil. Row, 11th street, East, Washington, D. C. Send for Circular. 4w-Mar. 20.

A LYRIC OF THE SUMMER-LAND, ALSO A Picture of the SPIRIT HOME, painted in oil, by a medium, for "Uncle Sam's Himehwa, the good 'QUARTER'." By WILLIAM WHITE, 135 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill. 4w-Mar. 27.

CASTORIA. A Pleasant and Complete Substitute FOR CASTOR OIL. PROBABLY no greater general want exists than for a harmless, yet efficient purgative. The millions of Pills annually used in spite of the many objectionable features pertaining to them, and so often felt by the sick, show conclusively that a simple cathartic, adapted to all needs and ages, is really required. CASTORIA is the prepared prescription of an old Physician, and is simply a well-known purgative, so combined as to render it perfectly palatable. It contains no laxative properties. Preserved without alcohol, it may be given with perfect safety to the youngest child, or most delicate female whenever a cathartic is required, and having all the desirable qualities of Castor Oil without its nauseous taste, it is the most effective and most efficacious Family Medicine offered to the public. Unlike Pills, it is not liable to gripe, or its use to be followed by constipation. By giving yet, surely, causing no inconvenience, it prevents attacks of Piles, and for DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, SICK HEADACHE, LIVER and BILIOUS COMPLAINTS, and especially for children of the stomach and bowels in Children, CASTORIA is a safe, pleasant and effectual remedy. One trial will convince you of its desirable qualities, and its cost is no more than for the cheap pills which flood the market. Prepared by Dr. S. PITCHER & CO., 29 Brattle street, Boston, Mass. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers. Price 25 cents per bottle. 1w-Oct. 3.

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