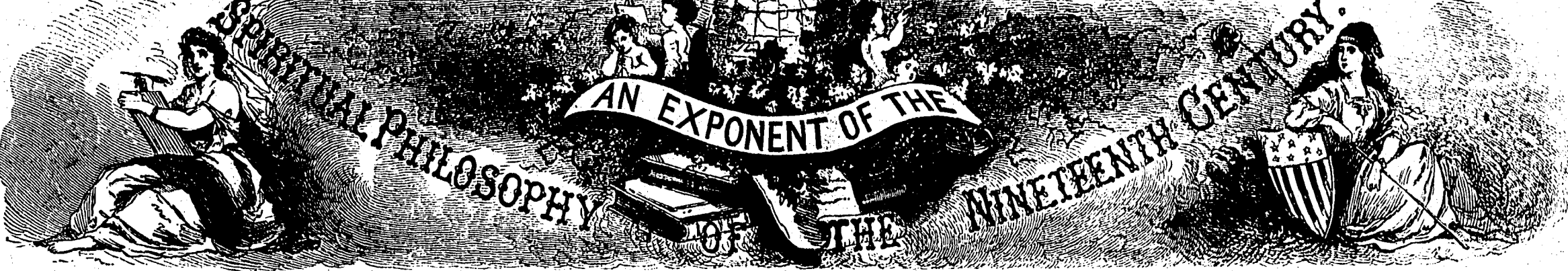


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 1.

Spiritual Phenomena.

ACCREDITED MANIFESTATIONS.

HADDON HALL.

The neighborhood of what is popularly known as the "Peak" (Derbyshire, Eng.), comprehends all that is romantic, beautiful, and in some instances appalling, in the stern and gloomy aspect these exhibit, that poet, artist, tourist in search of the wonders of nature, can possibly desire to witness. Close to this neighborhood lies Haddon Hall. Not far off lies the wild Peak, and not far off either roll the waters of the noble Derwent.

Such woods—such hills and valleys—such undulations—such sequestered glades—such rich pastures, and such "nodding corn," what time the sunny summer sets in—such skies with their changeable tempers, and tints, and hues—such a continued change of scenery—each place, when not wild and rugged, but sylvan and delightful to the eye, can rarely be surpassed in the broad realm of England.

In the midst of all these woods and waters, hill and dale, dingle and richest "bosenge," lies nestling the ancient Tudor domain of Haddon Hall. Haddon Hall, too, has had its painters, as also its historiographers. It has been represented by talented artists in all the glory of its fine terraces, its mullioned windows, twisted chimneys, its ivy, its ancestral trees surrounding it; and always keeping part out of sight, and under every possible circumstance, it does make a fascinating picture. To say that it was once the seat of the Vernon family, and that it is now in the possession of the family of the Rutlands, is sufficient for its history. It is not its history, therefore, we are about to treat of. It is simply that section or portion of time when it was a "Haunted House." For a Hall is a "House" after all, and no one can deny that if it can boast of being visited by a spirit, it must take a high position in the catalogue of those mansions and dwellings, which, by association of circumstances, always the subject of disclosure, raise themselves out of the common rank, and take a position in the category of the supernatural.

Haddon Hall was haunted, if ever a place was. And the story was generally believed and talked over night after night, for the mystery of a most foul murder hung over the Hall, clouded it with fear, and gave to the talk of those assembled round the kitchen fire that dreadful zest for gossip which murder always leaves behind.

We must now go back a little, and explain as far as it is possible the groundwork of the matter which now became the common subject of their after-supper talk.

The retainers and domestics, kept at such an establishment as Haddon Hall, were necessarily numerous. There were keepers, grooms, valets, cooks, under-servants of every variety, all of which lodged either in their appropriate portion of the mansion, or in the out-buildings—of these there were plenty—which adjoined it, and only divided from the main building by passages and court-yards. Foremost, so far as this chronicle goes, was one Hubert Blighe, the head-keeper—a fine, handsome, stalwart man, with that stature, strength, and general aspect which indicates a more than usual masculinity; in fact, he approached the gigantic in stature, and in his massive girth of chest, and largeness of limbs—besides his well-tryed and well-known strength—would have been a model for a Hercules. His temper, however, was full of the tenderness of a woman. As pliant as a docile child, he could be persuaded to do anything, the more especially if it was in the way of kindness. He was twenty-eight years of age, and his constitution was as sound and solid as the heart of a living oak tree.

No wonder then that Hubert Blighe was such a favorite with the whole household, and especially a favorite of his master—one of the Vernons, who then inherited the estate. His mother, a widow, lived in a neat little cottage on the estate, and it was his delight at every odd hour he could find to cultivate her garden, and make it rival the grand gardens of the Hall in neatness, order, and flowers. A good son, a trusty man, a man with a laugh like the diapason of an organ, whose heart was as sound as his health—who could withstand the almost boldest good spirits of Hubert Blighe? Few would care to attempt it, but surrendered at "discretion."

He had, to assist him in his duties—which were arduous enough—one Martin Blacke, the under-keeper, and they both had substitutes when the shooting season set in. Of Martin Blacke, it may be said that he was—in female parlance—one of the "prettiest men you ever looked at." A phrase I find, however, almost difficult to pen. If any of my fair readers repudiate this expression as not being in occasional use, I should be glad to hear from them, and correct it. It is a little important to this story that he too should occupy a few lines in the way of description. This shall be done as briefly as possible.

Martin Blacke was about twenty-four, fresh-colored, ruddy of hue, with black hair curling

of temper, was also undergoing a transformation. To indicate how this was coming about, we have yet a third important personage to introduce before the reader. This was a very remarkable, pretty-looking servant-maid, whose name was Bessy Brooks, and with whom the head-keeper had fallen deeply in love for more than a twelve-month back. They had exchanged vows and promises, and broken a piece of silver between

them, after the most approved fashion of those days. Hubert Blighe, therefore, went carolling through the woods about his duties, making them at times ring again with his cheery voice. In fact, he was, as the saying is, as "happy as a lark." It was not to last, however. Bessy Brooks, fond of her lover, flitted about like a bird; and certainly her bright smile and

sparkling looks declared the happiness she felt. Among the domestics, too, from the head cook and butler down, there was not a particle of jealousy experienced. Even Mistress Abigail, the lady's maid—a lady on a small scale herself—even she had a smile for the lovers; and when, in some stolen walk, the stalwart keeper, with his arm round Bessy's dainty waist, was met, a kindly smile, even if touched with a sly nod,

himself to viands and drink, and ate and drank voraciously.

"Why, how hungry you must be!" remarked one of those present. "Am I? Well, so would you be if you'd had my walk to-night! If you'd had my work to-night! eh? Who spoke?"

He spoke himself! But to see the look of white horror on the face which he now turned round from one to the other, was enough, to freeze one with fear.

"For gracious heaven's sake, what can be the matter?" "The matter? why?" said Martin, turning to the person who spoke.

"Why, about you and Hubert?" "Me and Hubert? What the deuce do you mean?"

"Why, there's blood on your wrist!" cried the cook. "Ah! is there?" asked Martin, looking at his hand.

"Yes, there! there, man, there!" "Oh! it's only an accident I met with—"

"A second? and so soon?" remarked the other. "Why, you see, master butler," continued Martin, crossing his legs and stretching them both to the fire, "faith! that liquor of yours is the true juice of the English vine. I've been to slaughter a deer—"

"A deer? Hum!" "For to-morrow's dinner. You know my lord has a party, and Hubert—ugh! what chokes me so? The head-keeper directed me to do so."

He gasped every word forth. "Ah! yes," put in the head cook; "that's true, and it's wanted; only I wanted hung venison, you see."

"That's a pity! and yet you may have it, too." "Well, well, never mind! we'll have another runlet, by Master Bessy's leave. I have a haunch or two well hung, so the now-killed deer will keep. Come! so! that's well!"

As it seemed necessary to waken up the sinking spirits of those gathered still closer and closer to the fire—as folks do when a ghost story is afoot—the mention of another measure of liquor met with immediate approbation. It was brought in. It was poured out, handed round, and the forced talk was by degrees spreading itself into a more cordial channel, when some one hazarded the observation—but in an undertone—"I wonder why Hubert don't come back!"

Like a frosty breath of death the chill ran through them all. No one ventured a reply.

"He has given me back my broken bit of silver," murmured Bessy Brooks to herself. "He has given me the scarf I made for him, my love-letters, my trinkets—all he gave me back 'my love,' as he says I called it! What is there left now? Oh, what is there left now?" and she wrung her hands.

She was sitting apart—out of the glare of the blazing fire, for all felt chilly, and a fresh log had been thrown on. She was sitting out of sight or notice, as this colloquy, half-murmured, rose to her lips.

"I am here, and he is gone!" whispered a voice at her side.

She turned her pallid face, and saw that it was Martin Blacke, who had softly stolen to her side, that had just spoken.

"What? left?" she ejaculated. "Yes, left!"

Both whispered low as the chatter round the fire grew brisker. "Forever?" "Forever!"

A dead silence followed. The wretched girl would have given the world to have screamed—to have raved out—"What mean you?" but something more awful than fear chained her tongue. Looking, as she did, into his eyes, she saw as plainly as if they were printed, the letters which spelt—MURDER! And she had said—heaven pardon her—"if he were out of the way!"

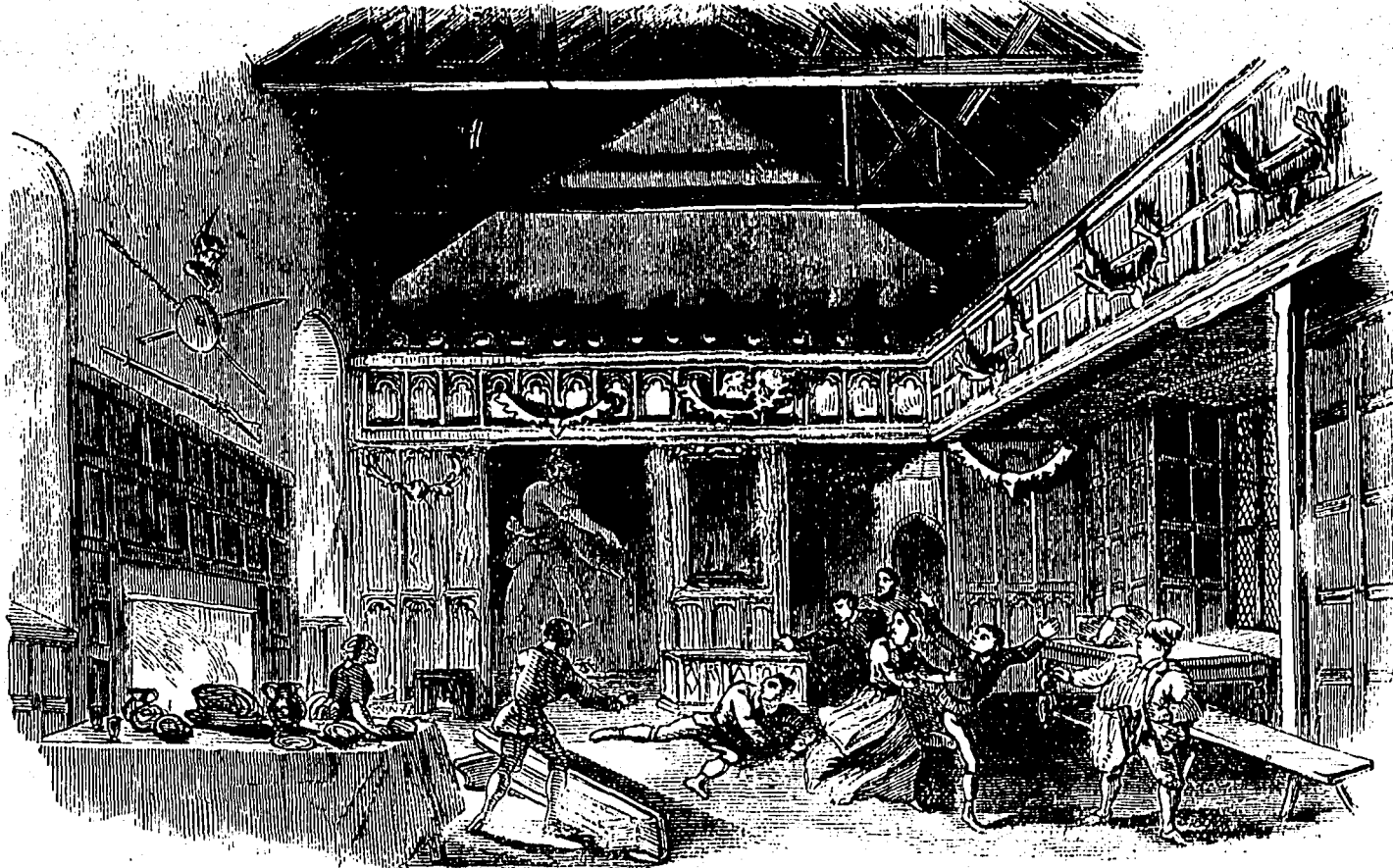
The old hall was as fine a specimen of its kind as the greatest lover of Catermole's sketches would like to see dashed off. It was rosy with light, it was glowing with warmth, and a walling wind was growing louder and louder without. It was antlered, the trophy of many a chase. It was a fit appendage to a baronial residence, one of the finest in England. It had a music gallery used for Christmas carols, mummings, and the music of the old English dance. The fire danced merrily, but the edge of the gallery toward which Bessy looked, lighted up as with a light belonging to no natural fires. She and Martin sat hand in hand. For better, for worse—oh, how much worse!—their fates were now inseparable. The walling wind rose to a shriek—to a howl.

"Bless us!" remarked the butler, passing the cups round; "how it does blow, to be sure! I wish Hubert would come in!"

As he spoke, a crash of wind, accompanied by a loud peal of thunder, burst open the end door, and a ghastly sight was seen. Was it man or spirit?—for here the living likeness of Hubert Blighe—shadowy as it was. And a voice that was awful to hear, seemed to reply, "HE IS HERE!"

The great door opened under the gallery into a corridor, and there, along that corridor, strode the ghastly phantom, with a hunting-knife, that seemed shadowy, too, and drawing it out of his breast, cast it on the floor! Out of the shadowy, unreal clang, however, there rolled, with a clash and a clang, the real knife that had done the bloody deed! With a cry of terror, all had risen to their feet, and tried to fly; but the spectre eye had somehow bound them, and—then it was gone! On the floor lay Martin Blacke, in horrible convulsions. The knife was his! There required no other evidence of whom was the assassin, or of his enormous guilt.

The next day search was made. Suspicion pointed to the spot where the deed was done. Surely enough, in Wye Dell, on the river side of



THE APPARITION OF THE HEAD-KEEPER APPEARS IN THE HALL.

greeted them, as they might chance to be surprised in their stroll. But Bessy's blush was not so much a shamefaced one as one of pride and pleasure.

All this went on till Martin Blacke came! Soon the change began to be experienced, and it was the keeper that began to feel it first. He began to see that in Bessy Brooks' character which he had not before suspected—or rather, which might be pardonable enough in one so very pretty. This was female vanity, of the weaker kind too—a love of flattery—of compliments upon her dimpled cheeks, and so on; and it was soon known that Martin Blacke paid her these, and laid his compliments on pretty thickly too, till one day Hubert Blighe took an opportunity of sternly giving him a "bit of his mind." They were in a remote part of the woods of Haddon, a spot as lovely as lordly trees, green branches, undulating grounds, and a sword like a Turkey carpet can make it. At once, Hubert halted, and rested his birding place on the ground.

"This is a capital spot," he said abruptly. "For what?" asked his subordinate, yet not quite at his ease.

"To have a few quiet words together in—"

"Eh?"—and the under-keeper turned to listen more attentively.

"Listen to me, young fellow," continued Hubert deliberately; "and I take it mildly with you now, because you may not have known it. You are crossing my path, and I warn you of it."

"The fend you do! But why?" "Bessy Brooks is betrothed to me—do you know that?"

A derisive laugh was the reply, and a scoffing devil kindled up in Martin Blacke's eyes.

"What of it, after all?" he demanded. "Oh! you take it that way, do you?"—and Hubert's brows met together in a portentous frown.

"Why not?" "Martin, be it known, was now taxing his own hardihood to its extremest point.

"Because I should have thought a hint, a warning, might have been enough for you."

"Oh, dear! he threatens, does he?"—and again Martin Blacke laughed.

"No, he does not threaten—he acts!"

As the roused head-keeper—his usually quiet blood set ablaze by the insolence of the reply—thundered forth these words, he let drop his birding-piece, sprang at Martin, seized him by the collar, lifted him as he would a child, whirled him over his shoulder and flung him some yards away, where he lay for a moment or two, even more astonished than stunned by the shock.

Thanks to the soft grass which received his rolling form, and thanks, too, that Hubert, in his strength, had not flung his rival at the tree trunks, the fallen man was but little hurt; no serious injury had been done.

"I should call that a small hint, now!" muttered the keeper with dry irony, as he picked up his fowling-piece—of a somewhat obsolete fashion, it must be admitted.

"And so should I, too!" said Martin Blacke, with a white face, a short, jeering laugh, and a strange look as he rose to his feet.

"Hah! you'll take it, then?" put in the keeper, in his bluff way.

"Yes, I will—I will take it, depend upon it!"

Hubert paid no attention to the emphasis, if any, laid on these words.

"Why, then, in that case, shake hands, man—shake hands!"

But Martin Blacke drew a step backward. "You see my shoulder," he said, with a writhe. "Your grasp is a little too strong for me now."

"As you will—as you will," was the indifferent reply. "I hate bad blood; only, as you've had your tumble for putting your foot too far forward, so far as I am concerned, we are quits."

"Are we? I doubt it." And Martin's tone deepened in its meaning.

"You do?" cried Hubert, turning with surprise. "Why, I think so!"

"Very good! Listen, then, once for all! Thrust your attentions upon her once more—"

"How do you know I thrust them upon her, as you say?" broke in Martin, with a sneer.

Hubert shrank as if from a stab. He had not contemplated matters in that light.

"Ah—yes—I forgot that; and so, Martin Blacke, I'll add this now: if she likes you better than I believed she once loved me, I'll not stand in the way. I would not move a finger to have her change her choice."

"How generous!"

"I can't do more," said Hubert; "but I'll know more about it pretty soon."

"Well—perhaps not; and so—"

"And so we'll take our rounds; you through the brakes to the river's bank, and I to look after the deer."

"Do so—do so," and Martin Blacke laughed. "Do what?"

"Look after the deer! Good-morning!" and the under-keeper walked away.

"Good-morning!" muttered Hubert, though he felt his blood beginning to surge again in his breast.

When Hubert's back was turned, Martin Blacke, his face blazing with a white fire, turned also, and looked after him. His handsome face was devilish to look on now. He lifted up his piece, took aim, then let it fall again.

"No, not yet—this won't clear half our scores. Besides, there's danger. But your blow will come home yet!"

So saying, he plunged into the woods in an opposite direction to that taken by the head-keeper.

The two men, rivals as they were—there could not be any disguising the fact now—or one of them, at least, had decided to say nothing about the quarrel, the scuffle that had taken place.

Only that Hubert Blighe's cold, collected way that same evening when at supper in the servant's hall—only his few words and his indifference to Bessy, apparent and transparent as it was—this only in part spoke of a "difference" that must have occurred.

Only, again, on the other hand, Martin Blacke could not conceal what either or both might have wished to do.

Martin was bilious, boisterous, but forced; and he was also sarcastic in his remarks, always pointing these to Hubert; while his open compliments to Bessy even made the fat cook turn round and stare him in the face, and say "For shame!" and then he only drank the deeper, and grew the noisier.

Hubert grew only more silent, reserved, and repressed in monosyllables, when Bessy suddenly half-shrieked out, "Why, gracious me! what's this?"

She pointed to the side of Martin Blacke's face as she spoke; and there certainly was a gaze, such as a wood-ranger might easily receive, if even in the fulfillment of his common duties; only Bessy Brooks's remark called attention to the fact, and Martin Blacke's cheek crimsoned.

Hubert Blighe might have been marble for any notice he seemed to have taken of these words.

"You've been quarrelling! I know you have! I'll—I'll—"

and she started with a hysteric bound to her feet.

The head-keeper's strong arm gently pressed her to her seat again.

"My wench, do not show thyself to be a greater fool than thou canst make thyself or me either; though, for the matter of that—well, a graze on a man's cheek is hardly sufficient to make a woman cry, and—"

"And you're cruel to speak so, you are!" sobbed the girl.

Hubert had risen to his feet and looked troubled. "Am I? Perhaps I am; who knows? Well! well!"

Here Martin Blacke thought he might put a thrust in:

"Really, this kind interest on the part of Mistress Bessy would heal up a score of bruises! but it was all an accident, was it not, Hubert, eh?"

His "Eh!" had a very curious sound.

"Yes," replied Hubert very slowly, "it was—all an accident, and—and it need not have occurred. But I hear the dogs baying, and must see what's the matter."

He walked forth out of the hall with a nod, as though passing a "Good-night" round, and meaning to go to his lodge.

He never returned again!

The hall gossip died away in whispers; each seemed to have some dread of the other.

Bessy, who sat by the side of Martin Blacke's chair, shuddered and caught his right hand with her left. With her hand over her face, as he cast a glance toward her, he heard her murmur, "If he never troubled me more!"

"What?" he asked in a whisper.

"I should be happy—I should—I should!" And then the clatter and the chatter in the hall meant a pause to follow:

"Be happy!" he whispered; "he shall trouble you no more; and you will be mine, my sweet, beautiful Bessy!"

"Yours? Yes—oh, yes! but—"

He hastily arose. Before she could recover from the shock which the mere significance of his whisper conveyed to her, he was gone. And gone for what? for what fell purpose? For now a deadly fear and a cold terror were working in the girl's soul. It was yet early in the evening, however; night had scarcely set in, though the gloaming was coming, and the winds were beginning to sigh—to sigh so mournfully that any one fancy-stricken might suppose a lamentation for the dead was improvised.

Martin Blacke in about an hour had returned. He was full of anecdote, story, song and fun. But his mirth was boisterous, if not forced. The gossip, somehow, as if associated with his absence, had resumed a trifle of its old tone, its chirruping humor; and the reappearance of Martin Blacke—who had every right to make one of them—immediately chilled the kindling, cordial warmth of old. The man had a look about him none cared to meet, to study. It was restless, tigerish, and yet had a certain delirium about it which betokened a restless spirit.

"Hah! hah! hah!" he laughed; "it's a cold night!"

"Cold!" cried several. "Why, Martin, what do you mean?"

"Isn't it? Well, I mistake, then; but I shiver! Why, Bessy, what is the matter with you?" And he caught her hand.

But she struggled away from him, and he seemed to notice the averted looks.

"What the devil's the matter with you all? You, Bessy, I say, what is it?"

"Oh, let me go! let me go!" she cried. "I have quarrelled with Hubert, and—and—"

"And," answered Martin, "he'll be here by-and-by, and—and you can make it up, no doubt."

He quitted her, took his seat at the table, helped

Surely enough, in Wye Dell, on the river side of

the wool bordering the estate, there was found the corpse of the head-keeper, with a hideous gash in his breast; but—also with a bullet hole in the back of his head—the bullet lodged in the brain! The stab in the breast was either an after-thought to make sure, or proof of the more determined savagery of the murderer!

Martin Blacke and Bessey Brooks had disappeared. Nothing more was ever heard or known of them.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

I cannot refrain, dear *Banner*, from giving you a crumb appertaining to Spiritualism, which may be interesting to your many readers. Some six months ago I became acquainted with a young man, aged about seventeen years, whose name is Rielly. He was entirely unacquainted with spirit-communication, having been brought up in a devoted Catholic family. Our conversation with each other created in him a desire to investigate our Philosophy. He attended several circles, and became himself developed as a medium, and now is enabled to give fine texts to others, many of whom receive the light through his instrumentality daily. One text I will here give as of peculiar interest:

At his rooms, 413 Chestnut street, where he holds circles weekly, a young man entered one evening last week pretty well intoxicated, and, posting himself in the door, wanted to know whether they called spirits up there; if so, he wanted them to call up the spirit of his mother. He was urged to take a seat. He did so, and soon the medium was controlled by a spirit that gave the name of *Charley*. Though recognizing it, he was not satisfied, but wanted his mother. Soon the medium went through a dying scene, which sobered the stranger a little. When this was over the mother spoke, and gave him some well-timed rebukes, and wound up by saying, "Do you remember when I cut that loaf of bread you broke the broomstick over my head?" This had the effect; the stranger burst out by saying, "For God's sake, mother, stop!" and embraced and kissed the medium.

Mrs. Gray is another good medium. Only a week ago a mother lost her child. Distracted, she ran about and telegraphed to every station-house in the city, but no clue to her lost child was had. A friend advised her to go to Mrs. Gray. She went, and her spirit-friends went, also, and, through the medium, advised her to go the next day to a certain number, at nine o'clock in the morning, and her child would be brought to the window. She went, and, lo and behold! realized every word that the medium said. Thus, in brief, have you what we daily receive. Spiritualism is advancing, and every day shows us the need we have of these holy influences.

Yours in "friendship, love and truth,"
Philadelphia, Aug. 22, 1869. SAMUEL BALL.

NOTHING IS LOST.

Nothing is lost: the drop of dew
Which trembles on the leaf or flower
Is not exhaled, to fall away,
In summer's dawn or shower.
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day;
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.

Nought is lost: for even the thinnest sound
By wild birds blown, or breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need
Wherein 'tis sown and grown;
Perchance this sustenance and soil
In some remote and desert place,
Or 'mid the crowded homes of toil
Sheds usefulness and grace.

The touching tones of minstrel art,
The breathing of the mournful flute,
Which we have heard with thrilling heart,
Are not extinct when mute;
The language of some household song,
The perfume of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
To memory's after-hour.

So with our words, or harsh, or kind,
Uttered, they are not all forgot;
They leave their influence on the mind,
Pave on, but perch not;
As they are spoken so they fall
Upon the spirit spoken to,
Search it like drops of burning gall,
Or soothe like honey-dew.

So with our deeds, for good or ill,
They leave a power-earnest understood;
Then let us use our best will
To make them live with good;
Like circles on a lake they go,
"Ring within ring and never stay;
Oh, that our deeds were fashioned so
That they might bless away!"

JOEL MOODY, Esq., as a Lecturer.

DEAR BANNER—Mr. Joel Moody, of Mount City, Kansas, has recently delivered a series of lectures in Lawrence, and in my estimation he compares favorably with any speaker I ever heard—and I have heard most of the reform speakers of the country. He has the ring of true metal, and I believe is a graduate from Ann Arbor, Mich., and is a lawyer by profession. I clip the following comments from the *Lawrence Daily Journal*.

ALFRED FAYLOR.

Gardner, Kan., Aug. 11th, 1869.

"Mr. Moody has an earnestness of manner in his teaching or lectures that never fails to deeply arrest the attention of his hearers—speaking with a sincerity of heart as from the impulse of obedience to conscience. His lecture Tuesday evening was noble—it was grand. The one on Monday evening was science and reason condensed. The question was fully stated and forcibly put; the conclusion irresistible. He painted the evils of these in all their horrid forms, monstrous proportions and blackness, and in these canvases he executed but makes man tremble to think of himself. An awful and terrible responsibility he throws on man. Evil he does not make a mere negation of good, but often a positive sin, the result of an active force. Hence he does not make man the machine, a mere puppet in the hands of God; but claims that in his life and development God has furnished certain laws to govern him, which, if violated, produce evil; if obeyed, good. Man he makes the co-partner with God for the development of the race. He makes still further innovations upon the old theology, for, says he, 'man goes through hell to get to heaven.' The result will best understand by an extract from his lecture Tuesday evening, copied by permission from him:

"It is blasphemy to say that God made the idol to be a curse to his parents, blighting their hopes, a perfect blot on the human page, or that he made the murderer or thief or child of lust; these are all made by men and women, all fallers in the procreation of the race. The idol gawks while the mother weeps over the mutual ruin or moral darkness of her child; and God designs that the idol shall gawk, that the thief shall steal, the murderer kill, and the child of lust bring shame to parents till mankind learn to live a godly life, studying the child's good in its procreation."

The following resolutions were offered and adopted by the audience who attended a course of lectures delivered by Mr. Moody:

"Whereas, Mr. Joel Moody has just delivered a course of lectures in this city, on the 'Philosophy of Good and Evil,' he presented his subject in a masterly manner, developing deep thought and research, carrying conviction to his hearers by the power of his logic, and exhibiting a rare faculty of clothing thought in language adapted to its happiest impression; therefore,

Resolved, That we have derived practical value from his original and beautiful manner of stating the great truths that are now convulsing Church and State, and we heartily bid him God speed in promulgating the same, and we earnestly recommend him to all those who are seeking truth for truth's sake, to secure his services."

Original Essays.

SPIRITUALISM.

What will be the natural result of the universal or very general spread of intelligence and truth in the United States, and in the world? This is an important question, because the evidences are before us that general intelligence is likely soon to be the rule and not the exception. We mean by soon, within a few years. We do not mean that any individual man, woman or child is to be a philosopher, acquainted with all the sciences, and familiar with all the laws of nature, and with the almost endless relations of causes and effects; but we do mean that the great public will soon know, as a matter of course, very much more than it did a few years ago, and some corresponding great result must certainly follow.

If freedom is valuable, then freedom of thought is one of the most precious things that mankind can possess; and if the thoughts of men generally are properly trained and exercised, great good may be looked for. The printing-press, with its type-words and its picture-words, the locomotive, and the telegraph, are potent and well known engines in the work of educating the people. Other educating elements have within a few years shown themselves, and it is useless to hide or attempt to hide the fact, that numerous minds all over the world are now operated upon directly by unseen but powerful influences. Instead of longer combating the fact of these influences, it may be wiser to look into their present action and effects, and to seriously contemplate the probable future results.

Why all persons, men, women and children, have not been always and at all times conscious of spiritual or unseen influences, who is competent to answer? An answer to such a question might be given to the effect that mankind being progressive, it is necessary that they should advance through a long probation, occupying many ages and numerous accumulating experiences, before they could be prepared either to understand or appreciate the knowledge possessed by superior intellects. In the infant embryonic condition of humanity, grand human minds have probably existed utterly unconscious even of the germs of the powerful faculties, which nevertheless must have constituted those organisms. God, who is omnipotent, could have made the infant brain perfect and mature in the first instance, and thus rendered unnecessary all the interesting but laborious processes of education through which every human mind has passed. That he did not do so, is, or should be, evidence that progression is part of the divine plan of the universe. Nothing is in reality still. All is motion; from the tiniest particle of matter to the glorious sun itself, an object in the heavens, immense, which we know to be eight hundred thousand miles in diameter. We have every reason from analogy to believe that each star is also a sun; and the most powerful telescopes, while discovering new worlds, only disclose the astounding truth that there is no apparent limit to the field in which the wonderful displays of Omnipotence are continually exhibiting.

The human mind, as we see it, is a progressive thing, something which may be and is gradually developed; and the results of human reflection accumulated from age to age in the world, form its history. We have various accounts in the olden times of intercourse between spiritual and mundane beings, which are handed down to us in the most ancient of printed records, the Bible. We have also various differing or disagreeing explanations and explanations of these accounts. In all ages, for eighteen centuries or more, many persons have doubted the truth of some statements in the Bible—especially those relating to miracles. But these doubts are obvious could not in the slightest degree affect the truth of the matter. It is certainly true that God in former times manifested himself in divers ways to mankind, or else that mankind have for many ages so believed falsely. Yet for hundreds of years it would seem that the world has been allowed to move on without apparent miraculous or special manifestations from the divine spirit, such as are described in the Bible. Latterly, however, communication has certainly been opened between the spiritual and our ordinary every-day life, and as we must believe, for some significant and probably good purpose. The evidences of spiritual communication are too many and various, and have become known to too many persons, to be longer ignored or discredited. If there had been merely a few isolated spiritual manifestations, which had soon afterward ceased, the matter might have passed away as a "nine days' wonder"; but when we see that they have been continued for twenty-one years, or more, and that the number of persons who become mediums of communication between the present life and some other form of existence is constantly on the increase, the subject becomes worthy of the most serious attention, and deliberate and careful investigation by the best minds.

Until within a comparatively recent period, the majority of persons contented themselves with a flat denial of the fact of any spiritual communications, or of any knowledge being conveyed from or by means of unseen intelligences to living persons. But so many persons in various parts of the world have witnessed these things, and so many are now all the time engaged in disseminating what they believe to be spiritual manifestations, or actual communications from unseen intelligences, that the fact is no longer generally denied; but being admitted as a fact, there are persons who ascribe these manifestations or communications to evil spirits; contending that good spirits would not communicate in the manner described, which at first appears to be a natural and reasonable view to those who have not given the subject much study.

The writer of this has never been connected with any spiritual circles or mediums, nor has he yet met any person who has ever seen the spiritual representation of one deceased; nor has he ever seen the spirit of any one; yet he is conscious that he has been for years in constant communication with some unseen intelligence, something, or some mind that reasons independently of his own reasoning; something which also appears to have the power of controlling, to a certain extent, not only his reason but his actions; something which he has not the slightest doubt is at this moment guiding and directing this very article. And although these manifestations of some unseen intelligence have been going on for years, the writer felt constrained to confine the knowledge of it to himself until very recently; and he has never before made any statement on the subject intended for the general reading public. The object of this article, on his part, is not to present claims to Spiritualism; it is only a claim to discuss the subject fairly.

Being convinced by hearing and feeling, after years of personal experience, of the actual communication of the ordinary human mind with some extraordinary or anomalous, and to him invis-

ble mind, the writer needs nothing further to convince him of the fact of the existence of such communication. To account for it is another thing; to explain it is another thing; to know what is likely to be the result is still another thing.

Whether the experience of the writer has been peculiar, or essentially different from that of other persons who have been approached by the intelligences referred to, he is unable to say with certainty. Some claim to have seen and conversed with the spirits of persons deceased, and with the spirits of the living, and even with the spirits of those who departed ages ago. Some claim that they at times give utterance to the language and thoughts of departed persons, entirely independent of their own. It seems to be well established that uneducated and comparatively ignorant persons do, under some influence, at times give utterance to language and thoughts of a higher order than naturally belongs to them. This is regarded as inspiration from some source external to their own minds. Whether it is in its nature precisely similar to the inspiration described in various places in the Bible, who can determine?

That this exterior inspiration, be it from what source it may, is not wholly evil, has been abundantly proved to the writer in his own experience. To him it has been productive of a vast amount of good. It has made him more careful, more tolerant, more considerate, more charitable; and it has restrained him from indulgence in vicious habits which years had strengthened into second nature. It gives him clearer and more enlarged views of nature, and of mankind, which is but a part of nature, than he before entertained. But above all it has given him a more exalted conception of the majesty and dignity of the Divine Author of all things. And while contemplating the Creator and Governor of the Universe from this more elevated standpoint, it has led the writer to take a very different view of the condition and responsibility of the human soul from that which was taught to him, and which is usually taught in Christian churches. So that while condemning no man for his belief or his opinions, whether in secular or religious matters, he feels entirely relieved from a disagreeable thralldom which oppressed him for many years through what he now firmly believes to be erroneous teaching.

From the fact that the unseen influences referred to, whatever they are, have been productive of so much solid personal good in the case of the writer, he is constrained to consider them as emanations from a superior mind or minds—of a better mind or minds than his own. He cannot conceive of the possibility that any mind should concern itself in giving him more noble and more kindly sentiments and thoughts if it had a design to deceive or destroy. He considers that the object has been and is to elevate and save. He is conscious that he has been actually saved by this unseen influence from a miserable life and a wretched death, and rendered happy in the enjoyment of this life, and perfectly fearless, resigned and satisfied respecting life in the future. Whatever others may say or think, the writer is constrained continually to thank his heavenly Father for the interposition of these spiritual or unseen influences, which he cannot but believe are mere agents of the Divine Will. If they are not, what are they? Can they be the result of Satanic or evil influence? If the tree is known by its fruit, no!

These influences, as before stated, to be opposed to the ordinary teachings of the Christian churches; or, rather, Christian churches, as a general thing, appear to regard them as inimical to their cherished doctrines; as teaching something which they have not been in the habit of drawing from the pages of the Bible, and from the general writings of theologians. The writer is aware that the consideration of this theme involves questions of great importance, and more time than he has at present at his disposal; nor does he deem it necessary in this paper to enter upon an exhaustive investigation of this branch of the subject. Even a cursory observer must have noticed that there is a progressive movement taking place in Christian churches independently, apparently, of the unseen intelligences mentioned, the effect of which, aided by more demonstrative actions hereafter, will probably be very great in a short time. It is not known, however, that the movements in the churches are independent of these unseen influences. It is not known to the world generally how many members of churches and attendants upon various church teachings, have their minds more or less influenced by impressions from unseen superior minds.

Religion, in itself, is a conflict between error and truth. If there was no error there could be no religion. If there was no error, truth would have no meaning. Error is, therefore, just as necessary as truth. Error in religions is just as necessary as truth in religions. It is the discovery and repudiation of error that must ever constitute the highest religion. The various, and in some cases, conflicting religions which have been founded upon the recorded history of Christ and his teachings, go to form this one thing: that God, in his infinite wisdom, has made the human mind progressive. And in order that it should be progressive, it must begin in ignorance, and wade through error. God seems to have revealed to man various things in different ages, and in divers ways. The revelations to different ages seem to have been suited to the pursuits of mankind in those ages respectively. In due time Christ was sent into the world, and fulfilled his mission. Then followed the recorded histories of Christ's doings and sayings. These have been succeeded by the various interpretations of those records, and the origination and formation of Christian societies, in each instance founded upon some particular view or interpretation of some part of the teaching, all, perhaps, tending to the final elucidation of the TRUTH, which, when attained, necessarily ends religion.

It is no fanciful thought that error is necessary in order that religion should exist; or that the attainment of perfect truth will certainly put an end to religion. And the more this is practically studied, and kept in mind by our religious teachers, of whatever denomination, the more tolerant will men become. Whether men believe much or little of the ancient histories, or even supposing it possible that the knowledge of them among mankind should suddenly be obliterated, that would not alter in the slightest particular the real relations that men bear to each other and to their Supreme Ruler. Each individual on earth has a duty to perform, which involves his conduct toward his fellowmen, and toward his God. It is not so much his particular religious belief that God will regard, or that men ought to regard, as his conduct—his conduct toward his fellowmen and toward God.

If we really and sincerely believe that there is a living God who has created and governs all things, great and small, we must or ought to believe, to be consistent, that he never forgets or ignores any of his creatures, or anything he has created, great or small. Consequently that each and every human being is constantly, every moment, under the direct personal supervision of

the Almighty. If we cannot bring our minds to this belief, so far as we fall short of it we are probably in error or ignorance. Yet error and ignorance are part of the divine plan, as we must admit.

But when we have brought our minds not merely to the acknowledgment of this constant personal supervision of a just and omnipotent God, but also to the all-pervading feeling of perfect reliance upon the justice of that Great Being, how can we ascribe to him such attributes as only ignorance and error could ascribe to such a Being?

The present century has been prolific of scientific discoveries which have had a direct and all-powerful influence upon the general welfare and advancement of mankind, and man's inventive genius is now at work in a thousand fields, overcoming obstacles to the introduction of improvements of all kinds all over the world, which seem calculated and probably designed to prove that all things are progressive.

All these matters tend to the general spread of intelligence throughout the world, the ultimate effects of which only superior minds, so situated as to command prospects unseen by mortal or merely earthly eyes, can at present view. The general spread of intelligence, we must suppose is favorable to the elucidation of truth, and to the dissipation of error; and the exposure and abandonment of error, by the introduction and acceptance of truth, we cannot but believe to be conducive to the general good. Without knowing precisely how in all respects the general spread of intelligence is to benefit the human race, we may therefore confidently assert that its effect will be permanently beneficial.

Men need not repine or sadden their hearts when apparent innovations, some of which appear to conflict with their favorite theories and doctrines, whether religious or otherwise. Rather let them study these things carefully for themselves. Books, and professed teachers, are good things; but our minds are our own, and we should use them. If a good thought enters a human mind, let it not be ascribed to an evil influence. It is highly improbable that an evil-minded being would originate a truly good thought in the mind of another.

If there are spiritual influences surrounding us able and willing to teach us sublime truths, let us listen to them. If we do not precisely comprehend why they should approach us, or why we should be approached in some particular manner which may seem very strange to us, that does not seem to be a sufficient reason for discarding or driving these influences from us. On the contrary, if we believe that they design our good, we ought to encourage their approach and their sojourn with us, if we have any power so to do.

In the case of the writer, any one who could become acquainted with all the circumstances which have marked his course during the last twenty years, or since he first received the intuition that another and to him invisible mind was directly cognizant of his thoughts and acts, and who should perceive the change which has taken place in his general conduct and life, could hardly fail to arrive at the conclusion that there is indeed an immediate acting invisible influence, which has both the will and the power to direct and hold men in the right path.

Notwithstanding the fact that the writer has at intervals through twenty years encountered communion with invisible minds, they were for many years not accompanied with a permanent conviction that such was the fact. The mind of the writer is naturally skeptical—easily convinced by fair reasoning; but not to be convinced at all by mere assertion, or dogmatic formulas. Hence for years, although meeting with strange personal manifestations, he attributed them to an overwrought imagination, and ridiculed the published accounts of the spiritual manifestations, rappings, &c., nor has he ever been, nor is he now, in personal communion with any of these things, or any of these persons, in connection with others; and although experiencing the beneficial influence of this unseen but felt influence, and acting upon it for some years, it is only within a few months that the writer has felt at liberty to speak of it openly to others. Yet now he feels constrained to write these views, and he has not the slightest doubt that the object is good. He does not endorse the numerous published accounts of spiritual manifestations, merely because he knows nothing about them. But this he can say, with truth, that there is nothing in them to conflict with his own experience. He has not, it is true, ever had the experience of seeing a spirit, or the representation to his visual organs of a person deceased, or of a living spirit; but from his own experience in hearing and feeling, he cannot doubt that some persons have seen what he has only heard; and he does not doubt that it is also possible for him to see the same at some future time.

Objection may be made to the truth of the statements made in this article, on the ground that such things are incredible, and involve in fact miraculous action. Assuredly to the writer they have appeared to be miraculous; and if being contrary or new to his former knowledge and experience of the workings of the human intellect makes them miraculous, they are so. Yet frequently this invisible power has assured the writer that they are not miraculous, and will not seem so when further knowledge is attained. Still this sort of communication to those who have not experienced it, is, according to the ordinary meaning of the term, miraculous.

What is a miracle? To God, the Supreme Intelligence, there is no miracle. To man, ignorant of many laws of God, anything is in the nature of a miracle which proceeds from some law unknown to him. If there are, as the writer cannot doubt, intermediate intelligences far superior in the knowledge of God's laws to us, there may be occurrences miraculous in our view which are not so to them. The very idea of a miracle presupposes ignorance on the part of the beings observing it. A miracle must be based upon the ignorance of human minds, and cannot be based on anything else, since to the Supreme Intelligence there can be no miracle.

Because spiritual manifestations may to the general mind appear miraculous, it ought not, therefore, to deter them from our intelligent consideration, whether we do or do not believe in the actual occurrence of all the miracles related in the Bible precisely as described. Because only certain individuals have thus far been palpably approached by spiritual influences, we should not conclude that therefore it can be of no general account; for if we reflect, we must perceive that all knowledge has been conveyed to the world through the instrumentality of a few individuals, and that this has not been deemed miraculous, simply because the world has seen it so long as to become familiar with it.

Some persons ask, "What good can it do to commune with spiritual beings?" "How can they benefit us?" The writer does not undertake to determine or define precisely what good may be derived from the acquisition of knowledge of

any kind. We unhesitatingly listen with respect to the wise words and advice of those superior earthly minds among us; and if we find from experience that there are other minds of a still higher order ready to communicate through other human minds to us, why should we reject the knowledge they may communicate? Why reject any knowledge, from any source? Instead of wasting time upon the mere discussion of the possibility of spiritual communications to mankind, is it not better to study the things communicated? We cannot deny the possibility of spiritual communications, unless we ignore the possession of a spirit in our bodies. We may argue pro and con, as to the methods spirits ought to take to communicate with us, but it amounts to nothing. Spiritual beings, if they exist, and not grosser human beings, must be the best judges as to the modes they may prefer to talk to us. This is obvious, from the very nature of the thing; so that it must soon come to this: that men will be concerned to know and understand what it is that spirits teach, rather than how they teach. One thing seems to follow from the fact of spiritual communication: that there is something in man besides this mortal body. Surely this great fact does not conflict with Christianity, but is rather confirmatory of the great Christian doctrine of the immortality of the soul. TRUTH.

ASTROLOGY.

The belief that the stars, in some manner, exert a powerful influence over the dispositions, actions and destiny of human beings, and also over the changes in physical nature, can be traced to a remote antiquity. That many intelligent men have studied the science (if it may be called a science) and believed firmly in its truth, in every age and country, so far as we have any authentic history, is equally certain. The very nature of the subject, and the principles supposed to govern astral influences, required a thorough knowledge of astronomy and the highest branches of mathematics, so that none but the intelligent were qualified to make the predictions based upon the positions and movements of the heavenly bodies. That there may have been impostors in astrology, the same as we find them in every other sphere of life, is very probable; but that the most of them were endeavoring to deceive and wrong their fellow men, is absurd. No reasonable person believes that the great Ptolemy, who wrote the four books on the influence of the stars, was an impostor; neither do we believe that any one will say that Kepler, the great astronomer, Lord Bacon or Sir Walter Scott were dishonest, though it is a fact that these, and many other intelligent gentlemen of more modern times, had an abiding faith in astrology.

Some very remarkable prophecies have been made by astrologers as the result of their calculations. Lilly, who flourished in England about the middle of the seventeenth century, predicted the Great Plague in London, and also the terrible fire which shortly afterwards (1666) destroyed the greater part of that city. The wonderful prophecies of Nostradamus, some of which have been fulfilled in our own day, have been too often spoken of in public prints to require further mention here.

Dr. Thomas Lister, of Boston, a firm believer in astrology, in a letter published in a paper, Sept. 27th, 1864, said:

"In December, 1864, some deep, base plot was got up against the President, showed by the transit of Mars; and the aspect of the planet shows danger by pistol shot or some infernal machine. After February that evil transit will have passed away. During these months more than ordinary caution and watchfulness will be necessary. We could increase our remarks concerning the personal danger of the President, but believe forbearance, in this case, to be a virtue."

There being a discrepancy of a few weeks between the time prophesied, in the above extract, and the fulfillment, by the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, is readily accounted for by the principles of the science, as any one who has devoted much time to its investigation well knows. Again, Mr. Lister said, in the same article:

"The transit of the evil planet, Mars, in opposition with his ascendant, plainly shows that the struggle will continue till April, 1865, when the foes of the Union will be compelled to lay down their arms."

A prophecy more perfectly fulfilled than the latter cannot well be imagined, and yet it was the result of planetary calculations. Other verifications of ancient and modern, equally authentic and as perfectly fulfilled, which were the result of astrological research, might be cited, but the writer does not deem it necessary. This article was not commenced with the intention of giving a history of the rise and progress of the science of astrology, neither to record the remarkable predictions based upon it, but simply to call the attention of intelligent and thinking men to the subject, and, if possible, draw out from others some valuable thoughts and facts in regard to this ancient study.

The writer of this article does not even pretend to believe in any one of the three general branches of astrology, in which its professors divide it. That he has devoted some time and reflection to this subject he admits; but not enough, perhaps, to warrant a decision pro or con. He is simply one of those who are not disposed to denounce what others, evidently wiser than himself, pronounce true; and believes that a matter evidently believed in by those who have devoted the most time to its investigation, is certainly worthy of unprejudiced and careful examination.

The writer feels even more free to bring this subject before the readers of the *Banner of Light*, because he has noticed that the higher intelligences who communicate through the mediumship of Mrs. Conant, have frequently alluded to planetary influence as a truthful science. Many of the most intelligent lecturers and teachers in the brotherhood of Spiritualism, evidently lean toward astrology, and, therefore, it is quite probable that this article will be read by many who will willingly communicate some valuable knowledge upon the subject in future numbers.

ALYTHIA.

BEST.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere.
'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean,
After this life.
'Tis loving and serving,
The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving,
And this is true rest.—Guthrie.

There is great excitement among the working classes at Brussels just now on the subject of the kidnapping of children. A princess has been accused of bathing in the blood of young children to preserve her beauty, and there have been several mobs because infants have been unaccountably missed.

Bigots dread discussion. They seem to think Faith must go with her face tied up as if she had the toothache—that if she opens her mouth to the quarter the wind blows from, she will catch her death.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BY.....WAMEN CHASE.
OUTWARD.

In the shades of evening we bade adieu to the "Hub," and next day tramped over the oft-beaten paths of New York, with eyes carefully marking the many mechanical improvements of the summer; but the eye could not detect any social or physical improvements in the people, and we were not at all homesick, nor did we have a wish to return to this great maelstrom of human life, and night found us resting under the dear old maples of a homestead on the banks of the Delaware, planted by a very dear brother, now an inhabitant of the spirit-world, but not less real, dear, or personal than before, and much oftener we meet now than when he walked and talked as we do. Through the dusty streets of Philadelphia, which we never saw suffering so much for rain, and over the parched country of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad to Harrisburg, grain and grass harvested, and all else but corn dried up. Winding up the Alleghany, found the soil more moist and crops fresher. Driving through the "coal holes" of Sunbury and Williamsport, spent the long dark night winding about the hills and curves of central Pennsylvania and skirting the oil regions at Irvington and Corry; next day brought us out to Lake Shore, and out to the pleasant homes and farms of Collins, Erie Co., N. Y., where we met many of our co-laborers in the cause attending the annual meeting of the Friends of Progress, largely assembled, in their rude, large house in the woods, made of rough hemlock boards, and capacious as rough, but well fitted for our purposes of meeting, as it is seldom used except at annual meetings, when it is filled with people from far and near. Its finish denotes that it was built for and by man, not God, or at least not for the God whose haughty temples stand in pride and extravagance amid the poverty-stricken dwellings of our cities. This is a most perfect contrast—fine dwellings and good barns, all better than the meeting house, and more needed and used.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS.

was opened on Friday, and Giles B. Stebbins appointed Chairman, and Sarah S. Tousey, Secretary, which, with a Business and Finance Committee, composed all the officers needed, so far as we could see. The speaking throughout was almost entirely by Spiritualists, and the whole tone and character of the meeting was like those spiritual gatherings we so often have in the groves of New England and the West, and to us it seemed almost or quite as radical as the Cape Cod camp-meeting. Mrs. Horton uttered more radical sentiments on the social question than we ever heard from her, and strengthened and extended them, and we endeavored to keep the religious ideas on an equally advanced basis, and both were fully sustained by other speakers and the audience.

G. B. Stebbins offered the following resolutions, which, although not discussed, were deliberately read twice and unanimously adopted on Sunday in the fullest audience, and they seemed to be understood, appreciated and endorsed:

- Resolved, That while cheered by many signs of progress, and renewing our efforts for great practical reforms, we deem it of high importance, as a foundation for character and growth, that freedom of the soul be asserted and maintained inviolate—such freedom as is loyal to the truths of the spirit within us; truths divine and immortal, and which will grow in power and beauty as superstitions decay, as creeds are put aside and books are used as helps, but never accepted as masters of the soul.
- Resolved, That believing in equal rights and universal justice, in public as in private affairs, as the only true safety and glory of the State, we desire and urge such changes in law and custom as shall sweep away all political and social proscription on account of race, color or sex, and leave woman as free as man to choose her own occupation, and accept her equal responsibility, thus helping to a higher womanhood and a truer manhood.
- Resolved, That we urge upon all, and especially the young, that knowledge and obedience of physical laws, that control and guidance of passion, that temperance in all of food and drink that benefits, and that abstinence from all that injures, which may be termed the religion of the body, and which shall lead to high reverence of its sacred offices, and shall make it fit for the use and worthy to be the pure temple of the immortal spirit.
- Resolved, That the treatment of criminals should keep in view the reform of such as transgressed laws—often imperfect, and the safety of society; that we rejoice in all improvements in prison discipline, or in the laws of the country tending to those ends, and that over every prison door, over the bench of every Judge, and in every legislative hall be written, "Vengeance is mine."
- Resolved, That in the beautiful and cheering facts of spirit-presence, communication and communion, we find confirmation of the desire for immortal life—which is within us, incentives to higher wisdom and harmony of daily life—stimulus to freedom of thought and emancipation from all superstition, as childish belief in supernatural miracles.

Among the speakers present were J. W. Seaver, of Byron, N. Y., G. B. Stebbins, Mrs. Horton, Mrs. Scott, (mother of Mrs. Tappan), Mrs. Hazen, Mr. Robinson, of Salem, Mass., Dr. Child, of Philadelphia, Dr. Bailey of Iowa, ourself and many others, and probably near two thousand people assembled in all, and mostly seemed to appreciate and approve the philosophy of Spiritualism in the radical and sweeping religious sentiments that set up a natural and rational religion of life, in place of all ceremonies, fables and superstitions of Christianity. The meeting closed Sunday evening, with the best of feeling and effect.

HEALING THE SICK.

Everywhere we go we meet with mediums more or less developed for healing the sick and removing the diseases that "flesh is heir to," but of all classes of workers in this, or almost any cause, these are about as poorly paid as any, and left as near starvation prices as they well can be by those who are often cured by them after paying largely and liberally to the profession and to legitimate institutions for healing. Some people make this expenditure an excuse for not paying more, although they admit the greater benefit from the mediums. Of course there are quacks and shams in this as in all other business, but these remarks are not for them.

FANATICISM.

It cannot be denied that we have fanatics in Spiritualism as well as in Christianity, and perhaps the cause may, to considerable extent, be the same. We attribute it usually to a higher state of magnetic excitement than the intellect and judgment can control, and hence a partially—more or less—deranged action, usually on religious subjects. Since Spiritualism is, in religion, only rationalism, and natural in all its features, therefore these fanatics have to seek elsewhere the subjects to feed the fires of religious zeal, and they usually find them abundant in Christianity. One has a mission from Christ; another a moral or social reform to harp and carp upon; another a government to set up for "the world," all more or less called to perform some great change for the old world that still wages on regardless of them, as they appear and pass away without changing it or seriously affecting anybody but themselves.

We have a score or more of these hanging about our camp-meetings, picnics, conventions, &c., and often with circulars, tracts and newspaper scraps to convince the people of the importance of their "mission." The more disagreement, discord and

controversy there is, or seems to be approaching in any of these meetings, the more largely they congregate, and the more zealous and enthusiastic they become, often reaching almost to frenzy, and sometimes requiring the officers of law to quiet them. These persons are usually harmless, but full of such vague, silly and ridiculous nonsense as to be reported by the press in its scandalizing notices of Spiritualism, and reported as Spiritualists, while they usually borrow all their wild and silly nonsense from some of the teachings of the churches.

THE SPIRIT'S VOYAGE.

BY FRANCIS S. OSGOOD.

"When the child was buried, a little canoe with a sail to it, laden with bread-fruit and coconuts, was sent off from the shore with a fair wind, in order, as they said, to bear the spirit of the dead away from the land of the living."

"They've filled with fruit their frail canoe, With fruit and flowers of brilliant hue, A blooming freight, but whose the hand To guide the light thing from the land? So feathery light—"it would seem a sin To trust a fairy's weight within. The waves are bright—the skies are fair— A balmy blessing is the air— Her sail is set—she glides away! Where goes the graceful boat to-day? I hear no voice come o'er the tide; I see no form the helm beside; And it might seem a moment's toy, But that they wear no smile of joy, And fondly watch its snowy wing, As if it were a holy thing: Why send they forth their boat to be A plaything for the rockless sea? "Oh, stranger! calm or wild the tide, Their light canoe will safely glide, And all unscented by tempest-shock, By coral-reef or roughest rock, Ere morn, its white sail will be furled Forever in the spirit-world. A voiceless hand that bark obeys, A voice unheard the sea-wave sways, A thing so holy and so fair, Serene and safe, is smiling there, That fierce winds before it falter, And into harmless zephyrs alter, And into harmless zephyrs alter, Ah! well may they the wanderer mark; For know—within that blessed bark, The spirit of a little child Is playing on the waters wild! Behold our chieftain's burial ground! We raised to dry another mound. Behold its lone and hallowed tree! So graceful and so fair was she. But look!—the boat is seen no more; The mourning train have left the shore; And hark! those accents and that wild! Our island chief laments his child."

THE LAMENT.

No more!—ah! never, never more! Her precious feet will tread, Like light, our dwelling's coral floor, By young affection led; Those little feet, whose graceful fall, So airy and so gay, Broke not the fragile shell of all That glittered in her way. No more! Ah! never, never more, Her glancing hand will brand Our painted mats to shade the door, Where warm the moonlight played! No more with lightest limbs she'll spring Far up the cocoa-tree, No more the cocoa-cup she'll bring, With sunny smiles to me! But safer, through the land of souls, Those tender feet shall go, And where the endless river rolls, More rich the coconuts grow; And still beneath her joyous hand The spirit-fruit shall rise, Forever blooming through the land, Where nothing droops and dies! Her dark hair's long and glossy stream, Shall bright kahulauds glow, And wreaths of rainbow shells shall gleam Around her arms and neck. Play on amid those fragrant bowers, My fair and happy child! Ere long another bark of ours Shall brave the waters wild; And though 't would scarce—a host so weak— The sin-weighted soul sustain, A father's spirit cannot seek His only child in vain!

"The floor of the hut is strewn with fragments of coral and shells."

MESSAGE FROM JOHN PIERPONT, TO THE BUFFALO, N. Y., CONVENTION OF SPEAKERS AND MEDIUMS.

WRITTEN INSPIRATIONALLY BY J. W. SEAVER, OF BYRON, N. Y.

To my very much beloved brothers and sisters of this Convention of Speakers and Mediums, convened Nov. 11th, 1868:

I greet you from my home in the supernal heavens, with an affectionate salutation; I exhort you each and all to purity of heart and nobleness of life—to seek the kingdom of harmony, which is heaven, while on earth, that you may be more useful and exemplary here, and better prepared to enter the higher courts of the bright Summer-Land.

To be a public speaker or teacher, is a position of much responsibility. I know this from many years of practical experience, and the more I do know and reflect upon it, the higher appreciation I have of it, and the more weighty I feel to be the position.

It is too true that the masses of mankind do not investigate—do not think as they should, and as is indispensably necessary to, in order to judge correctly of the great system of truths and principles embraced within the realm of man's sphere of action, present and prospective, and therefore designing or ignorant men, and women too, take places upon the public rostrum, with a few grains of truth in a large bag-full of chaff and gas, and by their artful combinations lead ignorant minds to swallow the whole, as the quack doctor, with a little sugar artfully coating his loathsome pill, induces his victim to swallow the whole at a gulp, however poisonous may be its effects. Thus the few grains of truth coat over the large mass of error, and the masses are induced by the Doctors of Divinity, and others, to receive the whole into their mental stomachs, producing effects most lamentable to behold. I can see it clearly now! While in the body I had a partial view of the reality, but now it stands out before me in such conspicuous characters, yes, so poisons the whole of the masses (with some worthy exceptions), that the unobstructed vision is filled with sorrow and inexpressible sympathy. These effects are in a great degree the results of erroneous public teaching.

But if the weight of responsibility resting upon the public speaker is great, what shall I say of the medium? The teacher draws his lessons from the past, but the medium, stepping outside of the beaten path of past centuries, ignoring their time-honored lessons and teachings, boldly dashes aside the obstructing veil and looks with unobstructed vision into the mansions of the blessed in the Higher Life; not only so, but professes to hold personal intercourse with their inhabitants—

yes, and to be the channel, the agency, whereby the dearest treasures of our hearts' affections are able to convey to the denizens of earth messages of love and intelligence.

How much higher, how much more responsible this position than that of the public speaker, words fail to express. And to you, dearly beloved, who occupy this truly exalted position, encompassed as it is with responsibilities, let me say in all frankness, you are, at this hour, the light of the world, so to speak. You, and such as you, have nearly made obsolete the hackneyed saying, "they have gone to that bourne from whence no traveler returns"—have brought millions to reject it as untrue. The faith of Christendom is fast becoming directly opposite to that saying—and that, through the agency of mediums. This is among the first fruits of Spiritualism. This entering wedge, addressed to the heart's affections and to the mind's intuitions, is but the faint prophecy of the glorious results rapidly to follow.

And let me say to you, beloved, and I say it from the depths of a heart overflowing with love to God and to humanity, let me say to you in kindness and sympathy, oh, be true—be true to the most exalted position you each occupy. Yours is truly a responsible position. Try more fully to realize its responsibilities. Feel, oh feel that wherever there is a spiritual manifestation or communication, that just the other side of your normal vision there are one or more spiritual beings engaged in producing those effects, and that too for a purpose—a grand, a sublime purpose. Do try to hear this in mind—a glorious purpose!

All this great system of spiritual intercourse is in accordance with an interior plan and purpose, not to be continued for a few days, or years even, and then abandoned, but a plan based upon the immutable principles of adaptation and necessity—the absolute and indispensable requirements of both spheres. And, resting upon such a basis, demanded by such considerations, and originated, superintended, and carried forward by the highest wisdom of the highest spheres of heavenly truth, love and wisdom, how is it possible for it to be discontinued, or to fail of accomplishing all the important ends originally intended.

Oh then, beloved mediums! falter not, in view of the burthens laid upon you, or of the aspirations or want of sympathy by which you are met. I know at times your trials are great. But do you not know that no great achievements are ever accomplished without trials, perseverance and labor? There were dark days with Washington and his fellow-patriots, but success crowned their labors, and now their memory is embalmed within the affections of their countrymen, and they are the admiration of the civilized world.

So with the noble host of heroes who stood nobly to the work of overthrowing the recent wicked rebellion; and although suffering more than tongue or pen can tell, they were true to their trust, and triumphant victory perched upon their banners, and they have become the pride and glory of a free, prosperous and soon to be united people. All honor to those sons of America and other lands! Many of them are now with us, on this side of the river, having passed through trials untold—killed by bullet, ball and shell, and starved in the prison-pens of the South, and we love them all the better for their endurance and valor.

So with you, beloved! We behold all your trials, all your labors and sacrifices, all your heart-anguish and suffering, and the more you endure for truth's sake, and stand firm and undaunted at your post, the higher is our appreciation of you, and the more fervent our love. "The greater the cross, the brighter the crown."

We wish you to feel and know, oh beloved speakers, promulgators of truth and righteousness, and media, aids by which the glory of the heavens can be manifested to earth, we wish you all to be assured that we encompass you like a mighty wall of protection, and will be to you as a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, to guide you and this Glorious New Dispensation on to a most glorious, and enduring, and triumphant victory.

Fraternally your brother,

JOHN PIERPONT.

ITEMS OF PROGRESS IN INDIANA.

Anderson, Muncie, Winchester, Greensboro, Cadiz and Richmond.

BY J. H. POWELL.

If I judge rightly from appearances, Indiana is not destined to remain in total darkness; for the sun of Spiritualism is gradually piercing the clouds of ignorance, and making otherwise sad hearts glad.

Indiana is a hard State, doubtless, compared to some others where our cause triumphs, but nevertheless it is undergoing a change, as the items I here detail will show.

When I left Terre Haute, some few weeks back, I spent a few days with the friends at Brazil, making my home at Bro. Black's. Here I had lectured before, but found, owing to the farmers being busy and other causes, that nothing could be done in the way of lecturing.

At Indianapolis I received no encouragement to stay, the friends having just had their State Convention, and not being ready to undertake, with little prospects of success, any further responsibilities.

I spent a pleasant hour with the late Judge McDonald, and was interested and gratified in hearing him detail his experiences with mediums, and the wonderful proofs he had had of spiritual realities. Nothing could be more satisfactory than his evidences, and no one could speak with more emphasis and sense than he did of his assurance of the truths of the Spiritual Philosophy. I did not think that the Judge would so soon pass to the "Better Land," yet I felt that he would not be in the body very long, for he was suffering intensely about the spine, and betrayed signs of bodily weakness. Since his death I read in a Cincinnati paper that the Judge was a Spiritualist for several years, but got "absolved" before he died. I do not know, of course, what impression may prevail among the Judge's friends upon this subject, but I cannot bring myself to believe that a man so convinced of spirit-actuality and so assured of the hereafter as he could, except under strong psychologic influence, be induced to seek "absolution" in his last moments from the faith that sustained him for years, reared as it was upon irrefragable facts.

My stay in Indianapolis was short, a few hours only. Following the advice of L. D. Wilson, I took cars for Anderson, and called upon Bro. Westerfield. No chance of lectures here at present, but promise for the future. The friends at Anderson, like many others, need a good hall in which to hold meetings, &c. This need is being supplied. In a course of months from now I expect to lecture in Anderson, in a new hall in course of erection by Mr. Westerfield.

Still on to Muncie. In this quiet spot I found rest for a space. I found the friends all harmonious—few, but firm and true. I was welcomed; although a stranger, not estranged. Bro. Lynn, the Conductor of the Lyceum, an old countryman, treated me as a man and a brother, and my spirit shed tears of joy. I opened my campaign in thorough earnest, and have reason to believe that some good has resulted to the cause. The friends in Muncie—the Monges, Makons, Turners, Hubbers, Lynns—deserve well, for they certainly do their best to do well.

The Lyceum in Muncie is not large, but promises good things in time. A great want here is a good hall. The Court House, the present place of meeting, is not considered good enough by many to sit in and hear the gospel of truth. Pride will not, like murder. The Muncie Times has reproduced an article from the "Manufacturer

and Builder," on "Spiritual Photography," anti, of course, I have replied, and for aught I know the war may continue. It is a good plan, when local journals do the one-sided thing, just to show them where they stand. I have tried to show the editor of the Muncie Times not only his error, but likewise his materialism.

From Muncie I went to Winchester, where I spent one of the pleasantest times with Bro. Puckett on his rich estate—rich not only in fruit and trees, but in that which outvalues them all, happiness. The churches in Winchester do not seem to prosper as in most places. A very large proportion of those not of the churches or Spiritualists are thinking infidels—infidels only in the eyes of bigots. The term is a misnomer applied to honest doubters of "holy writ." I spoke to large and most attentive audiences. A desire was manifested to hear me often, but there is a difficulty in the way—the want of means.

An incident worth recording may fit in here. Thomas Norman, a colored man in the employ of Mr. Puckett, who can neither read nor write, was out with his team, when he came to a mud hole. A white man with another team wanted Thomas to "give him the road."

"You can have half of it," replied color. This would not do. While thought himself king, and ordered black to get out of the way, swearing viciously.

Pythagoras in ebony said—how characteristic of the slave-holder's argument that the nigger is incapable of culture—"You can swear all day if you like; I am not going to swear with you."

At Greensboro I lectured in the chapel built by the late Seth Hinshaw. The friends here I found, as elsewhere, very earnest and persistent, as far as means will permit, in spreading the gospel of light. Bro. Small, at whose house I stayed, invited me to lecture again the first Sunday in October.

Cadiz is a very small place. I made the acquaintance of but a single Spiritualist, the Bonds, who are without doubt honest and full of fellowship with all that is progressive and pure. I lectured in a hall built by Bro. Bond, to a few earnest listeners. A thunderstorm came on just before, preventing many from attending. I return there in October.

I have delivered a couple of discourses here at Richmond, where I leave to-day for Lotus. The audiences were, I believe, above the average and large, although the camp meeting was supposed to empty the town. The Richmond Lyceum has the advantage of a first-class conductor in Eli Brown. I attended the session, and was gratified to find the evidence of the future of the children. Everything was orderly. "Haven's first law." The declamations, singing, general question and marching all good, and the conduct better. I find healthy life in Richmond. The principal item is the new hall, which the friends of progress are erecting at an enormous expense. It is getting toward completion. I am told it will accommodate seats for one to two thousand persons. I was permitted to look over it, and to rise to the roof and survey the town. The first fact forced upon my mind was its proximity to the churches. Is the central church of several around. Orthodox, many leave the houses of worship, and come to the new hall, which is called "a temple." I do not know of any Society of Spiritualists in the States that owns such a building as Richmond will do in a few months. Are not these items of progress? One great need is some system for keeping up lectures and paying lecturers liberally. I find the best of kindness and entertainment, but owing to poverty and other causes, the speaker comes often poorly off in monetary remuneration. Miscellaneous work is just the need of the hour. But who is to supply the missionaries and who the funds?

I go to some places where they are starving for spiritual food, where no lectures have been given on the spiritual philosophy, neither of which can raise enough to pay the speaker. I want to supply such with their great need—but alas, I have responsibilities, and railway fares are heavy, and I can only do a small work in comparison with what I could were I fairly compensated. I have looked to some of the organizations to do something in the way of aiding me to keep the field, but not a solitary hint that I was even worthy a contribution has taken practical form. So I have struck out alone on the tide and am buffeting the breakers, and shall do so, please God, even if I am wrecked. I am hopeful, and satisfied at least, that the cause moves on, even in Indiana. Where the field is the hardest to plow there is need of the most laborers. Give strength to the hands that are willing to hold the plow. The Banner circulates all round, but not so much as it should. I have recommended it, and other spiritual papers. More anon.

A Curious Chemical Phenomenon.

From the Newport Mercury.

In demolishing many of the religious houses in Europe and elsewhere, called convents, it has not been unusual to find the remains of human bodies that had been built into the walls—as is supposed alive, to hide cultists, or as a means of inspiration for real or pretended ecclesiastical offices. These remains have generally been so decomposed as to fall to pieces on being exposed to the air. But there is now an exhibition in some of our cities, the entire bodies of a man and child that had been thus enclosed for nearly three hundred years, yet are both in a good state of preservation. The account given of the phenomenon seems authentic, and is confirmed by the perfect naturalness of the remains.

It seems that about two years ago (1867) General Riva Palacio was directed by President Juarez to raze to the ground the convent of St. Domingo, in Mexico, which, as its name implies, was a religious house, belonging to the order of monks to whom the Pope delegated the power to punish heresies and other offences committed against the ordinances of the Church. In performing the work, it is stated that there were found nearly two hundred human skeletons imbedded in the walls, and among them the two above mentioned, which, through some freak of nature, or peculiarity of position, had not undergone the chemical change that all the rest had experienced. Among the archives of the convent was found the trial of a merchant who had fled from Portugal to Mexico, to escape from a charge of heresy, but was soon seized by what is called the "Inquisition" of the Holy Office, and delivered to the Inquisitors. The remains are said to be his. The record of this trial, which is on parchment, and occurred in 1535, and is evidently a very ancient Latin document, shows that the poor man was subjected to the most exquisite tortures that human ingenuity has ever yet been able to invent, no less than six different times. It seems to have been the object of the Inquisitors to compel him to admit his heresy by word of mouth, in which case only, by the law, his estate was forfeited to the Holy Office. But in every instance, doubtless, out of consideration for his wife and children, who would otherwise have been left penniless, the heroic sufferer, as often as the question was put to him under torture, answered, "I have nothing to say," or "I am dying." At length, wearied or infuriated by his firmness, his tormentors suspended his mutilated body in a position the most painful possible, and had him walled up alive, with what is supposed to have been his living child, at his feet. The body, suspended by cords under each arm and around his chin, was attached to iron rings that were fastened in the wall above. The perished body is in such an excellent state of preservation, that the marks of the screws and burning tongs or pincers, which, as it is supposed, were used to hold the body and limbs, and the peculiar features of the flesh about his arm-pits, chin and face appear to be precisely what must have been the effect produced by the cords at the time of his death. The body of the child is nearly as perfect as that of the supposed father.

It would be well for every friend of civil and religious freedom to see these skeletons, and draw their own moral therefrom, especially as there are now ecclesiastical convocations being held in various parts of the country for the object of getting, by way of amendment to our national constitution, an entering wedge for the union of Church and State, which, come from what quarter they will, be sure to result in the end in terrible enormities and abuses.

It seems that this feature of ecclesiastical law was introduced into the early statutes of Massachusetts. In two or three instances men of property, accused of witchcraft, refused to confess themselves guilty, in order to save their estates, and were accordingly condemned to hang for some days, the indescribable agony of being pressed to death under heavy planks. Had they confessed, their sufferings would have been commuted to burning or hanging, and their persecutors would have shared their estates.

From Ellen Clementine Howarth's Volume of Poems. COMMUNION WITH THE DEAD.

Thou bendest o'er me, sweet,
Thy holy fingers close my weary eyes.
I did not know that we again should meet
Till past the azure skies.
My soul was waiting for that time of grace,
Waiting on patience, oh, golden head!
Come to my bed and take the eternal shore,
Lift to my fevered lips thine angel face—
Thou dost hold communion with my dead.
I know the morn will break,
And thy sweet presence I no more shall see.
Yet shall my steps be holy for the sake
Of moments spent with thee.
Thou may'st wings from the eternal shore
Have heavenly benedictions o'er me shed,
And on my heart thy celestial light pour,
Hallowed and best! My lips shall say no more—
Earth cannot hold communion with the dead.
Thy tender pleadings, sweet,
It must have been that with this power dying,
To bend thy glorious forehead, where thy feet
Have trod ere now with mine,
To touch mine eyes with thine of holy light,
And wave thy fragrant ether round my head,
To draw the clayey curtains from my sight,
And stand before me beautiful and bright,
That I might hold communion with my dead!
Now shall I tread the earth
As if I touched it, in remembering thee.
I was a child of passion from my birth,
But thou hast set me free.
Now through the world's dark maze can I go,
Safe and secure, by unseen spirits led,
Quitting the soul's homeless state and low,
What now to me is the sweetest of words,
Since I have held communion with my dead?

MARYLAND.

Baltimore Lyceum.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—"Honor to whom honor is due." In your paper of Aug. 21st appeared a letter from our friend and co-laborer, Mrs. E. J. Wilhelm. I cordially endorse all its contents, excepting the statement—doubtless a mistake—that No. 2 Lyceum was formed from No. 1; and for the purpose of giving the laurels to those who deserve them, I trust that you will allow me to give a short account of our progress, in the columns of your valuable paper.

No. 1 Lyceum was started in the western part of the city during 1867. No. 2 was organized under the auspices of the Progressive Spiritualists in the eastern part, Feb. 8th, 1869. The officers were W. Gardner, Conductor; Mrs. L. C. Dundore, Guardian; Ellen Harris, Secretary; Mr. Cooper, Musical Director; George Broom, Assistant; do, Messrs. West, Jackson and McIntyre, Guards.

Success of the movement was due solely to Elijah Bishop, Esq., who kindly furnished the Banners and Manuals. We held our first session at Broadway Institute, Feb. 21st, 1869, Miss Nettie Pease opening with an address. The Leaders and Guards gathered the children from "highways and byways," very few of either officers or children ever having visited a Lyceum before that day.

Through the influence of some members of the Young Men's Christian Association we were driven from the Institute in April, and were obliged to hold a session at my residence, as we were not notified that we could not have the hall until the hour of our meeting, and the hall on the part of city authorities (who control the hall) stimulated us to further exertions, and by the aid of a few generous friends we secured the lease of the hall we now occupy, corner Baltimore and Bond streets. We also bought the furniture and fixtures for the hall and ante-rooms, while the Social Committee painted and papered the whole.

Until this time there had been no intimacy or friendship existing between the two Lyceums, owing to some misunderstanding having arisen between the members of the two Societies; that having ceased to exist, the officers and members visit and assist in the sessions of both, while some of the children have joined both, and regularly attend No. 1 at 10 A. M., and No. 2 at 2 P. M.

We have a Lyceum Social, where the children, parents and friends meet every Monday evening, at 7 P. M. We have gymnastic fixtures in the hall, and the time until 9 o'clock is devoted to gymnastics, games and Lyceum exercises; after that time both old and young join in the pleasures of the dance, under the supervision of Mr. Heine, our able and efficient Ballet Master, who, although a member of the Catholic Church, has taken a great interest in our Lyceum. These little gatherings are largely attended, and the Lyceum, by parties of all creeds and denominations, Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants, Infidels and Spiritualists.

Since taking possession of our hall we have paid all our expenses from the collections alone, having received neither contributions or dues from any one; we are now seating the hall from the same slender resources.

We gave the first excursion, and picnic of the season June 22d, which was largely attended by—our then new—friends of No. 1 Lyceum. We now number over one hundred members, and the number is increasing.

The two Lyceums have done a glorious work here in uniting the members of the two Societies and sections in the bonds of true fraternal feeling, as was proven in the State Convention held in this city on the 12th inst.

I should not forget to add our sincere wishes for the success of the Lyceum about to start in Saratoga Hall. There's room enough for all, and the field is broad.

With kindest wishes for the success of our sister Lyceums throughout the land, I remain, Yours fraternally, WILLIS GARDNER, Conductor Lyceum No. 2.

Baltimore, Aug. 26th, 1869.

MAINE.

Grove Meeting at Foxcroft.

DEAR BANNER.—The Spiritualists of Dover, Foxcroft and vicinity assembled, agreeably to previous notice, at the grove of Calvin Chamberlain, Esq., in Foxcroft, on Saturday, 23rd inst., and organized by choosing E. H. Averill, of Dover, President, and Charles White, of Bangorville, Secretary. Mr. Averill, on taking the chair, made some appropriate remarks on the value and importance of the recognition of angelic manifestations, welcoming the friends who were assembling, announcing the objects of the meeting and the order of the exercises. The formation was then spent in social conference, and a good spirit was evinced and inaugurated, which promised well for the future success and profitability of the meeting. Adjourned to meet at two o'clock P. M.

At one o'clock the people began to assemble and engage in social conference, which continued until two o'clock, when, the numbers present having largely increased from the former part of the day, the regular service commenced by a song from the choir, and an able address by Dr. H. P. Fairfield, of New Jersey, of nearly an hour in length, which was listened to with the greatest interest throughout. Adjourned to meet at nine o'clock Sunday morning.

Sunday morning, at nine o'clock, the multitudes began to assemble. The weather was clear, the air pure, and everything above and around betokened the loving kindness of the ever-present Deity. The formation was then spent in social conference, and a good spirit was evinced and inaugurated, which promised well for the future success and profitability of the meeting. Adjourned to meet at two o'clock P. M.

Many of the people remained on the ground, partaking of such refreshments as they had brought with them. After such another social meeting immediately commenced, in which large numbers participated. In the meantime the people were thronging in increased numbers to the grove. The weather was very pleasant and favorable, and it was judged by those fully competent to decide, that full three hundred were on the ground Sunday afternoon. All the churches were represented. No disorder or disturbance of any kind was manifested. A good spirit of harmony and order seemed to prevail. Address were made to the thronged yet quiet and attentive audience by Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Fields, H. P. Fairfield, and by the President, and after a song by the choir, a benediction was invoked by Mr. Fairfield, and the meeting was closed.

Thus has concluded one of the most profitable and interesting meetings ever held in this part of the country. And just here may be permitted, without underrating the efforts of laborers of any other speakers, to speak particularly of Bro. Fairfield. We had engaged him to speak four Sundays, the fourth Sunday being the last day of the grove meeting. By his deportment in private and his abilities and talents as a public speaker he has won a high place in our esteem, and—in short, we have engaged him to come again another season to make a long stay, which is perhaps saying enough in his praise, and we hope our beautiful grove, consecrated as it has been to angelic ministrations, may witness another season, a gathering as large and as joyous and as interesting as the one we have just enjoyed.

The minister who boasted of preaching without notes did not mean to be understood as referring to greenbacks.

The Labor Question.

It is becoming more and more plain, and being more and more freely admitted, that this fundamental question of the rights of labor, and its just relations to capital, is crowding other issues aside, and, with the financial issue, promises very shortly to usurp the chief and most intense thought of the time. We have just styled it fundamental, because upon it rests the harmony and prosperity of our whole social system. Labor at once supplies the necessities of life and fixes the price for them, a dollar or a bushel of wheat being a standard of value, just according to the amount of actual labor bestowed in their production. The dollar may, it is true, become of changed value, as now, yet only relatively so; for if it be worth more or less than before, it will be found that it adjusts itself to the worth of a day's labor. One of the speakers at a labor meeting, held in this city Sunday before last, maintained that the rule had been or was being reversed in these days, and that the price of commodities regulated the price of labor. We would not venture to deny that the speaker was largely in the right. There has supervened such a perfect confusion of practice from the events and corruption of the past few years, that it almost threatens the need of an entirely new adjustment.

There has been a notable stir over the labor question of late, and it presages the overhauling of the faulty notions which permit the unjust practices in reference to workingmen and women, and a better understanding of the relations that subsist between laborer and employer. The National Labor Convention at Philadelphia addressed itself to a very wide range of topics, to some minds perhaps wholly incongruous; but when we consider that labor underlies all, that its interests vitalize every enterprise and every achievement, that society could not for a day be held together without it, and that it alone has never yet received and enjoyed its just reward, there is no incongruity whatever in associating the questions of politics with whatever phase of the labor question may be presented. Following the Philadelphia Convention were those of several States, such as New York and Massachusetts, for instance, in which the lead taken at the National Convention was vigorously followed up, the hours of work, rate of wages, value of money and absolute rights of the employed were discussed with a freedom that betrayed the earnest determination of the assemblies referred to. There was, as before observed, a continuation of the discussion at Horticultural Hall, two Sunday afternoons ago, when some very radical ideas were promulgated in reference to political subjects, and the utmost freedom of speech was indulged in on all. Other discussions are to follow, in a similar vein. There will be no cessation of the debate until all that is wrong, and has been entrenched in wrong customs, is fully exposed to public view, and a more satisfactory basis of remuneration for all kinds of labor is established.

We are assured on all sides, that in France, in Germany, in England, everywhere—civilized Europe, in fact—the labor question is becoming very rapidly the question of the time. The newspapers may publish their full columns of rumor, prophecy, gossip, and estimates concerning the downfall of a cabinet, the overturn of a dynasty, the change of rulers, and all those things; they fail to touch the question of questions, however—that which swallows up all the rest by its magnitude—when they omit the matter of labor and its proper adjustment as a power in the great movements and the constant support of civilized life. The Congress of the International Workingmen's Association was convened at Basle, Switzerland, on the 6th instant, when these subjects were presented for the common consideration—the question of landed property, the right to inheritance, the utilization of credit in the interest of the working class, the diffusion of the privileges and blessings of education, and the influence of trades unions on the emancipation of the working class.

Now here are weighty themes for intelligent discussion, and their elements enter into the body and substance of the social organization. A free and exhaustive exposition of them is calculated to bring all classes to a better understanding, and to assure each of rights which it is for the good of all to maintain. The sub-soil plow itself is put in, when such subjects are thoughtfully treated in the interests of labor. The old days of twilight visibly fade out in the light of such modern illumination. There can be no doubt that the real issue in the late French elections was that between labor and employment; and the result shows the rapid growth of a party that threatens—or we should better say promises—to get the upper hand at last and rule the Empire. And so it will certainly be in this country. Here, if anywhere, the issue ought to have a fair trial. Here the hearing accorded to labor ought to be free and patient. It is the laborer himself who rules here already, and by his mastery of the laws of justice in relation to hire, he succeeds in mastering the whole problem of our social and political life. Who will not wish him God-speed in his work of self-protection?

Owning Places of Iniquity.

A late paragraph in the Philadelphia Press, relative to the ownership of some of the vilest dens that exist in that city, shows up the character of much of the profession that makes such an impression in certain quarters of society. In Bedford street, in that city, the writer of the paragraph says he saw the most bloated specimen of a man his eyes ever beheld, the son of the lady who owned an entire court running off from that street. Her rents are, of course, very handsome, and very foul, too. A couple of what he styles the vilest and filthiest dens on the street are owned by a clergyman, said to be worth seventy-five thousand dollars. A lady, a prominent member of one of the first churches, owns another horrible den of iniquity. Agents, of course, collect the rents, but the owners know too well what kind of money they handle, and that it is almost wholly the wages of sin. Would it not be a good plan for the ministers in the churches of which such owners are pillars, to undertake a missionary work among them? How long can genuine religion keep itself pure and incorrupt, when its open and exclusive professors practice these arts of shameless hypocrisy? Why pass the box for funds to send to distant heathen, when those who contribute are thus creating heathen colonies at the door? Is it not the unpardonable sin, to do such outrage to the holy cause on whose steady advancement hangs the entire happiness of the human race, poor and rich together?

Picnic of the "Sons of Joshua."

The last grand union picnic of the Spiritualists of Boston, Charlestown, Chelsea and vicinity, in connection with the "Sons of Joshua," came off on Wednesday, Sept. 8th, at Walden Pond Grove, Concord. Owing to the storm in the morning the number present was not large, but good speakers were in attendance, and those who dared the threatening elements were well paid by a day of real enjoyment.

The Prison System.

All signs indicate that our modern system of providing punishment for criminals is a false and therefore ineffectual one. Even the side that insists on the severest penalties, is forced to own that they fail to answer the end proposed. The prisons are becoming the seed-beds of crime themselves. The reformatory work hoped for within their walls, falls somehow to be done; but instead of that is a sudden sprouting and alarmingly rapid growth of vicious proclivities, which are ripe and ready for deadly mischief as soon as the convict shall have graduated from his involuntary confinement. New York has of late broken out with fresh forms of crime, which provoke the freest comment from the journals of that city. In discussing the remedy, the existing system of punishment comes in for its proper share of criticism. What to do with the criminal class—is the great problem. The Tribune speaks out plainly, in the following words:

"The crimes of the last few days are important mainly as symptoms. They indicate an alarming increase of the dangerous classes, and bring home to us the question which has agitated older countries for many years, but which we have scarcely thought about: What shall we do with our criminals? The manner in which we have hitherto dealt with them, we look up our heads in disgust, keep them out of mischief; but the cages will not hold them forever, and how will it be when they get out again? There are nurseries enough of crime in the dram shops and tenements of all great cities; there are incentives enough to wrong doing in the fierce excitement wherein we have lived for the last eight years. If we add to these powers of evil bad influence in our prisons, our courts, and our whole machinery of justice, the criminals will soon become too strong for us; we shall be reduced to anarchy. Our first duty is to reform the courts; our next to reform the prisons. And the prisons cannot be reformed by merely turning that man out and putting this man in. The change must go to the root of the system, and the wisest minds of the country may find a noble exercise in debating what that change shall be."

Beautiful Book.

The Seventh Edition of Lizzie Doten's "Poems from the Inner Life" has just been issued from the press of William White & Co., which is sufficient proof of the increasing popularity of a collection of verse dear to the whole Spiritualist community. We cannot commend these poems without repeating what we have said of them before. They are of such variety of theme, so delicate their touches, so sympathetic in their strength, and are possessed of such flexible, supple power to search the secret passages of the human heart, that they will always keep the friends they make for themselves, and are sure of continually gaining more. The new edition clothes them in a more sumptuous dress than before, which they have richly earned. Let the sorrowful soul take up this beautiful volume, and find comfort and peace. Let the solitary thinker and dreamer join his thoughts silently with these. Let the one who journeys by the wayside of life open his heart to their influence, and feel the increase of gladness and the returning health of his soul. We can commend the Poems of Lizzie Doten to all whom true poetry influences, from one end of the land to the other.

Juggernaut in Disgrace.

Those who are now old men will remember, when they were boys, of the shocking tales of the idol Juggernaut, which annually was made to roll over and crush the bones of the hundreds of devotees, who voluntarily placed themselves before the wheels of the monster car. But things have happily changed in this age of progression. At Serampore, in July last, the great festival of Juggernaut was held, but there were no priests upon the platform of the huge vehicle, dancing and shouting, or hundreds of worshippers pulling at the ropes, and crazy devotees flinging themselves beneath the wheels. The crowd attracted by the spectacle was small. The car was dragged a short distance by hired men, and then left half in a muddy ditch, with the idols still in it, and the flags flying. When the priests urged the people to pull, the irreverent populace cried out, "Why don't you come down and pull yourselves?" Nobody was crushed; nobody was hurt.

More Names from our old Subscribers.

Our sincere thanks are again tendered to our old patrons who are procuring new subscribers to the Banner of Light. Since our last issue they have sent us forty-one. Those who have done this good work are as follows: George Warren forwarded one new subscriber; Sarah Tanagerden, one; William H. Smith, one; L. H. Ide, two; Eben Litchfield, one; B. Gaffney, one; Henry Harper, one; J. Stolz, one; Mrs. H. E. Browne, one; Warren Chase, five; J. Vander Maller, one; Mrs. J. R. Sargent, one; T. R. Reed, one; Simon Goodrich, one; M. Stoddard, two; M. Brock, one; Lenora F. Haskell, one; John Brown, one; A. J. Pierce, one; H. H. Seaverns, one; William Heap, two; S. P. Stone, one; J. N. Gearhart, one; Isaac Wright, one; L. F. Bond, one; Mrs. R. Staples, one; John S. Bennett, one; L. T. Woodbridge, one; Henry Smith, one; M. Kelly, one; F. L. Day, one; Seth Driggs, one; Mrs. Bowker, one; Mrs. N. Gay, one.

Terrible Calamity.

A terrible calamity took place at the Avondale coal mine, in Plymouth, Pa., Sept. 6th, by which over two hundred persons were killed. The earth at the mine was entered by a perpendicular shaft from a level surface, and not by a tunnel running into the mountain, as many of the mines in the district are entered. Over such mines as the one in which the accident took place there are erected immense wooden screens for the coal, trestle work and engine houses, and those at the Plymouth mine having taken fire the debris fell into and blocked up the shaft, completely exhausting and shutting out the ventilation, there being no other outlet. As soon as an entrance could be forced, all in the mine, two hundred and two men and boys, were found dead, having been suffocated.

Officers of the American Spiritualists' Association.

The following gentlemen were elected at the recent Annual Convention, held at Buffalo, N. Y., as officers of the American Association for the ensuing year: President—Hon. J. G. Wait, of Michigan; Secretary—Henry T. Child, of Philadelphia; Treasurer—Levi Weaver, of Illinois; Trustees—Dorus M. Fox, of Michigan, and J. S. Loveland, of Illinois, were elected Trustees, vice John C. Dexter and Warren Chase, whose terms of office had expired.

"Pacific Railway Gold Loan."

We call special attention of capitalists to an advertisement in this issue with the above heading. By the representations there made the Bonds offered for sale must prove a safe and desirable investment. Horace Greeley, in the Tribune, recommends them very highly as such. Men of means can readily satisfy themselves in regard to them by applying to Messrs. Danbey, Morgan & Co., 53 Exchange Place, and M. K. Jesup & Co., 12 Pine street, New York.

Our Lyceums.

THE BOSTON CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM met at Mercantile Hall, Summer street, (as usual,) on Sunday morning, Sept. 6th. Singing, Silver-Chain recitations and wing movements (music by Annie Cayvan) prefaced the regular exercise of the day—declamation—which was participated in by a large number. J. M. Choate delivered a brief inspirational address. In the grand Banner March about one hundred officers, leaders and members participated. The exercises closed by singing.

In the evening one of those regular monthly concerts took place for which this Lyceum is so justly celebrated. A good house greeted the performers, and everything passed off as successfully as could be wished.

THE CHELSEA LYCEUM held its first session after the vacation at Banquet Hall, in Granite Building, Broadway, corner Fourth street, in that city, on Sunday morning, Sept. 6th. About fifty officers and members were in attendance. It is at present under the management of J. S. Dodge, Conductor; Eben Plummer, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. J. S. Dodge, Guardian, and Mrs. Richardson, Assistant Guardian; the usual number of Guards, Group Leaders, &c., contributing to all its board of officers. Judging by its opening meeting, after so long a state of quiet, everything looks promising for the Lyceum. We hope the Spiritualists of Chelsea will extend to this organization the friendly and helping hand of which it is so well worthy.

Moses Hull is lecturing in New York. His address until October will be care of N. Palmer, 78 Fourth avenue.

E. V. Wilson delivered a course of lectures in Bloomington, Ill., the evenings of Aug. 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th. The Daily Leader of that place gave each day brief reports of the lectures in a very fair manner. The publishers of newspapers are beginning to see what food their readers relish, and supply it accordingly. They must keep up with the progressive ideas of the day, or give place to those that do.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield will speak in Stoneham, Mass., the last two Sundays in September.

Cephas B. Lynn is to lecture in Oswego, N. Y., during September. Address care box 997. Permanent address, 9 Kingston street, Charlestown, Mass.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

If any one can read the spirit-messages of Albert Field and James L. Cameron, on our sixth page, and not learn a great moral truth in regard to the law of compensation for all, then their souls must be well encased in the armor of bigotry.

The South End Children's Lyceum has resumed its sessions at 80 Springfield street, under its former Conductor and founder, A. J. Chase; Mrs. H. A. Dana, Assistant, acting Guardian.

Prof. Wm. Denton's great lecture on "The Deluge in the light of Modern Science," delivered in Music Hall, last Spring, has just been printed in pamphlet form, and is sold at the moderate price of ten cents. Every one should, and at this low figure every one can afford to read it.

A thousand thanks to those kind friends who last week supplied our Free Circle Room with a profusion of elegant flowers. Our spirit-friends add their blessing for each one of you.

THE LYCEUM BANNER has entered upon its third volume, donned a new dress, and otherwise improved its general appearance. The publisher says: "Our aim is to make each number better than the last, and to furnish a paper for the young free from all objectionable teachings, and in a form so attractive that it shall prove a welcome visitor in every household." It is an excellent paper already, and we hope it will, as it deserves, be well sustained. It is published in Chicago, at the low price of one dollar a year.

The "Standard Photographic Visitor," edited by Andrew J. Graham, is published weekly at 563 Broadway, N. Y. It is a great help to those who are learning the photographic art.

Hon. William Pitt Fessenden, U. S. Senator from Maine, died at his residence in Portland, Sept. 6th, in the sixty-third year of his age.

The city of Rome, according to the new census, has 220,532 inhabitants, of whom 7480 are priests, monks and nuns.

Families in Lawrence, Mass., do not appear to be particularly small. A policeman in that city lately found a two-year old child on a door-step at two o'clock in the morning, crying because he could not get into the house to go to bed. The parents had neglected to count their brood when they retired, and the little fellow had been overlooked.

Mrs. Mary F. Davis has a pungent and well-written article in the Banner of Light, severely criticizing "Rip Van Winkle" from a temperance point of view. She thinks the moral of the piece anything but salutary. Her husband, Andrew Jackson Davis, although a believer in spirits, never puts any in his lemonade.—N. Y. World, Sept. 2d.

VERMONT.—D. T. Averill writes from Northfield as follows: "Never, since our soul-cheering philosophy dawned on the world, has Spiritualism spread in these parts so fast as it is now doing."

The Czar has published an ukase, abolishing the hereditary character of the Russian priesthood, which is now a caste, comprising 700,000 families. The right to obtain ordination is now extended to all, while a priest's son can betake himself to ordinary life.

Those who know the world will not be bashful, and those who know themselves will never be impudent.

A quack medicine vender at the South, heads one of his advertisements as follows: "Sick Babies Wanted."

Rev. Francis E. Abbott, late of Dover, N. H., has been settled over the First Independent Society at Toledo, Ohio, for one year.

Gen. John A. Rawlins, Secretary of War, died in Washington, Monday afternoon, Sept. 6th, at the age of 37.

CO-OPERATIVE BUILDING SOCIETIES AT NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.—The cooperative lot and building associations organized in New York and Brooklyn about three years ago have been quite successful. One of them has 460 members, representing 1,299,000 shares, and nineteen houses have been bought, and \$61,546 paid in. Another has 472 members, representing 1,276,000 shares, and \$43,013 have been paid in and eleven houses have been bought. The largest of the Associations has 726 members, who have paid in \$28,500 and have bought \$75,000 worth of property.

Boston Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

THE next course of lectures on the philosophy of Spiritualism will commence in Music Hall—the most elegant and popular assembly room in the city—on SUNDAY AFTERNOON, OCT. 10th, at 2 o'clock, and continue twenty-nine weeks, under the management of Lewis B. Wilson, who has made engagements with some of the ablest inspirational, trance and normal speakers in the lecturing field. Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan (late Daniels) will lecture through October, Prof. William Denton in November, Mrs. Emma Hardinge in December, Thomas Gales Foster, probably in January, to be followed by others whose names will be announced hereafter.

Season ticket, with reserved seat, \$4; single admission, 15 cents. Season tickets can now be engaged on application at the corner of the Banner of Light Bookstore, 158 Washington street, (to be delivered on and after Sept. 17th.) Last year's season ticket holders should hand in their old tickets at once, in order to again secure the same seats, as the time for which they can do so must be limited to the 17th of September.

To Correspondents.

(We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.) JOHN PATTEN, FAIR VIEW, OHIO.—Four dollars per year.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cts. per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cts. THE ILLINOIS-PSYCHOLOGICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by S. S. Jones, Esq. Price 8 cts. per copy. THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O. Price 10 cts. per copy. THE JOURNAL OF THE GYMNASTOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF BOSTON. Devoted to the advancement of the knowledge of the diseases of woman. Price 35 cts. DAYBREAK. Published in London. Price 5 cts.

Business Matters.

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 13th street—second door from 4th avenue—New York. Inclose \$2 and 3 stamps. \$18.37

THE BEST PLACE—THE CITY HALL DINING ROOMS for ladies and gentlemen, Nos. 10, 12 and 14 City Hall Avenue, Boston. Open Sundays. A28. C. D. & I. H. PRESHO, Proprietors.

Mrs. S. A. R. WATERMAN, box 4193, Boston, Mass., Psychometrist and Medium, will answer letters (sealed or otherwise) on business or spiritual matters, for tests, medical advice, delineations of character, &c. Terms \$2 to \$5 and three-cent stamps. Send for a circular. \$1.

Special Notices.

Herman Snow, at 410 Kearney street, San Francisco, Cal., keeps a general variety of Spiritual and Reform Books at Eastern prices. Also Planchettes, Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. May 1.—17

Notice to Subscribers of the Banner of Light.—Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper or wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires; i. e., the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume and the number of the paper itself, then know that the time for which you paid has expired. The adoption of this method renders it unnecessary for us to send receipts. Those who desire the paper continued, should renew their subscriptions at least as early as three weeks before the expiration of their figures correspond with those at the left and right of the date.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment in advance. For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion. Advertisements to be Renewed at Continued Rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Tuesdays.

PACIFIC RAILWAY GOLD LOAN.

MESSRS. DABNEY, MORGAN & CO., No. 53 Exchange Place,

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Offer for sale the Bonds of the

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In addition to this special grant the Company also owns Three Millions of Acres in Kansas, which are being rapidly sold to develop the country and improve the road. They are a first mortgage upon the extension of the road from Sheridan, Kansas, to Denver, Colorado. The road in operation, 437 miles long, upon which it is also a mortgage.

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There is no better security in the market—this being in some respects better than Government Securities.

Principal and Interest payable in Gold.

Price 96, and accrued interest, in Currency. Pamphlets, Maps and Circulars furnished on application: 3m—Sept. 18.

MRS. SAMUEL PLUMMER, PERFECTLY UNCONSCIOUS EXAMINING PHYSICIAN and Business Clairvoyant. Examines diseases at a distance, and answers all kinds of letters. Terms \$1.00 each sitting, and \$1.00 and 50 cts. per sitting. Address, 63 Russell street, opposite head of Eden street, Charlestown, Mass. Sept. 18.—2w

MISS M. E. COBB, CLAIRVOYANT, Healing and Test Medium. Miss Cobb also has a great Indian healing salve, which is warranted to cure corns, warts and every curable sore—price 50 cts., postage 10 cts. Hours from 9 to 6 o'clock. No. 63 Revere, corner of Grove street, Boston. 2w—Sept. 18.

MEDICAL. MRS. ELMA STEELE, CLAIRVOYANT, Healing, Business and Test Medium. Examinations and prescriptions sent. Age, sex and leading symptom required. Terms three dollars. Office 220 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo. 2w—Sept. 18.

A. S. HAYWARD, Test Medium, holds circles Sunday and Wednesday evenings at 74, Thursday 3 P. M. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 8 P. M. No. 38 Carver st., Boston. Sept. 18.—1w

S. S. HAYWARD, "Healer," will heal the sick at Congress Block, Portland, Me., this month. Sept. 18.—17

MRS. EWELL, Medium, No. 11 Dix Place, Boston. Hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. 4w—Sept. 18.

THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND. THE GREAT MEDICINE OF THE WORLD.

PERRY DAVIS & SON'S "Pain Killer" may most justly be styled the great medicine of the world, for there is no region of the globe into which it has not found its way, and none where it has not long been largely used and highly prized. Moreover, there is no climate to which it has not proved to be well adapted for the cure of a considerable variety of diseases; it is a speedy and safe remedy for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises, wounds and various other injuries, as well as for dysentery, diarrhoea, and bowel complaints generally. It is admirably suited for every race of men on the face of the globe.

It is a very significant fact, that notwithstanding the long period of years that the "Pain Killer" has been before the world, it has never lost one whit of its popularity or shown the least sign of becoming unpopular; but on the contrary, the call for it has steadily increased from its first discovery by that excellent and honored man, Perry Davis, and no previous time has the demand for it been so great, or the quantity made been so large as it is this day.

Another significant fact is that nowhere has the Pain Killer ever been in higher repute, or been more generally used by families and individuals, than it has been here at home where it was first discovered and introduced, and where its proprietors, Messrs. Perry Davis & Son, have ever been held in high esteem. That the Pain Killer will continue to be, what we have styled it, the great medicine of the world, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt. Sold by all Druggists. 3w—Sept. 18.

W. H. MUMMLER, THE CELEBRATED SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHER.

Will give a few select SEANCES every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, at his residence, No. 170 West Springfield street, Boston, commencing Monday evening Aug. 30th, at 8 o'clock. The seance will consist of the exhibition of his wonderful SPIRIT PICTURES, life size, by a powerful magnesium light, and will also exhibit to those present, in a well lighted room, his wonderful powers as a medium. Admission 50 cts. 2w—Sept. 18.

THE INGENUITY OF MAN has never devised a remedy for the Fever and Ague, or Chills and Fever, equal to the GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY, MRS. M. E. COBB'S Positive and Negative Powders. I have known a single box to cure two or three cases radically and permanently in 24 hours. For terms, prices, &c., see advertisement in another column. 1w—Aug. 21.

MONEY MADE WITHOUT RISK.—Send to an Agency of the Positive and Negative Powders. See advertisement of the Powders in another column. Address PIERCE, PAYTON, SPENCE, M. D., Box 5817, NEW YORK CITY. 1w—Aug. 21.

E. LONGFIELD, Test and Developing Medium, at 418 E. 1st street, corner Market street, San Francisco, Cal. For \$1 per hour; developing circle 50 cts. Aug. 7.—12w

A REVELATION OF THE EXTRAORDINARY VISITATION OF DEPARTED SPIRITS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN AND WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS, AND THEIR MANIFESTATION THROUGH THE LIVING MEDIUM OF THE "COM-MUNITY" NEAR WATER-VLIET, N. Y.

Among other interesting matter is to be found a communication from the spirit of Louis VIVIER, in which he refers to the understanding of the human mind, and especially to the subject of his married life—the interest in which has lately been revived by Mrs. Stowe's article in the Atlantic Monthly, entitled, "The Story of Lady Vivier's Life." Price 25 cents; postage 2 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston. Seventh Edition.

POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE. BY LIZZIE DOTEN. WILLIAM WHITE & CO. have just issued a new (the seventh) edition of this charming volume of Poems by Miss Doten. This edition is printed on thick, heavy paper, is elegantly bound, and sold at the low price of \$1.25, postage 20 cents; full gilt, \$1.75, postage 20 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston.

TO BEE-KEEPERS:

JUST PUBLISHED, a new book, Secrets of Bee-Keeping, (fourth edition) by K. P. KIMBLE. Illustrated by numerous cuts and engravings; being a practical treatise in every department of bee culture and bee management, giving a brief description of several of the principal breeds of the day, and embracing much information that no other book contains, and should be in the hands of every bee-keeper. It is got up in condensed form, printed with fine type, on thin paper, containing about two hundred pages, embracing about the same amount of matter as is usually found in a two dollar book of the kind. The author flatters himself that his book will meet all classes of bee-keepers, from the novice to the most scientific, and will give the purchaser the greatest satisfaction for the price that can be obtained from any other source. Price, bound in cloth 75 cents; postage 8 cents; in paper 50 cents. Full gilt, \$1.25; postage 12 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston.

A PHILOSOPHY

OF Heaven, Earth and the Millennium. BY JAMES A. SPURLOCK, A Member of the Missouri Bar.

In presenting this small book to the public, the author claims that it contains a correct key to the motions of the heavenly bodies which will in the future become the basis of all true astronomy and philosophy of the movements of the heavenly bodies. His theories of heat, cold, and the seasons, will be established by the practical tests of science. Price, cloth, \$1.00; postage 12 cents; in paper, 50 cts., postage 4 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston.

FOURTH EDITION.

PRE-ADAMITE MAN:

DEMONSTRATING THE

EXISTENCE OF THE HUMAN RACE

Upon this Earth 100,000 Years Ago!

BY DR. PANCHAL BEVERLY RANDOLPH.

Price \$1.25; postage 20 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston.

Mrs. Stowe's Latest Work.

OLDTOWN FOLKS.

By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Min Gordan," "Agnes of Sorrento," "The Maypole of Wakefield," "The Mayflower," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," &c.

608 pp. Price \$2.00; postage 24 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston.

JUST PUBLISHED,

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SHAKER,

AND

Message Department.

Each message in this Department of the **BANNER OF LIGHT** was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant.
while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of the earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.
These Circles are held at No. 158 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday Afternoons. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at all hours, and all are invited to attend. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.
Mrs. Conant receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

Monuments 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.

Oh Life, beautiful Life, our Father, and our Mother, to be cradled upon thy bosom, we are and ever must be, whether we will or no. Thou hast engraven all over our souls the word immortal, and though death come upon us, still we shall live, and live with thee. Oh Life, beautiful Life, we would stand aside for a moment from our outer selves, and in our inner consciousness would commune with thee; and more than this, would worship thee. Thou art around us on every hand; thou art above and beneath us—and thy power and thy glory we behold every moment of our being. Oh Life, beautiful Life, in vain we strive to analyze thee; in vain we seek to measure thee; in vain we seek to confine thee within the sphere of our own finite being. Infinite thou art and infinite thou ever must be, being in room for death. Oh beautiful Life, we gather thy blossoms as we march along thy way, and they refresh our spirits; we eat of thy fruits, and we are strong; we bear thy crosses, and we grow better therefor; we hear thy music, and our souls are attuned to harmony; we hear thy voice everywhere, and our souls answer thee day by day. Night unto night speaketh of thee, and day unto day uttereth thy praises. Oh Life, we rejoice that we are. Oh Life, we are glad that we ever must be. Though sometimes thou dost thing thy shadows upon us, and fold thy mantle of dark despair closely about us, still we will cry, Life, beautiful Life, we are glad in thee. Grant, oh beautiful Life, that these thy mortal buds and blossoms may rejoice in thee as do thy sons and thy daughters who are free from mortality. Oh, grant that cooling water may be held to their lips, even here. Oh, grant that breezes from the other and the better land may fan their brows, and receive their drooping spirits. Oh, grant, beautiful Life, that flowers from thine own bright kingdom in the hereafter may be showered in their pathway, refreshing their spirits, and causing their understanding to rejoice in their beauty. Oh Life, thy children lay their offerings upon thine altar, and their hearts praise thee. Grant, oh Life, that these children may ever be consoled that thou art a blessing unto them; wherever they go, they may be able to say, when ever they have thee, they share it with thee; and, oh Life, may they ever rejoice in the knowledge that there is no death, for thou art everywhere, and thy blessing rests upon all alike. Wherever thy children go, thou wilt be with them to bless and not to curse. Amen.
July 15.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your questions, Mr. Chairman, I will consider. If such you have.

Q.—The spirit of Johnnie Jole said that they will be powerful the more so strong over him that he and his sister were in perfect hell, and suffered as he did, and should until the secret was diffused. I would like to ask if it is so—that the wicked can trouble the innocent until their crimes become known?

A.—There is a law governing in the imponderables of being, as in the ponderables. The subtle forces of mind are as much under the power of law, as are the forces of Nature that you can see and hear and feel. Now it is a law which cannot be broken, that if one in this life, from any cause, thinks intensely, positively, earnestly of any one or more persons in the other life, they must be affected by that thought from the earth to a greater or lesser extent. The amount of power felt will correspond to the amount of positive force that is exercised by the one thinking here. It would be very unreasonable to suppose that the murderer of those innocent babes, if he has any conscience at all, did not, at times at least, feel keenly stung with remorse—if he did not think so earnestly of them as to absolutely draw them into his magnetic sphere and chain them there. When we are better acquainted with these subtle forces that underlie objective being, we shall not wonder so much at these so-called mysteries of life. When they present themselves to us we shall understand them to be manifestations of law, and shall judge of them accordingly.

Q.—Please explain and illustrate the meaning of the following taken from volume of modern revelations, "Lyric of the Golden Age," pp. 227, 235.

"From mind, in mind, and unto mind, all things proceed, more, tend, eventually. The dust is thought discreted from the thinker's mind. And man is thought incarnate."

Again:
"The body of the human race is made Of thoughts grown solid, petrified to facts."

A.—The poet doubtless endeavored to convey this idea, namely, that all things in the objective world of being were but the product of mind, or thought. I believe that is true. Your correspondent asks for an illustration. Behold these works of art which adorn your walls. What are they? Pictures, you say—some of them representing your friends, some representing ideas, landscapes, &c. Is that all they are? To some minds it is all they seem to be. But did not the artist think, when he applied the brush to those works of art? Surely he did. If he had not thought they could not have come into being. They never could have lived only by thought. Should that die, they would cease to live. You may suppose that the artist withdraws his thought from the canvas after his picture is finished. It is not so. He could not do it if he would. That thought is just as eternal upon the canvas as it is in his memory. In his memory it is a power under God; but he is bound to it, and just as long as the objective form lives, his thought will live in it. What is it that makes the rose beautiful? Is it the color of the rose? No. Is it the form? No. What is it, then? Why, it is the beautiful thought of the rose that makes it beautiful. Why do some persons love roses better than lilies, and some lilies better than roses? Is it because the forms differ? No. Because the hues differ? No; but because the thought differs. Without the thought of the lily or the rose there could be no life there. What constructed this article of furniture? (the table.) Hands, you will say, instruments. Is it so? Is that all? We say thought constructed it. Thought lived in it. The workman has just as surely implanted his thought and a portion of his being, his inner life, upon the table, as the artist has implanted his upon the canvas. What causes these waving forests of the present time to be clothed so beautifully? "Ah," you will say, "there is no thought there." Verily there is. Trees, water, grasses, flowers, all things in nature and art are things of thought. We see them, perceive them, understand them by thought, and without thought they are nothing to us and we are nothing to them.

Q.—Is not the Orthodox idea of God calculated to lead to monarchy and oppression?

A.—Yes; absolutely yes. Every church says to all outsiders: I am right, and you are wrong. We are the only divinely ordered God. Every one says that. They all have God themselves. Nobody else has God. Now this tends to foster, and more than that, to generate a love of the one-man power, monarchy, oppression. It causes the iron heel to press hard upon down-trodden necks. It

ever has done this and ever will till the spirit of the churches that their entire being will be changed.

Q.—As all forms of matter come from an eternal fountain of matter, so in like manner may not all thought, or mental forms, come from an original and eternal fountain of mind, their beauty or wisdom depending upon the mental machine through which it is able to make itself manifest?

A.—That, to me, is the correct idea.

Q.—Can there be such a thing as a new and original idea?

A.—No, not absolutely; because we do not know how much of the idea that we think we original belongs really to us. We cannot tell how far we are inspired by circumstances. We are never able to determine whether our thoughts are absolutely our own, the productions of our own being, or infused into our minds by some outside source.

Q.—According to geological theory there was a time when the matter composing our earth existed in a state of liquid fire. Now if the organizing life forms of all things are eternal as individualized entities, where, at that time, were the life germs that in the far-distant future were to clothe the earth with vegetation, and people it with animal life?

A.—We may say, and truthfully, too, that the germs of all physical life, so far as planet life is concerned, are contained within the primary elements. Fire constitutes the basis of this planet, and all others. An eminent French chemist once said that to him it was a fact that the flame produced from any body that was in process of burning, contained within itself the entire body; and more than that, if it was of a vegetable or mineral nature, the germ of that vegetable or mineral form, the flame held that germ intact, and a form representing the external form or thing that was burning. We know from positive knowledge, from observation, that if we burn a reed upon the surface of the water, the mineral will reveal the shape of the reed in the water. The water is still. I believe that not only the inner life, but the outer form, possesses, to a high degree, immortality. I believe that Nature holds in memory and in her vast laboratory all the forms that have ever been, preserves them all, loses not a single one.

Q.—Many persons believe that vegetation does sometimes spring from the earth under conditions which preclude the possibility that any seed with a material covering could have been there. Do you consider such a thing possible?

A.—Yes; I do.

Q.—Jesus is reported as praying that it might be done on earth as it is done in heaven. Now, from the nature of the two states of existence, could not the fulfillment of such a prayer be impossible?

A.—Yes; but Jesus, from the fullness of his loving heart, perceiving, as he did, the needs of humanity, uttered his prayer. He desired that the goodness of God, justice as it is with the Divine, be exercised on earth. He felt its need, and in his human nature he prayed for it. Jesus was human as well as divine.

Q.—Spirits have said, at these circles, that the people had not yet learned to make exchanges. Will they give us their views upon the correct principles or basis upon which commercial exchanges should be made? Also their views on justice and moral bearing of taking interest on money, especially paper money, as is the custom of this country?

A.—The entire system of exchange, as known to you mortals, is a fraud upon humanity—wrong in all its parts and portions, thoroughly wrong. You may say that in mercantile life many give a just equivalent in exchange. I declare they do not. The very nature of the business precludes it. They set up in business for what? To gain, to receive, not to give. They write over the doors of their counting-rooms, "Come to me. Come, gold and silver, and the exchange recognizable in this life." It is a perpetual demand upon humanity. Ah, but you say they give an equivalent. Yes, they say so, but do they in fact? It is absolutely impossible—not in their lives, because the motive prevents it. The motive is gain. It is all one way. It is all "Come to me." There is nothing of give. But you say the merchant, if he demands of me twelve dollars for a barrel of flour, gives me the barrel of flour in lieu of the twelve dollars. Very well. So it is. So far as the external object is concerned there may be a just equivalent rendered; but is that all? Oh, no, that is not all—not one half. It is only a note in the scale. The spirituality of the thing remains just the same as we have said. The whole system of exchange is false to humanity. False to your own souls, false to the God you believe in. You will all admit that. I could not see it to a very great extent when here. I saw faint glimpses of it, but they were very faint compared with what I see now. No wonder Jesus went into the temple, years ago, and scourged the money-changers and drove them out of the temple. No wonder he was roused in his inner life to make this exhibition in his outer life. It is a pity there were not more Jesuses to enter counting-houses to-day. It is a pity Jesus could not walk on 'Change every day. Methinks things would assume a different aspect. The doors are closed against him. He knocks in vain at the closed door of the counting-house. "No admittance except on business." He has no business there, according to the ideas of the moment. He cannot be admitted. He stands without, knocking, till his fair locks are wet with dew. But will he never be recognized? Oh, yes; by-and-by the souls of every one of these merchants will know that Jesus has knocked at their counting-houses and not been admitted. And what then? Oh, they will be very sorry. Is that all? Oh, no; they will suffer intensely. Is that all? They will suffer till they have repented in spirit and in truth, and are, to all intents and purposes, changed beings. The law is fulfilled then.

Q.—Can you not suggest a thought that shall penetrate some mind, to bring about a better system of exchange?

A.—Yes; I could suggest a plan, and it would be wise. If I had anything that you needed and I did not need I should give it to you. If you had anything I needed and you did not, you should give it to me. That should be the rule the world over, and the only method of exchange. It is the only just method. By-and-by, when you have entered the third degree of your glorious Spiritual Philosophy, and the world has risen to an appreciation of justice, as it means with God, you will have this exchange. You and I, living then in a better life, will look down and behold it. You will have passed on long ere it comes, but you will live, nevertheless, and you will behold it; and, when it comes, I prophesy that you will think of this day and of my words.

Q.—I can see and appreciate your idea, but it seems to me the people of this world could not understand it at present.

A.—By no means; because they are not of sufficient spiritual growth. I do not expect they will. I would not go on 'Change preaching it, because I know there would not be a single particle of mental soil to take up the seed. It would be like sowing it upon the rock; it would become parched and never would take root. If I were wise, then, I should wait till the soil was ready to receive and nurture such seed, and bring forth fruit therefrom. "Give me all, whether I need it or not. Let my neighbor die at my door while I fill my coffers to overflowing!" That is the spirit that is rife with you to-day. One man dwells in his mansion, and another in his hovel. One man dies for want of bread, and another has more than he knows what to do with. Is God to blame? God gives you enough; who is to blame then? Your own weakness, your own ignorance. When men grow wise concerning what is best for themselves they will hardly defraud their neighbors, because they will know they will get the worst of it. No man would do an act that he knew, for a positive certainty, would turn upon him with javelins many and poisoned. Oh, no; if he knew this he would not; he might believe it, but belief and knowledge are two things.
July 15.

Albert Field.

How do you do, sir? Mr. White, is it? [Yes.] By the aid of my wife and children I am able to come here to-day. I do not expect to give any exhibition of an educated mind, for I had no book education when I was here. I had only that that I was able to gain by observation and a business life. I was engaged in business over fifty years, and applied myself so closely to my business that I had no time to grow old, no room to grow in spiritual things, consequently I was what I was. From my earliest boyhood I was accustomed to hard toil, and as I grew up it was a sort of second nature with me. I was never at rest only when I was most active.

The remarks of your Boston clergyman, Mr. Parker, struck me very forcibly, and seemed to apply very keenly to me. I took them home, and I felt—with how much truth I do not know—that a part of them were intended for me. I have not been long enough in this spirit-world to gain much knowledge of the world. But I see it is not very unlike the world I have so recently left. In fact, I was so struck with the sameness of the world that I could not believe that I had passed from the earth till I saw and talked with my wife and children. The change before me was what I recognized as the voice of my daughter saying to me, "Father, father, it is I! don't you know me?" Then I struggled with myself, and came to consciousness in that life, and knew that I had been separated from this world.

Well, the same spirit that made me so active here I found I had taken with me, and I began to look about me very soon, to see where I stood, and what I might expect from God, and where and what God was; and I found that I stood just where I had before death, only I had not the body that belonged to this world, consequently I could not touch base here. I was out of my element, and could have no rest in anything that I felt was really as much mine, at that time, as it ever was before. Then my laughter said to me, "Father, don't you know you have made a disposition of all your worldly effects?" "Yes," I said, "but I had forgotten what I had done." So by her aid and the aid of others, I was taken back to earth, and I saw what I desired to—that was, what disposition I had made of my earthly goods, and I was dissatisfied, very much so, because I saw that I could have done very much better if I had only known what I had learned since I became a spirit free from earth. Then I began to feel remorse. I began to feel sorry I had not made better use of my time here and of my money, that I had not enjoyed the good things of this world and allowed others to enjoy them that I had not informed my spirit. I was sorry that my body was kept in the mill of human drudgery all the while at the expense of my soul. But there was no help for it. I had signed my own second death warrant, and I must abide the consequences. But what troubled me more than all the rest was the knowledge that I was able to gain of the deception practiced toward me on the part of those here. That stung my spirit more than anything else. I felt it and been deceived, and by those who should have been true to me. My spirit felt the arrows, oh, so keenly! but I was not to be deterred. I thought to-day constitutes the hell I feel in this life, for I do feel it. But it is not without its heaven, I know, for I believe what is told me by good and wise and just spirits here, that it won't last always, that it will by-and-by pass away, and I shall outlive it.

One thing I rejoice on account of, and that is that I was spared doing the foolish and ungodly act of joining myself to the church, when I had no belief in it whatever. During my last sickness I was very much exercised in my mind at times about religious subjects. I thought, perhaps at this unhappiness is owing to the fact that I have made no profession of religion, that I have not accepted Christ, that I am outside the Church. So I said, I believe I told some of my friends, perhaps I told Mr. Pollard, our minister here—I do not remember, but I told some of them, if I lived to get well I would make a public profession of religion and join the church. But I was spared that ungodly act, and I thank God for it. I did not live to do it. I passed on without recovery, and if ever a soul thanked God for anything I thank God for that, because I should have committed a sin against the holy ghost of my own being, and should only have added another mill-stone to those already about my neck.

I talk plain truths. I was a plain man here, and the time has come now for me to speak the plain truth. Down deep in my soul I felt that this spiritual philosophy might be true. I thought there was truth in it, although I did not know much about it. My mother used to have sort of spiritual visions—a belief in spiritual premonitions, and admonitions, and warnings, and I remembered what she used to believe in. It made an impression on my spirit, and whenever I used to hear anything said about Spiritualism, I thought there was something in it—there must be something in it. I never looked into it, because my family were all church people. My children, my second wife, in fact, nearly all my friends were church people, and I was hedged about by their influence; consequently I did not see as clear as I otherwise might. I should have done—in fact, it was their influence that made me oppose it. I am glad to be able to come back and state my case as it is. I am glad there is this beautiful way of return, and I am glad that these persons called mediums live; for without them we might not be able to get along as well as we do. I feel in my soul that I shall be better as a man and as a spirit for coming here and telling the plain truth as I feel it; and if I had any advice at all to give my friends, it would be, "Seek to worship God in spirit and in truth, not according to the say-so of the Church or pastor, for they may know very little about true godliness, very little." Oh, my friends, when I look upon the ungodliness of the Church, and compare it with the pure godliness that dwells in this beautiful spirit-world, I am led to mourn over Jerusalem. But perhaps I may be able to do something toward changing this right, stiff-necked belief in a God that dwells apart from his works. I hope I shall; I hope I shall be as zealous in spiritual business as I was in the business that belonged to the things of this world; I hope I shall be as active and faithful a member of the spiritual commerce as I was said to be of that which belongs to this earthly life. Albert Field, of Taunton, Mass. [Ahl is it you, indeed?] Yes, here I am, in spirit, Mr. White—sick in spirit, and I need a physician to make me well. But—thank God—we have them all around us here, so I shall be in a fair way to recover. [You did not feel when here that I was working for humanity?] No; with the same knowledge I should have done differently from what I did. Oh pity me, and give me your prayers. [Certainly will.] And to my family that I have left here I have only to say, "Turn and live—turn and live." It is the watchword I will ever sound as long as any one of them remains here on the earth. My great love for them will not let me be silent. Farewell.
July 15.

Mrs. Abby Pike.
How do you do, Mr. White? I am glad my father could come; he has felt so unhappy since he came to our life that I have tried very hard to bring him here. I am so glad he is able to come. He has told some startling truths, but they will be good for his soul, and good for those he has left here. God bless you. Love to Fannie. Mrs. Abby Pike. I was so closely en rapport I was obliged to come.
July 15.

James L. Cameron.

Roses and thorns all the way through life. Too much of the good things of this world is a pretty sure guarantee of a want of the good things in the other world; because if we have too much here, we are very apt to weave such a garment for our spirits that we shall not like the looks of our lives in when we get on the other side. Roses and thorns. Well, for my part, I'm glad the roses have thorns. If they didn't, wouldn't be worse off than what we are; we'd go on making mistakes to all eternity, and never get to be spiritually better off. Stranger, I take it the world is about evenly balanced, any way. And I tell you why: that man that has just left had his good things here. Well, he is compensated now in the other life at the other extreme. Don't you see? The scales come even after a while. It is all very well to talk about the unfairness of the presiding spirit, or genies of life; but as we go along in the highway we find it is not so unfair after all. Now I was a poor, miserable, unfortunate individual so far as my part, I'm glad my fingers; if I had one good meal a day, then I was sure to say to me, "Jim, that's all you'll get." I saw my neighbors rich and lazy, stuffing their stomachs and their pockets, while I went ragged and my stomach often cried.

Here in this spirit-world it's different. I am well clothed; my pockets are full; my spiritual stomach is not empty; and I am well cared for in every sense. I have a habitation that some of my friends might envy, and, stranger, I am now situated so as to entertain you handsomely, should you call at my dwelling when you get free your body. There's the difference, you see. Now you can't have a lot of compensation swung one way with the gentleman that has just left, and swung the other way with me. Who shall say

that somebody that holds the balances don't know what he is about? I should not want to say so, stranger.

My name is James L. Cameron. I was a Western man—from Missouri. I have some Western friends that are pretty well-to-do in the world—as a Western man would say, they have a power of money. If I was going to give any advice to them at all I would say, Empty your pockets as quick as you can, because the best will be apt to cling to you, as water here on this side—won't serve you well at all. If you want to sail smoothly over the waves of this spiritual life, empty your pockets here on this side. If nature and circumstances don't do it for you, be a man, or woman, and do it for yourself. That's the way to do. Don't say you can't do it, or do not know what to do with it. Here's a Mrs. B., suffering with her children; here's Mrs. A., wants aid to help her along in life; here's a Mrs. C., poor and sick, and don't have enough to keep soul and body together; here and there, all around you, are the poor. Christ said, you will always have them with you. And he meant, I suppose, for that to apply to the fact of this age, as well as the people he was talking to. Now, stranger, what brings me here to-day, particularly, is this: A Mr. Joseph R. Erickson—he lives in this world where you live—I once said to him, "Mr. Erickson, I shall have the chance one of these days of telling you something you won't be pleased to hear." Well, the time has come. He was the means here—and was unto those by whom offences come, you know—of bringing much trouble upon me and others. What I want to tell him is this: "I know who forged the note, and you know too. I couldn't say that when I was here; I can say it now. Now, since I know, and since you know, wouldn't it be as well for you to take a certain sum of money, payable with interest to the Lord? Better do it, because if you don't here, it may be very much worse for you by-and-by. Better take care of your notes here—not let 'em go to protest. Come, old chap, rouse up, and do business after a new style, now. Turn round, and see if you can't swing as far the other way. You've been swinging this way, to the left, all the while. Now swing to the right, and I'll help you." I'll turn good Samaritan and help you." You, Mr. Chairman, don't understand my talk, but he will. I've been in this life seven years to-day—seven years this very day, and I've learned something in this seven years, stranger, and I've gathered something to myself, and it's time now that I began to give. Because you see, if I keep too much of what I've gathered, I shall become gorged and get sick. It ain't best to carry too many traps round with you, particularly when there's other people want 'em. That's why I'm here to-day—to disgorge for the benefit of somebody else. [I hope you will reach the mark at which you have aimed.] I have aimed straight, and my arrow is just as sure to reach the mark as I am to twang the bow. I am a good marksman—never missed when here. I'd stake my life against a penny, stranger, that at fifty paces I'd take a marble from the top of your head and not disturb a hair. I've done it—never missed. Good-day. [You are sure he will get this?] Yes; I am sure. I told you before, I never let the air—nor a mark, and always hit it.
July 15.

Jennie Reed.

I am Jennie Reed, from Rouse's Point, and my mother is sick, and I come to tell her she will get well. Grandmother is with me when we go to see her, and grandmother says she will get well—grandmother Stedley. Her name was Esther. My mother's name was Mary. My Aunt Mary is with mother too. My mother's name is Mary, and I've got an Aunt Mary here too. She has been here, ever so long, ever so long before I came, and I been here two years. Tell mother father's coming home, too. I was seven years old and six months when I died. Tell mother father's coming, and tell her she will get well, and tell her I did n't die, and grandmother did n't die, and Aunt Mary did n't die. [Do you go to see her every day?] Yes, sir. [And grandmother too?] Yes, sir. They say she has got a—got a—consumption. She has n't. Grandmother says she has n't, and she knows; and grandmother says something must be done to dispel the unhealthy magnetism that is generated by everybody's telling her she has got the consumption. Grandmother says she will do more than that. She will do more for the mind as well as for the body. She was one that went round among people with herbs. She always kept her basket of herbs, and when any of the folks were sick she went with all her herbs, and she always could cure people, and she is doing just the same now. She says she likes that. I am going. It's growing dark here.
July 15.

Séance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by William Berry.

Invocation.

Oh Master of Life, our Father, our Mother—thou whose mantle resteth upon our shoulders, and whose benediction is upon our heads, and whose hands formed the flowers and painted their fair faces—thou whose altars are everywhere—thou who livest, the spirit, the eternal one, teach us how to use life wisely and well. Teach us how to worship thee in spirit and in truth, wherever we may be. Teach us to pray as the lily prays. Teach us to praise as the lily praises. Teach us, our Father and our Mother, all those divine uses of life that are written everywhere in the Holy Scriptures. May we read of them in the water, in the air, in the earth. May the flowers be our teachers, and may all things consciously minister to our spirit needs. Our Father, thou hast gemmed the skies with burning lamps that we may learn of thee. Thou hast hidden within the earth's bosom, gems of untold value. They are thine, and they are ours. Oh Infinite Spirit, grant that we may understand the use of each one of the forms of being that we find within our reach. Grant, our Father, that the crosses that meet us at every turn may be understood by us, and may we, oh Lord, receive at times consciously the benediction of thy holy spirit, whether it comes to us with the chastening rod, or the approving smile. May we feel that thou art everywhere, under dusky skins as under fairer skins. May we feel that thy life, our Father, reacheth out into the darkness as into the light. May we understand that thou art God everywhere, and that thou never doth give up thy rule to any one of us. Father, Spirit, be with us in our prayer. Guide us as we need guidance, and cause us to love thee, to serve thee by loving and serving all thou hast made.
July 19.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—Should the commands of the spirit always be obeyed? Do not circumstances arise when obedience to soul requires sacrifice of the body? And was not this the teaching of Christ when he said, "He that loses his life for my sake shall save it?"

A.—He that loseth that life which longeth specially to this world because of strict adherence to the teachings of the inner, the diviner self, the truth, which we all have with us, shall most surely find it, and of ten-fold value in the spirit-world, in the second condition of conscious being. We sometimes find it exceedingly hard to make our outer and our inner lives harmonize. They seem to be at war with each other. Indeed, we seem to be two personalities in one, and so closely are these two personalities related, assimilated, that it is very hard to come under the distinct positive rule of them separately. The things of this world lure us in a certain earthly direction. The things of the world of mind beckon us in another direction. We desire in our spirits to follow the call to the higher, but in our animal natures we desire to follow the call of the lower, that which pertains to this life. Therefore we are constantly vacillating between the two. And it is no wonder that in this, our growth, in being, we oftentimes make very great mistakes, but then very mistakes are our servants, acting wisely and well for us. They teach us what could be taught in no other way.

Q.—How is it, and why is it, that so far as we can see, it is only "through much tribulation that we are to enter into the kingdom of heaven?" And that mediums, the most sensitive creatures in the world, suffer martyrdom before they get there?

A.—We only know of heaven by contrast. We cannot contrast heaven with hell unless we have been in hell. We know nothing of happiness unless we have been unhappy. We cannot appreciate the joys of a passive contented state of

being unless we have known the opposite. And the keener our sufferings have been the keener our joys will be, because it is only by contrast that we can understand heaven and enjoy it. A wise God hath so ordered it in our natures, that we shall all of us suffer, for if we did not, we never could enter into the kingdom of heaven. It is a great truth, that by tribulation we enter into the kingdom. They who live comparatively smooth, happy lives know very little and can appreciate very little of the joys of a superior state. Ask the soul that has languished upon the bed of sickness and pain, that has moaned under the scourge of disease for months, under poverty, under all the trials incident to human life—ask such a one when they have been freed from these pains of the flesh and have entered the spirit-world, and been ushered into its joys—ask them what they think of that state of being, and their answer will be, "Oh it is heaven, a greater heaven than my soul ever dared to hope for." They are in constant ecstasies. They rejoice before the face of their God every moment. But they had not have been thus glorious with them had they not passed through the furnace of affliction that was heated seven times hotter than others have received it.

Q.—Is the veil separating the spiritual and material worlds as much an obstacle to spirits as to mortals?

A.—Yes, it is precisely the same, no difference. **Q.**—Mortals penetrate this veil by clairvoyance, or the quickening of the spiritual senses, but how are spirits cognizant of earth scenes? Is it through their spiritual senses, or the corporeal senses of the medium?

A.—It is through the materializing the spiritual senses. This process is performed by using into mental rapport with certain mediums, the bodies that are constantly throwing off through their magnetic and electric lives the aura that can be used by spirits. They make use of it to see, to hear, to feel, to come into rapport with all the objects that belong to this life.

Q.—Please give the mode of birth into spirit-life. Is the newly born spirit a spontaneous presence to his spirit friends, or is it a gradual process?

A.—When the last particle of magnetic life has been separated from the animal body, then the spirit body is thoroughly and well formed. It is a distinct, objective intelligence to all other spirits.

Q.—Do you, as a spirit, possess a more definite idea of your destiny, and the destiny of the human race, than you possessed while in the earth-form?

A.—Yes, more definite, but not absolutely definite. We see a little further into the future than we did when here; that is all.

Q.—What is the use of feet and legs to the spirit, whose locomotion is accompanied by and with the rapidity of the will?

A.—There is a use for all the limbs, all the parts and portions of the spirit body. The rose possesses beauty of color and form. It is not conscious that it does possess that beauty. It is all unconscious of the homage paid it by admiring mortals. Nevertheless, it possesses the beauty. Its petals are delicately formed, and delicately colored. The spirit has need of form, of color, of which to express itself. The life of the rose, the spirit of the rose, has need of the form through which to express itself. It is a mistaken idea that spirits do not use their limbs in the spirit-world. They do. They walk, they plan, they build, they have use for brains, for hands, for all the organs of the body, and as fast as the body has need of new unfoldment in form it has that new unfoldment. It does not remain always precisely what it was. If it did it would not grow. The infant spirit, as it passes into mature intellectual life, has need of a more mature form. Every peculiar atom of life generates within itself a peculiar kind of electric and magnetic force, so then, as the spirit is dependent upon these agencies, electricity and magnetism, for expression, and as these agencies are dependent upon form for expression, therefore the spirit grows till the form matures.
July 19.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Our attention was called this morning, by the lady medium whose organism we use, to an article appearing over the letters "H. C." in a Louisiana paper—I think bearing the name of the *Livingstone Herald*. It seems that the author of the article has been somewhat shocked by seeing a message given at this place, purporting, as he says, to come from a negro girl. To him that circumstance places the negro not only upon a level with the white creation, but a little above it; and he says the condition upon which the negro is hereafter to be held, if he understands his right, that the negro has no distinct immortality. If he has any at all, it is only that that has been borrowed from the whites. All he knows of the arts and sciences, of religion, of politics, of anything pertaining to intellectual life, he has borrowed from his white brothers. Being an imitative race, parrot-like he says only what he has been taught to say, nothing more. Well, how much are we, claiming to be intelligences under white skins, in advance of the negro in this respect? Do we originate a single thought? Hardly. Do we not copy from all the past through which we have come? Certainly we do. We do not pattern after everything that we happen to see. We are naturally do. If we hear a great thought expressed we may adopt it, no matter who expresses it, generally, unless prejudice forbids it.

Further on the article seems to express the idea that Spiritualists make a very great mistake in believing that the negro is an immortal soul, and ends up by making reference to a spirit message which he tells us he has received from a reliable source. The spirit informs him that all caste and color and grade of development, &c., are preserved intact in the spirit-world. Caste is attracted to caste, color to color, form to form, race to race, and so on. We are not able to quote the precise language, but we give the idea.

Following that article there appears one from the editor, which is rather ambiguous. He does not take any particular notice of it, that we are able to discover, but seems to carry the idea that if immortality means anything at all, it means a conscious individual existence after death. There seems to be a feeling thrown out in the entire article that the white race alone has the crowning gift of immortality; that we, God's favored, chosen ones, are alone endowed with eternal life; that we, and we alone, possess and hold our individuality intact after death. Now I wish to make here a very broad and unqualified statement, and it is this: according to the accepted definition of the terms individually and immortality, we do not any single one of us possess immortality—not one of us. There never was an immortal spirit; there never will be one. Nature does not take any particular notice of it, that we are able to discover, but seems to carry the idea that if immortality means anything at all, it means a conscious individual existence after death. There seems to be a feeling thrown out in the entire article that the white race alone has the crowning gift of immortality; that we, God's favored, chosen ones, are alone endowed with eternal life; that we, and we alone, possess and hold our individual

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Banner of Light.

IS THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF THEOLOGY
FOUNDED ON RIGHT PRINCIPLES?

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

Vicious punishments are the sole trust of all those who profess to be the disciples of Jesus, for it is only by the merits of his sufferings that they hope for salvation. Jesus came into the world a Jew, and of course all the rights of the Jewish Church had an influence upon his mind, (for I suppose it will be admitted that, in his youth, his mind was not fully developed) and from these influences we still derive our ideas of atonement and sacrifice. Let us look at the system of sacrifice and see if its influence is such as tends to promote the most exalted views of the Infinite Ruler and Governor of the universe. If we consider him as the originator and creator of all things, surely we cannot claim for him omnipotence if we find that those things which certainly must have been formed only for good, turn out, in after years, to be wholly evil; for, in that case, either the future was unknown, or else there was a lack of power in providing for the exigencies of that future.

But, laying aside the first causes, and coming down to times more recent and within the bounds of historic record, we find that God saw that the time had arrived when a mediator might be introduced into the world, and Jesus was sent forth, or, rather, voluntarily took upon himself the office of Saviour. Now why was that office necessary? We are told by divines that man had sinned and was condemned by the law, and that God's infinite justice could not be satisfied without an object being offered for punishment in order to vindicate the divine majesty of the outraged law. Is there, then, no attribute but an inexorable justice in the infinite ruler of the universe? Has he made man after his own image, and in his own likeness? If so, where do we get that noble, lovely and what is generally called heavenly quality—forgiveness of injuries? Certainly not from God, for we are told he has it not. We are told that it is impossible for him to forgive the sinner unless a sacrifice of blood is offered. Is this an enabling idea? does it have a tendency to make us look upward and adore the Giver of all the blessings by which we are surrounded? Is this the lesson taught us by the beautiful flowers of summer, the gentle breathing of the soft air of spring, the luxuriant fruits of autumn, or the exhilarating and bracing air of winter? Does the life-giving sunshine, the gentle shower or the evening dew proclaim any such doctrine of justice? No! Love is shown by Nature in every act of her wonderful and infinite changes, and vain must be and have been the teachings of those who dare to deny to the Supreme Being that attribute of mind which is acknowledged by civilized man to be the most holy, the most God-like that we derive from our Creator, and for the proof of which origin we need only the inward testimony of our own heart. Yet men dare to profess the belief that God cannot forgive, that it is an impossibility of his nature, that his abhorrence of sin is so great that only by looking at the blood of an innocent being can he remit the punishment due an offender.

If justice can be satisfied only by an act of injustice, and the author of that system is the almighty ruler of the universe, from whence, then, do we derive our views of justice and mercy, so totally different from those said to originate in Omnipotence? Can such a denial of the attributes of forgiveness inspire the heart with love toward God? No, the pardon is not freely bestowed; it is bought; it is given only for an equivalent, and heaven is attained not by an act of forgiveness for a sin committed, but because grim justice, truly blind in this case, had been appeased by the blood of a being wholly innocent of the guilt alleged. To Christ alone is the merit of salvation due—to God, nothing. But some will say Christ is God as God is Christ, but such an absurdity cannot appeal to our reason, and surely does not elucidate matters, for then we have the case standing thus: that God could not forgive man without shedding his own blood to satisfy his own sense of justice. Oh, why need we try to complicate matters? why try to throw off our own responsibility upon another? why seek to lull the conscience by the thought that a sacrifice has been offered for us, and that we have only to believe it and gain eternal happiness? No, it will not do. We must each reap as we have sown; as we fit ourselves for the future so we shall be prepared for that future. We have in Jesus a glorious example of love, mercy and wisdom, and so far as it is practicable let us follow his example. But above all things let his forgiving spirit be ours, for that is the trait in his character which we most admire, and in the exercise of that quality of mind I believe we more nearly approach the character of the Supreme Being.

But let us not expect to enter after death upon a state of perfect, unalloyed happiness. Are we capable of such a state here, even if everything should bend to our desires? No. Then how can we expect that this same mind, this soul, only divested of its mortal covering, in a moment be so changed as to be capable of happiness without measure? Were such a change possible, how could we identify ourselves in the spirit-world with the beings which we were before death? for surely none have yet passed this life without committing some act that they would wish to recall. But to be perfectly happy we must forget every such act, else the remembrance of it would cause a shade of sadness to dim the most perfect bliss. If, then, memory be taken from the soul by death or at the departure from the body, how can any action or course of conduct while on the earth be connected with the disembodied soul?

Unless every act done while on earth carries its influence with it into the future state, all accountability ends with earthly life, and the soul of man in the other state is an independent creation, disconnected entirely from its worldly experience. Few will admit this; yet how can it be otherwise if every soul in heaven is perfectly happy? Can the soul of the warror, who all his life, except at the eleventh hour, ground the faces of the poor, forget the sorrowing features of those who appealed to him in vain for help? or of those who begged for a little more time wherein to repay the loan? Think you that all the blood of saints and martyrs could make that man happy at the recollection of such deeds? A person may be forgiven, but can he forgive himself? Oh, that is hard indeed; and the forgiveness of the injured one often adds keenness to the remorse and makes the guilt appear in more hideous proportions.

When we see the progress that has been made within twenty years, in the opinions of Christians, regarding eternal punishment, there is encouragement and hope that progress will yet continue. Before that time it was often promulgated in the pulpit that hell was a place burning with

fire and brimstone; but who will be found to teach such a doctrine now?

Would that people could throw aside the old relics of barbarism, wherein blood for blood, no forgiveness without blood-shedding, and many other such ideas have originated, and dare to proclaim that each one must mold his own character for the future, and enter upon that state in the sphere appropriate to his development.

The blood of none can wash away our sins; all must bear the consequences of their actions, and although it may not be so cheerful a view to take as the one those entertain who profess to believe that they are washed pure through the blood of Christ, yet I think it is better for them to know the worst, and prepare for it, rather than to be suddenly awakened, as from a dream, and find that after all the staff they depended upon has been taken away, and they must rise or fall into the station for which they have prepared themselves.

It is a cheering thought to know that however low that first estate may be, yet if the aspirations are for purer things, the soul may rise and progress eternally, thus having before it a constant source of happiness in the desire for improvement.

C. H. BROWN.

New Publications.

Hudson Tuttle has written, and Adams & Co., of this city, have published, a new volume on "THE CAUSE OF THE GOD-IDEA IN HISTORY," a book that will challenge universal interest and be widely read. The gifted author goes through with an illustration of the "God-idea" in the history of the Hindus, Egyptians, Chaldeans, Persians, Jews, Arabians, Greeks and Romans, the early Christians, the later Philosophers, the Bible, and the Butler Religions, viz., the Chinese, Druids, Scandinavians, and Aztecs. At the close he gives the ultimate of the God-idea, which is a piece of writing out of his best and clearest faculties. There is a great deal of curious learning collected into this little book, which will enlighten the popular mind on the theme discussed, and enlarge the boundaries of popular thought. The faithful application of the author's views to current history and modern growth is the life and strength of this attractive volume.

THE HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF MARRIAGE; OR, POLYGYNY AND MONOGAMY Compared, by a Christian Philanthropist. Boston: James Campbell.

Here is "a Christian plea for polygamy." As such, it will be read first out of curiosity, and afterwards for the ideas it advances. The latter are nowise new, yet the author puts them together in an original manner and with much force. It is well to have this subject of marriage discussed from all sides and in all its bearings. This book attempts that. It considers the primary laws of love and marriage; the origin of polygamy; the origin of monogamy; the development of the rule of monogamy; how it is related to crime; and the current objections to polygamy. Appended to the whole is a chapter of notices and reviews, including a searching one of Lecky's "History of European Morals." The book will excite to reflection wherever read, and it is well worth reading, whether we agree with its conclusions or not.

MAX IN GENESIS AND GEOLOGY. By J. P. Thompson, D. D. New York: S. R. Wells.

This little book, by a Congregational clergyman, professes to test the Biblical account of man's creation by the scientific theories of his origin and antiquity. It is dedicated to Prof. Dana, Professor of Geology in Yale College. Darwin's Theory of Development must be chargeable with the production of this book, which is but another effort to reconcile Theology and Science. The reader can easily judge for himself of its character from this.

A Destructive Gale.

Boston and its vicinity was visited Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 8th, by one of the severest gales which it has ever known. The misfortune of the city to suffer; at least no gale approaching it in severity has been witnessed in this city for the past thirty years. The weather during the day was warm and sultry, with occasional showers. About three o'clock in the afternoon the sky had become densely overcast with black clouds, which were ominous of discomfort, but did not at all foreshadow the state of things which ensued later in the afternoon and evening. The wind at that time blew freshly and strongly from the southeast, and rain began to fall rapidly. By four o'clock the wind had increased in severity, and the streets were washed by the rain, which fell with increasing violence. It was not until about half-past five o'clock that the gale began in real earnest. At that time the wind had increased in violence to a hurricane, and traveling was not only attended with danger from falling signs and other objects, but it was uncomfortably hard work. Umbrellas were twisted into useless fragments in a jiffy. Awnings in front of stores and above windows were stripped into shreds. Signs were torn from their fastenings and thrown down with violence, and often with serious consequences. Chimneys were toppled from their lofty elevations with perfect ease and thrown in flying fragments to the ground. Confusion was worse confounded; and what would happen next was a serious question to almost everybody.

By six o'clock the gale was at its height, and did not thereafter exceed at any time its fierceness at that hour. Half past six, mingled with the rain, diminished in quantity as the sun went down in a dense mass of black, ugly clouds, which covered nearly the whole heavens, but which showed with grand effect, tinged with a yellow light by the sun behind them. The gale continued from the southeast with somewhat diminished violence until a late hour in the evening, but it had nearly spent itself by seven o'clock, and the damage done after eight o'clock was trifling compared with that which previously occurred.

When the gale was at its height much apprehension was felt for the Coliseum, as it was peculiarly exposed to the terrific wind that swept across the Back Bay. A few minutes before half-past six o'clock the east end gave way with a tremendous crash. Almost immediately after the sudden rush of air which followed demolished the west end, and the larger portion of the roof, with the exception of a small part in the center, which, although considerably damaged, remained standing. The walls were somewhat strained, although nearly retaining their original position. Fortunately only two persons were in the building, who escaped unhurt. The organ built by the Messrs. Hook, and used during the Peace Jubilee, proved an entire loss; and the remaining part of the building is in such a condition as to require immediate pulling down. The decorations, which have remained in it since the Jubilee, were also ruined, and the owners, Messrs. James & Sears, sustain a heavy loss. Its unexpected demolition will also prevent the intended disposition of it after the fashion of the Crosby Opera House.

The ancient, historic and storm-scared Elm, on the Common, which has withstood the shocks of the winds for centuries, did not go down. For a wonder it was not materially damaged, although one large limb was discovered and fell to the ground beyond the fence which encloses it. Several other large trees on the Common, however, were blown down.

Mr. Granville M. Clark, agent of the Adriatic Mills of Worcester, who resided at No. 19 St. James avenue, where the Coliseum fell, heard that a boy had been buried beneath its ruins. Starting immediately to render all the assistance within his power, he had proceeded but a short distance from his residence when the gale blew up the plank walk upon which he was passing with such force as to raise Mr. Clark nearly ten feet from the ground—almost to the top of one of the lamp posts. He was struck by one of the planks and had his skull fractured, besides sustaining fatal wounds upon his chest. He died same evening.

We have not room for further details of the terrific gale. The damage in this city and immediate vicinity probably amounts to a million or more. In Providence, R. I., the damage is estimated at \$2,000,000.

Norwalk, Ohio.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Please notice that the Spiritualists of Norwalk, Ohio, have leased the best hall in town, and are going to hold regular meetings. The late discussion between Elder Grant and myself has given a new impetus to Spiritualism here, and resulted in the organization of one of the best societies in the State. We are to dedicate our new hall on Sunday, Sept. 19th. Our good brother, A. B. French, is to be with us. The tide of progress rolls proudly on.

an to lectures in Norwalk, Ohio, during September, October and November. M. HASAR HOOVER, Norwalk, O., Sept. 6th, 1869.

THE BOY MAGICIAN; OR, THE SECRETS OF THE SEA.

CHAPTER I.
THE PRISONER OF MID-OCEAN.

Late one summer afternoon, a dozen years ago, a solitary white man stood before an idolatrous temple on an island in the South Pacific.

He was of middle age, tall, thin, and gaunt, with rugged features, and a powerful voice, and with every sign of goodness and intelligence.

Beside him was a grim stone idol, in grotesque human form, more than twice as tall as himself, which he had just finished, as was indicated by the mallet and chisel in his hands.

"It is done," he muttered. "And these heathen little suspects that I have cut my name and story into the base of this idol."

He ran his eye rapidly over the inscription in question. It was as follows:

"The 8th of May, 1852, I, David Lester, of the firm of Lester & Nichols, of Norfolk, Virginia, sailed as a passenger for Honolulu, on the ship 'Cyclone,' via Cape Horn, in the ship 'Hecia.' A cyclone struck us in mid-ocean, the ship foundered, and we took to the boats, which all filled, with the exception of the one I was in. After drifting several days, during which my companions perished, I reached this island. The idolatrous heathens made me a slave in their temple, and for more than four years I have been doing menial offices and carving images. I have been chained every night, and watched continually by day, but have nevertheless made three attempts to escape, and shall soon make another. I doubtless lay last as I am resolved to succeed or die, preferring death to a longer captivity. I therefore write these words upon this idol, praying any one who may see them to report my fate, if possible, to my family, at Norfolk, Va. Finished this inscription this 15th of July, 1857."

For several minutes the prisoner contemplated the long silence, and then aroused himself, looking warily around him.

"Three times I have tried to escape in a canoe," he muttered, "and every time I was caught, and visited with tortures. To be caught again in such an attempt will be certain death. Yet I will risk all the first opportunity that offers. This longing for freedom and my family is becoming a positive madness. Oh, my God! what is that?"

He gazed in perfect stupefaction to the eastward, far out upon the ocean.

There, miles and leagues away, was a ship, her white sails gleaming as she lay becalmed upon the water.

"A ship! a ship!" cried Lester, sobbingly. "At last, oh Heaven! At last my prayer is answered!"

THE PRISONER'S HOME.

On the east bank of the Elizabeth river, just out of Norfolk, and overlooking Hampton Roads, stood a beautiful cottage, the home of the wife and daughter of David Lester, the prisoner of the lone island in the far Pacific.

Near the close of a lovely afternoon in May, Mrs. Lester and her daughter sat together upon their front verandah.

The mother was a lovely, sweet-faced, sad-eyed woman of two and thirty years.

The daughter, Amy Lester, not yet fifteen, was a strange compound of child and woman.

"You are thinking of father, dear mother?" murmured the maiden, as she marked the lady's longing gaze.

"Yes, child. Your father, my husband; where is he? Somewhere under the sea waves, wrecked on a desert island, or languishing on a hostile shore? It is five years since he left us on that fatal voyage to China. My reason assures me that he is dead; yet, Amy, I can only think of him as living."

"It is so with me, mother," said Amy, with a tremulous quiver of her lips. "I dream often that he is living—that he is coming home!"

"We need him in a hundred ways," said Mrs. Lester, sighing. "If anything were to happen to me, Amy, I shudder to think what would become of you. You have been brought up in luxury, and would feel keenly any change to poverty."

"Are we not rich, then, mother?" asked Amy, in surprise.

"I supposed so, dear, until three years ago," replied the mother sadly. "Your father was a merchant and ship-owner, a partner of Colonel Nichols. But two years ago Colonel Nichols informed me that the outstanding debts of the firm more than balanced the assets; in short, Amy, that he was on the verge of bankruptcy, his fortune and ours alike wrecked!"

"I don't like Colonel Nichols!" said Amy thoughtfully. "If he lost all his money with ours, how does he live in such grand style? To whom do we owe our great house here?"

"To his nephew, Allen Bell," said Mrs. Lester. "The Colonel has nothing of his own, excepting a farm or two up country which were not risked in the business."

Amy contracted her little brows reflectively, and was about to reply, when the garden gate swung on its hinges, and a boyish figure came lightly up the walk.

"It's Ally, mother—the 'Ally Bell' exclaimed Amy, all smiles and blushes. "I'll bring him to you."

The young girl ran lightly down the verandah steps and met the new-comer, linking her arm in his, and drawing him gently toward the house.

He was a lad of seventeen, an orphan, the nephew of Colonel Nichols, bright and gay and handsome. Allen Bell was also a petulant, ardent and intelligent—one of those noble, manly boys who mature early into grand and noble men. Boy as he was, he loved Amy Lester with a pure and chivalrous love, which bade fair to deepen in time into the great love of his life.

He was the bearer of a letter from his uncle to Mrs. Lester, and having delivered it, he strolled with Amy down the wide garden walks into the cool shadows of a grove at the bottom of the garden.

"I've been expecting you this good while, Ally," said Amy, with charming frankness. "I thought you would be here to try those scientific experiments to-day."

"We'll try them to-night, Amy," replied Ally. "The blue lights show better at night. I'm getting along finely in my chemistry, Amy. I like it best of all my studies."

"I am sure you do," said Amy, earnestly. "You are the nicest boy I ever saw!"

Ally Bell laughed aloud. Amy's childlike simplicity and outspoken truthfulness were her greatest charm in his eyes.

"The sight of that brig yonder," said Ally, "reminds me that I promised to meet Colonel Nichols on board of it directly after I delivered that letter to your mother. I must go now, but you may expect me as soon as it is dark."

For a minute the youthful lovers stood at the garden gate, toward which they had slowly walked, and here they parted soberly—Ally to go down to the brig where he had engaged to meet his uncle, and Amy to return to her mother.

She found Mrs. Lester, the open letter in her lap, silent and motionless as a statue, her attitude that of profound despair.

"What is it, mother?" cried Amy, in wild alarm, springing to her side.

Mrs. Lester looked at her daughter with a woe-stricken face.

"Oh, Amy!" she cried, turning to that brave, childlike heart for strength and comfort. "Colonel Nichols writes me that we are beggars! He reminds me that he has asked me three several times to marry him. And Amy, he says he knows your father to be dead, and he offers himself to me for the last time. He reminds me of my ill-health, of your youth and helplessness. And he says, and Mrs. Lester's voice broke down in a tumult of sobs, 'that on the one hand he offers me wealth, comfort and happiness, on the other, poverty and sorrow. If I refuse him, he swears to turn us out of our home to-morrow!'"

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Amy, with a sharp cry, as she hid her face in her mother's bosom.

CHAPTER II.

A DESPERATE STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

Before Ally Bell reached the brig lying at the wharf, his uncle, Colonel Nichols, had been there and arranged with the Captain, who went by the name of Hilley, to carry Ally off to China, for which service the Colonel promised to give the Captain the brig and ten thousand dollars, in case the boy never came back. Hilley was a murderer, whose real name was Sprouls, and Colonel Nichols knew it. And Colonel Nichols had robbed Mrs. Lester, and wanted to rob his nephew and have him murdered. Hilley knew that, and resolved that Ally Bell should never see Norfolk again.

CHAPTER III.

MORE VILLAINY.

Captain Hilley, verily believing that Ally was drowned, went ashore to inform Colonel Nichols of the fact. He found the Colonel just coming from Mrs. Lester's cottage, where he had gone an hour before, and stunned Amy by informing her that Ally Bell, her lover and hero, was being carried off to sea in the *Quickstep*, and that she would never see him again.

The Colonel heard Hilley's story about Ally's disappearance with breathless interest, and he walked along the beach; after which the two villains congratulated themselves upon the boy's being thus completely taken out of their path.

While discussing the matter, they heard the sound of oars, and soon saw a boat approaching the shore opposite a cottage belonging to an old retired sailor named Nicholas Collins, which was situated at the foot of Mrs. Lester's garden. In the boat was a man, and along with him was a female, sobbing convulsively. Colonel Nichols, with surprise and alarm, recognized the voice of

"Where is the lad?" he asked, as he and Colonel Nichols finished drinking success to their nefarious schemes, to which the Colonel replied: "He should be here at this very moment. Ah, I hear his oar on deck now! Here he comes!" Even as he spoke Ally Bell came hurrying into the cabin, his face flushed with pleasurable excitement.

"I'm just in time to see you off, Captain Hilley," he said, not noticing the guilty looks of the conspirators. "The wind is fair, and the crew anxious. A good voyage to you, Captain. Bring me some rare shells when you return. They are for a little girl's cabinet, and must be pretty!"

"Ay, ay, Mr. Allee," responded the Captain, heartily. "Did it not seem my collection of shells in yonder state-room? No? You are welcome to your choice of them all, sir."

He advanced, and flung open the state-room door.

With a quick thrust, Hilley pushed him into the little room, and hurriedly locked the door.

With an exultant smile Colonel Nichols said adieu, and went ashore.

The next minute the hurried tramping of feet was blended with the songs of the stout seamen, as the brig moved slowly from the wharf toward the sea.

Ally's first thought, on finding himself shut up in Captain Hilley's state-room, was that the two men were joking—merely intending to scare him a little, and then let him out; but he soon discovered that the *Quickstep*—the brig was so named—had left her wharf and was standing down the Elizabeth river toward the ocean.

The truth flashed upon him!

"I see it all!" he cried, leaping to his feet. "Hilley is taking me to sea with him! Captain Hilley is shouting, pounding on the wall, 'open the door for this minute! Let me out, or it will be bad for you!'"

No reply was made to him—no attention paid to his cries.

He saw that he was fast.

For a moment he was stunned by the knowledge of his situation.

Then he drew up his slight, boyish figure proudly, his eyes flashing defiance.

"The thing for me to do," he mused, "is to help myself. A boy who can't fight his own way will never be a man!"

Drawing from his pocket a match, of which he usually carried a supply, he lighted the candle in its box at the head of the state-room.

"I see the mental!" he muttered, looking around in the light thus furnished. "Here is a whole array of boxes and bundles. And here's a cannon, too," added Ally, "a small one, which is expected, no doubt, to bring a big price from those simple natives in the South sea. I can use this thing," thought the boy, with kindling eyes. "I have plenty of powder in my pocket."

He had bought this powder just before he came aboard of the brig, for the experiments he had promised to show Amy that very evening.

Without more ado Ally set at work loading and firing the little cannon as rapidly as possible, smashing the door and calling out for everybody to get out of the way. The captain and crew were frantic with fear, as there was a large quantity of powder in the state-room, and the prospect was that the ship would be blown to atoms.

Having filled the state-room and cabin with smoke, Ally seized one of the Captain's revolvers, burst open the shattered door, rushed upon deck and leaped into the river.

"Thunder and lightning!" cried Hilley, startled beyond expression. "After that boy, all of you! Sustain himself in him! A hundred dollars to the man who first puts a hand upon him!"

With a yell, as of blood-hounds, half a dozen of Hilley's men splashed into the river, incited by the promise of money, and sprang to the pursuit, while Hilley, barely lowering a boat, rowed after him, and he soon overtook, one after another, and ordered into the boat. They then pulled on after Ally, who had distanced the men while they were in the water, but who could not compete with the boat. Arriving at an old sunken schooner, a long way from the shore, the boy climbed upon the topmast and looked back at Hilley, who was rapidly approaching. The captain felt sure of his prey, and was telling his men how to seize the boy, when Ally suddenly fell from the topmast, as if shot, and immediately sunk to the bottom.

"Thunder and lightning!" cried Hilley, "he's gone!"

"Gone?" echoed all the men in chorus.

"Yes, gone!" and Hilley sprang to his feet, bending forward. "I saw him go. He fell back into the water, and went down like a bullet, without the least cry. Pull for your lives!"

The men obeyed. The boat was quickly beside the topmast. But no trace of the boy could be found.

"I'll take my Bible oath," said Hilley, "that the young salamander has not gone toward the nearest shore, or any other! A cramp or a shark has took him!"

The eyes of the scheming villain lit up strangely, almost savagely.

"And such being the fact, men," added he, "we may as well give up the search."

The men resumed their oars, the Captain the tiller, and the boat returned in silence to the brig, with Ally clinging quietly to the stern—his head just far enough out of the water to enable him to breathe; and there he continued to stay until the boat returned to the brig.

And then, the boat being left in the water, at the stern of the brig, it occurred to Ally to unfasten the boat from its painter, let it drift down stream some distance, then climb into it and row away for Norfolk, which he at once did.

For a minute or two the boat continued to speed away in the darkness.

And then Ally climbed out of the water into it, with a long sigh of relief, and seized a pair of oars resolutely.

Crouching out of sight in the bottom of the boat, he began rowing shoreward, but softly, for he was still near the brig, and the night was so calm he feared his enemies would hear him.

There was only too much occasion, as it proved, for this caution.

The boat had not been gone two minutes from the brig, when Captain Hilley, wishing to go ashore to see Colonel Nichols, made his way aft, and, discovering its disappearance, at once sent a couple of men after it in another boat.

Ally, seeing that he must again take to the water, took the oars along with him and went drifting seaward, with nothing but a pair of oars to sustain him.

The night had now fully set in and the tide ran fast. Cramped and chilled by his long continuance in the water, the boy was whistled away growing weaker every moment; but just as hope was at its ebb he suddenly beheld a sail behind him, rapidly approaching under the force of a freshening breeze.

"A brig, certain!" he groaned, after a long look at the nearing cloud of canvas. "It must be old Hilley's! The wind having come again, he is off for the Pacific ocean."

He regarded the brig, as it came nearer, asking himself if he should hail her.

"Let her be what she may," he muttered, "friend or foe, I must hail her! My strength is used up! I shall soon slip off from these oars and drown! Fortunately the brig is coming straight toward me. I will hail her!"

He waited till the brig was near him, and then carried his resolve into execution. His feeble call was heard and answered, the brig hove to, a boat was lowered, and he was taken aboard the stranger. The boy had only strength enough to learn that the brig was not Hilley's, and then he fainted.

CHAPTER IV.

LESTER ESCAPES AND HEARS FROM HOME.

We left David Lester on his lonely island, planning his escape, with a ship in sight from the elevated point where he was at work. He waited till night and until a priest of the idolatrous temple came to chain him in his dungeon, where they nightly confined him; and then suddenly leaping upon the priest, he bore him to the floor, chained and gagged him, disguised himself in his priestly robes, stained his face brown with dirt, went to the shore where the canoes were lying, entered one of them, and paddled out to sea in the direction in which he had seen the ship.

He paddled for hours with all his strength, and had gone so far that the lights of the island could not be seen, and yet no ship had been found; and now the wind was rising and a storm was threatening.

"Oh, God! Am I forsaken?" he cried, in an awful anguish, seized with a fear that the wind would take the ship from him. "Must I perish here?"

At that moment, when hope was dying, he beheld a sight that turned all his wild woe into yet wilder ecstasy.

There, to the northward, was the ship, standing directly toward him, with all sails set to catch the rising breeze, and not half a mile away.

"Yes, there she is," he shouted. "She is coming this way. I am saved—saved!"

He raised his arms to heaven in mute thanksgiving and sobbed aloud, the glad tears streaming down his worn and haggard cheeks.

The ship came nearer and nearer.