

THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

NO. 22.

And here, while he is so absorbed in his reading, a brief description of himself may not be out of place. Though I am not good at describing, I will try to give my readers an idea of the appearance of Willard Norman. He is about thirty years of age, though looking younger; a little above medium height, slight, but very well formed; his com-

tenance noble; the brow, so fair, so perfect in its outline, from which the heavy dark hair was thrown carelessly back, you would love to gaze upon; it looked grand and lofty; the eyes spoke well the feelings of the soul. They might flash with indignation, or bestow a glance of tenderest affection; the mouth was very firm in its expression. Willard Norman possessed an almost indomitable will. He would rarely, if ever, yield to any one; but he also possessed an impulsive nature, and a generous heart. Now he seems unusually interested in what he reads. Apparently he has read it over several times, for the piece, which seems to influence him so powerfully, is but a brief one. At last he carefully folded the paper, and placed it in the inner pocket of his coat, resolved to take it away with him, to peruse at his leisure; and—*an idea had suddenly occurred to him, but for the present he dismissed it.* He heard his friend returning, pausing just outside the door to reply to some remark of the gentleman who was leaving; and he took up another paper, but not being interested in him, and still retaining it in his hand, he walked to the window, and stood looking out when his friend entered.

"Well, I got back soon as possible," said Clifford; "was I long gone?"

"I thought not," replied Norman; "but," glancing at his watch, "I did not think it was so late."

"I suppose you will have to leave soon; but now let us improve the time in asking and answering questions. I believe you have been at home since I was."

And so they talked on, of people and of places known to them in earlier years, until it was time for Norman to go. Then the friends separated; Clifford to look rapidly over his papers, and try to make up the "lost time," by being a little more expert in his business; and Willard Norman to take a seat in the well-filled car; and after glancing about him for a few moments, settle himself comfortably on the plush cushion, and, quite unusual for him, fall into a deep reverie.

The fact was, a singular idea had occurred to him; a strange impulse had seized him, which he could not account for. The thought—which was to write to the person whose article had so deeply interested him, as he revolved it in his mind—seemed absurd. He was vexed at himself that such a thought should have come to him at all, and more vexed that he could not drive it away. Arrived at his destination, his business transactions for a while occupied all his time; but when again he had leisure to think, that thought would again intrude. At last as he sat in his room one evening, after again perusing that article which seemed to have such power over him, he took his pen, determined to write, and abide the consequences. It was easy enough, for the address was there; and though he mentally derided himself for it, he rapidly penned a few words expressive of his pleasure in reading an article so earnest and elevated in its tone, and that one of such apparent talent had engaged in a reform so great and glorious. The subject was one of great interest to him, and the ideas had singularly coincided with his own; he could not refrain from this tribute of respect to the writer. He did not solicit a reply, for, as the reader must be aware, he did not really expect to open a correspondence with the unknown; but he wrote at the bottom of the page his address, perhaps not entirely unwilling that the unknown should reply if she chose, for he felt certain that he was writing to a lady, though whether young or old, married or single, black or white, he knew not, and probably did not care at that time; but the letter was written and went on its way, as many another letter had done. How little we know the significance of letters. How little we dream, sometimes, on opening one, how its contents will affect us. They are little messengers, but they have a mighty power, and they awaken varied and strong emotions, sometimes.

CHAPTER III.

It was a warm, sunny afternoon, near the last of September. Vacation had commenced, and Leida Stenway was for a time relieved from school duties. She sat beside a window of her room which overlooked the river, busily sewing. Through the open window the soft summer air floated in and played about her brow; the low murmur of the river, in its ceaseless onward motion, fell pleasantly upon her ear. The scene on which she gazed when she raised her eyes from her work, was one of quiet beauty; and Leida enjoyed it all in a sort of dreamy listlessness, this still afternoon.

Presently little Lilly, who had been to the village, came through the gate; and seeing Leida at the window, cried out as she held it up to view, "A letter for Miss Stenway." And she ran quickly up the stairs to Leida's room, and gave her the letter, with a glad, bright smile, feeling a childish joy in the thought that she was giving a pleasure to her beloved teacher; for the little one thought people were always pleased to receive letters.

Leida glanced with surprise at the strange handwriting, which was of singularly handsome style, and then, opening the envelope, read with more surprise the letter which her unexpecting article had evoked. Lilly, receiving no further notice, quietly left the room.

"Willard Norman!" mused Leida. "I never heard the name nor read it before. What an elegant writer! Strange that any one, especially a man of such evident talents, should have found anything of worth in that little piece I wrote! Well, I suppose the writer is some kind-hearted old gentleman who thought to encourage me by a friendly letter. And it is pleasant to be appreciated, even by a stranger whom one never expects to see."

And Leida laid the letter aside and resumed her sewing; but her thoughts had taken another channel, and her dreamy quietness was broken up. She would think of the letter before her and the unknown writer.

"But ought I not to reply, and thank him for his kind words? He might otherwise think I was offended; and certainly there is nothing in that gentlemanly manner of addressing a stranger to offend any one. And, beside, there are some ideas that I should like to reply to. Yes, I think it merits a reply."

But Leida deliberated, for she never did anything hastily, and, after thinking about it for several days, decided to write to the kind old gentleman whose letter had given her so much pleasure. And so the correspondence was commenced.

Willard Norman hardly expected a reply to the letter he so strangely impelled to write; yet he secretly hoped to know more of one whose writings could so influence him. And Leida, though she did not really expect to hear further from the unknown, was not displeased when a courteous reply came back to her. And the correspondence soon became interesting to both. They wrote always on the prevailing topics of the day, and discussed several questions at length. The gentleman soon decided that his correspondent was young, and possessed a mind of no ordinary power. There was a frankness, an elevation of thought about her writings which pleased

him more and more, and there was evidence of deep, strong feeling. And so, questioning and testing her disposition, he formed a very correct estimate of Leida Stenway. And he never himself interested, as one of her sex had never before had power to interest him. And Leida had been strangely interested. She confessed to herself that she should miss those letters sadly if they failed to come. But they did not fail. Regularly as the mail they came, and her own always received a prompt reply. Several of her friends knew of her correspondence, for they soon discovered that she corresponded regularly with some one, and of course they must know about it. She very readily told them, for she did not think it probable that she should ever see the writer.

"Leida, dear," said kind, motherly Mrs. Davis one day, "have you any idea where this correspondence of yours will end?"

"Well, I think I have no definite idea," said Leida, smiling. "I did not commence it—at least not directly—and I do not like to end it. I suppose the gentleman will weary of it by-and-by, and so cease writing."

"And you never thought, I suppose, that he would have any curiosity to see the lady he has been so long addressing by letter? And as for yourself, it seems to me hardly possible that you can help a little feminine curiosity to see this fascinating writer."

"Well, I suppose I do. That is only natural, I believe. Yet I have never thought he would be likely to take the trouble; and I do not know that it would in any manner affect me if he should."

"But, Leida, dear," said the good-natured lady, "suppose he appears before you some day. Now, confess, would n't you feel a little disappointed if you beheld an old and ugly man? Haven't you really formed some idea of him? and perhaps it will do no harm just to think of these things. Do n't you think you would be better pleased if he should prove an agreeable, good-looking, young man?"

Leida felt her face flushing, in spite of herself, and for a few moments she made no reply. She could not feel angry with Mrs. Davis for her direct questioning, which in another would have seemed impertinent, for she knew that lady was her good, true friend. She was only a distant relative, but she had been the chosen friend of Leida's mother, who, dying, had wished that she might watch over the young girl so early orphaned. And Leida had always found a home with her, and as far as possible, Mrs. Davis had supplied a mother's place.

"Well," said Leida at length, "I have been so much interested in the subjects upon which we have written, that truly I have thought but little of the 'end,' as you say. Of course I could not help thinking of the writer, imagining his appearance, &c., sometimes. I have no more reason to think of him as young than old, and I have hardly thought of seeing him, or supposed he had any motive in writing, beyond the present interest of the affair."

"He would hardly correspond at such length if he were not more interested than that, Leida. And I have no more doubt of his coming to see you than that I sit here this afternoon. But really, I must sit here no longer," she added, starting from her chair as the little clock in the sitting-room below told the hour of five. "I had better remember, I guess, that I have a husband who will be wanting his supper. So I must descend to realities, while you, Leida, can revel in your ideal world a little longer." And Mrs. Davis went briskly down stairs to prepare tea, leaving Leida to reflect on the conversation.

And Leida continued thinking, leaning her head upon her hand, and looking far out upon the placid river, where it wound among the trees which shaded it, on either side, and was lost to view; and she wondered if, indeed, the dreamy quiet of her existence was to be disturbed. And then came another thought, new, and almost startling to her—was it not already disturbed? She had come to look eagerly for the coming of those letters; she had read them with a pleasure she had never known before; and, as she thought of it, she did not like to think of never hearing from this stranger again, who, in fact, hardly seemed like a stranger now.

But a light ring of the tea-bell put a stop to her meditations for the present, and she immediately went below, to the dining-room, where a most inviting looking table was set. How cool and refreshing the shaded room looked, with its clean, polished floor; no dust nor spot dimming its brightness; serviceable cane chairs; a plain, neat lounge in one corner of the room; a small stand of books in another; two or three pictures; a fresh bouquet of flowers on the mantel; and the tempting supper-table! Others might be more elegant and glittering, but none more nicely arranged.

Mrs. Davis possessed the art of cooking, perhaps, as nearly perfected as possible. The most delicate invalid seldom failed to partake of whatever she prepared, and every one who visited her spoke of her skill as a housewife.

Leida noticed everything that night, and thought what a pleasant, quiet home she had. Mr. Davis sat by the window, reading, and laid aside his paper as she entered, and with some pleasant remark to Leida, joined his family at the table. Little Lilly had her favorite seat at his left hand, and they formed a cheerful group, as they conversed on the common affairs of the day. And they were a happy family. There was no discord, no harsh words or angry thoughts in that small, well-ordered household.

The pleasant scene on the still summer evening, to which we have referred, was a type of their every-day life. Lilly was their pet and darling—a delicate child now, about eight years of age. They had been married many years when she came to them, bringing new sunshine to their home and hearts; and they had cherished her fondly, seeming ever fearful lest she should be taken from them. Leida, too, loved the little one, as she might have done a younger sister, and "pet Lilly" always, as this night, received her share of notice.

Later in the evening, when Leida had sought her own room, she lighted her lamp, and taking from a box a package of letters, sat down by her work-table. There were a goodly number of them, too—those letters she had received from Willard Norman, for they had now been corresponding for nearly a year. She had them all neatly folded, just in the order they came; and she commenced to read them over, carefully and thoughtfully. Some of them had been read many times before, yet they seemed interesting, even now. How beautifully they were written! What earnest, eloquent thoughts they breathed, clothed in the finest language! They certainly bespoke a soul above baseness or deception; and Leida thought, as she again laid them aside, that he must be a noble man; and she was beginning to realize that she did feel an interest in the stranger who had thus introduced himself.

Perhaps in no other way would these two have become so thoroughly acquainted as by letter-writing, for both were fond of it, and both well understood how to express their thoughts on paper; not but that they possessed conversational

talent, but occasions would seldom occur to call forth the ideas awakened by this correspondence; and possibly had they met in society, in the ordinary manner, neither would have been attracted by the other, though certainly both were of pleasing personal appearance. But by correspondence they had become acquainted, and each more deeply interested than they were themselves aware of.

The afternoon mail of the next day brought for Leida a letter. And in this the writer expressed the desire, so long repressed, to see the lady whose writings had charmed so many hours for him; and in the most courteous manner, asked permission to visit her at her own home.

And Leida, in replying to this letter, told him, frankly, it would be to her a pleasure to meet with one whose writings, while they had deeply interested, had given her many new and valuable ideas.

And Willard Norman, only waiting for this assurance of welcome, wrote promptly back, expressing his thanks, and also his intention of coming at an early day, stating the time as nearly as his business transactions would allow.

So Leida pursued her daily routine of teaching, thinking—as who, under the circumstances, would not have done so?—of the meeting with one whom she had never seen—knew really nothing of—and yet could not regard as a stranger.

And so the days sped quickly by, until on the morning he was coming. There would be no school, for it was Saturday; and he would probably not reach there till the late afternoon train came in.

Kind-hearted Mrs. Davis knew of his coming, and she, with her husband, was prepared to give a cordial reception to one of whom they had formed an exalted opinion. For, if he had interested Leida so much, he must be worthy. They had read many of his letters, too, and agreed that he was a person of no ordinary talent. And the tone of his writings was elevated and refined. No one would doubt his being a gentleman. So Willard Norman was likely to be appreciated by the strangers he was going among; and it is to be hoped that time will prove their good opinions correct, and sustain their high regard for his mental and moral worth.

[To be continued.]

EVIDENCE OF THE TRUTH OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY HERMON EHLE.

When the unprejudiced and honest investigators of Spiritualism shall place our faith in the credence of human reason to be tested, its value will be estimated by the amount of good it has done, and is doing; by the amount of suffering it has mitigated and relieved, by the sorrows it has assuaged, and above all, by the harrowing fears of death allayed, which for long ages have bowed the heads of millions with a soul-agony whose poignancy cannot be described by human language.

Since the first advocate of a "Fiery Lake" presented this false picture of human woes in the future world to the minds of man, the doctrine of "eternal torments" (a foul slander upon the pure character of a loving God) has spread with fearful rapidity among the unreasoning and credulous portions of our creed-bound world. Stealthily and unseen, like the poisonous miasma, it has crept into our homes while human reason lay slumbering, making fearful havoc with the brightest hopes of parents and children who have been called upon to part with loved ones; and had it not been for a few bold reasoners, such as Alexander von Humboldt and Thomas Paine, whose mighty pens were wielded to stay the tide of error, the most far-seeing could not have calculated the evils resulting therefrom; mankind would have been made the dupes of a false Theology, and hapless slaves to a perpetual fear of death. But now, thanks to our watchful Parent, whose eyes never slumber, a brighter light has dawned; a mighty army, whose supporters are the hosts of heaven, has arisen to do battle against the errors of Church and State.

The mission of Spiritualism is to war against every species of error, whether existing in the religious, scientific, or medical world. Among those who practice medicine in our country, it is painful to behold the great want of knowledge in its administration. The various human ills, whose name is legion, cannot be successfully treated except by the superior discerning powers of clairvoyance. My purpose in this communication is to bring to the notice of the many readers of the *Banner*, one who is eminently successful in the Healing Art. Though an educated physician, it is his intuitive powers to which may be attributed his wonderful precision in selecting remedies adapted to all classes of disease. I refer to Dr. J. J. Jones, a young physician of our city, whose healing powers Dr. J. R. Newton frankly acknowledged to be fully equal to his own.

As before intimated, our faith, when weighed in the balances, will be estimated by the good accomplished by its advocates and adherents, and not by our numbers (of which we make too much boast). Numbers are the human list, but the good done is the divine, by which Spiritualism must ultimately stand or fall. When we contemplate the multitude of successful healers of Spiritualism, has sent abroad, who are ever working for the afflicted in every part of our civilized world, we need not fear the divine test to which we will be subjected. It is not transcending the truth to claim that the healers connected with our heavenly religion, form the strong pillars on which the beautiful structure of modern Spiritualism securely rests.

Chief among these pillars may be numbered Dr. Jones above referred to, of whose merits as a medical practitioner and healer, I wish, for the benefit of the afflicted, to say a few words. He came to our city about two years ago, with nothing save merit to secure success in his calling. Being obliged to compete with a large number of physicians of established practice, it was necessary, in order to succeed, that he should manifest a superior power for the healing of disease. His powers were equal to the task, and have crowned him with a success for which he may well be grateful to his unseen friends, who with their potent forces constantly environ him.

His powerful magnetic brain seems to grasp and control elements of the unseen world, for he will stand by the side of a patient—perhaps one given up to death by a council of physicians—and with a cool, determined will, will say, "He shall not die," and soon raises the patient from the grasp of death, back to life and friends again. These powers, with a soul in sympathy with suffering humanity, have brought to his office many of the Lord's poor, whom he has healed without any compensation of a temporal character. As an evidence of the curative power the Doctor possesses, I will venture to cite one case from a column of as remarkable ones, recently published in one of the city papers, to which are appended, as witnesses, the names of four reliable citizens of Utica.

A child was attacked with congestion of the

lungs, in its severest form. The family physician was immediately called, but while under his treatment, the disease increased in intensity, and death seemed inevitable. Soon, severe spasms, with purple face, attacked the sufferer. At this point in the progress of the disease, the family physician gave over the case as incurable, saying that no skill could save the child, and that it would probably die before twelve o'clock that night. While in this precarious condition, Dr. Jones was called. Under his treatment the spasms soon disappeared, and before the time appointed for the child's exit from earth, he was seen sitting up and at play, with the joy of returning health beaming in his face. He continued to improve, and after two weeks, his mother alleges, became healthier than ever before.

With such a healer in our midst, and many others, of both sexes, who are having a successful practice as magnetic physicians, we are doing much to disarm prejudice, and create a love for our beautiful religion, fully as much, in my view, as lecturers could do, as the blessings attendant upon restored health are perceived and felt immediately, producing an impression concerning the powers attending the medium not easily erased without concealing supermundane aid, or, in other words, the spiritual philosophy.

I would not be understood, however, as disparaging public speaking, for both are essentially good; but when the beautiful temple of Spiritualism shall have been reared on the everlasting foundation of good work, God will provide promulgators of its rational and soul-cheering doctrines.

My extensive acquaintance as canvasser, enables me to state the gratifying fact that the cardinal doctrines of Spiritualism are growing rapidly in favor among the more thoughtful of the different churches; and the "sinners," also, whose minds are untrammelled by any established faith, are imbibing its rational and soul-inspiring views. The light of truth is spreading. Opponents may decry, and some, for a sinister purpose, may forsake the faith delivered to us by the angels, but they cannot conceal its truths from observation. Like the dews of heaven, they are gently falling over all the earth, making its desert places to blossom as the rose. Hand in hand, the seen with the unseen laborers, Spiritualism will accomplish the holy mission assigned it of redeeming the world from all error, and elevating it to a brighter sphere of truth, tranquility and joy.

Utica, N. Y., Jan. 21st, 1870.

MASSACHUSETTS.

A Golden Wedding.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—On the evening of Jan. 1st, 1870, the golden wedding of Mr. Willard and Mrs. Susan Cox, of Hudson, Mass., was celebrated at their home. Some friends testified to the good feeling of neighbors and friends toward this good couple. Brief speeches were made by Rev. Mr. Heywood and the writer, songs were sung with excellent effect, the following poem presented, and wedding cake passed around—a merry and profitable time, to be lovingly remembered by them and pleasantly by all present.

GOLDEN WEDDING POEM.

In youth's bright and festive morning,
When the summer flowers bloom,
Love's soft charms were cast around you
Like the warmest rays of noon,
And your hearts were drawn together
By the mystic chord we know,
Until God your marriage sanctioned
Fifty years to-night ago.

Earthly hopes and joys have perished,
Superceded evermore,
Leaving withered leaves decaying
Where rich verdure grew before.
Springing from this death, forever
Comes the spirit's fresher glow,
And to-night some name is gloriously
With its type of years ago.

Frighted with a grand experience,
At the altar once again,
Proving that your vows had meaning,
Though you've toiled through woe and pain,
And that faithful to each other,
Ever striving to be true,
That sweet love that could not perish
With the fifty years ago.

Still in holy, sacred union
Through the next decade you pass,
Until angels come to meet you,
Bearing you to heaven at last.
You have heard their cheering voices,
Breathing near you, soft and low,
And they tell of perfect unions,
Not of fifty years ago.

But among the blessed spirits,
Where God's laws are perfected,
And those beings, three united,
Olive each other loving care,
There no holy vows are broken,
And no discord they know,
But harmonious love is given,
Like your own of years ago.

We who dwell among these shadows,
Hungering on through life for love,
May take courage as we meet you,
Hand in hand for realms above,
And may take you as a beacon,
Guiding us to our true home,
For you married, lived together
Since the fifty years ago.

Year by year you've gathered treasures,
Laid them where no moth can rust—
Truthful deeds and loving kindness,
Ever striving to be just.
Lo! above the golden glitter
With our earthly lives bestow,
You will and more precious jewels,
Gathered fifty years ago.

Please accept our kindest wishes;
May your future ever be
Lighted by the angels' presence,
Till with them you, too, are free.
If sorrow clouds your sky again,
While lingering here below,
Oh, near the love more rare,
Than fifty years ago.

And when at length the angels come
Across the mystic beam,
To bear you through the open gate,
Where God's own glory gleams,
Oh, may you then go hand in hand,
Nor separation know.
But stand beside God's altar there
As fifty years ago.

Hudson, Mass., Jan. 23, 1870. M. S. HOADLEY.

Correction—Agent's Report.

By some mistake a part if not all of the receipts taken by me for the State Association during the month of May, 1869, were omitted from the report. As some have made inquiries about it, I give in my May report, as follows:

I received the following sums: Wm. H. Orne, Stoneham, \$1.00; Wm. F. Spiller, do., \$1.00; Wm. A. Randall, Medford, \$1.00; Edwin Wilbur, 2d, Hingham, \$1.00; Orrin Joslin, Hingham, \$1.00; George Moore, Haverhill, \$1.00; John Rogers, Westfield, \$1.00; J. H. Beale, Pembroke, \$1.00; Mrs. J. Puffer, South Haverhill, \$1.00; Mr. H. Perry, do., \$1.00; Maria Bennett, Abington, \$1.00; Sylvester Hayward, West Concord, \$1.00; Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Wheeler, Acton, \$2.00; Marshall Miles, South Acton, \$1.00; Frank Hayward, do., \$1.00; Warren B. Hall, do., \$1.00; Cyrus Hayward, do., \$1.00; Wm. P. Hayward, do., \$1.00; Contribution, do., \$4.00; Wm. P. Clarke, Abington, \$1.00; Contribution, South Haverhill, \$0.10; Contribution, East Abington, \$5.00; Contribution, North Abington, \$5.00; Amos Green, Lowell, \$1.00; Contribution, Lowell, \$1.00; Contribution, Milford, \$5.00; S. C. Chapin, Milford, \$1.00; ag to be received at the State Association. Should the names of any not be reported, through mistake, it will be at once corrected by writing to me.

The Association is still at its work, and I am lecturing week-evenings and Sundays, as usual, anywhere in the State that the people will provide a place of meeting. Send in your calls, friends, and the State Agent will gladly respond.

A. E. CARPENTER.

Address care *Banner of Light*.

CONNECTICUT.

A Few Things of which I am Tired.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Will you give me a short space in your paper, to put in my report for the last quarter, and also to speak of a few things of which I have grown tired?

I am tired of hearing Spiritualists excuse themselves from paying money to support Spiritualism, on the ground that they help the "Universals," and pay something to other de-

nominations, which is all they can afford. I am tired of hearing Spiritualists say "it is no use trying to do anything here; we have tried, and no one appreciates our efforts." I am tired of hearing Spiritualists complain that Spiritualism is unpopular, and that they do not believe in making it more popular, is for those who believe it to be a success. I am tired of hearing Spiritualists make excuses for buying seats in and attending Orthodox churches, on the ground that their families go there, their daughters sing there, and their smiles of my attempts, and it is more convenient to go there than elsewhere. I am tired of hearing Spiritualists say they are satisfied, and they do not see as it is much use to make effort: If Spiritualism is true, it will live; if it is error, it will die. I am tired of arguing that Spiritualism cannot be discarded without effort, or propagated without money; that error cannot be overthrown without union of effort and concert of action, and a system that shall give force and power to both. I am tired of hearing Spiritualists excuse themselves for not joining the State Association on the ground that they do not believe in organizations, tired of explaining to those who ought to understand without that this State Association is simply a system of sustaining lectures in the State, that are required to make the people acquainted with the facts, and that the articles simply declare the way business shall be transacted, the manner in which a collection shall be taken, and a statement of what is expected of the Agent. I am tired of applying to many Spiritualists to join the State Association, and contribute to its support, when I must hear them plead poverty, and take the dollar, given grudgingly, with the request that their names shall not be published.

I have been tired of my attempts, for the last quarter, commencing Oct. 1st, ending Dec. 31st:

One lecture at Winsted, collection, \$2.60; three lectures at Line Rock, \$1.67; one at Bristol, \$0.10; two at Unionville, \$1.75; two at Southington, \$0.49; one at Rockville, \$1.02; two at Norwich, \$0.61; two at New Britain, \$0.91; Private donations, \$2.95. Total, \$27.00.

Subscriptions.—J. B. Hinkley, Unionville, \$1.00; William Lowell, do., \$1.00; Mrs. E. L. Weaver, Hartford, \$1.00; Mrs. M. E. Burnham, do., 50 cents; John Markham, do., \$1.00; Stranger, do., \$1.00; T. M. Allen, do., \$1.00; Stranger, do., \$1.00; M. Smith, Norwich, 50 cents; Fannie Armstrong, do., \$1.00; Jonathan Hatch, South Windham, \$5.00; A. Tarbox, Willimantic, \$2.00. Total, \$27.00.

E. ANNIE HINMAN, State Agent.

New London, Jan. 25th, 1870.

RHODE ISLAND.

The Craft in Danger—"Help me, Cassius, Ere I Sink."

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—As the readers of your paper are already advised, the M. D. of the Providence Medical Association, in view of the danger to their craft, incident to the prevalence of better modes of curing human ailments than by pills and potions, and by moxas, too, altogether heterodox, decided to call upon the Legislature to interfere and protect them. That body has been in session now three weeks, and as yet the Providence doctors have not peeped or muttered in the legislative halls of Rhode Island. And I venture they will not. The truth is, there are so many who resort to heterodox modes for medical treatment, that these gentlemen would find all up hill work to carry out their plan. There are now in this city some eight or ten who practice more or less clairvoyantly or spiritually, several making it a specialty and exclusively devoting themselves to healing. There are others who practice among friends and acquaintances, as cases occur, and there I am numbered. I propose to relate two or three cases which have come under my hands, to illustrate how "empiricism" can outreach the old schools and effect cures where they are utterly powerless.

My attention was called to a gentleman one evening in a public hall, suffering from neuralgia in the face, so much that he had not slept for two nights. He said he did not believe I could cure him. I replied, "That makes no difference; but you will believe." I put my hand upon his face, held it there a few moments, made a pass or two, and then asked if he believed. He replied, "Yes, it is all gone." He went home, slept soundly, and has not had a recurrence of the pain. He said when my hand touched his face he felt a warmth which entered the flesh, apparently driving out the pain. Empiricism No. 1.

A carpenter fell a short distance from a building, splitting his ankle bone, and jarring himself considerably, and was obliged to use a crutch and staff. In a few days his right arm began to feel numb, and in a short time became utterly useless. He was a poor man, dependent upon his labor for his bread, and as may be supposed, had a dreary prospect before him. He sought medical advice; various kinds of liniments were prescribed, but without any good result. Five skillful (as the world esteems them, and I am not about to dispute the claim.) physicians from the old school standpoint decided that there was no hope for him. I overtook him one evening going home to tea, and he expressed a wish for relief, mentioning a gentleman in New York who had treated him some time previously for another difficulty. I told him I could cure him, and would; appointed the next evening for him to call at my house. He did so; gave the details of the treatment he had received, and further, that he had tried a galvanic battery of great power, but did not feel any effect from it. His arm was bound up in three or four thicknesses of flannel; these I stripped off, took his hand in one of mine and placed the other, spread over the shoulder blade. In less than two minutes, he felt a tingling sensation coursing up the nerves of the arm, finally extending from the finger to the shoulder. I gave another treatment the following evening, and the third I completely established the nervous circulation. Having held him as first described for a short time, I then passed my fingers from the shoulder down the arm, over the elbow and off at the little finger. He gave evidence of much pain, and after three or four passes, turned white, said he was faint and must sit down. He did so in a prone position. I gave him a glass of magnetized water, and he came to in a few moments. He said as my fingers ran over the skin, the operation felt as though I was tearing up a strip of flesh down to the bone. I continued treatment. He shaved himself in ten days; whereas, when I began with him, he could not shut his hand with any power, or raise a pound weight. He subsequently went to work at his trade, and was saved from the terrible fate of a paralyzed arm, which the faculty universally predicted. Empiricism No. 2.

A third case I shall note occurred recently. A friend was down with the measles. To quiet the apprehensions of a sister who was visiting the family, a homoeopath was called in. My friend was rising of forty, and had a tough turn of measles, complicated with a dyspeptic condition. He described his stomach as seemingly containing a "lump or ball"; it was extremely sensitive; he could take nothing, however simple, without inducing distress or vomiting. The physician said the stomach could not be reached without interfering with the measles; these must have their run, then the stomach would be in order. I applied my hands; the "lump" in the stomach disappeared in the course of fifteen minutes, and soon after he was able to take drinks. Measles and stomach both yielded to the kindly influence coming through me, and he rapidly recovered, and in a few days was out, looking better than for some time. Empiricism No. 3.

Enough have I related in my own experience to demonstrate the need the doctors have for protection, and show why they are seeking the interpolation of the legislature. Their craft is in danger, and the venient ones think there is salvation in statutes. But there is none. "Ichabod" is written upon the walls of modern medicine of the regular schools, and nothing can save the fabric. And here it is but just that I should say that those cures and preferences I do not add to the list of Spiritualism, but which would probably be called a magnetic organization; but my chief power comes from the denizens of the bright, better and balmy land, the spiri-spheres. To my parents who blessed me with a proper organization, and to the spirits who, for some twenty years, have made me their instrument, I give the glory and praise.

W. FORER, JR.
Providence, Jan. 22d, 1870.

OHIO.

Spiritualism—Its History in Ohio.

It is now more than twenty years since the advent of Spiritualism. Those who first gave attention to its facts are supposed to be the real originators of the movement. The difficulty of collecting and substantiating the phenomena that have occurred, the facts on which the truthfulness of Spiritualism rests. Ohio led in the new movement. One of the earliest Conventions was held in Cleveland. Some of the most startling manifestations have occurred within her borders. It is a duty we owe to the truth to add and coordinate these phenomena. A few years hence it will be impossible. Brought together, arranged and condensed, they will be of great interest, and furnish a solid, incontrovertible argument.

I propose to myself the task of making such a collection, and now address myself earnestly to every Spiritualist in the State, requesting them to write full statements of the facts, either of physical manifestations, or mental phenomena, giving date and other particulars in full, with names of those who are believers, but do not name themselves as such, to my address.

HUXFORD TURNER.
President Ohio State Association of Spiritualists.
Berlin Heights, Ohio, Jan. 1st, 1870.

THE CHILDREN.

Heaven bless the children!
Beautiful and fair,
Needing all a mother's love,
All a father's care.

Restless little pilgrims
On the road of life,
Eager for the journey hence,
Earnest for the strife.

Glad to push their vessel
From the parent's side—
Once on life's broad highway sea
"T will return no more.

Ever asking questions
That confound the wise;
Peering into mysteries
With their truthful eyes.

Setting us examples
Ever, day by day,
Teaching us the way of life
In their simple way.

Heaven bless the children!
As they once were blessed,
When the gentle Lord of love
Little ones caressed.

Lead them safely over
Life's tempestuous sea;
Keep them from the evil hour,
Teach them to be free!

Free from all excesses:
Free from moral stain—
From the glutton's heavy bonds,
From the drunkard's chain!

Free from sin's allurements,
Be they what they may—
Walking up the narrow path
Toward the gates of day.

The Lecture Room.

DOES MAN EVER FORGET?

A LECTURE BY THOMAS GALES FOSTER,
In Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, Jan. 23d, 1870.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

Permit me, my friends, to invite your kind attention to the remarks that I propose to offer upon the question: "Does Man ever Forget?"

With regard to spiritual and eschatological conceptions, Christendom is the slave of false knowledge. The memory is crowded with ideas that have well nigh no foundation in truth. Men learn to lean on these baseless ideas, and hence it has been well said that the sum of experience is but the dim dream of the conduct of past generations—generations that acted in almost complete ignorance of their natures. A series of systems have mystified existence. Men believe what their fathers credited—their fathers credited what they were taught to believe by their predecessors. Hence the faculty of thought in this direction is well nigh dormant. And yet, humanity still pants for the charms of wisdom.

Turn over the pages of the material metaphysician, or study the dogmas of scholastic theology, and in both you find systems that deal in words, not facts—arbitrary assertions, at war with reason—imaginary principles leading to the adoption of theories that contradict the common sense of mankind. But when the truths of moral science are practically enforced by the phenomena and philosophy of modern Spiritualism—the glorious system of which I am, to-day, in part the advocate—when men, led by its teachings, search into their own nature, and recognize its inculcation, that all true growth must be from an inner centre outwardly, and depend upon exertions made through their own intellectual and emotional natures for the formation of their individual character, then, indeed, all becomes light and order; the certain succeeds to the doubtful; the practicable to the impossible, and man revels in that high and ennobling satisfaction that is derived from the discovery of truth and the investigation of Nature. For Spiritualism teaches all that is written in the moral constitution and spiritual needs of humanity; and he who would triumph amid the glories of the hereafter, must look to the cultivation of his own spiritual powers, depending upon himself for the descent of the New Jerusalem to earth, which must come alone through the shekinah of the individualized soul.

The distinguished Agassiz has said, in effect, if you would teach a child geography, you should take him out among the hills and let the earth become his instructor; if you would teach him of tigers or turtles, show him tiger or turtle. And so of man. If you would form a just appreciation of his possibilities in the future, you must examine into his capabilities for progress in the present; and thus reasoning by analogy, you will be able to establish at least a legitimate postulate with regard to his hereafter. Let us attempt so to do.

It is an established fact of science, that every well-developed human organism contains about twenty-eight pounds of blood, which, by means of the most perfect hydraulic appliances, is conveyed through the system at the rate of about three thousand gallons per diem; whilst not less than one hundred thousand cubic feet of atmospheric air, passing through six hundred millions of air cells in the lungs, are required for the purposes of existence.

It is also established by science, that every square inch of the human organism sustains a column of air forty-five miles high, which weighs about fourteen pounds; so that each human body sustains the astounding weight of about thirty thousand pounds. This immense pressure from without, science tells us, is counteracted by what is termed the electro-vital power within; the body being thus rendered unconscious of the pressure. We are further told, that with this electric engine of at least one horse power, together with a vast chemical laboratory all the while in operation within the system, man is not disturbed thereby, unless the machinery, from some cause or other, gets out of order. And, indeed, that so quietly work these forces, that the power which sends to the generous bosom of the mother the food for her offspring, does not awaken the little slumberer, though the rushing stream is just beneath his ear!

No less wonderful is the muscular system of the human form. The muscles, although constituted similarly as regards material, are divided into two classes—the voluntary and the involuntary; the voluntary lie between the bony frame and the integuments of the body; the involuntary exist within the cavities, and compose a part of the circulatory and digesting systems. The former are subject to the conscious action of the will—the latter are supposed to act independently of the will. Equally wonderful is the nervous system; a beautiful piece of machinery, bearing to every portion of the body the vital feeling necessary to existence; penetrating and infilling every portion of the frame to such an extent that were it possible to divest it delicately of the bodily covering, you would still have a perfect representative of the man, even to the form of the eye, the roots of the hair, and the enameling of the teeth. Then there are the mesenteric glands that take up the different particles of food and convey them to different portions of the body, in obedience to the same great law, operating under different conditions, that holds the mighty wheels that wheel in space within their orbits.

But perhaps the most wonderful portion of this beautiful piece of machinery, the human organism—the capesheet of all—is the human brain, with

its complicated and varied compartments, its convolutions, its cells, its watery and marrowy substances, its thin partitions and regular subdivisions—indeed, its entire shape and texture, all existing and operating harmoniously according to the laws of adaptation and use, and all declaratory of some almighty formative power still beyond.

Powers so wonderful, functions so delicate and complicated, you will allow must be attributed to appropriate causes and adapted to appropriate uses; and, in this connection, material science is at fault. Science tells you, and with truth, that the action of the voluntary muscles is dependent upon electric currents transmitted, through the agency of the nerves, from the nerve-centre—the brain. This is true, likewise, of what are called the involuntary muscles, although the fact may not be impressed upon the outer consciousness. Science tells you, also, that, in all cases of sensation, the impression is conveyed from the extremities to the brain, by means of the voltaic or electric current along the line of the nerves. But science does not tell you the nature, in full, of this current, nor does she tell of the force unseen, except in its effects, that gives to the brain its impressibility and seeming power. Spiritualism, properly understood, assumes to do this.

Material metaphysicians have affirmed that the mind—meaning the intelligent principle—is but a function of the animal brain; and Orthodox theology has done nothing practically to contradict this position of the atheist. Missionaries have been burned at the stake. Have these missionaries and these martyrs been without minds as well as bodies, without personal identity all these many years? Does the identity they once possessed rest in oblivion, awaiting some chemical change or process, in the future, in matter alone? Or, rather, is it not more rational to believe as Spiritualism teaches, and in accordance with the known laws of matter, that after the death of this body, as it is termed, the fluid parts ascend in the form of vapor, descending again in the dew-drop and the rose? and that the more solid parts, seeking their kindred atoms, are constantly passing and reappearing in the various forms of life that make up the different kingdoms constituting the wonderful macrocosm of the universe? and that the intelligent principle, possessing a conscious individuality of its own, seeks its congenial sphere, where its divine possibilities will be brought into fuller and healthier exercise, proportioned to effort and desire, throughout the unending ages of the hereafter?

Again: Is the intelligent principle—that which is the soul—the principle of immortality—is it but a function of the animal brain? Let us see. If there is a physician here he will tell you that, in the disease called hydrocephalus, the human brain will sometimes become distended from within toward the circumference, giving it the appearance of a more sack, and yet the faculties remain normal. The upper portion of the brain has been frequently torn away, even severing the optic and olfactory nerves, and yet the man's faculties remain intact until inflammation ensued. Some years ago an iron bar was driven through the centre of the brain of a railroad man, at Cavendish, Vt., forcing before it a column of the brain of the size of the front end of the bar, mutilating the delicate structure within, and rending arterial twigs by the dozen, and yet the man recovered and his faculties remained intact. There must be some principle that exists, under the denomination of immortal—somewhere behind all that appears to the external sight, as existing within this machine; a something which is not wrought upon by the accidents and incidents that affect the outer man.

Again: Look over the history of matter, the history of inorganic nature, in so far as your observation may have extended, and you find that everywhere and in all conditions there is a universal law of change in operation. Every individual existence is constantly varying its qualities, its form, its relations. Some divine power seems operating upon nature, and through nature, by the great law of mutation, and by its agency new forms and relations are being continually brought into being along the pathway of time, marking out in so far, and how far, some controlling power interpenetrates matter.

Man is no exception to this general law of change; every portion of him appertaining to material functions and powers is constantly under its operation—not only every seven years, as has been supposed, but momentarily. At every half revolution of the blood, oxygen and carbonic acid are imbedded and dislodged at the capillaries of the lungs and of the system. There is alternate liquefaction and solidification constantly going on—bone, muscle, sinew and nerve becoming blood, and blood, in turn, becoming nerve, sinew, muscle and bone. Besides, under the law of waste and supply, each portion of the organism is constantly throwing off dead particles of matter and taking on living ones, relatively speaking. Thus the body is being constantly torn to pieces and continually rebuilt by the hand of organic law. The brain is no exception among the varied parts of this machine; but is also continually changing and experiencing revivification through the taking on of new particles in the place of effete matter. This is certainly indicative of the fact, at least, that the brain is not and cannot be the retentive faculty, any more, relatively, than the hand can be. The brain seemingly telegraphs to the extremities by means of what science terms the voltaic current along the nerves; the extremities, in like manner, seemingly communicate with the brain. But neither, in and of themselves, possess vitality, or the powers of thought. They are but the instruments through which some vital principle is acting—the brain being superior to the hand or foot only in the ratio of its superior functional development.

As in the valley of the Mississippi the little rills running down the far-off mountain sides are joined into the great "Father of Waters," which, sweeping onward, receives from old Missouri's muddy mouth her eternal kiss, and then wanders on—through all its winding course wearing away shores and building up islands—till it is lost, at last, in Mexico's blue wave; so with the great river of life—it is continually wearing away and rebuilding the bodily functions till its end is accomplished here, and the life-current of the individual becomes submerged in the ocean of Eternity. Ay, human life has been well compared to the web of Penelope, which she was constantly weaving and unweaving whilst awaiting the return of her lord—what she had woven in the day being unwoven at night—that she might keep back the importunity of her suitors. Even so with the human organism—it is being constantly woven and unwoven, while the grim suitors, disease and death, stand waiting for their prize. At length the Ulysses of Immortality arrives, and the contest ends.

Then, my friends, if this be so—if change continually operates upon all the constituents of the brain, where is the soul—where the faculty of memory—the power of thought? Material metaphysicians say that it lies within the brain; and that man is nothing more or less than an intelli-

gent representative of all the history of matter preceding him. The atheist tells you that as the acorn produces the oak, and the oak, in turn, produces the acorn—as the fowl produces the egg and the egg, in turn, produces the fowl, so man, being produced alone by matter, can alone, in turn, produce matter. But, my friends, the atheist does not go sufficiently far in his investigations. When he tells you the brain is the centre of nervous sensation, he is correct; but he is in error when he declares it to be the seat of thought and memory. Although this error is so apparent to the Spiritualist—to him whose experiences have enabled his mental and moral powers to penetrate the gauzy veil that hangs between the two worlds, indoctrinating him with just eschatological conceptions—still the old Mother Church and all her daughters—ostracizing Spiritualism continually—have themselves, for the last eighteen hundred years, failed to demonstrate how far the atheist is in error. And so I hold this system of modern Spiritualism, so much repudiated and denounced, to be the only school of ethics that can effectually recall the atheist from his cheerless materialism, or bring back the doubter to rational Christianity. It is the only system that teaches a correct and rational appreciation of Deity, or a correct and rational appreciation of man and his destiny. It is the system, of all others, capable of preserving all that is worth retaining, either in the Bible, or in Christianity. (Applause.) Modern Spiritualism is to the New Testament what Testament was to the law of Moses—an extension of its views, with a newer and brighter light thrown upon its obscurities. The doctrine of hope, to the Spiritualist everywhere, is rapidly changing to fruition; the doctrine of immortality, that has only been theoretically held in the past, is, to the Spiritualist, a matter of mathematical demonstration; and all through the instrumentality of this glorious system—this God-given system, so worthy of all your love—this system called Spiritualism. Thank God for Spiritualism!

Now, how has Spiritualism accomplished its work? The physical phenomena are the alphabet of the system, but because they contain the simplicity fitted for the early childhood of each investigator in the science, they have been denounced by some of those calling themselves Spiritualists, who, by study and experience, have grown up out of their need. Because, forsooth, the phenomena are lacking in dignity, such minds seek madly to rush into the same vortex that this early Spiritualist did some fifteen or sixteen hundred years ago, by which they throw down the ladder through the agency of which they reached spiritual thought, proclaimed it all demagoguery, and sunk into the maelstrom of church dignity. (Applause.) Oh, my friends, I tell you that the glory, the splendor, the beauty of this grand system denominated Spiritualism, will become blurred when you sever its theories from its facts; and it will become a fit subject for the rejection of future ages, as the legitimate effect of an appropriate cause. Old Paul did the same thing for ancient Spiritualism; he drove the entering wedge of material influences, and his teachings had such effect upon the early Spiritualists that after the third or fourth century phenomena were forgotten, and old Mother Church made a terrific grasp for material power. But that power is now waning, I may remark in passing—and the Ecumenical Council of to-day is only the last dying gasp of her priestly domination. (Applause.)

Through the power of angelic association mankind are becoming evangelized, and a thinking, reading public are rapidly stepping upon the heels of the mere learned public; whilst a self-constituted plane of theological thought no longer exists between God and the people. Mankind are blessed to-day with the God-given influence of angels, whose lessons have aroused the loftiest aspirations, enabling man to look the Majesty of the Universe in the face, as it were, solicited to learn of his past, his present, and his future. And yet this natural religion, this educator of the general mind, this holy system of evangelizing the race, has been repudiated by some who have called themselves Spiritualists, because, forsooth, "wandering in the wilderness of materialism, they have allowed themselves to be induced to turn aside after strange gods, and are bowing down before the golden image of their imagination or their avarice. Alas! that any, naming themselves Spiritualists, should have ignored the platform upon which they may have been privileged to stand! Nevertheless, the truth will still remain, although every other man of the present generation should prove himself to be a Judas.

The phenomena of Spiritualism, that are said to be so puerile and undignified that no one but "poor, hatched-faced ignoramus" can be content to investigate them, have demonstrated to the candid investigator what that principle of vitality is that moves in and through the human machine of which I have been speaking. By appealing to the external senses through the medium of material facts; this system, of all others, is best calculated to reach the mind of the atheist. And here let it be understood that I am not disposed to denounce the atheist for his skepticism, or damn him for his unbelief. I love the atheist for the integrity of his purposes, and for his truthfulness to his own convictions. He is a dozen steps, at least, in advance of the fanaticism of the age as to the questions at issue, and must eventually, from the truths that he has already reached in material science, approximate nearer and still nearer the legitimate deductions which Spiritualism seeks to establish.

Independent of facts correspondent to the phenomena of Spiritualism, who shall solve the mystery of the body's death, decomposition and decay? Why does the corpse lie so still? Examine the brain, the eye, the extremities. In many cases they are as perfect after as before what is called death has occurred! Why, then, have these functions ceased their activity? Why does not the body quit away the gravestone, and resume its conscious individuality? What has become of its loves, its hates, its hopes, its disappointments and its desires? If all the physical functions still remain intact, why are the idiosyncrasies—but a short time since so marked—now indistinguishable? Why are the faculties which rendered that body so much the object of love and veneration, now so dormant? What has become of the light that shone out beneath that eyelid, now so motionless? What has become of those expressive features, a smile from which could thrill our very being with ecstasy, or frown us into reverence or hate? The features are there, but oh! my soul, why so still—so expressionless?

The phenomena of Spiritualism alone can answer these interrogatories satisfactorily, or in any manner commensurate with finite comprehension. It is evident that some principle of vitality must have presided over these faculties, now so dormant and dead. What was it?—what is it, indeed?—or can individuality become extinct, or love and thought die with the inert mass, that has been but the channel of their outward expression? Modern phenomena—the raps, tips, trances, writing, clairvoyant manifestations, together with the much-abused dark circles—have

all contributed to establish the fact beyond the possibility of successful contradiction, that this principle of vitality has a conscious individuality of its own—that it is the man, or the woman—the object of our love and veneration that has departed from the body through the process which we term death, leaving the corpse but a lifeless lump of clay, as we have described it. And these phenomena demonstrate further that this conscious individuality lives after the "muddy vesture of decay" has been laid aside, and is enabled to commune with those who are still remaining amid the scenes of earth; so that your vanished idols are not dead, but gone before; and are permitted, through the operations of organic law, still to linger around their beloved, seeking to comfort, aiming to bless.

Naught, save phenomena of this character, both in the past and in the present—especially in the present, from the fact of their more general acceptance—can so effectually demonstrate the principle of immortality. True, Jesus of Nazareth is said to have "brought life and immortality to light." But it will be remembered that at the time of the ministry of Jesus, but one sect of the Jews recognized the idea of immortality as an article of faith—which idea they had acquired from the Persians; whilst the nation had never revived the doctrine as a subject of Revelation. Hence this expression should only be considered as applicable to the Jews. The more especially, as Pythagoras, Confucius, Socrates and others had taught the doctrine of immortality many hundreds of years before the Galilean carpenter was born! Besides, the investigating and matter-of-fact materialist is disposed to reject the testimony of two thousand years ago, as unsatisfactory evidence to the mind of the present age. And hence, the claim of modern Spiritualism with regard to capabilities of demonstration as to the immortality of the race—that it underlies and outtops any other religious system ever presented to the world!

But, if it be true that thought and memory are the faculties of some interior principle within the man, possessing a conscious individuality of its own, separate and distinct from the functions of the external body—what, then, is the office of the animal brain? If the brain is not the retentive principle of the organization, what are its functions? Reasoning from what we consider sufficient data, we believe the brain is a machine so to speak, in the nature of a galvanic battery—and the idea is not new with us—that its various functional arrangements constitute but the furniture of an electrical, or rather an electro-mental apparatus, designed to generate the currents to which I have adverted, as coursing along the line of the nerves, and known to science under the denomination of voltaic. The brain is known to be the centre from which branches out, directly or indirectly, every nerve in the system—and hence the nerves constitute the channels by means of which this fluid can reach every portion of the same—serving as a current of communication for purposes of sensation and motion, under the influence of some more positive principle, which, as I have said, leaves the body when the inertia of death ensues. This current is as ethereal as the air you breathe, and is being constantly generated in the human brain, under the impelling force of a more positive principle within the creature, which we denominate soul. From the very nature of its source, it is susceptible of impressions from both the interior consciousness and the outer world; and hence may be denominated the external mind, serving as the intermediate agent of the soul in its connection and communion with the body, and with the outer world. This external mind possesses no vitality in and of itself, necessarily. All vitality is in soul or spirit. Thus, through this intermediate agent, the soul of man is enabled partially, at least, to manifest its individuality and vitality through what is, in and of itself, but an inert mass of matter—and which, when the vitalizing principle has departed from it, you deposit, brain, muscle, sinew, nerve, fluids, solids and all, within the common repository of its kindred matter. Thus, then, the soul of man, by its activities is recognized in the finite microcosm of the human body, as the great Soul of Nature from whence he has emanated is recognized by His works in the vast body of the universe.

Seignieri, a German writer, remarks in effect, that one of the most startling and mysterious phenomena of man's nature, is the sudden revival of the recollection of scenes, events and thoughts, which had been seemingly long forgotten. In many instances the recollection flashes without warning upon the external consciousness. It is as though one had been gazing out into the blank darkness, which, lighted up all at once by a sudden flash, should become a theatre on which the minutest events of his past life had been enacted.

Phenomena of this kind, more or less distinctly marked, occur in the experience of every individual, in his ordinary and normal state. The bodily organs, together with the external mind, act as checks or limitations upon the operations of the soul, somewhat as the balance wheel of a watch checks and regulates the unclogging of the spring. You do not know how rapidly the wheels might be impelled, until this check is taken off. The balance wheel makes the watch move in time; and so also with the limitations to which I have referred, in the human body—they compel the soul to act in reference to time. Thus, although the scenes of the past seem often to have sunk into oblivion, beyond recall, still, these repeated and momentary flashes of memory most surely indicate that, somewhere in the organism is a retentive faculty, although it but impress upon the outer consciousness a partial testimony of its existence. The outward manifestation must comport with the condition of the channel through which it is given. Thus, in old age, when man has reached what is termed his second childhood, many important intermediate events are seemingly forgotten, whilst the incidents of childhood are frequently recurring to him. This is from the fact that time has weakened the generative processes of the brain, and its issue, the external mind, is incapable of receiving impressions that correspond to the realities of a sterner manhood. So, likewise, with the lunatic, the monomaniac, or derangement of any kind, external conditions have in some manner deleteriously affected the external mind and body; and the outward manifestation necessarily corresponds. But the interior consciousness is affected thereby, only relatively as to time; the immortal principle, the soul, remains itself, in all its faculties and powers—its memory, its real essence unimpaired. Hence man never forgets!

And with what consolation does this assurance come to the heart and the hearthstone! Ye who have mourned the mental night of a beloved father, or mother, or wife, or husband, or child, or friend—ye, who, in gazing upon the senseless eye of lunacy, have supposed the past obliterated in the crazed reminiscences of the beloved, or that all the endearing scenes and incidents of the past, which made earth lovely and life endurable, have been swallowed up in the maelstrom of fantastic imagery—think so no longer! Within the inner temple is an unerring record kept; and when the outer covering is torn away—when the beautiful

spirit, by the agency of death, shall emerge from the muddy and decaying coat of time, then again shall the treasures of the heart be restored; then again shall the eye sparkle with the tear of sympathy, and the warm pulsings of the soul shall tell of a memory and a love that can never die!

And thus, too, it will be seen that Spiritualism, in establishing the existence of an immortal memory, is logically determining the individual responsibility of the race, not by arbitrary decree, or preordained judgments, but through the legitimate workings of the law of cause and effect. Spiritualism teaches that the diamond-pointed pen of organic law is indelibly stamping upon the tablet of the soul the legitimate effects of all the deeds of time; whether good or bad; hence all thoughts and deeds, in their effects, are imperishable; so that, when the body celestial shall have been freed from the body terrestrial, the collective experience of the whole past existence will be before the soul. And this will surely be the Book of Judgment, in the mysterious chirography of which the deeds of time have been unerringly recorded; and, under the operations of organic law, man will find himself his own judge, juror, prisoner and executioner!

But the world to come is a world of compensation as well as of retribution. It is related that the Mahometans have a fanciful idea that the true believer, in his passage to Paradise, is under the necessity of walking barefooted over a bridge of red-hot iron; it is also related of them that they are religiously particular not to step upon any piece of paper, or to permit its destruction, may be the name of God, or some holy thing, may have been written upon it. They have the consolatory belief likewise, that upon the occasion of passing over the bridge alluded to, all the pieces of paper which the Moslem may have preserved during his earthly life arrange themselves between his feet and the burning metal, and so save him from injury.

Surely you will recognize an interior meaning to this fanciful conception of the Mahometan; for, even in this world, the effects of kind and benevolent actions often assuage the pain of subsequent afflictions; and in the beautiful worlds that are to come, you will find that the memory of good deeds will essentially lessen the burden of your misdeeds—that every tear which you may have shed, every grief which you may have assuaged, will contribute to illuminate the pathway that is before you; whilst the joys of the soul shall grow brighter, and still brighter, as such reminiscences flash from the record of the past, amid the beauteous realities of the immortal world! It is no idle question, then, Does man ever forget?

Correspondence in Brief.

ITEMS OF PROGRESS.—Humboldt, Mo.—My last communication was dated from Munich, Ind. Since then, although I have written nothing for the *Banner*, I have not been wholly idle, and am richer in experience for a few additional changes in my changed career.

I was prompted to visit St. Louis, and remained there a few weeks, "hoping against hope" to catch hold into some remunerative business—where they will come seasons when the weary spirit, tired and to find by the crowd of self-interest, all right for rest, and a few more weeks at straw. It may be said, but I cannot help it even to look upon such a feeling, knowing as I do that the battle of Progress demands unflinching courage, and is maintained mostly by virtue. I gave but one lecture, "Phases of the Past," in St. Louis, to a very small crowd of few. But I was eloquent, and to the good of his large audience, lecturing on Sunday evenings. I attended two of his lectures, which were wonderful inspirations. I trust the friends may remember them.

I had contributed and valiant worker, Warren Chase, is busy with his well-stocked book depot, and occasional lectures.

St. Louis is a fine city, full of enterprise and noble purposes unexcelled, as well as some inferior dye. I went to the Western church, Christmas morning, and heard a sermon which was very delivered. It was a very excellent weight of God's wrath to the sinner. I felt, reflecting on the selfish fashion has for vengeance.

News reached me that the friends here at Humboldt, Mo., needed a speaker, so I came to pass that I left St. Louis and reached Humboldt and commenced talking on Spiritualism and kindred topics. I have not much to report, being in possession of few items that I feel at liberty to detail. I am well pleased with Humboldt; it is a handsome town, nestled in the centre of high hills, looking out on the Mississippi. The friends of Spiritualism here are mostly earnest, but cold. The Society is not in a position to engage a speaker, but are devoting their resources to the purchase of a library. I am distributing the bread of life as I best know how to the hungry on Sundays, trusting to the liberality of my hearers for monetary compensation. If I am sustained I shall continue to do so.

I attended a meeting at a discussion at Alexia, Mo., with a Rev. J. H. Coughlin.

Societies desiring week evening lectures, will please address me, Post Office, Humboldt, Missouri.

I enclose here a report of a funeral speech delivered by Rev. J. H. Coughlin, edited by the friends of this town. Its delivery and publication are, I think, of a very creditable extent, and is calculated to hurt Mr. Green in the estimation of many of his Orthodox friends. Already some have "cut" him. Is he not the gainer by their loss? What worth are such but friendly friends, anyhow, to a man of noble soul? J. H. POWELL.

HALLSTON SPA, N. Y.—J. H. W. in a private note says: "We enjoy some spiritual blessings here. If physical manifestations can be called such, a few of us are a private circle, and the physical manifestations, in the way of tying with ropes, putting on English patent steel handkerchiefs and then being unlocked and removed without the key; the putting of 32 inch steel rings on the arms of the medium, whilst the handkerchiefs and ropes are securely fastened, and medium carried from the floor and placed on a table or bureau while thus bound or tied, and then replaced on the floor again, all the while violin, tambourine and guitar are being played upon, floating all about the room, and a common dinner bell floating and ringing at the same time. In fact, all the manifestations of the medium are very strange. I have seen very many still more interesting manifestations, which I cannot learn are shown through these mediums, which, if I should relate just as they occurred, I fear would even make the most credulous of our faith shrug their shoulders and say, 'A pretty good show, but not worth the price.' I am a very honest investigator, and it is not my aim to discredit the evidence of their own senses, their case must be hopeless, indeed. Our medium, it grieves me to say, is a lady of irreproachable character—honest, truthful and generous to a fault, utterly refusing to barter her mediumistic gifts for a compensation."

OBITUARY.—Clay, Onondaga Co., N. Y., Jan. 24, 1870.—It is with pain to my friends that we learn of the death of our sister, Samantha Frick, of Onondaga Co., N. Y., whose sudden exit from earth to the spirit-land was caused by paralysis on the 4th day of December, 1869. She spent fifty-five years in earth-life, and was a long time with the children of our race, and gave general satisfaction. She had investigated Spiritualism in its incipient stages, and became convinced of its reality. She continued in well doing. At length she became a willing instrument in the hands of our spirit-friends to relieve the sick and afflicted. She continued faithful to the close of her earthly existence. I often met with her in the spirit-land, and she was as cheerful and as bright as ever. She was a very good mother, and a very good wife. I had a brother who was in the habit of smoking; my spirit-mother said to him, through the organism of Sister Frick, "My son, abstain from the use of tobacco. It is destroying a physical organization that has been given you for a better purpose." He threw away his pipe and never used it again. Here the question is answered, "What was the Spiritualism done?" (Religio-Philosophical Journal, June, 1870.)

GENEVA, ASHTABULA CO., OHIO.—W. Shapard writes: "I wish you would suggest to Mr. Ellis and to the *Banner* writers, if they would have a door made of wire screen in the hall of their college, and give general notice of it. If entering it would save all time of tying, and would free them from all suspicion of deception, as it is claimed by skeptics that they slip out their hands from the ropes, and then back again. They could not run their hands through the screen. We have attended the first two sittings when several musical instruments were rubbed with phosphorus and played upon so far as possible the congregation that no person in the form could possibly reach them."

QUERIES.—I still rejoice in continual presence in my family, by daily receiving communications through Planchette. My cook, who knows neither reading or writing, is our best medium. Planchette will write under her single hand long sentences, and she can do it. I have been asked to write a letter. She cannot write, it must be some other intelligence that does it. I have assurance that on Christmas day my happy home was crowded with angels from the spirit-land. It is difficult to express the pleasure imparted to us by such facts. L. B.

BRUNSWICK, MO.—S. H. writes, Jan. 24: The Davenport Brothers gave one of their sittings in this town, which was largely attended, and gave general satisfaction. It was a very interesting and considerable interest in the community; and I believe a few good lectures, accompanied by tests, would do much toward establishing Spiritualism firmly in the minds of our skeptical people.

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Little by Little.

It was one of the strong common-sense sayings
of Dr. Johnson, that a man need not trouble him-
self to look for the greater and more marked
events of life with which to attach himself, or
upon which to expend his effort, for if he did he
would be sure never to find them, and his life
would be wholly wasted. The true way was, to
attend to the little duties of each day, and the
large matters would so announce themselves that,
in dealing with them, we should seem to have
done nothing more than what is ordinary and
common. If this plain rule applies to the trans-
actions with which we are concerned in life, it
applies with equal force to human character.
That we build up the tiny insect of the seas builds
the coral reef. It grows almost imperceptibly,
but ships strand on their bony ridges at the last.
Character is a product. It does not come to any
one as a whole, for at no time of our lives is it in
a state of perfection. We are developing all the
while in this direction and in that, yet we never
consciously advance or increase. We take up
from what is around us, and give out from our
own active force within. Action and reaction go
on so regularly that we can at no particular time
undertake to say what is our own and what is
another's.

The moral of it is, that in the little, the gradual,
the imperceptible, we push our steady way on-
ward to perfection. Too many choose to take the
roundabout roads, and consume much precious
time and opportunity in finally reaching their
goal; while the wise and penetrating few go
directly to their purpose, and the very reverses,
delays and disappointments that are the in-
evitable concomitants of life, are imposed upon
the service of making harmony, sweetness, and
fullness in the character. But in either instance
the rate of progress must be slow and regular.
Whether we husband or waste the resources that
are our endowment, we are compelled to assimilate
the external facts around us by patient pro-
cesses and only after infinite pains. Even if we
know that we are making positive improvement,
it is not allowed us to suppose that it can
be secured by any faster than the customary
methods. All growth is the surer because slow.
The condition of permanence is that nothing be
forced. The trees show in their annual rings that
but so much can be added each twelvemonth to
their circumference. The vegetable deposits that
enrich virgin soil are made only year by year, not
all at once. The oak takes centuries in develop-
ing, hardening and maturing, though the willow
shoots rapidly, and the gourd comes up in a
night.

It is all strikingly illustrated by the old fable
of the hare and the tortoise in the race. And if
we of the present time give thanks even to the
verge of vociferousness for the sudden and revo-
lutionary overturn of the old and shadow-casting
dogmas of superstitious belief, it is still just as
necessary for us to keep in mind that the joyful
change has in no manner inverted the established
order of nature in her recognized law of develop-
ment and growth. That remains precisely what
it was, and where it was before. We cannot
hasten any of her internal processes, or make her
secret machinery go any faster. Daylight and
freedom may have been achieved so far as truth
is concerned, but no amount of liberty or
knowledge will suffice to displace the necessity of
patient regularity, painstaking effort, continual
watchfulness, unremitting self-discipline, and
prayerful, aspiring culture. We need not hope,
however our opportunities and advantages may
be multiplied, to gather without plowing or reap
without sowing. And between these processes
lies a long stretch of endeavor, now seemingly
hailed by others and now by ourselves, which is
but the culture of the field in which all our trea-
sure has been planted.

Knowing and recognizing these simple truths,
one cannot but become more concerned for him-
self and less uncharitably disposed toward others.
The necessity of accomplishing so much for our-
selves, when once fairly understood, will make it
a prior necessity to leave off meddling with others
by way of censures and judgments. Like the
patient digger in the garden, we shall realize the
benefit of tilling in our own spiritual plot and
turning up our own native soil. There is a
miracle in the result, we freely concede; but it is
not possible to reach and secure it save by patient
and regular labor. True, we shall have to sweat
as we toil, and there will be many a backache
in consequence; but how much sweeter will be
the fruit at last, as we taste with it those rare
qualities which have been infused by our own
steady exertions.

Mr. Frothingham Repellent.

It struck us with surprise to read in the report-
ed account of Rev. O. B. Frothingham's last Sun-
day's discourse, in this city, his fling at Spiritu-
alism. He publicly testified to the audience his
"entire want of respect for it." This is not a
little singular, considering that he still continues
to accept invitations to lecture before spiritual
societies. As for his own belief, it is possible that
he could not describe it himself. He is aloof,
holding on by nothing. Until he does obtain
something like a footing, therefore, it would bet-
ter become him to be less dogmatic and opinion-
ated concerning the faith of others. He assails
everything, and believes nothing.

Patrons of the Banner.

Are informed that the present volume expires
in a few weeks; and the object of this notice is a
reminder to those whose subscriptions expire
with it, and who intend to renew, to do so at an
early day as their convenience will permit, thus
saving us the extra labor that would otherwise en-
sue in rearranging the names in our mailing ma-
chine.

The Sufferings of Mediums.

Mediums meet with many obstacles, and en-
dure many hardships. Lack of sympathy, lack of
efficient cooperation, lack of pecuniary recom-
pense, as well as frequent and severe mental and
physical sufferings, are experienced. Their souls,
too, become "exceedingly sorrowful even unto
death." And why? We are often told that if
Spiritualists were more generous and free with
their money—would withdraw more fully from
the churches and become a more distinct and
united sect, our mediums would have more joy-
ful hearts and fuller purses. Perhaps they would.
But would they therefore work better, and be
more useful to humanity? Would the good cause
make a more sturdy growth, and produce more
abundant, precious and abiding fruits? Are the
shortcomings of men the chief cause of such suffer-
ings, or is that cause a natural necessity in produc-
ing the higher forms of mediumship and estab-
lishing truth? Turning the thoughts back to the
inspired teachers of the past, such as Moses, the
prophets, Jesus and his apostles, Mahomet, Joani
of Arc, Luther, Huss, George Fox, Swedenborg,
the Wesleys, Murray, Savonarola, and many
others who have presented religion and spirit
influences in some new light to their several ages
and peoples, we observe that nearly all of them
met and battled with similar obstacles, and suf-
fered in similar manner. Our God was their
God; and we see that he has always trained his
special revelators by hard processes. So uni-
formly has this been his course, that we are al-
most forced to suppose that there can be no me-
diumship satisfactory to him which has not been
wrought out, tested and tempered in the fires of
adversity. Drink the cup and take the baptism
that was meted out to Jesus. Such is the law
which general experience seems to indicate. Me-
diumship is either the child, or the parent, the re-
sult or the cause of personal suffering by its pos-
session.

Were all professed Spiritualists as free-handed,
as sympathetic, as active in behalf of their be-
lief, as ready for strong bonds of union as we are
often inclined to feel that they ought to be, might
not the spread of our faith be more rapid than is
consistent with endurance and efficiency; and
might not our mediums become enervated by the
ease and pleasantness of their lot? Also might
they not suffer diminution of their mediumistic
powers? Possibly the checks and burthens pro-
duced by the lukewarmness and avarice of man,
are helpful in expanding and strengthening them.
The law of precedent consigns great re-
formers and revelators to toil, hardship and suf-
ferings. Such crosses may be indispensable to
their own efficiency and success, and also to the
best ultimate effects upon the human race.

It is said in the *Banner*, Jan. 23rd—Questions
and Answers—"that the reason why some can
see spirits while in their mortal bodies, and oth-
ers cannot, is simply a chemical difference that ex-
ists between humans;" also that "some are so or-
ganized that under certain chemical conditions
they see spirits." Such statements may be in ac-
cordance with the facts; and any human body
may be a spirit chemist's subject, which he
seeks to make subservient to himself by the ab-
straction of some elements and the addition of
others. The processes may produce many of the
shocks, headaches, lassitudes and acute pains
which are so common with the mediumistic.
Such painful processes may be necessary in fit-
ting most mediums for their beneficent work.
Some organisms were so compounded in embryo
as to be easily fitted for such use—natural me-
diums; others can be fitted for mediumship only by
the application of much labor, skill and perseverance;
while the most of us are absolutely too re-
fractory to be reduced and fitted for such service
and such enjoyment as belong to mediums.
This, perhaps, at least, in part, because we have
descended through a long line of Protestant an-
cestors who disbelieved in continuous inspiration—
who deemed all apparent spirit presence as
but hallucination, dream or superstition, and who
left their own inner or spirit senses so entirely
unexercised, and therefore dwarfed, that they
could transmit such senses to us in only a most
enfeebled condition, like the eyes of fishes in the
waters of dark caverns—mere germs of senses—
such feeble germs that spirit chemists, or devel-
opers, may be absolutely unable to unfold them
into active organs. To do that, if it be possible,
might rack our bodies with pains which would
render the bodies themselves incompetent to any
useful service. We therefore are let alone; we
can't be used; we must wait for the coveted ac-
tion of our spiritual senses till the outer ones
have ceased to handicap them. We may foster
the germs in us, hoping thus to help our descend-
ants in some future ages to have open vision
while still in the flesh; mediumistic susceptibil-
ities seem to run somewhat in families, and to be
hereditary.

Mediums are not all the time in good condition
for their peculiar work. The best of them often
need fitting up, and the processes of this are not
always easy. Some spirit stated, many years
ago, through Mrs. Hyzer, in the *Melodion*, that
the shocks which mediums often experience are
the results of a confluence of the controlling
spirit's magnetisms and the magnetisms of the
medium, and until the two blend in equilibrium
there is agitation.

We have often been told that mediumship was
due to some "peculiar organization or tempera-
ment." Such a statement conveys no very defi-
nite instruction. So, too, when told that the pe-
culiarities are chemical, the information is very
vague. Not enough is known to make these
thoughts we are recording anything more than
speculations.

We sympathize with our sufferers, and desire
their burthens to be as light as is consistent with
the full performance of their high duties; but we
have no faith that "the nature of things" permits
high mediumship, unaccompanied by intense suf-
fering. The keenest of these sufferings are such
as embolden men can neither cause nor cure;
they are incident to the very nature of the medi-
umistic office.

That office is a high and noble one, and its du-
ties should be most conscientiously and modestly
performed. Though the duties are imposed by
the good and kind ones above, preparation for
and discharge of them involves pain. The powers
who use human organisms to transmit their
messages from the spheres unseen, must needs
cause their instruments to suffer; yet they do, and
will amply compensate, in some mode, for all the
pains they generate. The cross precedes the crown!

Thomas Paine.

The friends of free thought celebrated the one
hundred and thirty-third anniversary of the birth-
day of Thomas Paine, the author-hero of the revo-
lution, at Mercantile Hall, in this city, on Sun-
day evening, Jan. 31st. The hall was crowded.
The lecture, by Horace Seaver, Esq., of the *Jaceti-
gator*, in which he recounted the revolutionary
services rendered by the patriot and then passed
on to the elucidation of Mr. Paine's religious and
political opinions, was well received by the atten-
tive audiences.

The Pride of Poverty.

There is a class of writers, as well as of social
creatures, who take it upon themselves to de-
nounce pride (not vanity and empty conceit) in
others, on the ground that the latter have not yet
acquired money enough to entitle them to the ex-
ercise of the feeling. They talk as if a person
had really no right to be proud—which is another
name for proper self-respect—unless he had
achieved, no matter how, a fortune. Then he may
toss his head, paw the ground, and clasp the lit,
in the highest style of selfish effrontery. Of such
we discover the Springfield *Republican* to be.
That paper has set upon the workingwomen of
Boston, whose cause is so nobly led by Miss Jen-
nie Collins, because they presumed to retain suf-
ficient self-respect to refuse, when demanding
their plain rights, the patronage implied by public
charity. The *Republican* complains of them that,
"the members of the New England Women's
Club having opened pleasant rooms for the amuse-
ment of women, in the City Charity Bureau in
Charlton street, the leaders of the working-
women's organization met and denounced this
kindly act, because the rooms were not in Trem-
ont Place, where the Club usually meets, and
because the members did not invite the working-
women to their own houses."

We will assume to deny for the workingwomen
of Boston the last clause of the *Republican's*
charge, and to put it back upon that journal as a
fabrication of its own unfriendly imagination.
But while taking such pains to make it appear as
if the workingwomen would disgrace and defile
the parlors of the women who belong to the New
England Women's Club, would it not evince a
delicacy more significant of the superior breed-
ing assumed, had the Club members considered
whether they would themselves have been al-
together content to be thus patronizingly turned
off into the enclosure of public charity? The fact
is, when one would seek to put another aside as
an inferior, he or she ought to demonstrate his or
her own superiority to the general satisfaction.
But rudeness does not do it, and a lack of sym-
pathetic delicacy does not do it. The *Republican*
thinks the workingwomen ask to be fed, clothed,
and amused by the hand of charity, when all they
demand is an equal chance, with their sisters in
silks and lace, to provide honorably for them-
selves, with a view to their own improvement
and happiness.

The "scornfulness" manifested by the working-
women must have been all the result of the un-
friendly imagination of our contemporary. It
should remember that the Club women need no
advocate or friend, while the workingwomen are
in some want of both. It may express its super-
cilious pity for their "ignorance," but does it
care to know how many pure hearts, bright in-
tellects, high imaginations, and devoted characters
are buried under the unfavorable social condi-
tions from which the workingwomen simply seek
to emerge? To tell them that they are proud and
scornful is nothing. It is scarcely better to tell
them to learn the art of printing. It certainly is
no aid to tell them that they are ignorant and
must take a back seat. Ignorance cannot keep
the front anywhere, and the *Republican* should
know it. All that the workingwomen of Boston
ask is a fair chance for themselves and no patron-
age or pity.

New Hampshire Labor Reform Con- vention.

On Friday, Jan. 23rd, agreeably to call of the
State Executive Committee, a large number of
delegates for a Labor Reform Convention assem-
bled in Concord to consider the questions at issue.
Owing to a division of opinion among the ad-
vocates of the labor movement, as to the propriety
of forming at the present time an independent
political organization, and the nomination of sepa-
rate candidates, the delegations from Port-
smouth and Manchester, and some other places,
withdrew from the Convention and held another
meeting at Phoenix Hotel. Both parties at present
claim to represent the labor interests—the
first Convention having proceeded to organize a
party, the members of which renounce all con-
nection with present political organizations, and
to nominate Samuel Flint for Governor; and the
seceding wing declaring themselves true Labor
Reform men in the strictest sense of the term; but
stating that they do not see their way clear for
the nomination of candidates for Governor and
Railroad Commissioner at the present time.

Sick Doctors.

The medical fraternity (regular) of Rhode
Island, think of applying to the Legislature for
the passage of a measure, that shall forbid the
practice of medicine to any and all persons not
chartered for that purpose under the broad seal
of their gallipot association. When a monopoly
is sought to be built up, in whatever business, and
in religion as well, the public may be sure that it is
ignorance, assurance and selfishness that chiefly
want protection. If the Rhode Island medical
men cannot hold their own in the face of all
other opposing opinions relating to their calling,
why should they ask the Legislature to quill a
spread for smothering those opinions? Let medi-
cal skill become as free as the air we breathe—
can there be too much of it? The Rhode Island
doctors are not a quarter so anxious to heal the
sick about them as they are to get the monopoly
of a practice for which they thus advertise them-
selves as unqualified.

Worth Knowing.

A revised report of Bro. Thomas Gales Forster's
lecture before the Spiritualists of Boston, in Mu-
sic Hall, the 23d ult., is printed on the second page
of this paper. We call the reader's attention par-
ticularly to that portion of his remarks bearing
upon Phenomenal Spiritualism, a phase of our
soul-inspiring Philosophy that must not be lost
sight of. We should as soon abjure the English
alphabet, because we have learned our letters, as
cast aside the spiritual phenomena. There are
plenty of children all around us—in the church
and out—who have not as yet learned even the
alphabet of the great spiritual truths in store for
humanity. Spiritualists above all others should
not give up facts for theories, because "wolves in
sheep's clothing" sometimes enter their ranks
and cast obloquy upon the manifestations. The
truth will live, however, no matter how strong the
opposition to suppress it.

Cock Fighting Journals.

If bull baiting and gladiatorial combats and
cock pits are a disgrace to our professions of civi-
lization, and the men are to be socially ostracised
with round denunciations who participate in
them, what are we to think of those journals which
devote column upon column, and the resources
that make up the showiest style of description, to
the prompt and full record of these brutish cru-
elties, called popular amusements. In and about
New York, the cock-fighting mania rages to a dis-
graceful extent; and while one journal professes
to deprecate it editorially, it reports the bloody
scenes in full in its other columns.

Running a Church.

It is spoken of in the papers as something to be
treated with ridicule, that a man like Mr. James
Fisk, Jr., should have bought a pew at the recent
auction sale at Mr. Beecher's church. The state-
ment is coupled with the suppositions rumor that
Mr. Fisk may possibly have in his mind a plan for
getting out an injunction on all the other pew-hold-
ers, a la Erie railroad management, and then run-
ning Plymouth Church by himself. Here is the
place where the laughs are expected to come in. But
what special matter for ridicule is there here? Suppose that Mr. Fisk, or Mr. Anybody Else,
should in a "regular" way manage to get full
control of a church; is there anything so extreme-
ly shocking to the general sensibilities in this, or
anything particularly worthy of ridicule? Were
Fisk to run Plymouth Church, he would only be
doing what is undeniably done in many another
ecclesiastical establishment. We can put our
finger on many and many a church, from pro-
fessedly liberal to the notoriously bigoted, that is
owned by one, two, three, or half-a-dozen men at
most. They own the minister; hold him in their
keeping; make him the heavy presents; pile on
to his salary; and in this way own the church,
and run the church. Nobody in the concern, be-
liever or unbeliever, communicant or non-commu-
nicant, is of any account in comparison with
these few men. The minister calls mainly on
them, is deferential chiefly to them, and draws
the general attention to them by his own. It
amounts to not much more than a private run-
ning of a church on the part of a few men, and
generally very small ones, for the gratification
of a petty vanity and a puny love of power. Let
James Fisk go ahead.

Money Defalcations.

There is almost as great a mania for defalca-
tions, irregularities, and other things of that sort
in the banks and other places where money is
kept in large amounts and freely handled, as
there is for suicides and homicides. These things
seem to run in grooves, which may be called pe-
riods. Not a city in the country of any commer-
cial importance, but has had to pay heavy forfeit
out of its accumulations, for having trusted
agents that are nevertheless necessary. The best
and longest trusted men turn up derelict and
criminal. Cashiers of a quarter of a century's
standing, go under just like a gay and unsettled
young fellow. There is apparently some magic
evil in money, or rather in the social system that
worships it; which not every one that is tempted
can overcome. Shall banks be abolished or so-
ciety be reconstructed by the power of better and
more elevated influences?

A Sore Spot.

After having made the circuit of the world,
"Carleton," the correspondent of the *Boston Jour-
nal*, was forced to the confession that "the houses
of worship are free all over the world, among all
religions except Christianity; and that of the
three great divisions of Christendom—Romanist,
Greek and Protestant—the latter alone adopted
the exclusive system; a system whose practical
working, in our large cities, is to shut out from
the house of God a large part of the common peo-
ple." The *Congregationalist* (Orthodox), of this city,
extracts this unpalatable statement, adding that
"the most awkward thing about it, is, it is true."
And then it appeals to its denomination to move
for reforming it. Protestantism needs spiritual-
izing to give it true religious sympathy. The new
revelation has none of the old Calvinistic selfish-
ness or coldness.

A Cut of the Lash.

We said we wished to waste no more words
upon the *Round Table*. Nor shall we say more for
ourselves. But in its unmanly, indecent and out-
rageous allusions to a lady who is esteemed and
honored wherever the fame of her good works has
gone—Mrs. Emma Hardinge—that paper compels
us, and every other respectable journal as well, to
lift the lash of correction. In its punctilious over
Latin adjectives neuter, it has forgotten its man-
ners, if any it ever had. We advise its conduct-
or to study first the common decencies of social
life, and learn the language in which a lady
should be publicly spoken of, before it drags out
any more specimens of its corrupted Latin. Or,
if it must speak of honored women, let it speak
in that favorite Latin which nobody can under-
stand.

Law and Infidelity.

Judge Sharwood, of the Supreme Court of
Pennsylvania, has just decided on the bench that
the bequest of a testator for building a church
where "Infidel" doctrines are to be preached, is
void and of no effect. But one step remains to be
taken beyond that, which is to issue a general
legal order expelling all who hold "Infidel" doc-
trines from the State. From Pennsylvania such
intolerance comes with a very poor grace. Lib-
erality, if anything, should be advocated and
practiced there. Girard certainly had a right to
will his large estate as he saw fit, and any other
man of property ought to enjoy the same common
right. Judge Sharwood's reasons for his anti-
quated decision read very much like extracts from
the records of our old Puritan theocracy.

Mormon Rebels.

There is serious trouble in the Mormon Church,
and it cannot much longer be disguised from the
outside world. Brigham Young has adroitly hud-
dled his concubines together, to send out as their
voice a protest against Woman Suffrage. He feels
the coming influence on his priestly power. The
railroad is to make havoc with his plans. There is
an schism among his elders. He is growing old him-
self. The Government is watching his chance.
And rebellion is ripening to break forth. If the
bible does not endorse polygamy, the law of the
land does not.

Appeal Responded To.

An appeal was made to the audience of Spiritu-
alists in Music Hall, Sunday afternoon, Jan.
30th, for funds to enable the agents of the Mass-
achusetts Spiritualist Association to continue the
missionary work so auspiciously begun a few
years since, which resulted in a collection of
eighty-eight dollars and twenty cents. Money
sent to William White, the President of the As-
sociation, Dr. H. B. Storer or A. E. Carpenter,
State Agents, care of this office, will be faithfully
appropriated to missionary purposes.

The Remains of George Peabody,
The philanthropist, were, on Tuesday, of last
week, escorted from the City Hall in Portland
to the depot, by a great military and civic pro-
cession. A special train carried them to the
town of Peabody, when another procession es-
corted them to the hall, where they will lie in
state until borne to the tomb.

Read the Beautiful Story

Which is commenced the present week on our
first page.

A Hard Case.

In the *Boston Herald* for January 24th, we find
the following paragraph. Surely if there ever
was a time for the angel of charity to descend and
touch the hearts of mankind it is now, when the
winter has laid its cold hand upon the earth, and
want and pain are the inmates of many a once
smiling home; and hard-hearted must be he who
would punish either the donor or recipient of
charity in such an hour. Do the followers of
"him of Nazareth" believe their creed? If so, do
they not fear to hear him one day proclaim: "I
never knew you?"

Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto
one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto
me.

On Wednesday evening last several of the em-
ployees of the Metropolitan Railroad Company
gathered together, and through one of their num-
ber presented Mr. J. R. Spaulding with a purse of
eighty-five dollars. Mr. Spaulding has been in
the employ of the corporation for quite a number
of years, and is highly esteemed by those who
have been connected with him in the service of
the above corporation. During the past year mis-
fortune has overtaken him and sickness has en-
feebled his family. His friends, wishing to man-
ifest their sympathy for him in his affliction, sur-
prised him as above mentioned. The manage-
ment of the road, on hearing of the occurrence,
ordered the immediate discharge of the recipient
of the favor and the friend who circulated the
subscription list; and still further, threaten to
discharge every man who subscribed to the fund,
so far as they can ascertain who were concerned
in the affair. The only remark made by the Su-
perintendent, in discharging Mr. Spaulding, was,
that he "did a wrong thing in accepting the
purse." We give the above to the public as a
simple statement of the facts in the case.

Woman's Suffrage Convention.

There was a successful conference of the active
friends and advocates of the Woman Suffrage
movement in this city last week, presided over
by James Freeman Clarke, and addressed by such
live speakers as Lucy Stone, Mrs. Howe, Miss
Anthony, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell
Phillips, Rowland Connor and others. The ses-
sions continued through the day and evening.
The whole question was ably and instructively
discussed, and a determination shown to push
the work out as actively as possible among the
people. The annual officers were chosen at the
close, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe being elected Presi-
dent.

The following comments by the *Investigator* are
to the point:

"We were sorry to see a spirit of division or
party exhibited where unity and concert of action
alone should prevail. Thus Miss Susan B. An-
thony, one of the ablest and the oldest advocates
of the cause, in her speech made an apology for
speaking, by saying she was an 'interloper'; and
when a call was made for Mrs. Stanton, who was
not permitted to speak at all, for the Rev. James
Freeman Clarke, who was in the chair, immedi-
ately adjourned the meeting. It was shabby
treatment of a very worthy lady. Mrs. Stanton
is the best speaker that the cause can boast of,
and probably its most intellectual and efficient
supporter, and it was small business in the Rev.
Mr. Clarke and all others in sympathy with her,
to deny her a hearing. The Woman's Rights
Party is right, we think, in principle; but it never
will command itself to a liberal public by being
aristocratic, exclusive and bigoted."

Female Suffrage.

This subject, which is gradually assuming a
wide spread importance throughout the country,
is ably supported by many advocates, both
through the public press and upon the rostrum.
We mention below some of the leading papers
devoted to the cause—doubtless there are others
of which we have not heard:

The *Revolution* is published weekly in New York
city, by Miss Susan B. Anthony, and edited by
Elizabeth Cady Stanton. It is rapidly gaining
in public favor, and has now entered upon its
fifth volume.

The *Woman's Journal* is published in Boston—
business address, 3 Tremont Place. Among the
names connected with it, are to be found those of
Mary A. Livermore (Managing Editor), Julia
Ward Howe, Lucy Stone, Wm. Lloyd Garrison
and T. W. Higginson. It is in a large quarto
form, and of faultless typographical appearance.
It is now in its first volume.

The *Woman's Advocate*, published at Dayton, O.,
by J. J. Belville, and edited by Miriam Cole and
A. J. Boyer, has been made the official organ of
the Ohio Woman Suffrage Association, and is
doing a good work in that and surrounding
States.

Macbeth.

Mr. Wyzean Marshall, the popular tragedian
and teacher of elocution, gave an entertainment
in Music Hall, this city, Wednesday evening, Feb.
2d, consisting of readings from Shakespeare's
tragedy of Macbeth by himself and Miss Lucette
Webster, accompanied by all the original music
composed by Locke, rendered by a full orchestra
and chorus under the direction of Mr. Chas. Kop-
pitz. The whole affair was a perfect success, and
received the repeated hearty applause of a very
large audience. Mr. Marshall has few equals as
a reader. Miss Webster closed the entertainment
by reading Poe's very different though beautiful
poem, "The Bells," in a manner highly creditable
to herself, and warmly appreciated by the audi-
ence.

Merited Compliment.

A friend at the West writes us as follows: "I
consider Emma Hardinge's work, *Modern Ameri-
can Spiritualism*, as the best, nay, grandest con-
tribution yet made to spiritual literature." This
is indeed complimentary. The reader will ob-
serve on our first page Mrs. Jane M. Jackson's
review of the wonderful phenomena recorded in
this great work.

Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts State Spiritualist Association.

As will be seen by reference to a notice in an-
other column, this Association will hold its An-
nual Meeting at the Melancon, (Tremont Tem-
ple) Boston, on Wednesday, March 2d. A full
attendance is desired, as business of importance
is to be transacted.

Dr. Newton, the Healer.

This well-known healer, now located at 23 Har-
rison Avenue, Boston, has recently effected cures
of so wonderful a nature as to astonish his most
intimate friends. We shall give some account of
them in our next.

Dr. Newton will remain in Boston until the en-
suing April, when he intends visiting England
with the expectation of remaining one year.

N. Frank White going South.

Mr. White has just closed a two months lecture
season in Washington, D. C., where he was much
liked. He will be in Newbern, N. C., during Feb-
ruary. He will probably visit New Orleans and
Texas; if he does, our friends South will be for-
tunate in securing the services of so able a lec-
turer. He will come east early in summer.

The Maryland courts have decided the signing
of a note on Sunday does not render it void.

Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant.
While in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life to that degree which is 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. 125 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday Afternoons. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at all times; services commence at precisely three o'clock, and which time one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.
Mrs. Conant receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.
Donations of flowers for our Circle-Room are solicited.

Invocation.
Oh Infinite Presence in life, and no less in death, we breathe thee a prayer of thanks for the blessings which, day by day, fall into the cup of our experience, making life real and earnest; and we ask, Oh Father and Mother of our being, that we may always understand thy gifts as blessings; in whatever shape they may come to us, may we receive them as good from thee. Oh Infinite Spirit, thy holy Scriptures are not a book of dead letters, but a book of life, and we thank thee for the rays of light that have already been given us, but we ask for more; and moment by moment, as our souls mount the steps of experience that belong to us, grant that we may receive wisdom from thee—light from the great fountain of light, that shall guide us in paths of peace. May thy kingdom come, Oh Lord, to these waiting souls, and may they seek to know thee, and in seeking may they find. May they, Oh our Father, behold thee in all that thou hast made, and rejoice in that faith which will make them feel ever secure, wherever they are. Thou art in the hell of our human experience, therefore we need not fear. We are never left without thee; and Oh our Father, we thank thee, most humbly, for this, the greatest of thy gifts. Hear our prayer, Oh Infinite Wisdom, and in this way, not ours, answer. Amen. Dec. 9.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have questions, Mr. Chairman, I am ready to answer them.

Q.—Would it be well to open a column in the Banner of Light, under the heading of "Prophecy Record?"

A.—Perhaps such a record would be well—well in some respects, at least; and again it might be well in others. I believe the Banner is in the hands of those who have marked out its course wisely and well.

Q.—What is your opinion of Prof. Denton's lectures on the origin of man? and of the gorilla being the father of man?

A.—I believe that Prof. Denton's lectures are eminently true, based in the soundest sense on a philosophical platform. It is not pleasant to contemplate the earlier periods of human existence, but it is wise to do so, notwithstanding it is not pleasant. In order to make up a correct judgment concerning whether we tend, what is to become of us in the future, we must know from whence we have come. In order to know anything of our destiny, as immortal spirits, we must know something concerning our human physical source. For these spirit and matter are indissolubly connected. It is wise to make ourselves as well acquainted with both departments as possible. The lectures by Prof. Denton are calculated to instruct us, and also to tear down our old preconceived notions, to give us plain, naked, unvarnished truth, in the place of those fancies which, in our ignorance, we have gathered around us.

Q.—What is wisdom?

A.—Wisdom, in the absolute, may be called God—divine knowledge, a knowledge of all past eternity, of present and future eternity.

Q.—How do you explain the fact that a spirit will give a message through one medium, and afterwards, in controlling another, will have no recollection of having spoken through the first medium?

A.—Allow me to illustrate. I am here speaking to you through a certain special organism, and I remember what I say at all, I remember it through the power of that organism and no other. I am dependent, so far as my thoughts and words are concerned while in control, upon that organism, but when I come forth from it I do not carry memory with me concerning that which has transpired in that organism; it remains with it, and I can only fully call up the events that have transpired through that organism, in relation to myself, by coming into rapport with it again. I can do it through no other, because the law expresses me. I must act upon the same ground, through the same organic life, to remember the events that transpired there.

Q.—Then you will not recollect anything that occurs to-day, after leaving this medium, while you remain away?

A.—I do not say that I shall not remember in my spirit, for I shall; but I cannot project that memory through another organism than the one through which the events transpired.

Q.—Are there not cases where it may be projected, to some extent, through a second medium?

A.—Oh, yes; but fragmentary, therefore in an unreliable manner.

Q.—Are you sure that existence, as an individualized being, will be continuous? Can you always remember your former existence? Are there no breaks in the chain?

A.—There are many breaks in the chain.

Q.—Do you not, then, lose your identity?

A.—I do not lose it. I am simply unable to collect it and use it only under certain conditions. For instance, you may have passed through a certain scene in your youth, and have forgotten it; but throw certain conditions in your way, and lo, memory becomes active again in that direction, and you remember it. So it is with regard to me, as a spirit, and with regard to all others when memory is active.

Q.—Are you sure that your individualized immortality will never cease?

A.—No, I am not sure of it; but I believe it with all my soul.

Q.—Do spirits, in passing from one plane to another, pass through anything analogous to physical death here?

A.—Oh, yes; we part with our spiritual bodies when they can no longer be of service to us.

Q.—Is it done at any particular period of time, or gradually?

A.—No; decay of the spiritual body comes on gradually, and when we can no longer use it well, it can no longer make it serve us, we part with it, and there is a spiritual separation.

Q.—Is there an organized form left?

A.—There is an organized spiritual form, unseen to human eye, but it is there nevertheless.

Q.—Left behind in the progress of the spirit?

A.—Yes.

Q.—What do you think of the book lately published by Carleton, entitled "Strange Visitors? Is it the work of spirits, or of an impostor?"

A.—Everything is the work of spirit, in or out of the body; but presuming you to ask if this work is the result of the action of disembodied spirits upon one embodied, I answer, in part it is, and in part it is not.

Q.—Then it was made up by some impostor as a stupendous joke upon Spiritualists?

A.—No, I do not think it is. It shows up some very strange experiences, but they are the most of them, very truthful, very real, notwithstanding.

Q.—Do you hold that there is any such thing as mercy, and can you reconcile it with justice?

A.—That depends upon how you define the word mercy.

Q.—In the common acceptation.

A.—To me mercy is synonymous with justice. I cannot separate them. To be just, is to be merciful. To be merciful, is to be just.

Q.—It is said by those familiar with the writings of Theodore Parker, and with his utterances in this life, that there is a great falling off in what we receive from him now. Is this so?

A.—Well, I should not so determine, only as I look at it from an earthly standpoint. If Theo-

dore Parker has changed his views since living apart from human life, of course if he comes, if he returns at all, with the reflection of the change, and if that does not suit his old hearers, of course he has fallen from grace in their opinion; in other words, is not up to the high mark according to their judgment.

Q.—Is there no other reason?
A.—Yes, there is; since Theodore Parker nor any other spirit ever has been, nor, in all probability, ever will be able to find an organism precisely like their own, of course their spirits must of necessity be measured by the organism through which they express.

Eddie Trask.

I promised my mother to come back and tell her if my father was in the spirit-world, and he is here. He has been here some five years, and he told me to tell her that a friend wrote to her of his death, but did not direct the letter right, so she never got it. My name is Eddie Trask. I lived in New York State, and my mother lived there, and before my father went away, he lived there. Before my grandmother died she lived in Brooklyn. My father had not been up in the mountains but three days when he was taken sick. (In California) Yes, sir; and he wanted me to tell mother or he did not have enough to make it any object for her to send for it. Mr. Rutledge is coming home from there. He went out with father, and he will tell mother all about it if he can find her, and he will try to find her. I told mother if my father was in heaven I knew I should find him. I did not have to hunt at all. He was right there. [Waiting for you?] Yes, sir, he was. He knew I would not know anything where to go. [You were glad to see him, were you not?] Yes, I was. I was not afraid of anything then, when I knew he was there. And tell mother I live with him now, and I love her very much. I would not want to change, and we will be so glad when she comes too.

I have been away—it will be three years a little after Christmas. My mother has felt awfully about not hearing from my father, but I always said I knew, if he was there, I should find him in heaven. My letter don't go for a month, does it? [A little more than a month, but your name will be in the paper.] Mother will be back then, and get it. She is away now, in the West, but she has got to come back. She lives in New York. [Does she know—] About people's coming back after they are dead. Oh, yes, [Does she see him?] [How often do you see him?] I see him every eleven days. Are you now? No; I am ten. Tell mother I am going to school here, and there's better places to go to school than there was on the earth; we have such kind teachers and everything to make it pleasant. My father wants me to thank you for allowing me to come. [You are welcome.] My mother's name is Ellenor. [Does your mother expect you to come?] She is most hopeless; thought I would come before if I could at all; but I could not. I am going now. Dec. 9.

A. D. Richardson.

If there is a Divine Providence, guiding each one of us through life, it is worse than folly to be constantly complaining because of this or that which transpires during our course in life. Some people believe in the infinite power, the infinite wisdom and the infinite goodness of God. To such, it seems to me, it would be the height of folly to murmur against anything that is. For if God is all powerful and all wise and all good, of course all things are guarded by him, fashioned and cared for by him. I do not seek to see him myself, or any one else, for I am not responsible for that. I am not responsible for anything that may belong to me or to him. I do not wish to shirk anything that belongs to me. But I cannot conceive of a God as being God if not omnipotent and omnipresent. If God has not the guardianship of all things, to me he might as well not have the guardianship of any.

I have but recently closed a short and eventful earthly life. And so thick and fast did those experiences crowd upon me, that I scarcely know whether I have passed through death or whether I am still in mortal life, waging war with the senses of earth. I cannot say, as many can, that the earth has no attractions for me, for it has. I cannot say that I am satisfied to remain absolutely in the spirit-world. I have found, for I am not, it may be that I am drawn back to earth to outlive certain earthly conditions. It may be that a wise Providence wills that I shall return. That I believe; I cannot believe otherwise. I had no faith in this spiritual movement when here, and I have many times so expressed myself, although not in such pointed terms as many are wont to. But now I know it is a solemn reality. We can come back; we can communicate with those we have left, through a variety of means, each one of which is imperfect, necessarily so. And, in the first place, they are imperfect because we do not know much about the science, as yet. We are learners in the temple of spiritual science, and those who have been here the longest know but little. I know scarcely anything, only about as much as the infant knows about the concerns of this life when it is first ushered into it. It knows how to breathe; so do I. It knows just as far as it has got and no further; so do I. [I am glad you are able to control at all.] A little experience I had the other day aided me wonderfully. There are some things I am anxious to communicate concerning, but this is too public a place. And I solicit from my friends a way by which I may communicate with them in a more private manner. I have wronged any one, I humbly pray forgiveness, and I say here, as I said before my death, if I have, it was a mistake of my head, not of my heart. I meant all right. You know me? [Is it A. D. Richardson?] Yes; good-day. Dec. 9.

Maria Brooks.

I know I am well, but yet on coming here I feel so very, very weak. Oh, tell me what brought you here? [I have been here a long time. Do you know me?] Oh, yes; it is Mr. White? [Yes.] I suppose you will remember me. I used to work for you, but I do not remember. Twenty years ago, it seems to me. My name was Maria Brooks. I lived with my mother then in East Boston. [What did you work at?] Folding. [I had some ten or twelve girls, and some of them lived in East Boston, but I do not remember you.] I lived with my mother, and we have both come to the spirit-world since then. What do you suppose I am here for? [I do not know.] I am here, if I can, to reach my father, who was an Englishman; went away when I was quite small, but he is in this country now, and I want to reach him if I can. I don't remember him. His name was John C. Brooks. He was born in London. He got sick during her sickness, and never got over it. I don't know I was here? Not till I saw you. I want you to put in my mother's name as well as my own, because, you see, if it isn't going to be published for awhile, some one may see it if not my father—and he would not be likely to understand it as coming from me unless he saw my mother's name. I will be very much obliged. Good-day, sir. Dec. 9.

James McCann.

[How do you do?] Comfortable—all but the pain I have here, that the chap that was here before me left. [He has suffered much, I presume, I suppose so; it feels very much like it.] Well, I am here to get into some sort of a communication with my brother, if I can. [We will try to aid you.] Thank you, sir. My name is James McCann. I was born, sir, in Dowling, Cork Co., Ireland. What I want is, that my brother will give me a chance to come and talk to him. I got something to say. I don't want to say it here, because, if I do, there's others will be as wise as himself, and he not want that at all. [You are trying to protect him?] Yes, sir; and he would say I lost all the sense I carried with me, if I come back and told him I want to tell him. It's pretty hard to steer round these rocks what stick up in every direction; it's pretty hard—have to know the way pretty well where there's ears that are open to make the worst out of everything.

you say, as well as those to make the best out of it, you have to be very careful what you say. He will want to know if I am a Catholic yet. Yes, I am. And if I am satisfied with the life I got. Yes, I am; and all there is wanting is a bridge built between the earth where I am, and this life, and then we will be all right. I can come and go when I please, you see? [Yes.] Now he must know it is very much for his interest—nothing at all for mine—for him to come and let me talk to him; because I don't want the things of this world at all, and he does; he is where he will have need of them; so it is much for his interest to let me come and talk to him. [Where is he?] He is in Boston; that's what brings me here. He is doing the very best he can to get an honest living. [Did you die in this country?] Yes, sir. Faith! I did. Pretty hard it was, too. God bless you! Good day, sir. [Will he recognize you?] Faith! I don't know at all. I can't say; I've said all I ought to say at this place. [Give your age?] My age? Faith! let me see. Thirty-one years and three months. [When did you die?] It's now 1869, is it? [Yes.] Well, I been gone since 1867, the same month—this month. Good day, sir. Dec. 9.

Séance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by L. Judd Pardee.

Invocation.

Infinite Jehovah, we pray for the baptism of thy holy spirit this hour. May it fall into our conscious lives, making them live anew in thee, and causing us to know that we are drawing nearer, still nearer to thy divine life. Our Father God, through the darkening shadows of the material world, we look forth in prayer and praise to thee, thanking thee for all thy blessings, and invoking more to be bestowed upon us. Oh, grant that we may understand thy way, and having understood it, may we walk in it fearlessly and faithfully. It is our ignorance, Oh Lord, that distracts them; it is our weakness that makes us fear. Oh, give us wisdom—give us strength; and may thy kingdom come so near to us that we shall know the king thereof, and worship him in spirit and in truth. Amen. Dec. 13.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—In the Banner of Light, Dec. 4th, in answer to a question, Thomas Paine says, "Spirit, as spirit, you never see. No one ever saw it—no one ever will, in my opinion. Everywhere you see its manifestations, but it is not seen." A few weeks ago, in this city, E. V. Wilson, claiming to be controlled by Thomas Paine, gave séances, in which he claimed to see and accurately describe numerous spirits. The descriptions were so accurate that many publicly acknowledged them. If a spirit cannot be seen—but only its influence—how did he so accurately describe so many? Is there not an inconsistency in the two statements? It seems to me they are in direct conflict.

A.—The body is not the spirit, neither is the spirit the body; but the body is the instrument through which the spirit manifests its power. It was the body of the spirit that the media saw and described, not the spirit. No one from the spirit-world has ever claimed to have seen a spirit, because spirit is so refined, so subtle a nature, that it cannot be seen by human or spiritual sense. It eludes both. Mediums, in describing spirits, confound the spirit with the body. This is very natural. E. V. Wilson, in describing what he saw, doubtless said, I see such and such a spirit, giving such and such a name. He did not speak truthfully, but he spoke according to the name of your times according to your custom, so that you might understand him. At the same time if he had been asked, Is it the spirit, or the body of the spirit, that you see? he would, in all probability, have answered, It is not the spirit, but the body.

Q.—Is the account that Saul (Paul) gives of himself and of the early history of Jesus, through the mediumship of Alexander Synthe, of Philadelphia—in a book lately published—true?

A.—It contains many truths; but it is fallible, like all other works.

Q.—Will you give some information concerning the race of people mentioned in the following paragraph?

"One ancient and almost unexplored portions of our public territory promise to contribute much interesting information regarding the civilization which anciently prevailed on this continent. The General Land Office has received returns of the survey of the township and section lines of five townships on the Gila River, in Southern Arizona, containing 103,280 acres, and including and grazing about two miles southwest of the junction of the east and south channels of the Gila River."

A.—Thousands of years ago the tide of emigration was flowing from east to west, as it does now, in these days. We have a record in our life informing us that this continent has been inhabited and depopulated several times. It is not possible to tell just where the people came from who inhabited that section of the country, or when they passed out of existence there. There are various theories with reference to it, all of which I believe to be partially correct, but none to be wholly so.

Q.—If you have records there, do they not state the whole facts?

A.—No, not concerning every special group of people. They may have grouped themselves together in any certain locality. This is only a general record, not special.

Q.—If this continent has been depopulated several times, how has it become populated again?

A.—By emigration.

Q.—Are not the Hawaiian and other Pacific Islands the remaining portions of what was once a continent now mostly submerged?

A.—Yes, so we are told, and so I believe.

Q.—And the earth has, at different times, thrown up portions of its surface, to be depressed again at other times?

A.—Elevation and depression seem to be in the natural order of things in planetary life.

Q.—Is this in consequence of its motion, or its internal fires?

A.—Both. Its internal conditions determine its motion, and both determine concerning the manifestations which take place upon its surface.

Q.—Is not the earth changing its position every year?

A.—Of course it is. It is receding from the centre—changing its orbit.

Q.—Does it move with greater or less velocity?

A.—There seems to be no perceptible change in the velocity of its rotation, but in all probability there will be, after a lapse of years, centuries, cycles—of course there will be.

Q.—Will it be less, or more?

A.—More.

Q.—Are all the planets inhabited?

A.—All of them—at least all that have arrived at a state capable of sustaining animal life.

Q.—Is their human life similar to our own?

A.—It is; because the law of one planet is the law of all.

Q.—I would like to be informed in regard to the record of which you speak. In what manner is the record made?

A.—Things are recorded in the spirit-world in the same manner as here. We have what is equivalent to your books, records, written and printed—tangible, thoroughly so, to the spirit, but they would not be so to your material senses. Everything that has ever transpired upon this planet, and all others, since intelligence was born, has been made a record of. That record is preserved with us.

Q.—Is the record intelligible to every spirit?

A.—It is capable of being made intelligible to all, because there are those who are always ready to give information—and precisely after this manner: If I could not read and you could, if you asked me to read a book for you I should probably do so, and vice versa.

Q.—Then if there is a correct record, why cannot the spirit answer these historical questions?

A.—First, because it would take a much greater length of time than we have at command. Secondly, because, as I have before said, these small specialties are not made an account of. The record might not give an account of your life or mine, but it would doubtless give an account of the general lives of certain tribes or nationalities that inhabited the different portions of the globe, and when and how they sprang into physical and intellectual existence.

Q.—It is these matters to which our inquiries have been directed, yet the answers do not generally seem to be forthcoming.

A.—We have given you our reasons, and think they are sufficient.

Q.—Are there any records of those people who emigrated from the east to the west among the living?

A.—We are told that there were such, but they were destroyed at the destruction of the Alexandrian Library.

Q.—Can one spirit see another?

A.—No. They can see the bodies belonging to each other, but not the indwelling spirit.

Dec. 13.

Virginia Ryder.

[How do you do?] I am so confounded with another life, that I can hardly tell how I do. [Have you been long there?] Perhaps you do not understand me. If I were apart from this life (touching the medium) I could tell you. I have been in the spirit-world three years and a little more than five months. I was born in Nashville, Tenn., and I died in Charleston, S. C. My name, Virginia Ryder. I lived here but four years, I was the daughter of Col. William Ryder and Charlotte A. Ryder. I learned something of this return of the spirit, through a teacher I had when on earth—a Miss Louisa Harris, from Albany. She told me some strange things she had witnessed, and I was half inclined to believe them. Now I don't know where she is, but North somewhere, and I hope that she will receive news of my coming, and will so inform my friends at the South. She used to tell me about the paper through which spirits communicated to their friends, and told me that she always received it when she was North, so I hope that she will receive it now. I bring her a word of love from my spirit-home, and thank her, how much, for the little light she gave me concerning this return. She used to tell me of impressions she got, and they were sometimes very correct. She used to often amuse us by telling our fortunes—simply to please us—and sometimes they would happen so truthfully, whatever she would tell each one of us, that after they had been verified we would ask her how she knew. "Oh, I had such an impression," she would say. And I used to tell her I could not but believe she was one of the persons she told me of, that was in communication with the other world. But she said "no, she would be afraid to be," and desired us never to mention the subject to her again. But, if it should happen that she were to die, and if it should be my duty to go, I should be delighted—I should be delighted. And if she never calls any other spirit in all the spirit-world to all I want her to call me, and if she has any power let me use it. I am sure I won't harm her, but will do her all the good I can. [Have you been able to find her?] No, sir. She is North somewhere, but where I know not. I would like very much to find her. Old Aunt Lucy says she went further west than Albany. She is a dear old aunt—a colored woman that lived with us for years. We were very much attached to her, and she died with us while this teacher was with us, and she was very much attached to her. [I think you are doing her.] I hope so, because I know she can aid me so much in coming to friends that I love. [When you leave here you will have the power to go to her.] How will I gain it? by coming here? [Yes, by coming in contact with earthly conditions.] She seemed to know all about these things, and I want her to find some way by which I can go to my people without coming in this public way. I know she will, if she only knows I want her to. I want her to know that it is true that we can come. It is all true. Dec. 13.

Joseph L. C. Twombly.

Well, stranger, life is a problem that is hard to solve. Some of my people, I do not know who, or how many, have solicited my return, and they have made very long terms of belief which I cheerfully acceded to. Now let me see. Where were you born? What is your name in full? Your parents' names? Did you have any brothers and sisters, and if so, how many, and their names? Where did you die? Of what did you die? What were your last words on earth? That is the schedule. Now as I go along I fail to answer some of those questions, and I am sorry. [If I can remember them all.] Where was I born? They told—and I suppose told me correctly—that I was born in Concord, N. H. What was your name? Joseph L. C. Twombly. Now for fear there would be any mistake about that, Joseph Lakeman Christy Twombly; there it is in full. My father's name was Joseph also. My mother's, Mary Lakeman, before marriage. I had one sister who is on the earth now. Her name is Mary. I had one brother who died in infancy. If I have any remembrance of him on earth, it is very slight. When I was between seven and nine years old my parents went West—passed some time in Ohio and some time in Illinois. When the war broke out, I enlisted in the 3rd Illinois Cavalry. Early in the fall of 1862 we were camped near Fredericksburg. I was out from camp with three others, on leave, was surprised by a squad of rebels, was wounded, taken prisoner, and toted South; finally brought up in one of the prisons in Richmond—hospital, as they called it. I there made the acquaintance of several Massachusetts boys, and one of them promised if ever he escaped from there, to send word to my friends how I died. He did so faithfully. I died there, and my last words were, "Tell my mother I died a Christian." I knew I could send her no message that would assuage her grief, and that, and was truthful, too, because I died feeling sure that a good God would care for me, and care rightly, and I died without fear. I was wounded in the neck and shoulder. The inflammation finally ran down into the arm, and I had it taken off at the socket, and for want of care and a proper place to be in, I died.

The comrade who took my last words and promised to send the news to my friends if he escaped—his name was Matthew Stinson, and he was from Massachusetts—either from Boston or somewhere near it. If he is anywhere within reach of my message, I want him to know that I give him a thousand thanks for all his kindness, and hope that sometime I shall be able to do as much, if not more, for him. I want him to know that I am aware that he has fulfilled his promise.

[Do you remember when your parents left Concord?] It was when I was somewhere between seven and nine years of age. [You have not given your age.] Haven't I? I was thirty-three at the time of my death. [I think I remember a family there of that name.] Did you ever live there? [Yes.] What did you do there? [I was a printer and publisher.] I was so very young when I left I do not remember much about the place.

I want to know who has called for me, and what more I can do. [Do not you know who has called for you?] No, I don't. I know the call has come from some of our folks, but I do not know who. I do not know anything about it, only what I have told you. [If this reaches them, they will probably visit some medium.] I should think so. I have met the surgeon on this side who took off my arm—a kind, friendly fellow, he was. His name was Hineman. [From the South?] Yes. Good day, sir. Dec. 13.

Joseph Borrowscale.

I want you to be kind enough to allow me to ask my friends, through your paper, to give me the privilege of communicating privately in some way with them. My name, Joseph Borrowscale, and for fear there would be any mistake, I would like to have them inform me if they receive this message, this call. I would prefer Mr. Foster as a medium, or Mr. Mansfield, of New York. Good day, sir. Dec. 13.

Patrick Kelley.

"If it is God's will, will you come back?" they said. "Yes, I will." And so I am. Good day, sir. [How do you do?] Oh, I'm very well indeed, I thank you. My name is Patrick Kelley, and I am from South Boston, and my friends said, "If it is God's will, will you come back?" It is God's will, and I am, but I do not know at all to what I am indebted for coming back, whether it is their prayers, or the prayers of a priest, or no prayers at all, only I am here, and I seem to come very naturally. Yes, sir; there's plenty of priests to help you all round, just as fast as you are ready to come. When I told 'em I wanted to come back, they were all ready to help me. It is a good place to live, this spirit-world. Faith! you are not expecting the house will be sold over your head, or the rent will be raised, so you got to go out, any way. No, sir. Things are very much better, I tell you, in the spirit-world. Oh yes, they are. It's the laundries in this world will eat up your pocket and yourself entirely, if they get you. It's a fact. And a poor laboring

man must work for small pay, or else pay it all back again, perhaps, to the man who hires him, for a shelter for himself and family. Oh, it's a very bad way things go on here, but they are straightened out in the other life. Oh yes, sir, in our life, if you not got the faculty for setting for yourself, it's somebody's duty to set it for you. And there's no caste there at all. And I'm very glad I got here, and I wouldn't go back if you would give me the whole world. No, sir; if I was the Pope of Rome I wouldn't go back for it. Comfortable—yes, I am, and more nor that. I am rich. Faith! I am, then. Richer than the Mother Church, for she has only got the things of this world, and I've got the better things that do not pass away. I've got the power to do

Married:

At the residence of the bride's parents, in Stoneham, Mass., by Rev. Mr. Fairchild, on the night of Jan. 5th, 1870, Mr. Charles A. Edwards and Miss S. Olive Lovjoy.

Passed to Spirit-Life:

From Woburn, Mass., Jan. 10th, Mrs. Harriet, wife of Jonathan Tidd, aged 51 years.
She was one of the first to believe in our beautiful philosophy, which sustained her through a long and lingering illness, (consumption) the *Banner* was a welcome messenger to her. For years she stood alone, braving the storm of opposition, which fell around her, and her faith grew stronger and her vision brighter, as she neared the other shore.
A. FAIRBANKS.

From Elmira, N. Y., Jan. 20th, Willie K., son of E. H. and Jane Harrington, aged 9 years and 6 months.
The little heart that beat with love for mother, and consoled her in her hours of sorrow, is still, but the spirit lives, removed from earth, to cores and trials, a bud in blossom in the eternal gardens of immortal life.
J. W. V. N.

Notices sent to us for insertion in this department will be charged at the rate of ten cents per line for each line exceeding twenty. Those making twenty or under, published gratuitously.

Mediums in Boston.

DR. JAMES CANNEY CHESLEY,

Dr. Chesley, Magnetic and Electric Physician, cures all curable diseases of mind and body. Instructor and Developer of Clairvoyants. Sunbaths, Steambaths and Saturated Baths, general cures. No. 15 Salem street, Boston, Mass. MRS. S. J. STICKNEY, Clairvoyant, every day and evening.
No. 15 Middlesex street, Lowell, Mass., every Tuesday and Wednesday, and on the same evenings.
Thursday and Friday, at his office No. 228 Essex street, Lowell, Mass.
MRS. A. J. STICKNEY, Clairvoyant, will be at the same place every day and evening.
The Doctor, during his practice for the past twenty years, having been consulted by the most eminent physicians in the system of medicine, has resorted to the latest improved modes and places of treatment. In many instances the Doctor cures without medicine, in a few minutes, diseases that have for years baffled the skill of many eminent physicians.
Those requesting examination of disease, by letter, from Dr. C., will please enclose one dollar and two three-cent stamps, and a lock of hair; also state age and sex, and if married or single.
15—Feb. 12.

MRS. S. J. STICKNEY,

TEST, Business and Medical Medium, examines by lock of hair; terms \$1.00 and two three-cent stamps; heals by laying on of hands. Circles Monday and Friday evenings, No. 15 Salem street, Boston. 15—Feb. 12.

DR. H. B. STORER,

AND

MRS. JULIA M. FRIEND,

WIDELY known throughout New England as one of the most successful and reliable mediums in the country. The subjects of the age, will receive patients at their office, 110 Harrison Avenue, Boston.
Our practice is directed by physicians in spirit-life, whose healthy and ability to minister successfully to bodily and mental disease has been thoroughly tested during more than thirty years' practice. Medical examinations, when written communications are desired, will be made when spoken, \$1.00. Letters with lock of hair for examination must enclose \$2.00.
Jan. 29.

MRS. J. L. PLUMB,

PERFECTLY Unconscious Physician and Business Clairvoyant, No. 2 (second place), rear of 41 Portland street, Boston. Answers all kinds of letters. Terms \$1.00 each sitting, and \$1.00 and stamp for each letter. Residence, 63 Russell street, opposite Court of Records, Boston, Mass. Circles: Friday evenings, A. Hughes, medium, Mrs. C. Chandler, Assistant Clairvoyant, Wednesday evening circles. Feb. 12—15.

MRS. R. COLLINS,

CLAIRVOYANT Physician and Healing Medium, located the past seven years in Pine street, has removed to her new house, No. 10 (second place), second door from Washington street, Boston, where she still continues to heal the sick, and is very successful in all chronic cases of long standing. Patients visited at their residences if desired.
Feb. 5—15.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM,

MEDICAL, CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM, 342 Washington street, Boston. Mrs. Latham is eminently successful in treating humors, Rheumatism, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, and all Bilious Complaints. Parties at a distance examined by a lock of hair. Price \$1.00. 4—Jan. 29.

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE,

AT NO. 225 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON.
THOSE requesting examinations by letter will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state the nature of the complaint. 15—Jan. 1.

MRS. LIZZIE ARMSTRONG,

TEST Medium, 155 Washington street. Circles Thursday and Sunday evenings at 7 and 9 o'clock, and Friday at 3 o'clock. Private communications given daily from 10 to 12 o'clock. Feb. 12—15.

MRS. A. BABBITT,

TRANCE, Test and Business Medium, No. 7 Indiana street, Boston. Circles Wednesday and Sunday evenings. Jan. 8—15.

MISS HATHORN,

BUSINESS, CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM, will read characters from photographs or handwriting. Price \$1.00, 161 Court street, Boston. 4—Feb. 5.

MRS. CHARTER,

CLAIRVOYANT, holds circles Sunday and Tuesday evenings, at 7 o'clock. No. 14 Central square, East Boston. Jan. 15—18.

LAURA H. HATCH will give Inspirational

and Musical Services every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evening, at 8 o'clock. No. 10 Appleton street, first house on left from Berkeley, Boston, Mass. Terms 25 cents. Feb. 12—15.

MRS. L. W. LITCH, Trance, Test and Healing

Medium, Circles Tuesday and Sunday evenings and Wednesday morning, 97 Sudbury street, room No. 15. Feb. 12—15.

MRS. M. A. PORTER, Medical and Business

Clairvoyant, No. 8 Lagrange street, Boston. Feb. 12—15.

MRS. M. M. HARDY, Test and Business Medium,

No. 94 Poplar street, Boston. Circles Thursday and Sunday evenings. 3—Dec. 18.

MRS. E. C. LITTLEJOHN, Business and Medical

Clairvoyant, 60 Warren street, Boston. Hours from 9 A. M. until 9 P. M. 2—Feb. 5.

MRS. M. E. JOHNSON, Medium for Oral and

Written Communications, No. 11 Hayward place, Boston. Hours from 10 to 12. Terms \$1.00. 4—Feb. 5.

SAMUEL GROVER, Healing Medium, No. 13

13 Dix Place (opposite Harvard street). 13—Dec. 11.

MRS. OBED GRIDLEY, Trance and Test Business

Medium, 41 Essex street, Boston. 4—Jan. 22.

Miscellaneous.

WILSON'S COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

THE friends of persons who have been restored from consumption by the use of this original preparation, and the grateful praise themselves, have, by recommending it and acknowledging its wonderful efficacy, given the article a vast popularity in New England. The Cod Liver Oil in this combination is of the purest quality, and is rendered doubly effective in being combined with the lime, which is itself a restorative principle, supplying nature with just the agent and assistance required to heal and reform the diseased lungs. It is sold by all druggists. Boston, Mass. 4—Jan. 22.

SOUL READING.

Or Psychometric Reading of Character.
MRS. A. B. NEVILLANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will value in person, or send their photograph or lock of hair, she will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and future life; physical disease, with prescription therefor; what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful; the physical and mental development of their children; marriage; and hints to the harmoniously married. Full delineation, \$2.00; Brief delineation, \$1.00 and two 3-cent stamps. Address, MRS. A. B. NEVILLANCE, No. 402 Beane street, Milwaukee, Wis. 4—Jan. 22.

A GREAT CHANCE! AGENTS WANTED!

\$1000 PER YEAR sure made by agents, male or female, selling our world-renowned Patent *Exterminator*. While *World's* *Exterminator* has been sold in every part of the world; only 3 cents per pair, and will last a hundred years. Address the *Johnson River Wire Co.*, 75 William street, New York, or 16 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill. 4—Jan. 29.

A MIDDLE-AGED WIDOW.

The domestic department of a boarding school. One having a daughter to educate will find a harmonious home, and good advantages for the education of her daughter, by making application to the office of the *Banner of Light*. 4—Jan. 29.

Photographs of A. J. Davis.

JUST received, a fine photograph likeness of the author and seer, A. J. Davis. Price 25 cents.
For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington street, Boston.

MRS. MARY LEWIS, Psychometrist and

Healing Medium. By sending photograph or lock of hair, will give psychometric readings of character, answer questions, &c. Terms \$1.00 and two three-cent stamps. Address, MRS. MARY LEWIS, 100 Beane street, Milwaukee, Wis. 8—Jan. 29.

MADAME MIQUEL, Independent Clairvoyant

and Test Medium, 294 State street, three doors from Bond street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Jan. 10—15.

J. WILLIAM VAN NAME, Clairvoyant,

makes examinations of lock of hair. For terms, address, J. WILLIAM VAN NAME, 155 Washington street, Boston. 3—Jan. 29.

SPIRITUALISTS' HOTEL, Board by the Day

or Week, at \$1.00 per day, at 44 Hudson street, Boston. Circles Sunday and Wednesday evenings at 7 o'clock. Feb. 12—15.

Miscellaneous.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL BLESSING Of the Age! DR. KENNEDY'S RHEUMATIC AND NEURALGIA DISSOLVENT.

READER, you may consider this a sort of spread eagle healing, but I mean every word of it. *I have been there.* When your system is racked with

RHEUMATIC PAIN, and you cannot even turn yourself in bed, or sitting in a chair you must sit and suffer, in the morning wishing it was night, and at night wishing it was morning!

When you have the NEURALGIA, When every nerve in your being is like the sting of a wasp, circulating the most venomous and hot poison around your heart, and driving you to the very verge of madness;

When you have the SCIATICA, (that I have just got through with) that most awful, most heart-breaking, most strength-destroying, most spirit-breaking and mind-weakening of all the diseases that can afflict our poor human nature.

When you have the LUMBAGO, lying and withering in agony and pain, unable to turn yourself in bed, and every movement will so to your heart like a knife; now tell me if relief and a cure of any of these diseases in a few days is not the greatest Medical Blessing of the Age, tell us what it is!

DIRECTIONS TO USE: You will take a table-spoonful and three spoonfuls of water three times a day, and in a few days every particle of Rheumatic and Neuralgic pain will be dissolved and pass off by the bowels.

Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, Roxbury, Mass.

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Price \$1.50 per bottle. 21w—Jan. 8.

PAIN KILLER.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Manufacturers and Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

(Testimonials from the Press.)

THIS remedy is well known to be one of the very best ever offered to the public. It is all that it is represented to be. The testimonials in its favor, reaching back for a series of years, and the experience of a long test, inconceivably prove it to be one of the most reliable specifics of the age.

—Old North State.

We cheerfully add our testimony in favor of this medicine. —Roman Citizen.

DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.—We have tested this medicine, and assure our readers that it not only possesses all the virtues claimed for it but in many instances surpasses any other remedy we have ever known. —Herald of Gospel Liberty.

It is really a valuable medicine—it is used by many physicians. —Boston Traveller.

I have used Davis's Pain Killer, and consider it an indispensable article in the medicine box. It has effected cures in diarrhoea, and for cuts and bruises it is invaluable. —N. Y. Examiner.

It is spoken of in terms of high commendation by both druggist and physician. —Philadelphia Eagle.

It is known almost universally to be a good remedy for burns, and other pains of the body—and is valuable, not only for colds in winter, but for various summer complaints. —Christian Advocate.

There is no medicine I value so highly as the Pain Killer—have used it for years, and in every case it has proved a sovereign remedy. —Messenger, Utica's Falls, N. Y.

Sold by all druggists. 3w—Feb. 5.

DR. LORRAINE'S VEGETABLE PILL,

OR LA MEDICINE CURATIVE.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE LORRAINE

VEGETABLE CATHARTIC PILL,

MILD, Certain, Safe, Efficient. It is far the best Cathartic remedy yet discovered, and at once relieves and invigorates all the vital functions, without causing injury to any of them. The most complete success has long attended its use in many localities; and it is now offered to the general public with the conviction that it cannot fail to accomplish all that is claimed for it. It produces little or no pain; leaves the organs free from irritation, and never over-taxes or excites the nervous system in all diseases of the skin, blood, stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys, of children, and in many difficult peculiarities to women, it brings prompt relief and certain cure. The best physicians recommend and prescribe it; and no person who once uses this pill, will voluntarily return to the use of any other cathartic.

Sent by mail, on receipt of price and postage. 1 Box, 40 Cts. Postage, 6 Cts. 5 Boxes, 1.90. " " " " 39 " 12 " 2.25. " " " " 39 " It is sold by all dealers in drugs and medicines.

TURNER & Co., Proprietors, 120 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Dec. 18—15.

DR. A. L. SCOVILL

IS the inventor of several medical preparations which have become very popular, and have been liberally used.

Among his inventions are "Hall's Balsam for the Lungs" and "Liverwort and Tan." For the past six years a better Lung remedy has been offered to the public. Read the following letter from Dr. Scovill referring to it:

Messrs. J. N. HARRIS & CO.: Gentlemen—I make the following statement from a perfect conviction and knowledge of the benefits of Allen's Lung Balsam in curing the most deep-seated PULMONARY CONSUMPTION! I have witnessed its effects on the young and the old, and I can truly say that it is by far the best expectorant remedy with which I am acquainted.

For Coughs, and all the early stages of Lung complaints, I believe it to be a certain cure, and if every family would keep it by them, ready to administer upon the first appearance of disease about the Lungs, there would be very few cases of fatal consumption. It causes the phlegm and mucus to be thrown without irritating those delicate organs (the Lungs), and without producing constipation of the bowels. It also gives strength to the system, stops the night-sweats, and changes all the morbid secretions to a healthy state.

Yours respectfully, A. L. SCOVILL.

Sold by all Medicine Dealers. 3w—Feb. 5.

NEW WEEKLY PAPER.

On January 1, 1870,

Was issued at TOLEDO, OHIO, the first number of a

Weekly Paper,

CALLED

THE INDEX.

AND EDITED BY FRANCIS ELLINGWOOD ARNOT, minister

of the First Independent (Unitarian) Society in that city.

THE INDEX will be devoted to the spread of Free Religion and the advancement of the progress of the movement in England. It contains a Lecture or Discourse by the Editor; and a certain number will be regularly appropriated to the use of the President of the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

The publication of the paper is guaranteed for one year. Prospectus and specimen copies sent on application to the Editor.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, in advance. Subscriptions to be sent to the Editor, Lock-box 19, Toledo, Ohio. Feb. 5.

THE

AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST.

Phenomenal and Philosophical.

PUBLISHED every other week by the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST PUBLISHING COMPANY, Office 41 Prospect street, Cleveland, Ohio.

EDITED BY E. S. WHITKLOCK, Managing Editor. J. E. A. HAZEN, Associate Editors.

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Banner of Light.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BY WARREN CHASE.
No. 25 North Fifth Street, St. Louis, Mo.

HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF MARRIAGE, BY A CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST.

This new and startling book, by a Christian author, is really one of the most interesting works we have read for many years, written as it is by a fine scholar, a good historian, a great traveler, and an aged and retired business man, who evidently does not seek popularity in his book, but boldly expresses his convictions of truth after deliberate and careful examination of the workings of both polygamy and monogamy. And, singular as it may seem, the author boldly advocates polygamy as the true Bible and God-ordained system of marriage, and far better for the race than monogamy. We are glad the author is a Christian, for had he been a Spiritualist it would at once have been heralded all over the country that Spiritualism was leading directly to polygamy.

Whatever may be said on the subject, no one can read the book without seeing the strength and force of the argument of an able mind, well versed in the subject. His history of the two kinds of marriage is complete, and he plainly shows that the Roman monogamists were the most wicked, corrupt and licentious set of men whose history has come down to our time; and he is quite sure if not successful in proving the corruption, moral depravity and prostitution of our large cities is attributable to our monogamic system of marriage, and can only be cured by the adoption of polygamy, which, we opine, will never be adopted.

We give him full credit for exposing the evil and corrupting tendencies of the Gnostics, who early incorporated into the monogamic system the pretended celibacy of the clergy, the virginity of nuns, and the efforts of the church to suppress and paralyze nature; in which, failing of course, they increased the moral corruption and prostitution in and out of the mother church. His historic facts are extremely interesting as well as his speculations, and we advise all who can read the book, and we shall keep it for sale at one dollar and fifty cents by mail.

Having said all we can for the book and author, we protest against his conclusions, and see that he is short-sighted in the future, although he sees clearly into the past and correctly in the present. First, he has not examined another Christian social system with better remedies than polygamy which the Oneida community offer and claim to have discovered with the aid and guidance of Christ, and whose followers they claim to be, with a complex marriage system that entirely cures all licentiousness, prostitution and every evil arising from unwelcome children or undesired maternity, &c. Second, he has not explained Spiritualism, with its still higher, natural, rational and God-ordained monogamic system of equal marriage, in which woman, as an equal in every right with man, is an equal sharer and partner, and in which marriage is to be a civil contract, entered into and recorded by the parties, and subject to the general law of contracts, and in which, as out of it, each and every person, male or female, is sole sovereign of his or her person, and equally protected in property and person. The first steps are to secure equal rights to woman in every department of life, and the country is rapidly coming to this first step toward the true marriage system—as we view it.

It is no wonder that minds like the author of this book, conversant with the history of the older nations and their polygamic systems, and seeing the greater views of later nations and systems, should turn back to them with true Christian character, and seek there the remedy, which does not, however, lie in that direction but in the opposite.

These convulsions and conscientious tremblings of honest minds and deep thinkers are indications of change near at hand, which must set aside the present rotten and oppressive system, so far as it is a tyranny, and so far as it supports or creates the low state of morals and the terrible state of wretched and dissipated prostitution through our country and Europe.

Those who think our marriage system is a sign of or shield to virtue, are terribly mistaken. Statistics in New York show, so far as testimony can do it, that four-fifths of the men who patronize and support the courtesans and houses of ill-fame are married men; and, if a large proportion of the females are unmarried, it is, as the author of the above book truly says, because they could not get married, which they would have been glad to do, and thus escape the ruin into which the other sex plunge without the same cause or excuse. It is very truly said that any man can get married, but any woman cannot. Thousands of the best of women have no chance to marry, and no right to seek marriage as society is now constituted.

HESTER VAUGHN.

We see by the *Revolution* that this poor victim of legal persecution, for whom the Church, like the State, had no mercy till aroused by the pressure of public opinion, has at last reached her home in Wales, released from a false charge and sentence, by the Executive clemency in Pennsylvania. All the credit for securing the pardon is due to—as claimed by—the charitable ladies of New York, with Anna Dickinson as their speaker; and we are fully contented to have it so, although we first called public attention to her case in the *Banner*, in our criticism of the sentence of the judge and unjust cruelty of the case, where a poor victim had no counsel and no friends. Our poor old blind justice seems often to do wrong through its blindness, which is used to prove its impartiality; and yet everybody knows that our courts are partial to the rich and powerful, and cannot avoid it. No rich and powerful person could have been condemned and sentenced as Hester Vaughn was, without evidence of the charge against her, and simply because she had no counsel to put her defense before the court. It is a shame that a judge must feel himself bound to condemn on a complaint, when a case is not made out nor defended, and he knows the defense is only wanting in money and friends.

THE WOMAN WHO DARED.

This fascinating title to a new book by Enes Sargent we hope will induce thousands to read it that would not see it with a less fascinating title. The book is a severe and scathing criticism, as well as a just one, on the marriage and divorce laws of New York, which, however fictitious in the cases narrated, have had hundreds of equally cruel and unjust effects that were real, and many far worse, and are working mischief every day that ought to produce a change in them at once. We are satisfied that if every intelligent person

In that State could read this book, it would produce a modification of the laws within one year. The Spiritualism in the book will not injure it in the commercial metropolis, will be recognized at once as real by all who are conversant with the shoddy and shammy side of domestic life there. We are glad that there has been a man who dared to write, at the risk of his reputation, as this popular author has, both in his "Planchette, or the Despair of Science," and in this later book, against the crusty and musty sectarianism and superstition of the age. To such minds the world is ever indebted for the progress it makes, and we hail them with increased satisfaction when they come forward, as this writer does, with a well-earned reputation in other fields and stake it in the new issues of this day.

NEW YORK SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.
THE COMING CONFLICT BETWEEN ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND RELIGIOUS FREEDOM.

There is such a sense of strength and security in the native-born American, that he is apt to look forward to a future for our country undimmed by the strife of warring elements, either in the political or the moral world. The independence of religious from secular interests that was secured by the founders of our liberties, has worked so well for the growth of spiritual freedom, the different sects have found themselves so untrammelled in their constructive efforts, and non-sectarians have met with such toleration in their negotiations or positive affirmations of newly discovered truth, that serious religious conflicts such as have shaken and dismembered some of the kingdoms of the old world, and restrictions on the rights of conscience, such as even now exist in some foreign realms, seem forever impossible here.

Episcopalians give themselves to the weighty questions of gowns, mitres, the "worship of the body," the swinging of incense and the chanting of vespers; Presbyterians and Baptists mildly formulate the doctrines of sprinkling and immersion against each other, distributing tracts and building up splendid churches meanwhile; Methodists mingle their early zeal with worldly wisdom, reinforcing their battalions by yearly revivals; Unitarians calmly repose in the beautiful and brilliant ideas that come in the train of culture; Spiritualists enthusiastically predict the speedy triumph of truth over error, looking, it would seem, to the upbuilding of a new temple on the ruins of the old, not only without the sound of a hammer, but without the labor of human hands. While thus absorbed and at ease in their possessions, there is an insidious power approaching the different sects and shades of belief, like the footfalls of fate. It will sift them all and select its own, then rise up to confront the restless spirit of progress by means of which they had their being.

This power is Roman Catholicism, the essence of the vast theological superstructure called Christianity. That which styles itself Evangelical religion, is, with all its proud assumption and ponderous mechanism, but an offshoot from the parent stock which was planted in Rome by the early Christians. The protest made by Luther has been repeated again and again, and with ever-increasing emphasis, until the extreme of individualism is reached. Between this and absolute conservatism the space is spanned by all shades of conflicting opinion, and at each point of departure in the line of progress Christianity has been defined anew. From the time of the establishment of the English Church by Henry the VIII., and of Scotch Presbyterianism by John Knox, Christianity was made to mean something broader by each new expounder, such as John Wesley, John Murray, George Fox, William Ellery Channing, and Theodore Parker, until at length its thin rind of supernaturalism, stretched to its utmost tension by the expansive breath of free religion, seems well nigh ready to burst asunder and make way for liberty of spirit and a natural faith. Indeed, some of the "apostles of heresy" have already adopted sentiments akin to that in the sublime apostrophe of Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"Build thee more stately mansions, oh my soul,
As the swift sunbeams roll;
Leave the rusted portals of old thought and action;
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine empty shell by life's unresting sea."

Rev. W. J. Potter, in his able and lucid discourse on "Christianity, and its Definitions," in the February *Radical*, shows that the religious world is ripening for that new era in which all progressive minds will unite in "another form of faith and worship, which shall not be Hinduism, nor Buddhism, nor Judaism, nor Christianity, but a religious development of humanity in which all technical distinctions between these specific forms of religion shall be obliterated, and nations and races shall meet in a spiritual fellowship whose limits shall be commensurate with humanity itself." Rev. F. E. Abbott, in *The Index* of January 1st, bravely and nobly makes a new "Confession," not "of Christ," but of Religion. He says: "The central doctrine of Christianity is for me no longer true; its essential spirit and faith are no longer the highest or the best; and with the reality, I resign the name. Far be it from me to do this in levity or mockery or defiance! Far be it from me to turn my back in scorn on my most hallowed experiences in the past! Once I felt the full power of the Christian faith; now I cleave to a faith diviner still." What this faith is he seeks to indicate in a few courageous sentences, instinct with the living glow and divine energy of truth. "It is Intellect daring to think, unawed by public opinion. It is Conscience daring to assert a higher law, in face of a corrupted society and a conforming church. It is Will setting at naught the world's tyrannies and putting into action the private whispers of the still, small voice. It is Heart resting in the universal and changeless Law as eternal and transcendent Love."

It is thus apparent that the two classes that have been evolved from the Christian church, one by the gradual growth of spiritual independence, the other by the wondrous and sudden awakening caused by Spiritualism, stand upon the same platform of principles, and to this dual body belong all who revere the Divine Humanity, whether Jew or Greek, Christian or Infidel, Positivist or Transcendentalist. In the soil of Religious Freedom is planted the germ of a new Spiritual Order—the Church of the future, "without show, or psalter, or sabbath," that will have "science for symbol and illustration," and be presided over by "the nameless Thought, the nameless Power, the superpersonal Heart." But it is against these believers in the supremacy of soul and its vital contact with Divine and Infinite Being, that the artillery of bigotry will be hurled. From their ranks come the reformers of every class, they who would elevate and enfranchise humanity at the expense of effete institutions.

Wherever placed they live for broader human fellowship, and work and watch for the "Federation of the world." But because they turn away from the pomp and ceremony of established worship, they are called irreligious; and because they work earnestly and perseveringly for the progress of civil and political liberty, and for the reform of social and governmental abuses, instead of devoting themselves to the upbuilding of the "Church of Christ," they are all alike stigmatized as secular, pagan, impious and atheistic. The attitude of the central Christian power toward this army of progress, and the manner in which that power will seek to undermine and overthrow it, will be indicated in our next article.

THE WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

We are in receipt of the third number of this new publication, devoted to the interests of woman, and find it brim full of readable matter and valuable thought. It is published in Boston, said to be the modern Athens, and is edited by some of the foremost men and women known in literature and philanthropy—Mary A. Livermore, Julia Ward Howe, Lucy Stone, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson. As might be expected, therefore, we have, in the *Woman's Journal*, a dignified, high-toned, thought-freighted paper, neat in its mechanical execution, and withal fully alive in its advocacy of the great reform of the age, woman's enfranchisement. Hence it is neither stilted nor commonplace, but comes to us with the face of a friend having the glow of a living inspiration in its loving, earnest, honest expression.

This weekly paper, which was started with the new year, followed in the wake of the Cleveland Convention, of November last, one of the most important and widely influential meetings ever held in the interests of woman. The "American Woman Suffrage Association" was formed during its sessions, and the question was borne beyond the stage of ridicule into that of adoption. A journal, such as the one before us, was next in order to present in the same favorable light this newly revived and sadly needed reform to the American people and the world at large. Other kindred publications are doing their share of the work faithfully and well, but too much cannot be done, and each phase of thought, in this remarkable newspaper age, demands its organ and reaches its own public. The present number contains in choice and beautiful diction some wise reflections from Mrs. Howe on the Byron controversy, and the freedom and good will of the editorial corps are shown in the issue of a clever article from Mrs. Livermore, on the same subject, and in the same number, with directly opposite opinions. Mr. Higginson writes an able and witty sketch of "Woman and Man," Lucy Stone gives, with her own directness and pathos, a view of "The Legal Right of Mothers to their Children," and letters from Europe, California, and various sections of the United States, racy sketches, and general news, help to make this one of the most attractive and useful of reform publications.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for February is at hand, filled with choice mental treasures for both young and old. "We girls; a Home Story," is continued by the facile pen of Mrs. Whitney. T. W. Higginson contributes a racy sketch, entitled, "Our Menagerie;" "Burton and the Baby" is a thrilling story, by Helen C. Weeks, of escape from an Indian massacre; J. T. Trowbridge furnishes a comical picture of "Mr. Clarence at the Capital," and Rose Terry gives a dainty, child-poem of "Snow," which is illustrated by the engraver's hand in a charming frontispiece representing mother and babe beyond the window pane looking out on the white flakes of the stormy sky. We cannot forbear quoting a morsel from the mother's exquisite roundelay:

"Look up in the sky, my darling,
And see the glittering whirl
Of flying flakes the wind whirles
In drifts that topple and curl.
White is the air above us,
And white the earth below,
For the snowflakes, oh my sweet eyes,
Are scented with bits of snow,
Silent as fairy footsteps.
At last I have found it out,
With a thrilling kiss of slumberous bliss
It lulls the wanderer's care."

Test of J. V. Mansfield's Mediumship.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—I have recently made an attempt to communicate through J. V. Mansfield, with one of my sons, who passed to the spirit-world in September last; and having been so signally successful, I deem it just to that wonderful medium—as well as to skeptics in this matter—to lay the facts briefly before the readers of your paper.

On the 8th of December last, I addressed a note to L. Judd Pardee, a spirit, in which I informed him that one of my sons had passed over, and requested him to find that son, and assist him in giving a communication through Mrs. Conant. This I read carefully, and sent to Mr. Mansfield, from whom I received a reply, together with my note to Pardee, unopened. The purpose of this reply was that Pardee had not met my son; but if I would write again and say which one had passed over, he would try to find him, and let me know the result. I then addressed the following note to my old friend Pardee, and carefully sealed it, and sent it to Mr. Mansfield:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 23, 1869.
MY DEAR FRIEND PARDEE—I have your note of the 21st, through Mrs. Mansfield, and regret to learn that you have not met George on your side, as he often said he would go to the Banner office as soon as possible after he left us. We have requested him to try and see you. In reply, try to give a test of his actual presence with you. Will you help him to speak through Mrs. Conant? or speak for him yourself, as he may dictate? Sincerely,
Geo. HELMICK.

To the above I received the following reply: my note to Pardee being returned unopened was not in any way tampered with.
"MY DEAR HELMICK—Yours of the 21st at hand. In reply I would say that I have succeeded in finding George. After I read your letter I had not met you, dear one. I met James Reading, who informed me that George was a spirit, but that he would not for some time be able to control any medium reliably. His sphere I learn is four, his circle one. I will do all I can to talk for or assist George at the circle. I have also the assurance that Ben Graves Loudon will assist me in controlling George's conditions; but do not expect too much at first, for we may not control as we hope to. If possible, we will control Mrs. C. on Monday. I have met Wm. Kingsbury. Be calm, not anxious; we will do all we can for you and your little. L. J. PARDEE.

This letter from Pardee is full of the most undoubted tests of his identity.

1st. It is in Pardee's handwriting; specimens of which I have, written in 1854.

2d. Pardee writes that he saw James Reading, who is my wife's father, and I know that Mr. Mansfield knew nothing of him or his name.

3d. Pardee says that he has the assurance that Ben Graves Loudon will assist him in controlling the conditions of my son. Mr. Loudon was my partner in business for eleven years, of whom personally Mr. Mansfield knew nothing. The way the name of Mr. Loudon is given, was the peculiar manner in which he always wrote it. Pardee knew this, having often seen him write. His first name was Bartholomew.

4th. Pardee writes that he had met Wm. Kingsbury, who was the first husband of Mrs. Kingsbury—the lecturer—whom Pardee married; and

5th. Pardee names my wife, Hattie, whose name Mr. Mansfield never had an opportunity of knowing. I had not perhaps thought of my old friend Loudon for the past six months, until I saw his name thus given by Pardee. Subsequently, I wrote to Loudon, and also to my son—through Mr. Mansfield—and have received replies, which are full of tests of their identity, and will give the facts in another letter to the *Banner of Light*. Geo. HELMICK.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 18th, 1870.

Convention of the Massachusetts Radical Peace Society.

A convention of this society was held at the Melancon, Tremont Temple, Wednesday afternoon and evening, Jan. 20th. The President, Lyander S. Richards, on calling the meeting to order, read letters from several persons, male and female, sympathizing with the movement and regretting their inability to be present.

Mr. Levi K. Joslin, of Providence, was the first speaker, and deprecated resistance in any manner. He took a hopeful view of the question of peace in this country, and said that instead of increasing we were reducing the strength of our army, and where once we sent soldiers to fight our Indians, we now send Quakers to make peace with them. Mr. Joslin advocated the abolition of the gallows, and said that those who opposed the gallows could not favor the killing of men by the thousand as is done in battle.

Mr. Henry C. Wright attended to the financial department of the society by having a committee raised to go around and collect funds for the payment of expenses incurred, and then proceeded to make a speech, almost the same in effect as the gentleman who preceded him.

The President then read the Constitution of the Society, which admits all citizens of Massachusetts, without regard to color, who will subscribe to its laws of government, the inculcation of which is "self-abnegation before self-preservation."

Mr. Wright introduced the following resolution: Resolved, That it would greatly aid the abolition of the war system, with its appalling results to life, liberty and property, to put the ballot into the hands of our wives, mothers, daughters and sisters, and give them the power to say when and for what and under what circumstances their husbands, fathers, sons and brothers, and loved ones, and their homes, shall be taken upon the bloody altar of war. Therefore, as friends of radical peace, we earnestly recommend the immediate recognition of woman's right to suffrage.

Mrs. Dr. Hathaway advocated peace and opposed polygamy and the introduction of Chinese girls into the country.

The Mormon question, raised by Mrs. Hathaway, was opposed by Mr. Joslin, on the ground that, in order to suppress the institution of polygamy, we should have to send soldiers to do it, and they were not so good as the average Mormon.

Stephen L. Foster, who next addressed the Convention, was not quite as radical in his views as some of the other speakers. He advocated the doctrine that self-preservation was the first law of nature, and allowed that it was his duty to protect himself to the best of his ability with the weapons he had—always inflicting the least amount of punishment consistent with the circumstances.

E. H. Heywood of Worcester next spoke, principally in opposition to the views put forth by Mr. Foster. He said Mr. Foster advocated purity before peace, but the speaker contended that peace was the very quintessence of purity. What he wanted was an idea or an issue. When we get the issue the people would cling to it as iron dust would leap to a magnet.

Short speeches were made by others, when the Convention adjourned till evening.

Evening Session.—The meeting was called to order by the President at 7 o'clock, and a letter read by him from Rev. John T. Sargent, President of the Anti-Slavery Society, regretting his inability to be present.

The following resolution was offered by Mr. Joslin: Whereas, Money is everywhere recognized as the sinews of war; and whereas the payment of exorbitant interest on war loans encourages war schemes; and whereas in our country the bondholders have received enormous profits from their investments in war; therefore,

Resolved, While the widow, the orphan and the orphan are paid a scanty compensation in greenbacks, we should repudiate the payment of bondholders in gold for less service on the same contract.

Mr. Joslin spoke at some length in favor of his resolution.

Henry C. Wright offered the following resolution: Resolved, That as self-government is the only remedy for a government of violence and blood, and the war system is the essential element of their existence, that dram drinking and dram selling necessarily render self-government impossible by developing and strengthening the animal passions, by destroying the power of self-control; therefore, as friends of radical peace, we pledge ourselves to do all in our power to prevent the sale and use of intoxicating drinks.

Mr. Wright made a speech in support of his resolution, and was followed (on the general subject matter of the convention) by Miss Gibson, who was formerly Chaplain of a Wisconsin battery in the army. She raised her voice against war and in favor of peace, as she had been there and seen for herself.

Speeches were also made by the President, Mrs. Corn Sykes, Dr. George Beckwith, Secretary of the American Peace Society, Alfred H. Love, President of the Universal Peace Union, and others, after which the Convention adjourned sine die.

Personal.

Lots Walsbrook has been giving a course of lectures in North McGregor, Iowa, to full houses; is developing also to give public tests, describing spirits at the close of her lectures, etc. She has just completed the manuscript for another book—"Helen Harlow's Vow"—which will be ready for the Spring trade. It is dedicated to the outcast.

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