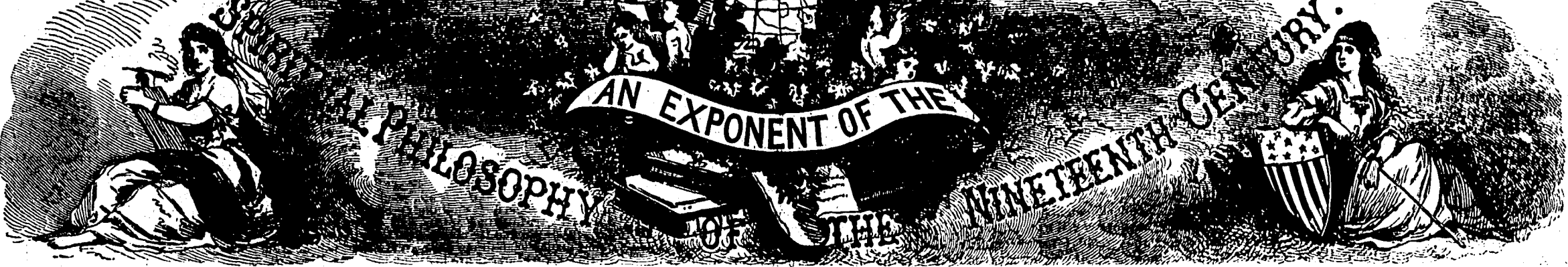


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXVI.

{WM. WHITE & CO.,
Publishers and Proprietors.}

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1869.

{\$3.00 PER ANNUM.
In Advance.}

NO. 2.

THE EXPERIENCE OF AN OUTCAST.

BY MRS. MARIA M. KING, MEDIUM.

CHAPTER I.

"I was a stranger, and ye took me not in."

A child of sorrow and sin in earth-life, I have in spirit to glorify the power of him who has led me from deepest midnight darkness into the serene light of heaven. I live to testify to what truth I have made my own, by the experiences through which I have passed to reach my present station in spirit-life, where I find it my greatest pleasure to add my mite to the stream of truth that is flowing from our sphere to earth, and is destined, ultimately, to overwhelm and sweep away all forms and institutions that belittle human nature, and obscure the radiant light which ever flows from the celestial world to enlighten the terrestrial, according as the avenues of mind are open to receive it.

I shall pour a tale of sorrow and shame into the ears of those who peruse this history, for the sole purpose of illustrating important truths which society is demanding to understand. I shall unveil enough of the history of a fallen woman to point out some evils which are to be remedied before a grand step in social reform can be achieved. I would point mothers to their obligations to daughters, and fathers who claim to be "the head of the family," to their duties as such, not the duty of oppressing children, of bending them to a stern will that demands impossible obedience, and dooms to banishment, from home and happiness, the unfortunate child that errs, because the parent has implanted within its nature the propensity to err, but of providing for the whole nature of children, male and female; and society to its imperative obligation to foster all its children, to provide for the outcast criminal means of reformation, instead of ostracizing out the last remnant of hope and virtue by the crushing weight of its scorn, which were better reserved for itself, while it continues to rear children to swell the catalogue of criminals. I have an account to settle with criminals, fathers and society, and I propose to settle it by making my voice heard in favor of reform in the family, and in society at large. To begin at the root of an evil is the sure way of eradicating it; and I am sure that the root of the evil I would destroy extends down deep below the surface of society, ramifying through all its departments, but chiefly the family.

I was born in a Puritan city, in the day when the Church was the guardian of the families of the community, and the fathers bore complete sway, to the exclusion of the mothers from exercising authority in the family where authority was really called for, and where the united judgment of father and mother should constitute the authority. My mother was a weak woman, lacking moral force to cope with a strong will, and the prejudices of society against her sex, but upon the level with the mass of mothers of the community in general intelligence and capacity for rearing a family of children. Uneducated, save in the necessary branches to constitute her a housewife—or family drudge, as I may term the woman who spends a whole life-time in ministering to the physical wants of a family, without the intelligence or time to minister to the intellectual or moral necessities which a family develops, as surely as it does physical wants—she served the purpose of a nurse to her children, a caterer to the appetites of the family, and a maid-of-all-work in the household, but failed in the most important duties of a wife and mother, because society had willed it so. My father was a man of strong will, who would as soon have accepted advice or dictation from a servant as from his wife, and who expected implicit obedience, when he chose to lay any commands upon her. His will was law in the family, not only because the church and society recognized him as its head, and alone competent to rule therein, but because my mother had not the force of character to assert her prerogative, as some women would even in that day, in the face of the sentiment of society and of husbands who claimed more than they had the moral power to exact.

The wife who bore the children, nursed them, tenderly cared for all their physical wants, was not allowed to direct their education or their amusements, to help them in the choice of associates, as it is ever the duty of a mother to do, or even to prohibit what her judgment condemned as dangerous to their welfare in the matter of eating and drinking and the every-day habits of children in the household. In a word, my mother was a slave, at the same time that she held the honorable position of wife and mother of a family of children, honored for their parentage and ancestry, and my father a tyrant, holding the honorable position of a father of a family, a freeholder and a church-member. I had brothers and sisters, older and younger than myself, for ours was a numerous family; but I alone of all the flock have had a history that strikingly illustrates the tendency of family government and home-education, as administered and imparted in American society in the age just past, and which has made society what it is at present, when it is seeking to fathom the question as to woman's rights and woman's wrongs, and man's responsibility for the existing disorders in society.

I inherited my mother's weakness and my father's will. I was unstable as the wind, being destitute of the moral force necessary to decision of character, at the same time that I was stubborn to a degree that caused my implacable father serious trouble in managing me from my early youth. In intelligence I was above the other children of the family, so recognized to be by my father, who would gladly have transferred some of my capacity, as well as will, to his sons, whom he was conscious lacked what was necessary to a man more than I did, who was but a girl and destined to fill a woman's inferior place.

As I grew older, the trouble of managing me increased; for as my mind expanded I began to comprehend something of the necessities of my nature and the rights of women. I demanded of my father to be educated as boys were who were to enter the professions; not that I expected to enter a profession, but I conceived it as my right to be on a level with young men until they entered the higher walks of life which were only open to men. The rebuff which I received from him when I made this reasonable request, stirred my spirit of hatred of the prejudices of society against my sex, and aroused all the rebelliousness of my nature against the paternal authority. I was thrown upon my own resources, being repulsed from my father, as my mother did not understand me, neither could she have any authority to devise for my welfare as a maiden growing into womanhood and thirsting after opportunities for mental culture and the exercise of natural abilities. I struggled with my mother and sisters in the household, studying and reading as I had opportunity, and chafing under my disabilities. I moved in good society, and was courted as a capable woman.

My instability of character exhibited itself as I grew to womanhood in various ways; but chiefly in my inconstancy. I was faithful to but few opinions and few individuals, in my heart. I cherished my willfulness, which was such a prominent trait in my character, but was faithless to resolves to rise from my condition of ignorance and dependence and assert my real womanhood, which I conceived to be equal to real manhood, although all the world seemed to disagree with me. Had I been as firm in the right as I was that my will should prevail whenever a contest arose between it and an opposer, I should have conquered in the battle of life and escaped capture by the enemy of female virtue; and the ten thousand stings of the dragon remorse, which haunted me like the shadow of my lost virtue for the wearisome years of my captivity.

I formed friendships, and I broke them. I essayed, at times, to be the faithful friend and helper of my mother, who was oppressed with the care of her large family, and who, I conceived, needed appreciation and encouragement to lighten her burdens as age was approaching; but I was fickle, and grieved her by my neglect and disrespectful conduct at times, as much as I comforted her at others by my dutiful attentions. I possessed a taste for study, but pursued my studies so cursorily that I received little real benefit from them. I secretly resolved to marry against my father's will, as a sort of revenge upon him for his oppressive restrictions imposed upon me because of my sex particularly. I did not pause to consider that possibly he might judge well for me in this matter, and also according to my taste. I nursed my resolution until the fact became apparent that he had fixed his choice upon one whom I could reject without pain to myself; and then I secretly rejoiced that the time had arrived when I could provoke a contest with my father.

A household at enmity with itself! What a spectacle in the moral world! But how could it be otherwise in one ordered like my father's? The plants that grew around his hearth were dwarfed by neglect, and gnarled in consequence of the unfavorable conditions that attended them since their inception. He might look in vain for a harvest of figs where he himself had sown thistles, or for harmony and filial regard in his family, when he had so played the tyrant and fool as to crush out what little spirit the mother of his children possessed, and inspire fear and hate in his children from early infancy. Had my mother aspired to direct my education, or control my disposition and inclinations, from my early youth, with the judgment and decision that every mother should possess, I should not have been at the mercy of a fluctuating policy—developed by my own mind because I had no one in whom to confide that I would trust for my destiny. Had society provided a good wife for my father, and a good husband for my mother, it would have provided well for their children. As it was, neither father, mother nor children were exempted from the curse that a low state of society entails upon all born into it.

I rebelled from choice, in a double sense, when my father desired me to encourage the attentions of him who was his choice for my husband, but not mine. I would not have pleased my father to have pleased myself, so fondly had I cherished the wish to follow him sometime. He entertained the idea that I would accede to his wish after holding out for awhile; therefore, at first, he refrained from laying his commands upon me. I, for once, was firm to a purpose, and disappointed his expectation that I would readily yield my will to his. He threatened me with banishment from his house if I resisted his will in the matter, or so discouraged the avowal that he would relinquish me. My mother expostulated with me in private, begging me to have a care for my future, and spare her the pain of witnessing my expulsion from home, which she knew would result if I persevered in opposing my father's will. She had no power to shelter me in her maternal bosom—her child, given her by nature to cherish, protect, advise, instruct and bear with, with angelic patience, until the storm had passed—she did not even dare to discuss the matter with my father in my presence; and I believe she passed but few words with him on the subject in private, so entire was her submission to his will, and so much she feared to even express an opinion to him. All the willfulness my father bequeathed to me was aroused, and I resented neither my mother's tears, my sister's remonstrances, or my father's threats to disavow me from my purpose of trying life for myself, if I must, or yield. I did not yield, neither did my father; and he cast me out from his home to provide for myself, since I would not allow him to provide for me!

There were few avenues open for such as I in the community when it was understood that I was a disobedient child; for the moral sense of

the whole community was educated up to the idea of woman's inferiority, and consequent dependence upon man—her father or husband. I succeeded, however, in obtaining a place as maid-of-all-work in a family where Puritan prejudices were less rampant than in most others I knew, but where I could hope for nothing but labor from early morning until late evening. As incongenial as such a life appeared to me, I grappled with it, courageously at first, resolved to relax nothing of my firmness, and to be independent. I had not calculated all the disadvantages of the situation I accepted as a necessity in my extremity. I had been reared to labor, it is true, but the difference between the position of the daughter, that divides the labor with several sisters and the indulgent mother, and the servant who is never expected to tire, or regarded as needing recreation like other mortals, I had never measured. I had not the spirit of a servant, and my duties were rendered doubly irksome by the thought that I was bound to render them like any common servant.

I chafed in this situation as long as my restless spirit would allow, which was less than six months, when I resolved to travel to distant parts, and seek employment more congenial. I could sew, and do chamber-work, or wait at table, easier than labor where I was—for I was compelled to do all of these at low wages. How I wished I had been educated as a teacher! How I blamed my parents, who had neglected to give me a single accomplishment that might serve me now as a respectable and easy means of support! But I was a woman, and must do the best for myself I could under the discouraging circumstances.

Stage coaches are not as commodious vehicles in which to take long journeys as railroad cars or steamboats, and acquaintances can be formed in them far easier, for the reasons that in a crowd persons must be good natured or be in danger of being crushed, and human nature is generally too genial to admit of a few persons traveling for days together in a close vehicle and not become acquainted. I traveled by stage two hundred miles from my native town, on the resolve that I would leave all the past behind—family, friends and all—and begin life anew in a distant town. I had not even a single acquaintance in the town to which I went, nor had I a friend with me to recommend me. Inexperience as I was in the world's ways, I imagined I could make my way better without than with friends who knew my former circumstances. With heart-burnings unrevealed, I left the scenes of my childhood—home I had none to leave—bade a secret adieu to my mother, brothers and sisters, and cast myself off without rudder or sail, on a sea beset with rocks and shoals, whose floor is thickly strewn with the treasures of shipwrecked victims, whose forms, marred by the monsters of the deep, are intermingled with them, or strewn upon the shores where greedy vultures wait for prey, and whose wailing voices chant perpetual dirges to lost mariners—sometimes in soft, melting strains, and again in thunders which bespeak the appalling dangers which beset inexperienced voyagers upon it, too plainly to be misunderstood but by the most careless. I had no chart or compass—no experience such as I needed to fit me to start upon a voyage upon the sea of life alone. I had lost my youth in vain struggles to be something in the world. Unassisted, I achieved nothing but failures, up to the period when fate said: "Be thine own keeper henceforth; go forth alone, and act thy part in the world. Thou shalt have nothing but what thou gapest with the sweat of thine own brow."

CHAPTER II.

How the memory of past folly stings the conscience that is sensitive to its envenomed fangs! How the spirit seeks to flee from itself when aroused to a consciousness that it is a wreck in consequence of failure to act well life's part! I have seen many a bitter hour—yes, year, when I would have bartered my spirit's existence for exemption from the suffering which I incurred ignorantly, by taking the imprudent step to which I considered myself driven, referred to in the former chapter. I lived to regret—oh how deeply! that I had not exhibited a different spirit toward my father—that, instead of provoking his hostility to me, as I did in various ways, I had not quietly submitted to his will in such things as did not as deeply concern my happiness as that one which divided us so completely, at length. I learned how useless it is to war against established rules, with any but appropriate weapons—and such must be concealed to deal the most effective blows. I was never at any pains to conceal from my father my antipathy to his iron rule, and I thus provoked him to greater severity toward me than he would otherwise have exercised. Thus I was instrumental in evoking the storm that burst in destructive fury upon my head.

The tempter met me on my first journey from my birth-place. During this long route I formed the acquaintance of a young man who professed to be traveling to a town adjoining that to which I was going, and who, by his gentlemanly deportment and manifest interest in me, gained my confidence so far before the end of our journey, that I confided to him my history and plans for the future. I did this as innocently as a child, so uneducated was I in what it concerned me most now to know. I could not conceive, in my state of innocence and ignorance, of a condition of depravity that would prompt to the betrayal of a trusting innocence, under circumstances like those which led to my acquaintance with this man. I was in a position where a friend was most desirable, and could see no reason why I should not confide in one who professed just the assistance I needed.

I discovered no disposition to familiarity on the part of my friend; this would at once have set me upon my guard. He was a gentleman in appearance, being cultured, easy and graceful in his manners, and withal, fascinating in his ad-

dress. Our acquaintance on this journey seemed to me but a casual incident, and I hoped to turn it to advantage in securing a situation when I should arrive at the place of my destination. I entertained not the slightest idea of his seeking further acquaintance with me after our journey ended, or taking any more interest in me than to recommend me among his acquaintances as a sewing-girl, chamber-maid, or waiter-at-table. In claiming a respectable standing in society, I thought to elicit his sympathy and aid, and secure a good position through him; but instead, I betrayed myself into a snare from which I did not escape. I unconsciously betrayed to him my distaste for a life of labor, and a sort of dissatisfaction at the thought that I must depend upon daily toil for support. The villain discovered a weak point in my character, and resolved to work upon that to accomplish his ruin.

In the heart of a strange city my journey terminated, and I sought lodgings in an unpretentious hotel, having only sufficient means left for my support for a few days. H., as I shall call my new acquaintance, accompanied me as far as the city, and recommended me to this hotel. Upon his promise to recommend me to a good family, I waited at this place until my means were exhausted, each day expecting a note directing me to some place where suitable employment awaited me. The note did not come, but instead, H. presented himself when I was on the point of seeking a situation myself. In my desperate situation, I hailed his coming with joy; but when he informed me that he had been unsuccessful among his friends in obtaining a situation, such a pang of disappointment darted through my spirit as caused bitter tears to flow. H. expressed great sympathy for me, and offered at once to take me under his protection and pay my expenses, until I could find a situation suitable to my tastes and former standing in society. I listened to his proposition in silence, revolving in my mind my situation, and the probable or possible motives which may have prompted him to make it. I was in just the situation to catch at the least straw that presented itself, and what wonder if I suspected this man was attracted to me, and would prove in the future something more than a friend! My inexperience and ignorance were entirely in his favor, and when I wavered between the prudent and the dangerous course, his persuasions, so manifestly prompted by real interest in me, decided me in favor of the latter. He suggested that I wait until he had made further inquiries among acquaintances he had in the city, assuring me that there was little doubt of his success, and encouraging me to wait patiently to hear from him, and cautioning me against trusting myself to seek employment among strangers. He did not leave me on this occasion without giving expression to sentiments which inspired me with the belief that he entertained a high regard for me, which might prompt him to propose marriage when our acquaintance should become more intimate.

In the silence of my chamber in that gloomy, strange house, I had time for serious reflection while waiting the return of H., or some indication that he had succeeded in procuring me a place. I was past eighteen, and my womanly instincts were developed sufficiently to allow me to judge somewhat of the motives which actuate men in seeking the companionship of females. I was not ignorant of the fact that society abounded in "wolves in sheep's clothing," who were seeking unsuspecting females for prey; but I considered myself safe in the panoply of virtue, having full faith in my firmness and ability to resist this class of deceivers. However, in spite of my confidence in this man, I had serious misgivings, and several times I was on the point of starting out for myself, but alas! my indecision of character caused me to delay again and again, while the snares were thickening around me. My guardian angel whispered warnings to my spirit, but they were not sufficient to arouse me to decided action, for I was not convinced that my protector was the wretch I sometimes imagined he might be. My indecision continued until I was so much indebted to my landlord that I could not have left his house without sacrificing my clothing, which was very necessary to me. Again I waited in agonizing suspense, until I feared I was forgotten. However, H. came again with the same story of unsuccessful endeavors in my behalf. At this interview I realized the dilemma in which I was placed, and resolved at once to act for myself.

I was completely in the power of this man from the first day of my entering the city, as I now learned. He had recommended me to a hotel whose landlord he could bribe to act as his confederate, and who had orders to watch me closely, and prevent my taking any steps without the knowledge of H. Had I attempted to have left the house, I should have been detained under some pretence; and whatever effort I might have made prior to my discovery of the plot against me, would have been foiled through the artifice of these two. However, these villains were not to succeed with me as they anticipated. If I could sell myself for bread, it was not to him who had played the part of chief actor in this drama. When I discovered to my entire satisfaction the motives of H., his perfidy and determination to compass his plans, my will was aroused and I escaped from him, notwithstanding his efforts to detain me.

I believed I could find mothers in that strange city who would extend sympathy to one so desperately situated, therefore I set out to beg a situation. I was repulsed with scorn before I could tell my tale, as I had no recommendations, no friends in the city, and was perfectly destitute, having nothing but what I wore upon my person. I was recommended to no house of refuge like those which abound in the present day, but was absolutely without resource, being compelled to seek refuge at night upon the steps of a dwelling which appeared to be without occupants, having fasted since early morning. During that long day

I had appealed to the sympathies of men and women until my organs of speech almost refused to obey the promptings of my will. Women turned coldly from me and said, "Go!" or, more harshly, "You are an impostor! begone!" or, "There is a place for such as you, and you will find it soon." Men leered audaciously upon me, or turned quickly away without listening to a word of my complaint. I said in my heart, Human sympathy is not dead; I have only met with the uncharitable ones; I shall surely find some one to listen to me! But I failed to find that one!

The refuge I found at length was of the kind many a poor victim like myself has found when driven to the direst extremity. I was weeping upon the steps of the building I have mentioned, when I was accosted by a man who inquired if I was lost. I told him I was without home or friends in the city, and without money, and wanted employment. "Come with me," said he; "I know a lady who will give you a situation." I very willingly accompanied him, without asking any questions. He conducted me to a handsome dwelling, well lighted, and conveying the impression of comfort and affluence. My conductor passed a few words in private with the mistress of the mansion before he introduced me, which were sufficient to cause her to welcome me for the night, with the remark that "we would make arrangements to-morrow."

I need not relate how I was detained in this house, and forced to an occupation I regarded as too infamous to be practiced outside the boundaries of the dark dominions of Satan, all the while I was practicing it. I escaped from this den at the first opportunity that offered, after having vainly appealed to the sympathy of every male debauchee for aid, whose ear I could reach in private.

I now resolved to find my way out of the city, and back to my native place, if possible. I well knew I could not reach my native town without money to defray the necessary expenses of the journey, and how to earn this was the serious question.

I reached the country after passing a day and two nights in the city, the latter in the garret of a woman who obtained her living by selling fruit at a stand. She had nothing to offer me but her garret for a shelter and her floor to rest upon; and these I accepted thankfully. My experience was beginning to harden me against human nature, and even God himself. "I have looked, and there was none to pity!" I have called, and he has not answered!" was the language of my despair. I felt more light-hearted when I had left the city behind me and gazed once more upon the country landscape, cherishing the fond hope that I should find a temporary home among human beings, where I could earn a pittance for my support and to carry out the cherished object of reaching the home of my parents.

The country was thickly populated still, after I had traveled a whole day to find the rural districts, where I thought human sympathy must dwell, being driven from the crowded mart. I had abstained from appealing for aid all the day, dreading a repulse and hoping that night would bring me where I should dare to lift my head and ask for work. At length I called at an unpretentious dwelling and solicited a night's lodging and information that would put me on the track of employment. I was kindly entertained by the family, but was given plainly to understand that there was little hope of my finding a situation unless I could show references to establish my good character. Alas! what was my character now? I could only tell this kind family a part of my story, and I felt that they surmised the rest when they gazed at my apparel—which was what had been furnished me by my mistress in that house, in lieu of my own plain dress—more suitable for a lady than a kitchen maid.

When I laid my head on my pillow that night I was ready to sink from exhaustion and despair. I slept for a few hours, because tired nature would compel it; but the burden on my heart awoke me at the midnight hour, and I groaned in sleepless agony until the morning light. I prayed that I might be given strength to die—to cut short my miserable existence with my own hand; but into the dark abyss of eternity I dared not venture with all my sins upon me, and I shuddered and turned to life, let it bring me what it might.

As a last resort, I asked of this family to be directed to the residence of the minister of the parish. I sought the dwelling of the man of God, and laid as much of my story before him as I dared to. He recommended me to return to my father and seek his forgiveness; "For," said he, "you are a great sinner, and deserve punishment at the hand of God, who commands children to be obedient to their parents without expressing any limitation to the obligation. Your father stands in God's stead to you while you are under his care, and until a husband is provided to take his place." Here was my father's spirit intensified, I thought on the moment. I instantly rebelled, in my heart, against such government, exercised by God or man; and, desperate as was my situation at that moment, I left this shepherd of souls, resolved, if I could not find a friend who could appreciate my situation better than this one, I would give myself over to the enemy of mankind and earn a condemnation; whereas I was now condemned unjustly.

Who of all this man's flock will receive or aid me? thought I, as I revolved in my mind what should be my next step.

CHAPTER III.

"Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" Because the balm is not applied to the wound by the physicians, who are not fitted, in the multiplicity of their duties, to look after the daughters—who, poor souls, are hardly worth the valuable labors of such phy-

slaves as have, after the old regime, been commissioned to stand in God's stead to suffering humanity, and prescribe for all the diseases that souls are heir to. The steel has entered the souls of women by the million, while the world's scorn has been heaped upon the sex, and only pity has been excited in the hearts of the multitude for the wrongs they have suffered from society, for which none would own themselves accountable, or capable of offering a remedy. Clergymen have preached repentance to and have conjured guilty women to seek the kingdom of heaven, under the penalty of eternal condemnation, while they have shut the gates so securely against such that it was impossible for them to gain admittance. They have led the van of the opposers of woman's liberation from the thralldom in which the ignorance of a barbaric age left her, until the present moment; and in so doing have sealed the condemnation of tens of thousands of struggling ones to a life of infamy. When every avenue to an honorable avocation is closed to aspiring woman, and she turns for encouragement to the religious sentiment of community, to those who interpret God's will to the people, and finds there more bitter prejudice than elsewhere, what remains to her but despair, and to pursue a desperate course, if her circumstances are desperate? "The iron has entered my soul," and I know the rock on which multitudes of my sex have split. I affirm it to be a truth, that the religious sentiment of community condemns women to prostitution, while it fawns on whitewashed villains clothed in sacerdotal garments, upholding hypocrisy for the honor of religion, but frowning on all innovations on established forms and opinions, no matter how much they savor of barbarism. It is well for the race that strict Orthodox clergymen are not commissioned its keepers, or that there is other light by which mankind can travel than that revealed by Orthodox theology, as, were there not, society would retrograde, and man become, in reality, what he is represented to be by it—a totally depraved being, without the power to extricate himself from his deplorable condition; such is the tendency of its doctrines, and such the teachings of those who have embodied its spirit. It is no exaggeration to state that the spirit of the loving Jesus is not discoverable in the Puritanic faith that condemns unheard, and rigorously exacts strict adherence to the letter of the law. "You deserve God's judgments," said the minister to me; and educated as I had been I could not deny the soundness of the doctrine; yet my nature could rebel, and in despair of mercy from God or society, I could rush madly to a fate that would have been averted in a lighter age, or if a little of the light of hope and mercy had been brought to bear upon my future pathway by the physician I sought when "wounded, sick and sore."

I turned my back upon hope, when this repulsed from this man. I had no courage to proceed further into the country, and no money to support me to enable me to wait for something to offer whereby an honorable living could be secured. I uttered a curse in my spirit upon all humanity, upon God and his angels, and upon myself, and hastened back to the city to drown myself in the black, surging pool of infamy that was yawning for me, and swallowing up its victims in appalling numbers. My mother's innocent face confronted me, my sister's pleasant countenances, my brothers' manly forms, my father's severe, hostile expression as he said to me many times, "Jane, you will ruin yourself by your obstinacy."

I thought of what all these were now, of their unconsciousness of my situation, and the gall that would embitter their cup should they ever come to a knowledge of what I had become.

"Thank heaven that I am so far from them all!" I inwardly exclaimed; "and yet it would be a sweet relief to see them once more—all but my father. I will never forgive him his unreasonable oppression of me. He has played the tyrant with my mother during all his married life; and because I would not submit to unreasonable dictation, he cursed me thus! His be the blame for whatever I become!"

Again bitter regrets arose in my mind for my opposition to my father's will in minor things. "I might have averted my fate by prudence. Yes; I might have learned something that would have been a resource since, had I exercised good judgment in deciding upon one study, or one trade, and learned it to perfection in my leisure hours at home, or away from home. Alas, for my instability of character!"

In this hour I realized, in part, the causes that had brought about my degradation; yet my bitterness against my kind was not assuaged by my reflections, as no remedy suggested itself to me whereby I could save myself. I exonerated myself from blame as far as I might. I felt like one cast upon the shore, without the power of gaining the shore; and as the turbulent waters bore me helplessly on to my doom, I saw the shore lined with careless ones who would not make the least effort for my salvation. More, I saw the hand that pushed me into the boiling flood. It was the home influence—the man power and the woman weakness in the family; my father and my mother—two, instead of one; and the one that assumed all dictation—the man—the half of the united head of the family, as nature had arranged it, and as I, ignorant girl, conceived it. I did not exonerate my mother from blame, or fail to perceive that her weakness had opposed too feeble a barrier to my father's will. She might have exerted, I thought, had she been a strong-minded woman, an influence in the family that my father could not have overborne, or would not have wished to in his reasonable moods. I might have been assisted in carrying out some feasible plan to secure my independence, as was my desire, had she possessed the ability to advise me, or the moral power to dictate successfully to me, and to overcome my father's assumed unlimited sway in all family affairs.

I touched the key-note to all the disorders in society, in this revery, unconscious though I was of the fact. I have since reflected upon my early experiences, and concluded that had society but the one example of my history before it, it would possess the clue to the proper method of reformation in every department. In the first place, it was the moral sentiment of society that forbade woman's education, and made her, in effect, an irresponsible member of society, that made my mother the incompetent mother she was. In the second place, it was the moral sentiment of society which placed woman under the heel of man, made the wife completely subordinate to the husband, that prevented me from receiving motherly sympathy and assistance, not to say womanly, from my mother, up to the period when I left her home at the beck of the tyrant society had placed over her and her children. In the third place, it was the fault of society that my father exercised such tyranny in his family—society that fostered only the positive or masculine element in the family, while it ignored the truth that the negative or feminine element is an imperative necessity to direct the positive into proper exercise. In the fourth place, ignorance was universal throughout

society to its own needs, and the root of the evils it recognized. Society provided no adequate means of instructing men and women as to their duties as husbands, and wives, and parents. It committed the keeping of its members to the church, which was in its dotage, and incapable of prescribing any wholesome means of instruction. All its strength was dedicated to itself; and how could it provide for mankind as the awakening civilization was demanding? Was it not the priests at the altar who were responsible in the greatest degree for the sentiment of society? Did not the proud pharisaical spirit of the ministers of religion foster ignorance and bigotry to the degree that reform was scarcely possible in any direction, and least of all in the direction of woman's enfranchisement?

I am not harsh in my statements, nor unjust in my conclusions. I am not swayed by passion now, as I calmly review the ground I have often traversed when bitterness of spirit was my meat continually. I have no motive in charging upon society, the church, or the priesthood, any fault that has not been or is not now theirs. I will point the way to reform, and to whatever obstacles are in its way. Let all "clear their skirts" of blame for clogging the wheels of progress, as soon as possible, and then nothing can hinder their rolling onward with perpetually increasing velocity.

Mother, do you stand in the way of your children's success in life? Are you efficient as guides to their growing propensities and powers of mind? As the tender twig lifts itself into the air, and reaches out after nourishment to help it to grow into the grand proportions of the majestic tree by its side, do you carefully stir the soil around it, enriching it the while with natural fertilizing elements, eradicated every weed that is within a distance to make its influence dangerous to the susceptible plant that you are nurturing? As it expands and stretches its trunk upward, do you carefully note whether its tendency is to a healthy, natural growth, or to be dwarfish, gnarled and crooked? and do you apply every means to secure a natural development if the tendency is otherwise? Ah, I hear you say: "Who is sufficient for these things?" I answer, mothers, if they are what Nature intends mothers to be, when she commits to their keeping the interests of the race. If you are not sufficient for the duties you have taken upon you, it is time you were fully aware of it, and take measures to apply a remedy to woman's ignorance and inefficiency in her all-important place.

Women, you hold the power, in this day, to secure your own enfranchisement; and the heavens are calling upon you, in the name of everything that is sacred, to arouse yourselves from your sluggishness that has settled down upon you like a pall, and obscures your vision as it destroys your proper influence. My appeal is to those who do not at all or but half appreciate their standing and duties, and fritter away precious time and strength in frivolous employments, rearing their daughters as they themselves were reared, to be mere toys, or nothings, in society, while they listen to the agonizing cry that is resounding from continent to continent, from women that have discovered their condition of bondage, their true vocation and God-given powers, and have resolved to force the tyrant, public opinion, to loose his hold, at the risk of rousing all the powers of heaven and earth, to participate in the conflict. Do you see the chasm that yawn to engulf the young of both sexes as they step beyond the threshold of home, and even before? and do you not seek for a remedy to cure society of such dreadful evils as afflict it to the destruction of multitudes of human beings, once the hope and joy of parental hearts?

What can arouse woman from her indifference in woman's cause, if it is not the statistics of crime presented in this day? She knows full well that she is the power at home among the children; that she wields the influence for good or evil that is to mold the character of generations to come, yet she holds out against her convictions, and opposes to the efforts of the few noble ones of her sex who are grappling with the foes of human redemption, a *lazy indifference* that dignifies while it disheartens the courageous few, and supplies a most powerful weapon to the opposers of woman's cause of the other sex. It is heard on every hand: "They can have just what rights they ask for." Shame upon the multitude that will not ask for the right to do something enabling—something that shall entitle them to consideration in society above that which belongs to occupants of a harem, where females are expected to "adorn a parlor"—earn the "loyalty and civility" of men by tamely submitting to be robbed of every sacred right conferred by nature.

"What would you have us attempt?" may be said by the hesitating. Attempt to inform yourselves of your true worth in the world, by learning what women have done and are doing. Attempt to make yourselves worthy to be possessed of all the rights of citizenship, feeling that such only are worthy to wield power who are cultivated in their moral and intellectual natures. You have not to step into the place of man to be true women; but you have to claim an equality with him in the right to be educated into all knowledge, and to pursue whatever avocation presents itself as suited to your tastes, capacities and necessities; and also to claim a voice in the government of the family and the state, as Nature has conferred this right, and no man-authority has the right to withhold it. But whatever you claim, forget not this: that your power to achieve what you claim, is in your moral worth; your elevation above the dwarfed stature of women of former generations. Get ready to move, en masse, with the advance guard now in motion, and add sufficient power to that to achieve the victory that cannot be delayed after the indifference of the women of society is overcome.

Fathers, husbands, will ye wield a *stolen scepter*? Will ye continue to outrage Nature's law that ordains the equal exercise of the positive and negative principles in Nature for the promotion of all action, the production of all forces? You have, until the present, wielded the power alone in society, in one sense, and order has never yet been elicited out of confusion. You need the aid of woman in the political struggles of the times more than you have it, for you stint her mental growth by your restrictions and prevent the mass of women from operating effectually for the weal of governments. You need her aid in the industrial world, the literary and scientific world, as you have never yet had it, and society, in all its departments, is suffering fearfully from this need. You need her aid in the family circle as you have never had it generally in society; and how much you need it there let all the irregularities in society remind you. Have a care for the future when you devise for the present, and remember that the mantle of the fathers is falling from the shoulders of the men of this generation, when the motto is: "Remember Lot's wife," who was fossilized for looking back. Fossil statesmen, clergymen and husbands cannot much longer be the order, as progress has received an impetus from the spirit-world, and the old must give place to the new.

I have paused in my narrative to point its moral, for I have little more to relate of my earthly trials that will benefit any. I will not remove the veil that hides from the innocent the horrors of a life of prostitution. I have exposed a few of the wiles of the destroyers that lurk in society, to preserve the thread of my narrative and illustrate my desperate condition. I lived but a few years after the last struggle I have related. I was not adapted to my calling, and pined and died at length, the boarder of a poor woman who sheltered and nursed me for what valuables I possessed. My family had not the least knowledge of me from the time I left them until they met me in the land where, at length, all wanderers are gathered into the fold where tender shepherds care for young and old, the weak and deformed, the strong and well proportioned alike. Then I learned that my mother had pined at my fate, all unrevealed to her though it was, and had died earlier by years than she would have done had not sorrow crushed her spirits. My father preserved a semblance of unconcern that he did not feel, and really sympathized with my mother in her grief. His spirit was partially broken by the misfortune that had befallen his family, though he lived to a good old age in widowhood after my mother's death. My brothers and sisters never ceased their efforts to gain information of me, but died regretting their unsuccessful endeavors.

I might relate a long experience, as a spirit, and illustrate the effects of the evils in society, as they extend into the world beyond the grave. It is not my purpose to do this; I leave to others to disclose the trials of unfortunate ones born into spirit-life with their failings entangled upon their natures. I was redeemed as all others are, by effort combined with the discipline of teachers. I have asserted my right to a place among teachers, and my ambition is to excel in good deeds and preserve the reputation of a philanthropist among the lowly ones to whom I minister.

MY WANTS.

BY "EDMUND KIRKE" (J. R. GILMORE).

I want not wealth—the yellow gold
That chills the soul like arctic cold;
That turns to stone the tenderest heart,
And leaves in its wake the bitter part—
I want not wealth;
Only enough to soothe the distress,
To cool the brow of wretchedness,
To bring glad smiles to eyes that weep,
And all my loved ones safely keep;
This wealth I ask, and nothing more.

I want not power to sway my kind,
And blindly lead the multitude blind;
To shift the scenes on life's great stage,
And make my impress on the age—
I want not power;
But rather strength to lift the soul
Bound down in passion's base control;
To do its duty in the upward flight;
To yonder realms of love and light;
This power I want, and nothing more.

I want not fame—to have my name
Enrolled by the garish flame,
Which, like the fan's deceitful ray,
Shines for a night, then fades away—
I want not fame;
I only want, when I am dead,
Some words like these be of me said:
"He lived unknown, but was content
His life should be his monument;"
—This fame I want, and nothing more.

And yet, I ask for friendship true,
That will my virtues kindly view,
And all my faults as kindly scan,
Nor count my errors near less than man.
And even more—
I want a hand my own to hold
When days are dark, and drear, and cold;
An arm my faltering feet to stay
While here I tread life's weary way;
I ask for this, and something more.

I ask for love—for woman's love,
As pure as that which rises above,
And deep as the unbounded sea,
And wide as is immensity.
And even more—
I ask a smile to light my home;
A kiss to greet me when I come;
A heart whose sweet and holy rhyme
Shall with my own keep even time;
I ask for this, and nothing more.

And yet, I would I had a place
In the kind thought of all my race;
I would that men would speak of me
In gentle tones of charity.
And even more—
I would I felt within my heart,
I'd acted well my humble part,
And that when here my course is run,
I'd ponder hear the kind "Well done."
All this I ask, and nothing more.

—Orange Journal.

"The Yosemite Valley Ruins."

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Gentlemen: In your issue of the 28th ult, is a paragraph stating that "The Yosemite Valley is thickly dotted with the ruins of Aztec or Toltec cities and fortifications, in some of which, timbers exposed to the storms and blazing sun of that trying climate are yet to be seen, in a good state of preservation, showing that the builders must have disappeared at a comparatively recent date." As one interested in the facts of ethnology, I write to correct the statement.

I was with the first party of white men that ever visited the valley. I gave it its name, and named most of the objects of interest in the valley. The names were approved and perpetuated by the lamented artist, Ayers, (the first to sketch the valley), and are, retained, for most part, by Mr. Richardson in his admirable new work, and by the press of California generally. I have been encamped in the valley in midwinter and in mid-summer, once for over a month, and yet never saw the cities or fortifications mentioned; nor never thought the climate in the least trying. Snow, during the coldest weather, remains but for two or three days at a time on the side of the valley exposed to the sun; and in the hottest weather of June and July, the climate is pleasantly cool.

The valley proper is but about seven miles long, by one-half mile to one mile and a half wide; so there could not be very many large cities there. If I am not entirely in error, the writer of the paragraph has mistaken the numerous remains of "sweat houses" and "caches" for acorns, laurel and pine nuts, formerly used by the Ah-wah-neches and Yosemite tribes of Indians, for ruined cities. I have visited the *casas grandes* (big houses) of Mexico, the clay walls of the Gila river, and the tumuli of the Mississippi and Ohio Valleys, and among none of them can there be found any marked resemblance to anything I have seen in the Yosemite Valley. Acting as interpreter, as I frequently did, for the battalion operating against the Indians in California, my opportunities for observation and acquiring information regarding the history, religious ceremonies and superstitions of the various tribes were good. I have been led to the conclusion that the mass of testimony conveyed by their traditions, habits and language, points to the Northwest as the direction from whence the Indians of California came, and that they are the descendants of a race once inhabiting islands of the Pacific.

Very truly yours, S. H. BUNNELL.

Home, Minn., Sept. 6th, 1869.

The English National Lifeboat Institution can boast of having saved 18,255 lives since its formation. Last year alone its boats saved 603 lives, and in the first half of the present year they have saved 322. That is surely a magnificent boast.

Correspondence in Brief.

HOW WE MANAGE OUR LYCEUM.—We have often heard that Lyceums will get discouraged, and have a hard struggle to get along; we are but young in matters of education, yet we have the fruits of experience in well sustaining our Lyceum, and will give it as it is: When Brother and Sister Wheelock organized the Lyceum of this place, it was a dubious gathering of scattered friends, few in numbers, and less in pocket; a few friends resided in town, and what did not, lived in other towns in the county. A few private donations, with the receipts of a strawberry festival, bought a "Banner Chest," and let me say the finest "Saratoga" extant could not buy our "Banner Chest." Our last winter's sociables did not pay; no help from them. Every Wednesday evening we meet and have a social time; we dance after piano and violin, play charades, &c., &c. All are in prime spirits, and we do enjoy ourselves. We do not admit of any exclusiveness, and we do not exclude any one from our Lyceum, hence all sorts of hearings are kept outside of the Lyceum, jealous of rank we leave to military organizations, and feel to give to the most indifferent pupil his or her due respect. Last Christmas we had a fine Christmas tree, which was well loaded with presents. I forgot to tell you our Wednesday night parties are called "Dime Parties." We drop into the hand of our hostess a dime, (much better than a brick,) just as we are bidding each other good-night. Those little dimes have paid our hall expenses for one year and three months, Christmas festival included. Our children enjoy picnics, and so do we. We have had three, and anticipate more. Our Conductor and Musical Director during the first four months were not absent one single Sabbath from their respective posts. Both are young, unmarried men. The seasons cannot affect us, blow hot or blow cold, "n'importe." We cannot close our doors one Sabbath. We have eighty names registered. I do not know the usual attendance; I know the grand march is well filled—a regular grade from our six-foot seven-inch Conductor, down to little Denny Darling, most three years old. Now if any of our friends will call this way, we can be found at home in Empire Hall, on any Sabbath in the year. Our choir will discourse music from the "Spiritual Harp," (which, by the way, is superior to any collection of music, we think); give a Silver Chain Recitation from the Bible, and our children might well plant you with a section of prose or poetry. Sum it all up, we live and expect to thrive; we are a healthy, happy Lyceum. We would like to hear of the prosperity of other Lyceums, and trust we may get help from others more matured than are we. Remember, we are only fifteen months old; are ambitious, and would stand side by side with you all. FLORENCE.

Akron, O., Sept. 8th, 1869.

THE CAUSE AT IOWA FALLS, IOWA.—Allow me a space in the *Banner of Light* to report progress. We have had quite a number of speakers since our Society organized at the Falls, all good. J. L. Potter labored with us half the year, and our children might well plant you with a section of prose or poetry. Sum it all up, we live and expect to thrive; we are a healthy, happy Lyceum. We would like to hear of the prosperity of other Lyceums, and trust we may get help from others more matured than are we. Remember, we are only fifteen months old; are ambitious, and would stand side by side with you all. FLORENCE.

THEORY AND SPIRITUALISM.
EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—As I was recently glancing over the pages of a popular magazine devoted to literature and science and politics—the *Atlantic Monthly* of March, 1869—I was not a little surprised when my eye fell upon the caption, "A NEW CHAPTER OF CHRISTIAN EVIDENCE." Can there be a necessity, I thought, for a new chapter of Christian evidences concerning a religious system which has run a course through eighteen centuries? Can it be possible, thought I, that any new evidences remain to be now unearthed? Or can it possibly be that the venerable system has become needy, and is languishing for a new chapter of evidences?

My perplexities were soon at rest. A brief examination of the chapter discovered to me that the writer, instead of treating the system of Christianity as it is popularly received, and as it is interpreted and accepted by the Christian world at large, substituted his own conception, or I might say fancy, making it a kind of aliding scale, with unlimited power to adapt itself to every novelty in the form of modern civilization that might spring up in any age, now, or in the future.

The first proposition set forth by him is, "That most of the religions of the world are ethnic religions, or the religions of races—all of which are either arrested, come to an end, or degenerate; and Christianity alone appears capable of a progressive development."

Again, "The religions of China, Islam, Buddha and Judea have all been arrested and remain unchanged, and seemingly unchangeable." Now I assert that in this category, is precisely where Christianity belongs. Its elementary basis is supernatural, its structure is supernatural, and its results are supernatural. Death and the grave are invested by it with terrors which have no part or parcel with them. The lovely Mary, in her simple, natural character, is transformed by it into a supernatural "mother of God." The noble and devoted Jesus is magnified by it into a co-partner with the Infinite Father. And man, through its teachings, is by some inexplicable hocus pocus released from the consequences of inharmonious or wrong deeds.

Such being its constituent elements, and such its established practice (not to mention its spirit of persecution and its treatment of heretics), how is it possible to assume that it is progressive? No. It has invariably fortified itself against all advanced and liberal ideas pertaining to the spiritual nature of man, and has fought them inch by inch, until, itself becoming vanquished by the inherent power of truth, it patronizingly assumes a kind of protectorship, and finally makes an adopted child of its former enemy.

And now the concocter of twenty columns of learned research, concludes his essay with this "lame and impotent conclusion": "We cannot, indeed, here prove that Christianity is the cause of these features peculiar to modern life. But we find it everywhere associated with them" (as wolves associate with lambs), "and so we can say that it only, of all the religions of mankind, has been capable of accompanying man in his progress from evil to good, from good to better."

Now what this writer claims for the Christian religion, I will assert, as beyond dispute, to be the keystone of SPIRITUALISM, a system reaching down into the material conditions of life on one hand, and again on the other hand aspiring to the highest conception of spiritualized existence. It is strictly a religion of development. It does not propose to proselyte—it has no followers—but all who comprehend it must live it, and by such life become its exponents. H. J. H. Peekskill, N. Y., Sept. 7th, 1869.

THE DEITY IS SPIRIT—HIS WORSHIP SPIRITUAL.

(So taught Plato, and Jesus, and Paul, and others of the Ancients. Nature, older than they, teaches truths whose interpretation is in accordance with such avowment. The mind of man struggles on, in its searches to find out God, till it reaches the *almighty immensum infinitumque* of the Supreme; and there, in bewildering uncertainty, it stops in its futile efforts by an inexorable necessity, it can go no further. Here it can give only feeble account of its discoveries touching Divine Essence, and that in statements made up mostly of the negations and universals of language. Its utterances are of the *in-visible*; the *in-finite*; the *in-comprehensible*; the *un-searchable*; the *un-known*; the *omni-potent*; the *omni-present*; the *omni-scient*. The gibberish of Theology, which discards the use of reason, will never satisfy the soul—it has never yet solved the mighty problem implied in the inscription upon the Athenian altar: TO GOD UNKNOWN GODS. Clergy, priests, and prelates, in unity, in clarity, etc., and bring their conjectural and mysterious mathematics into equational array, to settle the question of essential, existent personality of a UNIVERSAL SPIRIT—but however skilled in the processes of solution, the unknown of Deity will ever be, and forever baffle the profoundest knowledge. Notwithstanding the inability of language to express fully theistic realities—and notwithstanding the limitations to the mind in its attempts to attain knowledge, its intuitions will accept our postulate, that Deity is Universal Spirit.)

COMMON VERSION.

God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.—John iv: 24.
And the Father himself which hath sent me, hath borne witness of me. Ye have neither heard his voice at any time, nor seen his shape.—John vi: 62.

God, that made the world, and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; Neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things.—Acts xvii: 24-25.

GREEK FROM THE CODEX VATICANUS.

Pneuma o theos—kai tous proskounontes auton en pneumatō kai aletheia dei proskunein.—John iv: 24.
Kai o pempas me pater, ekeinos memarturisen peri emou—oute phonon auton pipote akēkote, oude eidos auton eōrakate.—John v: 37.
O theos o polios ton kosmon kai panta ta en autō, outos ouranon kai ges iparchōn kurios, ouk en cheilōnōlōta naōs katolkei;
Oude tūō cheilōn anthrōpinōn therapeuetai, prodeomenos tinos, autos dilous pater zōōn kai pnoōn kai ta panta.—Acts xvii: 24-25.

TRANSLATION.

The Deity (is) spirit—and it is necessary that those worshipping him should worship in spirit and truthfulness.—John iv: 24.

And the Father who hath sent me, himself hath testified concerning me. Never at any time have ye heard his voice, nor beheld his personal appearance.—John v: 37.

The Deity who hath fashioned the world and all things in it—he being LORD of heaven and earth—dwelleth not in temples manufactured. Neither is he served by human hands, being in need of anybody—he himself giving to all, Life and Spirit and all things.—Acts xvii: 24-25.
Translated for the *Banner of Light* by DR. HORACE DRESSER.

TO "SIGNO."

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Please allow me to reply to "SIGNO," and say that the expression used in regard to the introduction of a flower into my parlor while the doors and windows were all closed may have been too positive. To affirm that we know anything outside of pure mathematics is, perhaps, presumptive; but I think I shall be excused in this matter when I state that, independent of all the marvelous contingencies bearing upon this phenomenon and sustaining our convictions, my father-in-law, my mother* and Benjamin Franklin have all assured me that both the cane (mentioned in another article) and the flower were brought into the room as stated; Franklin said so at the time. Last evening, having just seen "Signo's" article, I asked the first of the persons above named concerning the cane, and he replied, "It was dissolved in the atmosphere—we cannot tell how—you would not understand it; we will try and present it to your mind at a future time. More at the séance to-night. B. F. can answer for himself." At a séance, later, Franklin said he brought it through the closed door by *dissolving all the particles*—that the spirits can do many things that it would be preposterous for them to attempt to explain. "When you are educated to them," he continued, "we will explain everything to your entire satisfaction." My mother made a statement to the same effect regarding the flower, but added "that the reason why they could do what many spirits could not was because there were present great mediatic forces to aid them." There were indeed two powerful mediums present, while my own soul was so strictly in harmony with them, yearning for light, for truth, and having been for twenty years in this field of thought and research, the spirits seemed to experience little difficulty in producing such phenomena as few have ever been favored with. One evening Franklin placed his illuminated hand upon me. Soon he said, "I am here in the form." He was invisible, but he drew a large arm-chair up to me as if he were seated in it, and I felt what appeared to be his leg against my own. He promised us also, several times, that if we could bring together certain parties in the cool of the autumn, he would make himself visible to us—as you remember he did so admirably and perfectly to Mr. Livermore.

Albany, N. Y., Sept. 9th, 1869. G. L. D., M. D.

*It is understood, of course, that these have left the form.

MAINE.

Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Madison, Maine, assisted by those of Cornville, held a grove meeting at the old Methodist Camp Ground, in Madison, on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 4th and 5th, 1869.

The meeting was organized at 10 o'clock in the forenoon on Saturday by the choir, led by Samuel Westcott, of Cornville, as Chairman, and Josiah Tilton, of Cornville, and E. W. McFadden, of Kennebunk, as Secretaries.

A committee was raised to see that strangers were provided for. Religious services: Invocation by Mrs. Priscilla Doty, of Bangor, Me. Voluntary by the Samuel Westcott's Cornville, as Chairman, and Josiah Tilton, of Cornville, and E. W. McFadden, of Kennebunk, as Secretaries. A committee was raised to see that strangers were provided for. Religious services: Invocation by Mrs. Priscilla Doty, of Bangor, Me. Voluntary by the Samuel Westcott's Cornville, as Chairman, and Josiah Tilton, of Cornville, and E. W. McFadden, of Kennebunk, as Secretaries.

Afternoon Session.—Speeches were made through the medium of Mr. Wm. Bangor, of Bangor, Me. Field, of New York; Dr. Palmer, of Dexter; Mr. Westworth, of Knox. Songs were improvised by Mrs. Westworth, of Knox, and Mrs. Gould, of Newburgh. Closed with music from the choir.

Several circles were held in the neighborhood in the evening, one of which Miss Clark, of Caratunk, played upon the melodeon and sung charmingly under spirit influence.

On Sunday forenoon, a social meeting was held from 9 o'clock A. M. until 12 M., at which speeches were made by Mr. Small, of Troy, Rev. Samuel Westcott, of Cornville, Mr. Clark, of Bangor, and a very able, elaborate, philosophic discourse by Dr. Palmer, of Dexter, with singing by Mrs. Westworth, Mrs. Gould and the choir.

Sunday Afternoon Session.—Public services were conducted by Mr. Clark A. Field, on the "Authority of Inspiration," and Mrs. Priscilla Doty, of Bangor, Me. After which the spirit of Mrs. Lucy Hobart, who formerly resided in that neighborhood, addressed her old neighbors and friends through the mediumship of Mrs. Sarah Goodrich, of Bangor.

A vote of thanks was passed to the friends of Madison and Cornville for the beautiful manner in which they had entertained the meeting, and to the mediums present. Voted that E. W. McFadden be requested to furnish a minute of proceedings for publication in the *Banner of Light*. Adjourned. E. W. McFadden, Secretary.

Held at Kremlin Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., com-
mencing Tuesday, Aug. 31, 1899.

Report Continued.

MEDIUMSHIP.

“HEALTH IS WEALTH.”

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

And keep all your golden treasures
For what is wealth
To the boon of health
And its sweet attendant pleasures

PROCEEDINGS OF THE LAST DAY.

September, Three Oaks, Mich., care S. Sawyer.
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. J. Youns, Boise City, Idaho Territory.

NEW YORK SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.
CRUELITIES INFLICTED UPON CHILDREN.

In New York City, Mr. Bergh started and superintends a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," and great benefits have resulted therefrom to the dumb, suffering creatures for whom that good man has lifted up his voice. There is likewise needed a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children." The men who whip, stone and maim animals, are no less cruel to the helpless children placed in their power. "Are they not our own," say they, "to do with as we please? Who has any right to interfere?" Even the instinct of paternity is faint in such natures, compared with a savage love of control; and children are puny reeds in their hands, to be bent or broken as they will. In our towns and cities, and in the free, broad country, the air is too often rent with the anguished cry of the young, who call in vain for pity when blows of ferocious anger or wanton cruelty bruise and lacerate their quivering flesh, from hands that should be their shield. Mute and defenceless are these poor little ones; let us speak for them, and claim compassion and protection.

It has been thought rash, and almost irreligious, to interfere with parental authority; and, strange to say, while plans have been formed and systems instituted for the government of adults, no regular method has by mutual consent been adopted in the families of civilized States for the government of children. It is left entirely to the wisdom or folly, the judgment or caprice, of parents and guardians. Consequently we see all varieties of management, from that utter lack of parental restraint, which results in domestic chaos, to the despotic control which makes a trembling slave of every child in the family group. On one hand, foolishly fond parents pamper and indulge their offspring till selfishness, ingratitude and arrogance take possession of their young hearts; on the other, full sweep is given by child-owners to passionate and cruel impulses, till children become broken-spirited, or hardened into like brutal beings.

Of course there is a vast body of enlightened men and women who avoid each of these two extremes, and aim to govern their children according to the law of God written on the heart; but even these would do well to pause now and then, and consider the nature of the young beings entrusted to their care. The sensitive feelings of the little ones are often needlessly and severely wounded by thoughtless reproaches in presence of others, which hurt them like blows; or they are subjected to what is called "teasing," by older children and adults, which mortifies and exasperates them. Babies are indulged in actions and sayings which, when older, they are punished for; and not unfrequently on innocent children is laid the burden of a life-long, bitter memory of unjust accusation and punishment. People govern according to their moods and caprices, and to-day pass indifferently or wrathfully over a childish offence, which to-morrow they severely reprove. Without question or thought they assume to understand thoroughly each young soul. "You would play upon me," said Hamlet; "you would seem to know my steps; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery." Do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Recklessly and rudely do too many dare to handle that mysterious and complicated instrument, the child-nature. What wonder that, like unskilled players on the pipe, they bring forth only discord?

There is a key-note to which the young spirit ever quickly and sweetly responds, and that is affection. A child knows its friends. Take the nearest toddling babe into a room full of strangers, and it at once feels the mysterious tie of sympathy which links it to some loving heart, and to that alone it clings. Love is more strong and enduring than fear. Mayhap we all remember, with a warm heart-throb, some gentle teacher whose loving glance of encouragement won us to greater achievements than another instructor could have driven us to by the utmost severity. Love is the universal solvent. We know not what we lose when we neglect to cultivate between ourselves and the young souls we have in charge that divine quality by which alone we can balance and compass them. From the dark of their inexperience they reach out to us for light and sympathy. The child-heart has its keen fresh joys, which it would have you share and respond to by the kindly glance and smile; and it has, too, its sorrows, real and intense, which only wise, tender love can cure. Pass not lightly over the deeper questions of the sweet, eager, infant-voice. Turn not coldly away from the bright enthusiasm of the childish prattler. Deceive not the trusting little heart by unmeaning promises. Thrust not from you the poor child at that moment of convulsive grief, which to you is trivial, is to it unendurable. Hold back the hand of passion from the tender flesh of your darling, lest a memory of the grievous look, the pain and terror, turn and rend you. Let us lead gently by the hand these little pilgrims who grope amid fathomless mysteries; let us wisely guide and tenderly guard them. They will reveal to us their whole hearts, and as we listen to their lisping utterances, we shall be reminded of the trust and innocence of the sinless world.

Should we, then, relinquish the government of our children? By no means. They have wayward impulses which must be checked; they have faults which must be corrected. They will show from time to time we know not what strange and froward tendencies. It will require the utmost moral strength sometimes to restrain in ourselves the impatience and vexation which will arise in view of their heedlessness and perversity. But until we have gained this mastery over our own impulses, we can never savingly control even the most reckless and obstinate child. "If I am willful, he sets his will against mine, one for one, and leaves me, if I please, the degradation of beating him by my superiority of strength. But if I renounce my will, and act for the soul, setting that up as umpire between us two, out of his young eyes looks the same soul; he reveres and loves with me." Neither torture of the body nor mind will bring a wayward child to his better self so surely as the calm, wise influence of a self-regulated elder nature. And when men and women shall have attained their full moral stature, the whips and gyves which now lacerate the bodies and harden the hearts of juvenile delinquents, will give way everywhere to the sway of corrective and saving love.

We are still far enough from this ideal state. There is much talk of abolishing corporal punishment in schools, and while many teachers would gladly acquiesce in such an arrangement, they feel that the difficulty lies further back than their authority extends. The law and public opinion give those who have charge of children out of schools unlimited license to chastise them by flogging. The one hundred thousand miserable wails, for instance, that belong among the pover-

ty-stricken and vicious of New York City, fifteen thousand of whom "are daily and nightly roaming our streets, and ripening with fearful rapidity for the prison, the poor-house, or the gallows," are habituated to obedience only through fear of the lash. Should teachers alone be required to govern this juvenile mob by "moral suasion"? Should parents in any station expect teachers to undo their primary work, and perform the herculean task of bringing into control by moral force, the young beings whom they have demoralized and imbruted by savage methods of correction? By all means let corporal punishment be banished from schools, but let it first be banished from families. Let parents and foster-parents learn to govern themselves, and they will soon be able to refrain from the cruel inflictions which follow in the wake of fierce impulses.

It might reasonably be thought that admonition on this score to civilized people is superfluous—that parental love in this enlightened age is a perfect guaranty against the abuse of childhood. Would that it were so. Would that we did not know that respectable and influential citizens exist who make of home a pandemonium, by indulging within its sacred precincts in outbreaks of fierce passion, and scourge with unrestrained cruelty the terror-stricken little ones who have offended. If this may occur among the sane and upright, what takes place, think you, in houses where the vicious and intemperate dwell? God help the wretched wives and children of habitual drunkards! Though not always savage they are oftenest so, and in their fits of demonic frenzy, helpless women are battered and butchered, and innocent children beaten, bruised, and mangled to death. A step lower, and mothers, as well as fathers, steep their senses in the maddening bowl, and turn with insane fury upon their offspring. More than this, there would almost seem, for the past few years, to have prevailed a mania for committing crimes of the most unparalleled atrocity upon young and unoffending children. Victimized by fiendish passion, many a dear little girl has suffered horrible agony and death; while avarice and cold-blooded cruelty have subjected sad-hearted orphans to prolonged tortures worse than death, under the mockery of foster-parentage. The savage instincts which once ruled the world are still too strong to allow of the unlimited exercise of irresponsible power by the adult population of this or any other country. Hence the State should protect its children. Their wrongs should no longer blacken our records. Punishment by torture and the lash should be abolished by the strong hand of public justice; and the benevolent should establish "societies for the prevention of cruelty to children."

The Sacredness of Sunday.

In several of the secular journals appeared strictly ecclesiastical denunciations of the use of Sunday for decorating the graves of soldiers with flowers, and among those papers we noticed the *Cleveland (O.) Leader*. To a decidedly church article from the pen of its editor on this subject, our esteemed friend D. A. Eddy made a pertinent and comprehensive reply. He goes right to the marrow of the matter. "Whence come"—says he—"these old stereotyped, hackneyed expressions such as 'the Lord's day,' 'the holy Sabbath,' 'God's holy Sabbath,' etc.? Where is the authority for designating one day as more holy than another? If any such authority exists, let those who pretend to understand these things explain to a skeptical though honest and intelligent people in what consists and where to be found the evidence on which is based those frequent appeals to the moral sense of the community for their acceptance of an institution on which there exists such a diversity of opinion." "Sunday is holy time"—he adds—"just so far as it answers to the demands and physical wants of a common humanity. That one day out of seven is needed as a day of rest and relaxation, no one will question or dispute. It is a physical necessity, in answer to the demands of our physical organization. Call it a divine institution, if you please, but recollect that it is not the particular day, but the proportion (one-seventh), that gives it any importance over other days in the week, nothing more."

"By what authority," he proceeds, "are we told that Sunday is the Lord's day? That to work on that day is a violation of God's command, a desecration of God's holy Sabbath? Who changed this holy time from the seventh to the first day of the week, and by what right or authority was it done? Admitting Bible authority to be valid, I submit whether any such changes could be made unless the process of creation was to be repeated. Inasmuch as the first day of the week is observed as a day of rest by common consent, let that be the day. It is as covenant, perhaps, as any other. All days are alike holy, and all time is precious, nor can any act or deed that would be wrong or sinful in its nature on one day of the week be right upon another."

If that Scripture means anything which says, 'The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath,' it means everything. It means that man should enjoy the Sabbath in whatever way will tend most to promote his happiness. In this he should be left free to make his own selection. No arbitrary rules or partial legislation should be enforced to deprive him of this his dearest privilege and God-given inheritance. What then would constitute a desecration of the Sabbath? In answering this question from the standpoint of nature and reason, we should say that whatever act, directly or remotely, would tend to debase an individual, and lower him in the scale of his moral, intellectual and physical being, would be a desecration of the Sabbath, and would be equally wrong, and deserving the same penalty if committed on any other day of the week. While the sectarian denominations of our land are by right entitled to religious liberty in its broadest sense, and are amply protected by law in all their forms, ceremonies and devotions, even to the worship of idols, which characterizes a large portion of the religious element of this country, we fail to see the justice or propriety so emphatically expressed by a portion of the clergy in opposition to the day (when it falls on Sunday) appointed by the Grand Army of the Republic for one of the most sacred, and, I may say, religious rites that has yet been recognized, and that too by the unanimous voice of the people. If it was right for our soldiers who laid down their lives, and many of them on Sunday, fighting to defend and save the religious institutions of our land, we very naturally inquire where in consists the wrong in paying the most devout offering of our hearts as an expression of the respect we hold for their memory and their deeds. Can any day or any hour be too sacred for the most sacred of all rites? If the profession of a privileged class is likely to suffer peculiarly by this tribute being offered on Sunday to the memory of our fallen heroes, a discriminating and intelligent community will not be slow to comprehend whether the cause of religion or the cause of those who make merchandise of the gospel, and dispense the word of God for a consideration, is most likely to be affected."

It is easier to blame than to do better.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY,
15 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Square, Holborn, W. C.,
KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND
OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1869.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
Room No. 3, 3d Floor.

AGENCY IN NEW YORK,
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 110 NASSAU STREET.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE, LUTHER COLBY, ISAAC B. RICH.

For Terms of Subscription see eighth page. All mail
letters must be sent to our Central Office, Boston, Mass.

LUTHER COLBY, Editor.
LEWIS B. WILSON, Assistant Editor.

All business connected with the editorial department
of this paper is under the exclusive control of Luther Colby,
to whom letters and communications should be addressed.

Reform in Prison Discipline.

The New York Legislature, at its last session, appointed a commission to investigate the general management of prisons in that and other States, with a view to introducing such plans for reform as the existing state of things might appear to warrant. Twelve experienced, and some of them distinguished, gentlemen were accordingly appointed to the office; and they have been engaged about their work. In New York they have already made a careful examination into the conduct of the Sing Sing, Clinton and Auburn State Prisons, and are at present engaged upon the county penitentiaries. Testimony has likewise been taken by them respecting Massachusetts and Pennsylvania prisons, and those of some other States.

So far as the investigation has proceeded, it comes out that the treatment of the insane convicts in many of our Northern prisons is of a character to beggar description. It is worse than disgraceful—it is inhuman. Instances are given of individuals confined in the Michigan prison that make the blood almost run cold with horror. We subjoin some of the testimony which has come to the surface in the course of this investigation, that the reader may see for himself how dreadful is the condition, not only of lunatic convicts, but of sane prisoners that are confined in the same building with them:

"Several years ago, a German named Hinds was convicted of crime in Wayne county and sentenced to the prison for seven years. Before the close of that period he was found to be insane. When his time expired, which was some years ago, he was raving in the wildest mania. He had no legal residence in Wayne county and could gain none in the prison. Accordingly he could not be sent to any county as a pauper, nor could he be removed to the State lunatic asylum, as there is no provision of the law whereby a person in indigent circumstances, without a legal residence, can be removed to that institution. He has no friends, or if he has, they cannot be ascertained. He is a man of great physical strength and homicidal tendencies. He remains in a state of entire nakedness, traversing his cell by day and night, howling like a wild beast. While I was endeavoring to converse with him he leaped into the air and with almost superhuman energy tore with his fingers a half brick from the wall, and swearing that it would give him pleasure to murder us, and that he would smash our heads for us in hell he hurled the missile through the grate, striking the keeper on the head and inflicting a severe wound."

To keep this man here without proper medical and moral treatment, is alike unjust to him and to the prison, and yet it is impossible to remove him. On a thorough examination of the statutes of the State, and consultation with high legal authority, I find that there is no provision in law to meet such a case.

There are, also, seven or eight other insane persons, several of whom are sentenced for life; but, besides these, there are very many of the prisoners whose mental faculties are rapidly becoming impaired. The circumstances under which these lunatics are confined, are such as to make one's blood run cold with horror. The solitary prisoners are confined in a particular hall or ward, and it is obvious that it would be unsafe to give them light and air from without, as means of escape would be afforded; hence their cells are principally lighted and aired from the halls. Now as the reverberation of sounds in buildings of the kind is necessarily great, noises made in any cell or cells are heard all through the halls and other cells. The German before mentioned, possesses a voice of great power, and raves almost constantly. He beats the wall and sewer pipe for hours together, producing a dull, hollow sound exceedingly painful to the ear, meanwhile howling and vociferating in a manner to fill the soul with terror. What is between those of two sane men there confined in enforced silence and solitude for crimes of the deepest dye. All day long they hear the howls of one who has become insane in confinement, while his shrieks render the night hideous indeed."

There is no way of acquainting the public with the real facts of this matter, except by reciting them directly from the lips or pen of the narrator.

Not in all the States is this system, or no system, of indiscriminate confinement practiced. In Massachusetts all lunatics are removed at once from the Charlestown prison, on the discovery of their actual condition. They are partially provided for in a separate place of confinement at Tewksbury. In Vermont the segregation of lunatic and sane convicts has never yet been practiced. Indeed, so few is the number of these convicts in comparison with the rest, that it is not thought worth while to build separate edifices especially for their safe keeping and management. It has been suggested, therefore, that the New England States should combine in erecting such a building as is necessary for the purpose, to which each may send its insane convicts for management under the common provision. This is the idea on which the Deaf and Dumb Asylum and the Blind Asylum in Hartford is conducted, and it is found to work satisfactorily to all sides.

On other points than this, but on this particularly, is it essential that a thorough reform should be instituted in our State Prisons, in too many of which is permitted, from negligence and ignorance combined, the practice of evils from whose contemplation every healthy mind suffers. Only set the right minds to work about the business, and they will be likely to make suggestions which our legislators—who are not yet in a body the perfection of wisdom—may be urged to heed and adopt. We ought to practice upon the humanitarian creed which we make profession of. We need more of the spirit of Howard in our prisons, more of the real philanthropy which is certain to reform the prisoner while he yet pays the penalty due to offended justice. If nothing more should be wrought by the practice of philanthropy in this connection, it will at least tend to prove to the prisoner that he is not punished in the spirit of malice and revenge, but solely as reagent for the wrong he has inflicted on society, and with plain intent to profit and reform him even while he suffers the punishment which surely goes with his crime.

Scientific Testimony.

At the close of the exercises of the Association of Science, which held its convention at Salem, recently, a compliment having been paid by one of the speakers to Mr. George Peabody, as the founder and patron of the Academy of Science which bears his name, Prof. Agassiz rose and delivered himself of some remarks on the general subject of scientific education and its tendencies, which deserve to be repeated in their tenor in this place. He told the people of Salem that they scarcely realized what embryo they were trying to rear in their Academy, nor what was to be the result of its final intellectual growth. Its influence over the community, he said, could not fail to be wide. In regard to the plan of instruction which had been adopted, he thought he could detect in it something which would dispel from the minds of the community certain objections to the truth concerning matters in which we are all interested—our future eternal life—but of which he said we now scarcely dared to speak, because what we should have to say might go contrary to certain established doctrines and to certain long-cherished convictions with which the community was imbued, holding them as sacred, when well-informed men knew better. And he further said, what intelligent Spiritualists have long held, that the teaching which scientific institutions were to furnish, would tend to bring about a new era in that system of popular education of which they were all so proud, but which at present was merely a system of rote teaching, in comparison to that rational study of Nature which elementary education might become. It is a timely admission, and from the foremost of our scientific men. It means simply this: that teaching in the future, as it became rational, would become spiritual, and a new era would dawn, in which the truth respecting our eternal future would be taught without fear of doctrine or dogma. We are exceedingly happy to claim this invaluable testimony on the side of Spiritualism from so eminent a man as Professor Agassiz.

Mr. Beecher's Bible.

The best and sharpest of the clergy are compelled to make shift at times to get over its textual readings and the interpretations which a literal Orthodoxy would put upon them. In preaching from the text that describes the poor cripple who waited in vain in the porch for a chance to enter the healing pool, Mr. Beecher sets out with declaring that the verse "is undoubtedly spurious"; and he goes on to describe how such verses became interpolated into the Scripture. There was no printing in those days, and every occurrence was written down on a roll. The habit of readers and copyists was, whenever they came to a passage that was obscure, to add, either between the lines or along the margin, corrections or explanations. The next copyist, says Mr. Beecher, perhaps not being so intelligent, or else being troubled with stupidity, copied the explanation along with the text, and so, says he, "it passed down. All copies springing from that were vitiated." And "there came to be included in the text what did not belong to it." The verse he was commenting on was for that reason rejected. Mr. Beecher admitted that it was as well to accept the whole of the Scripture while accepting any part of it, but he says he finds no difficulty whatever in excluding this particular verse, "because it does not belong here." If that is not one way to treat what is held as infallible and inspired in every word and letter, we should be glad to know what is.

Dying Poor.

We are told that Marshal Niel, of France, died poor. And an exchange, essaying to be humorous over it, remarked that it exhausted all his efforts to pay the debt of nature. Proceeding with another and a properly serious remark it adds, "All men die poor, Dives as well as Lazarus; for not one man has ever been able to take anything with him to the next world, which he enters in a state of utter destitution." Now that is a very simple fact which is not sufficiently pondered. The rich man who leaves the form, goes forth without a penny to help pull through with. Then what is the good of money that has served to absorb all our spiritual force in its acquisition? For its own worldly and social purposes, wealth is a power and always will be; but when we consider it as an object of devotion, it becomes another thing entirely. The devotee, when he dies, leaves behind that which has engrossed his thought for a lifetime. He is of course poor—poor in the wretched sense of the word. He has absolutely nothing; while the truly developed man, with a richly furnished mind and an expanded and elevated spirit, suddenly finds himself ushered into a sphere where all his wealth is capable of being on the instant realized? Which of the two men is the rich one then?

The Summer is Gone.

The season of beauty and glory is over, and soon the woods and fields will be given over to ice and snow, frost and the wild wintry elements. As a season, it was without a rival. It was of a sufficiently moderate temperature to be enjoyable; the suns rarely burned with their wonted fierceness; the foliage has been abundant and massy, giving shelter for all who love the outdoor life; and summering pleasures have everywhere been at a premium. Among other satisfying items on this pleasant record, the Spiritualists' field meetings have proved a signal success. They have collected thousands who never attended outdoor assemblies for spiritual worship and improvement, and taken rank for importance, impressiveness, and broad influence, with the most successful of similar gatherings. We rejoice exceedingly to be able, on reviewing the season and its experiences, to be able to make this statement. The Spiritualist ever finds God nearest when worshipping amid the scenes of Nature. To him "the groves were God's first temple" more than to any other. It is with unfeigned pleasure that we look forward to another and a still more successful series of summer meetings for Spiritualists, in the groves and fields, and among the sweet influences of Nature.

Muscle Hall Lectures.

By the announcement on our fifth page, it will be seen that the third course of lectures in Muscle Hall, Boston, will commence Sunday afternoon, Oct. 10th, by a lecture from Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan (late Daniels). An excellent list of speakers has been engaged, and a more general interest is awakened in regard to this course of lectures on spiritual philosophy than heretofore. Subscribers can procure their tickets at once.

Ecumenical Council.

The London Times of Sept. 14th predicts that the Ecumenical Council will not last longer than three weeks, and will declare the infallibility of the Pope on the proposal of an English prelate. It also believes that the recent syllabus of the Pope will be made a law, and that the assumption of the Virgin will be proclaimed.

Alexander Von Humboldt.

The centennial anniversary of the birth of this great man was observed in this city on Tuesday, Sept. 14th, in the most marked and interesting manner. It included exercises under the Boston Society of Natural History, a special German celebration, and a reception by the city of Boston. There were present the representatives of all the scientific societies in New England. The address of Prof. Agassiz, which was very lengthy, was listened to throughout with the closest attention. We presume the address will soon appear in pamphlet, and should it, we will fill orders. We have room for only the following paragraphs:

"The philosophical views of Humboldt, his position with reference to the gravest and most important questions concerning man's destiny, and the origin of all things, have often been discussed, and the most opposite opinions have been expressed respecting them by men who seem equally competent to appreciate the meaning of his writings. The modern school of Atheists claim him as their leader; as such we find him represented by Burmeister in his scientific letters. Others, turning forward his sympathy with Christianity as evidence of his adherence to Christianity in its broadest sense. It is difficult to find in Humboldt's own writings any clew to the exact nature of his convictions. He had too great regard for truth, and he knew too well the Arrian origin of the traditions collected by the Jews, to give his countenance to any creed based upon them. Indeed, it was one of his aims to free our civilization from the pressure of Jewish tradition; but it is impossible to become familiar with his writings without feeling that if Humboldt was not a believer, he was no scoffer. A reverent spirit for everything great and good breathes through all his pages. Like a true philosopher, he knew that the time had not yet come for a scientific investigation into the origin of all things. Before he attempted to discuss the action of a Creator in bringing about the present condition of the universe, he knew that the physical laws which govern the material world must be first understood; that it would be a mistake to ascribe to the agency of a Supreme Power occurrences and phenomena which could be deduced from the continued agency of natural causes. Until some limit to the action of these causes has been found, there is no place in a scientific discussion, as such, for the consideration of the intervention of a Creator. But the time is fast approaching, and indeed some daring thinkers have actually entered upon the question. Where is the line between the inevitable action of law and the intervention of a Creator? Is there a limit? And here we find the most opposite views propounded. There are those who affirm that inasmuch as force and matter are found to be a sufficient ground for so many physical phenomena, we are justified in assuming that the whole universe, including organic life, has no further origin. To these, I venture to say, Humboldt did not belong. He had too logical a mind to assume that a harmoniously combined whole could be the result of accidental occurrences. In the few instances where, in his works, he uses the name of God, it appears plainly that he believes in a Creator as the law-giver and primary originator of all things."

The able speaker concluded his grand address in the following words:

"We have all a great task to perform. It should be our effort, as far as it lies in our power, to raise the standard of culture of our people, as Humboldt has elevated that of the world. May the community at large feel with equal keenness the importance of each step now taken for the expansion in every direction of all the means of the highest culture. The physical suffering of humanity, the wants of the poor, the craving of the hungry and naked, appeal to the sympathy of every one who has a human heart. But there are necessities which only the destitute student knows; there is a hunger and thirst which only the highest charity can understand and relieve; and on this solemn occasion let me say that every dollar given for higher education, in whatever special department of knowledge, is likely to have a greater influence upon the future character of our nation, than even the thousands and hundreds of thousands and millions which have already been spent and are daily spending to raise the many to material ease and comfort. In the hope of this coming golden age, let us rejoice together that Humboldt's name will be permanently connected with education and learning in this country, with the prospects and institutions of which he felt so deep and so affectionate a sympathy."

Murder and Punishment.

One thing is pretty certain—that the frequency of hangings has no sort of effect on the number of murders. If it did operate to repress the latter, we should of course discover the fact in our current statistics relating to the subject. The figures tell fatally against the theory, and it must therefore be abandoned. Murders never seemed to be more abundant than they are to-day. Whether punished or unpunished, they do not seem to abate in frequency. In high life equally with low life, the knife, the pistol, the axe, poison, all are doing their relentless work. It looks to us as if the courts and the community were about tired of giving blood for blood on such a scale, and therefore feel disposed to relax the rigors of the law. But to do it as it is done, causes a much more pernicious effect than to come out openly and declare that the old gallows policy, being such a failure, is about to be abandoned. Were punishment to be humanized, on well understood laws and principles, it would not be without its due effect; but to profess to keep it up to the standard of revenge, and still to relax it to a condition of criminal uncertainty, is making cruel sport of all sides concerned.

Leominster, Mass.

It is very gratifying to hear of the progress of Spiritualism, in any locality, as evinced by the attendance of large and intelligent audiences upon the regular public lectures. But it is still more pleasant to know that the friends who are active in arranging for such meetings, and who thus become public representatives of the "holy gospel they profess," work together in harmony and fraternity. This is true of Leominster, Mass. Prof. Denton opened the annual course of lectures, before a large audience, in the Town Hall, upon the "Scientific Evidence of Immortality," two weeks since; and Dr. H. B. Storer followed him, last Sunday, upon the "Religious Aspects of Spiritualism." In the afternoon, and "Spiritualism as the Foundation of Morals." In the evening. The hall was full on both occasions, many persons hearing for the first time presentations of these great subjects from the spiritual standpoint. A. E. Carpenter is to lecture there the 26th of September.

Spirit Message and Poem.

Anna Cora Wilson, the intelligent and beautiful spirit, whose messages and poems have appeared in this paper from time to time for many years past, has furnished another interesting communication, giving a brief account of her visit to the Moon and the planet Mars, and closing with a very fine poetic expression of her thoughts on viewing the earth from the Moon. The articles will be found in the Message Department on our sixth page.

A Rare Work.

We have on our shelves a very few copies of Rohn's London edition of "Personal Narratives of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of America during the years 1799-1804, by Alexander Von Humboldt," in three volumes. These books are scarce, and those who apply first can be supplied. Price, three volumes, \$8.75; postage 60 cents.

The Sun's Constitution—The Solar Mutability—Science Confirming "Nature's Divine Revelations."

Science is every day teaching us to think of the sun, and what have now been so long called the "fixed" stars, with less and less of that sense of fixity which their enormous importance to planetary beings would seem to render desirable. Not only have we learned that all these so-called fixed centres of separate universes are themselves travelling in different directions (dragging their planetary systems after them), with enormous speed, though their distances from our own system are so great that, in the few centuries we have had to study them, the change has not become very apparent to ordinary perceptions; but we have also learned that many of them are "variable" stars—our own sun among the number—becoming brighter, and again less bright at fixed intervals of years; that some of them have broken up and disappeared some years (or perhaps thousands of years) before the blank caused by their disappearance could have struck the human retina. Nay, more; we now know that our own sun (resembling in this, probably, most other solar bodies of the same kind) is in no highly fluid and excitable condition as to be constantly sending out from its surface forked tongues (thousands of miles in extent) of inflamed hydrogen gas, like the flickering streams of light from the stars of a street illumination; and, moreover, as to be called "magnetic storms," which are, in fact, disturbances, caused by certain combinations in the motion of these little solid bodies, on one of which we live, round the sun. Even now one such epoch of magnetic storm seems to be thought pretty near at hand. The sun has been lately exhibiting the most surprising forms of disturbance, and presenting to scientific eyes less a "fixity" of essence than ever. Spots so vast that we must estimate their dimensions by millions of square miles have broken out from time to time, and have presented rapid changes of figure, indicating the action of forces of inconceivable intensity. Clusters of smaller spots, extending over vast areas, have exhibited every form of disturbance known to the solar physicist, and every degree of light, from the apparent blackness (in reality only relative) of the nuclei, to the intense brilliancy of the facular ridges.

But, after all, what strikes our imagination most is the curious insight we are beginning to glean of the highly susceptible and sensitive constitution of the sun. That a mass but little denser even as a whole than water, nearly four times as light, bulk for bulk, as that of our own earth, and surrounded by an envelope of burning gas, which is by the sun itself an intense heat and light of the proper surface of the sun itself, should be so cold and dark as to be a mere wandering flame of this kind, shooting rapidly through space, an iron-smelting furnace throwing out tongues of fire on all sides, and so highly susceptible to external influence that certain combinations of planets which, when all thrown into the same scale, would make up only an infinitesimal portion of the sun's mass, cause the most marvelous disturbances in his physical constitution, and lead to magnetic storms such as we have described on his surface—that such a body as this, we say, should yet for thousands of years exercise so orderly, continuous, and consistent an influence over the development of our terrestrial world and our human affairs, does seem truly marvelous. Can anything be conceived less apparently likely to lead to fixity of tenure in our universe than a centre for it such as this—a great boiling furnace of forces enveloped in an atmosphere of flaming gas, and subject to the most violent superficial excitements under the most apparently insignificant external influences? The old Hebrew conception of an earth "founded on the seas and established on the floods," which had been made so fast that it "could not be moved," was a conception of perfect solidity compared to that heliocentric basis of our universe—a hurricane of flame the disturbances of which might perhaps be best represented to our imaginations by the occasional explosion of a planet or two of nitro-glycerine, which we are compelled to substitute. Yet hence proceed attractions of gravitation which have not sensibly altered during the life of man upon the earth—waves of light indicating by their spectra the burning of the very same substances in the sun as we were being consumed in all probability when the words "let light be" were first registered—and, as we now appear likely to learn, periodic magnetic impulses, recurring with the punctuality of seasons and eclipses, certain to be felt of import for us, and yet not improbably of the same nature as those greater hurricanes by which other suns have perished. Is it possible to conceive a more apparently unstable centre and fountain of a universe of law and order? Is it possible to conceive a more impressive lesson on the words, "He maketh his ministers a flaming fire?"—Harpers Weekly, Sept. 11th.

From the foregoing it will be observed that science is slowly yet surely confirming the clairvoyant revelations published nearly a quarter of a century ago, under the title of "The Principles of Nature, Her Divine Revelations, and a Voice to Mankind," the thirty-first edition of which we have recently issued. Those who may be alarmed, lest the physical universe should be some day suddenly destroyed by fire, can consult page 247, vol. 2, "Great Harmonia," where the principles and gradual processes of decay and reconstruction are explained.

More Names from our old Subscribers.
Since our last issue our old patrons have forwarded us forty new subscribers. Thanks, friends; your aid could not have come more timely. L. K. Oonley sent one new subscriber; Mary Johnson, one; Willard Wickizer, one; W. E. Knight, one; I. P. E. Whedon, one; O. W. Titus, one; R. F. Wolcott, one; L. L. Stone, one; W. R. Barringer, two; Enos Lewis, one; John Wilcox, one; S. Coombs, one; Samuel Sage, one; L. Dustin, one; S. L. Palmer, one; Milton Hale, two; W. T. Harris, one; Mrs. M. D. Stearns, one; Rev. O. Shipman, one; M. E. Chandler, one; E. A. Sessions, one; A. Grimes, one; M. Rapalee, one; Mrs. P. Lillibridge, one; Friend, one; Thos. R. Hazard, one; J. C. Bender, one; Mrs. H. M. Brazier, one; Capt. I. Snow, one; Wm. Barker, one; John Thornton, one; James Bagley, one; Mrs. Z. Pratt, one; Susan A. Tyrrell, one; M. W. White, one; Wm. H. Griffin, one; N. W. Tompkins, one; H. Stevens, one.

Warren Chase & Co.
Have opened a store at 827 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo., for the sale of Spiritual, Liberal and Infidel literature, and we are glad to recommend Bro: Chase to our Western friends as one well qualified for the work he has engaged in, and feel sure those who deal with him will find an honest and truthful merchant, as well as one of our most faithful workers in the spiritual field. They will have a full assortment of our publications, and the Banner can always be obtained at their store, and subscriptions can be paid there.

Complimentary.
The Woman's Advocate, a New York monthly magazine, says: "Among the most pleasant and effective writers upon reformatory questions may be ranked Mary F. Davis, the wife of the well-known writer, Andrew Jackson Davis, a name synonymous with spiritual reform and progress. Mrs. Davis has recently contributed to the Banner of Light, of which journal she is corresponding editor, a series of papers entitled 'Education of Girls,' from one of which articles the Advocate makes extracts."

"Hidden History."
We take the following extract from a private letter from one who has read the new work, "Love and its Hidden History": "It offers hope to the many, just where all else has failed. I have sent the book on its errand of mercy among my friends, that all may know of its truths and be healed."

"The Woman Who Dared."

This is the piquant title of a new poem from the pen of Epes Sargent, which Messrs. Roberts Brothers have in press, and which they promise for publication early in October. What did the woman dare? She dared, it seems, to believe that a superstitious passivity in regard to so important a step as marriage is no more incumbent on woman than on man; and so, instead of waiting to be sought, she ventured to seek, and finally to disclose her preference to the party concerned—with what result the story will tell. The new poem is a sort of domestic epic, and report speaks in terms not far from enthusiastic of its literary and poetical attractions, as well as of its admirable plot. It will form a beautifully printed volume of 230 pages. Some of the great questions now agitating the public mind in regard to women are here illustrated in action; and not only with dramatic interest and force but in an earnest and philosophical spirit, showing that the author has profoundly meditated his theme.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

A. E. Carpenter will speak in Leominster the fourth Sunday in September; in Lowell the first Sunday in October.

Lola Walsbrook will defer her visit to Cheyenne for a few weeks, perhaps till spring.

Chas. H. Foster has returned to New York, and taken rooms at his former place on Fourth street, near Broadway.

Laura V. Ellis is holding seances in Connecticut. Large audiences attend, and a general interest is manifested in the physical manifestations.

Mrs. Laura Hastings Hatch has resumed her musical seances in this city.

Mrs. Jennette J. Clark has returned to Boston.

Mrs. H. W. Cushman; musical medium, publishes a card in another column in regard to her seances.

Mystic, Conn.

The Spiritualists held a meeting in Avery Hall, Aug. 21st, and formed a Society, to be called the "First Spiritual and Liberal Society of Mystic," with a brief constitution setting forth that the object of the organization was moral and spiritual instruction, and is to be promotive of a belief in spiritual existence, the meetings being free and the subject presented open to discussion. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year, viz: President, Asa A. Avery; Vice President, Winthrop Ward; Secretary, Allen Avery; Treasurer, Albert Williams; Trustees, Albert Williams, William B. Bugbee, Parmenas Avery; Tything Men, Edward C. Clift and Parmenas Avery.

Spiritual Publications in Spain.

We are in receipt of the June, July and August numbers of "Revista Espiritista," a monthly magazine devoted to the Spiritual Philosophy, and published at Barcelona.

"The Voices."

We have just issued the second edition of Barlow's grand poem, "The Voices." The book has been revised and greatly improved by the author. We shall refer to it more at length in a subsequent issue.

The American Spiritualist.

This ably-conducted spiritualist journal comes to our table at the present writing very much enlarged and improved in appearance, and replete with choice spiritual food for hungering humanity.

Charity Fund.

Moneys received in behalf of our sick and destitute brother, Austin Kent, since our last report: G. V. Field, Anamosa, Ia., Sept. 11th.....\$1.00

Ernest Renan's new work, "St. Paul," is just received and for sale at our office, price \$1.75—postage 20 cents. This anxiously looked for book, by the author of "The Life of Jesus," will be eagerly sought for. Renan is one of the most popular authors of the day.

New Publications.

THE RAY OF SPIRITS for September has been received from Paris, France. Its contents are as follows: Courte réponse aux détracteurs du Spiritisme (Euvres posthumes); Aus Spiritistes—Constitution de la Société anonyme à parts d'intérêt et à capital variable, de la cause générale et centrale du Spiritisme (2e article); Les prévisions du Spiritisme—Jean Huss; Le Spiritisme partout; Nécrologie—M. Borbrugger, conservateur de la bibliothèque d'Alger (2e article); M. Girard Grégoire, M. Dégand, Madame Vaucher; Parité—L'Opium et le Haschisch (2e article); Le ligue de l'enseignement; Dissertations spiritistes—Unité de langage, La rue de Dieu; Bibliographie; Démonstration de M. Maloz, président de la Société parisiennne des études spiritistes; Avis important.

Messrs. Nichols & Hall, of this city, have for sale a book with the title of "Dava Semper" (which means God Always), by the author of "Semper Deus." It appears to be a compendium of sensational, ecstatic, philosophic, rational, and profoundly earnest expressions, all more or less fragmentary, from one who has become wrought up to a very high pitch of excitement over a problem which he would solve without a shadow upon its clearness to the eye of the world. It is well worth looking into, and will start numerous valuable suggestions.

THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE for September, published by Wm. P. Tomlinson, New York, has a fresh and readable table of contents, from such names as Mrs. Gage, Wendell Phillips, and others. We can heartily commend this magazine to all who are interested in the progressive woman's movement, which is justly occupying so large a part of the thought of the age.

HUMAN NATURE: A monthly journal, published by James Burns, London. The September number is received. It has a fine table of contents, from the pens of able writers. The spiritual and liberal sentiments of the day are freely discussed in its pages.

THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE for September, published by James Burns, in London, has a strong list of contents on the subjects it regularly and profoundly treats. This invaluable foreign monthly is always acceptable on its appearance.

A SUNSET SCENE at Mount Mansfield and Second Sight at St. Albans, is the name of a little pamphlet by Henry Lacroix, of Montreal.

THE AMERICAN OLD FELLOW for September is received. It has an excellent table of contents. Published by J. W. Orr, New York.

Boston Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

THIRD COURSE OF LECTURES.

The next course of lectures on the philosophy of Spiritualism will commence in Music Hall—the most elegant and popular assembly room in the city—on

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, OCT. 10TH, AT 2 1/2 O'CLOCK, and continue twenty-nine weeks, under the management of Lewis B. Wilson, who has made engagements with some of the ablest inspirational, trance and normal speakers in the lecturing field. Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan (late Daniels) will lecture through October, Prof. William Denton in November, Mrs. Emma Harding in December, Thomas Gales Foster, probably, in January, to be followed by others whose names will be announced hereafter.

Season ticket, with reserved seat, \$4; single admission, 15 cents. Season tickets are now ready for delivery at the counter of the Banner of Light Bookstore, 158 Washington street.

A season ticket without reserved seat, for the convenience of those who do not like the trouble of paying a fee at the door every Sunday, can be obtained as above for a less price than single tickets will cost for the course.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

WE call special attention of parents, guardians, heads of families and teachers of the young to the article entitled "Cruelties Inflicted upon Children," by Mrs. Mary F. Davis, in this week's issue.

In this issue we finish the report of the proceedings of the National Convention of Spiritualists, recently held at Buffalo. Next week we shall print a brief report of the doings of the Lyceum National Convention.

"Love and its Hidden History" is selling rapidly. We felt sure such a work would command attention at once.

The Spiritualists of Waltham have commenced regular Sunday meetings, and intend to have a lecture every Sunday afternoon and evening.

"The Harvester" is a grand book, and one of the finest treatises on the spiritual philosophy ever written.

The Spiritualists will hold a basket picnic at Stanwood's Grove, West Gloucester, Mass., on Tuesday, Sept. 21, beginning at 10 o'clock A. M. If the weather should be unfavorable the meeting will be held in Liberty Hall, half a mile distant. A. E. Carpenter and H. B. Storer are expected as speakers.

The warrant books of the Treasury Department show that the expenditures of the Government for the fiscal year just ended were less than \$383,000,000, against \$1,070,000,000 for the year before, and nearly as low as in 1862.

A little boy, in giving an account to his brother of the Garden of Eden, said: "The Lord made a gardener, and put him in the garden to take care of it, and to see that nobody hurt anything or pasted bills on the trees."

The man who touches the points of life on all sides is the most competent to decide.

Digby has given up his coffee. So he is consistent. Hence you need not have that "nice cup" of the beverage ready for him when he pays you that visit. An "air-line" telegram just received says, "All right!"

The natural ornament of a horse's neck is the mane itself.

The Harvard crew had a grand reception on their arrival in New York last week. The Boston City Government will toast them hereafter.

Spiritualism, when comprehensively considered, involves the whole science of life. In it is embodied all that is in physics and metaphysics, in philosophy and in religion. Nothing that concerns the welfare of man is foreign to it. Its interests and scope are universal.—G. A. B., in the American Spiritualist.

Good-breeding is the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial, for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them.

"Where were you, Charlie?" "In the garden, 'ma.'" "No, you have been swimming. You know I cautioned you about going to the creek. I will have to correct you. Look at your hair, how wet it is." "Oh, no, 'ma, it is not water. It is sweat." "Ah, Charlie, I have caught you fibbing. Your shirt is wrong side out." Boy triumphantly: "Oh, I did that just now, 'ma, climbing the fence."

What becomes of all the pins that are dropped upon the ground? They become terrapins, of course.

Within a very short time five young ladies of Louisville have been seriously poisoned by the use of imported face powder adulterated with lead. In each case the effect of the cosmetic was paralytic both to the systems and facial beauty of the maidens.

The American Spiritualist is now published by Messrs. Wheeler, Wheelock, Bacon and Barrett—with Hudson Tuttle as Editor-in-Chief. Great improvements are being arranged for in that able representative of religious thought.—The Universe.

An old lady was asked what she thought of the eclipse. She replied: "Well, it proved one thing; and that is, that the papers do not always lie."

An editor wants to know when is the best time to buy a farm. When you have the money to pay for it and a disposition to work it.

HIGH CHURCH STEEPLES.—A correspondent, writing us from New York, jocosely remarks: "According to the usual reasoning of the clergy, I think it is fair to say God has become displeased with the high steeples of the churches of Boston, and has manifested his anger toward them by causing them to be blown down during the recent storm at the 'Hub,' so that Spiritualists need not fear the UPWARD growth of the churches in the future."

The Folio is the title of a new musical journal edited by Dexter Smith, published by White, Smith & Perry, 300 Washington street, Boston. It is spicy and entertaining, and contains several pages of good music.

Horse Greely says that the darkest day in any man's earthly career is that wherein he first fancies that there is some easier way of gaining a dollar than squarely earning it.

Newark is considerably excited upon the subject of spiritual manifestations. The occasion of this unusual interest is the seances held at Liberty Hall by Lady Clair De Vere, daughter of the late Sir Stephen De Vere. Communications purporting to come from prominent divines and others departed, are regularly given every evening at the above place.—Orange Journal.

Temperance is that due restraint upon the affections and passions which renders the body tame and governable, and frees the mind from the allurements of vice.

The Independent thinks that much of the oratorical success of Rev. Mr. Spurgeon and Henry Ward Beecher in their own pulpits, is largely attributable to the admirable architectural arrangements of the churches in which they regularly officiate.

Never wait for a thing to turn up. Go and turn it up for yourself. It takes less time, and is sure to be done.

Two gentlemen, who were recently riding in the Boston city cars, entered into a discussion on Woman Suffrage. One was a lawyer, the other a physician. Said the lawyer: "Would you wish your wife to mix with low, rude men, in public; to witness all the drunken coarseness and low ribaldry of town-meeting day; would you not be ashamed of her in such a place?" "I should be ashamed of the men," was the doctor's quick reply.

THE THREE GRACES.—Three boys were once disputing as to whose father said the shortest grace. First boy: "My father says thank God." "Oh," said the second, "mine says Amen." No. 3: "Ah, but mine's the best of all; he nobbitt pushes his plate away and says Thee."

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

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

Business Matters.

MRS. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1162 Broadway, New York. \$25.

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

ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS, by R. W. Flint, 105 East 12th street—second door from 4th avenue—New York. Inclose \$2 and 3 stamps. \$18.30

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

Mrs. S. A. R. WATERMAN, box 4193, Boston, Mass., Psychometrist and Medium, will answer letters (sealed or otherwise) on business, to spirit friends, for tests, medical advice, delineations of character, &c. Terms \$2 to \$5 and three cent stamps. Send for a circular. \$4.

Special Notices.

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

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

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment in all cases in advance.

For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 30 cents per line for each insertion.

Advertisements to be Renewed at Continued Rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Tuesdays.

MRS. H. W. CUSHMAN,

MEDIUM for Guitar Music in the light, and other phases, has removed from Charlestown to No. 6 Oak street, Somerville, where she resumes her Friday afternoon circles at 8 o'clock. She also holds a circle of "Positive and Negative Powders" for East Cambridge, at Wood's Corner, Main bridge square—last pass Oak street—or Somerville car, to Union Square, near Charlestown. 1st—Sept. 25.

DR. RANDOLPH'S WORKS.—Any person, on the Pacific coast or elsewhere, having a copy of "THE GREAT SECRET," published in San Francisco in 1861, and willing to let the author have it for rewriting and republication, will confer a favor by notifying him, at Boston, Mass. A new copy will be returned, also a copy of "HUMAN LETTERS" to be rewritten, corrected, etc. Address care of box 333, Boston, Mass. P. B. RANDOLPH, Sept. 25.

MRS. JENNETTE J. CLARK, Clairvoyant, 158 Washington street, Boston, Room No. 2, Boston. Hours from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. 4th—Sept. 25.

A PAMPHLET "Philosophy of Spirit Likenesses," Price 25c. Address MRS. S. M. LILLIBRIDGE, Station 1, N. Y. Sept. 25.

THE INGENUITY OF MAN has never devised a remedy for the Fever and Ague, or Chills and Fever, equal to the GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY, known as SPRANCE'S POSITIVE and NEGATIVE POWDERS. I have known a single box to cure two or three cases radically and permanently in 24 hours. For terms, prices, &c., see advertisement in another column. 1st—Aug. 25.

E. LONGFIELD, Test and Developing Medium, 418 O'Farrell street, corner Market street, San Francisco, Cal. Fee \$1 per hour; developing circle 50 cts. Aug. 7—12th.

CARTE DE VISITE PHOTOGRAPHS

Of the following named persons can be obtained at the OFFICE OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston, for 25 CENTS EACH: REV. JOHN PIERPONT, JUDGE J. W. EDMONDS, EMMA LARABEE, ABRAHAM JAMES, ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, DR. H. F. GARDNER, MRS. M. L. BOWEN, HULDA JOHANSEN, MRS. J. H. CONANT, ANTONY (the Anderson), J. M. PIERCE, D. D. HOOD, PINKIE, the Indian Native, &c. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price.

PLANCHETTE SONG:

"Set the Truth-Echoes Humming." WORDS BY J. O. BARRETT; music by S. W. FOSTER. For sale at this Office. Price 30 cents.

JUST PUBLISHED,

SAINT PAUL. BY ERNEST RENAN. Author of "The Life of Jesus," "The Apostles," etc. TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL FRENCH BY INGRAM LOCKWOOD.

CONTENTS.

Dedication. Introduction—Critical Examination of Original Documents. Chapter 1.—First Journey of St. Paul—Mission of Cyprus. 2.—Second Journey of Paul in Macedonia. 3.—First Trouble Arising from Circumcision. 4.—Secret Propagation of Christianity—Its Introduction into Asia Minor. 5.—Second Journey of St. Paul—Second Sojourn in Galatia. 6.—Mission of Macedonia. 7.—Paul at Athens. 8.—First Sojourn at Corinth. 9.—First Epistles—Interior State of the New Churches. 10.—Journey of Paul to Jerusalem. 11.—Paul and Peter—Counter Mission organized by James, brother of the Lord. 12.—Third Journey of Paul—Establishment of the Church of Ephesus. 13.—Progress of Christianity in Asia and Phrygia. 14.—Schisms in the Church of Corinth—Apollos First Seceding. 15.—The Great Collection—Departure from Ephesus. 16.—Second Sojourn of Paul in Macedonia. 17.—Second Sojourn of Paul at Corinth—The Epistle to the Romans. 18.—Return of Paul to Jerusalem. 19.—Last Sojourn of Paul at Jerusalem—His Arrest. 20.—Captivity of Paul at Caesarea of Palestine. 21.—Voyage of the Prisoner Paul. 22.—The Trial of Paul before the Senate of Rome. Price \$1.75, postage 20 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston. NEW EDITION—REVISED AND CORRECTED.

THE VOICES.

A POEM IN THREE PARTS.

VOICE OF SUPERSTITION. VOICE OF NATURE. VOICE OF A PEBBLE.

By Warren S. Barlow.

THIS book is one of the keenest natural explications of the superstition, bigotry and false teachings of the age, which has appeared for some time. It is a masterpiece of elegant and powerful poetry, printed on heavy, fine paper; bound in beveled boards, in good style; nearly 200 pages. Price \$1.25; postage 10 cents. Liberal discount to the trade. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston.

PLANCHETTE'S DIARY.

EDITED BY KATE FIELD. Price 50 cents; postage 4 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston.

WHAT ANSWER?

BY ANNA E. DICKINSON.

PRICE \$1.50; postage 20 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston.

FURTHER COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE WORLD OF SPIRITS.

ON subjects highly important to the human family, by a subject, bound in cloth, 75 cents; postage 12 cents; paper, 50 cents; postage 10 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston.

AN INTERESTING WORK.

LLLL 00000 VVVV VVVV EEEEEEE
LLLL 000000 VVVV VVVV EEEEEEE
LLLL 0000000 VVVV VVVV EEEEEEE
LLLL 0000 0000 VVVV VVVV EEEE
LLLL 0000 0000 VVVV VVVV EEEEE
LLLL 0000 0000 VVVV VVVV EEEEE
LLLL 0000 0000 VVVV VVVV EEEEE
LLLL 0000 0000 VVVV VVVV EEEE
LLLLLLLL 00000000 VVVV EEEEEEE
LLLLLLLL 0000000 VVVV EEEEEEE
LLLLLLLL 00000 VVVV EEEEEEE

ITS HIDDEN HISTORY.

"Hearts! Breaking hearts! Who speaks of breaking hearts?"

A BOOK FOR WOMEN, YOUNG AND OLD; FOR THE LOVING; THE MARRIED; SINGLE; UNLOVED, HEART-BROKEN; PINING ONES;

A BOOK FOR UNHAPPY WIVES, AND LOVE-STARVED ONES OF THE WORLD WE LIVE IN!

By the Count de St. Leon.

THE statements contained in this book are indeed startling. Its exposures of simulated and morbid love and the monster crime of this age are withering, and will go far toward changing the current of the thought of the century upon matters affectional, social and domestic, for a

FIRM, VIGOROUS HEALTH Pervades Every Page.

APPEALS FOR WOMAN.

AND Consolations of Wounded Spirits.

Are tender, pathetic and touchingly true and eloquent.

ADVICE TO WOMEN.

No one the victims of misplaced confidence and affection is sound to the core, and withal it gives

Direct, Explicit and Valuable Counsel

Concerning the Great Chemo-Magnetic Laws of Love,

As to render it on that branch of the subject undoubtedly.

THE BOOK OF THE CENTURY!

Especially is this true of what it says concerning the true method of regaining a lost, wandering or perishing affection. But no advertisement can do justice to this

MOST REMARKABLE BOOK

ON HUMAN LOVE

EVER ISSUED FROM THE AMERICAN PRESS.

Price \$1.25, postage 16 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston, and also by our New York Agents, the AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 119 Nassau street.

THE MENTAL-CURE,

ILLUSTRATING THE Influence of the Mind on the Body, BOTH IN HEALTH AND DISEASE, And the Psychological Method of Treatment.

BY REV. W. F. EVANS, Author of "The Celestial Dawn," "The Happy Islands," "The New Age and its Messenger," &c.

"There, they say (and I believe there is), a spark within us of the immortal fire. That animates and leads us to our frame; And when the body sinks, escapes to heaven, its native seat, and mixes with the gods. Mean while this heavenly particle pervades The mortal elements: in every nerve It thrills with pressure, or grows mad with pain. And, in its secret convulsions as it feels The body's weakness, joy, the physical power Wielded at its will the dull material world, And is the body's health or madness."

THE design of this treatise is to explain the nature and laws of

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1039-1043.

