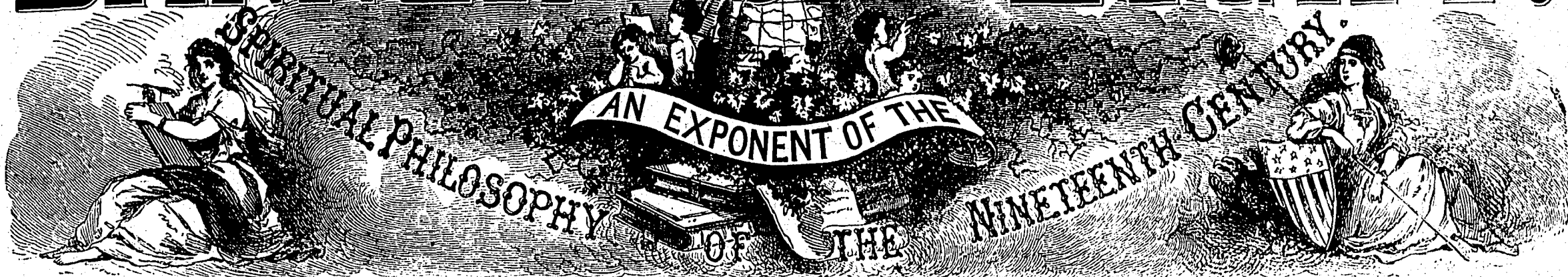


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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.
"OH, WE FLOAT ON THE TIDE OF A RIVER."

BY WILFRIED WYLLIES.

Oh, we float on the tide of a river,
That onward unceasingly rolls,
Away from the valley of mortals,
To the mystical kingdom of souls—
Away from the region of mortals,
That borders the empire of death,
To the beautiful meadows of Aiden,
That know not of Aziel's breath;
Where are over our waitings and watchings,
And we rest from all struggle and strife;
Where we walk by the side of the angels,
And we drink of the "waters of life."

Oh, we drift on the tide of the river,
And the tempest is angry and loud,
And our souls are enshrouded in darkness,
That covers the earth like a cloud;
But we know that the God of the tempest
Is guiding our bark with his hand;
That, beyond the dark clouds, the swift river
Rolls on to the mystical land;
So we float with the tide of the river,
That onward forever shall roll,
Through the valleys of sadness and sighing,
Through the tempest and storm, to the goal.

Written for the Banner of Light.

CLARE DEVINE, A LIFE SKETCH.

BY MRS. ELIZA M. HICKOK.

CHAPTER VI.

The week passed quickly and happily away, and was succeeded by another, before Henrietta joined her mother at Newport. That lady declared her very tardy in her movements, and strangely indifferent to the gayeties of the season.

"And why did not Mr. Horton accompany you?" she questioned.

"Oh, he has a little business affair to attend to, and does not wish to leave just now," was Henrietta's reply.

Then, as another week passed and he did not make his appearance, Mrs. Evans thought he must be impervious to the heat, and wondered why business could claim such strict attention at the dull season. He certainly could afford to leave it, if he chose, for his income was large. Why, it was almost time for "John" to come, and he never left the city till almost every one else had gone. And Henrietta, too, was very indifferent about his absence, and to all appearances very well satisfied.

But near the close of one of the finest days, Henrietta and her mother sat by the open windows of their pleasant room, which overlooked a scene lovely enough to delight the artist and satisfy the devoted worshiper of Nature. It was near sunset, and a sweet calm rested on all the landscape, while a delightful breeze cooled gently each heated brow. All day Henrietta had been in a pleasant excitement of anticipation, with a bright glow upon her fair cheeks and an unusual sparkle in her eyes, which her wise mamma accredited to the fact that Mr. Horton was expected that evening. She understood Etta's restlessness, she thought. Perhaps, way down in her heart she breathed a little sigh, as it reminded her of a time when she had experienced the delightful anticipation of meeting a loved one. But that was all past, and she had nothing to do with love since; and if Henrietta was fortunate enough to love the man who could give her wealth and "position," of course it was very agreeable; and she looked with pride and affection upon her only child. Henrietta had dressed herself with unusual care, and looked sparkling and beautiful enough to satisfy maternal ambition.

As the time drew near for the evening train, Henrietta grew visibly nervous. She wandered about, doing nothing in particular, but singing snatches of song in a soft, low tone, as if the joy in her heart could not be wholly silent. Soon the train came rushing in; and in a few moments more, Mrs. Evans, looking from her window, in the direction of the station—a short distance from the hotel—saw Vandal Horton approaching. She was not surprised to observe Henrietta's expectant look change to one of joyful satisfaction. But Mr. Horton was not alone. Beside him, talking with easy familiarity, walked a young gentleman, not quite so tall nor quite as dark as Vandal, but very handsome, noble and intelligent-looking. Of course Miss Henrietta was called for, and went immediately down to meet the two gentlemen, who had received many looks of admiration as they passed up the walk and entered the hotel.

As Henrietta reached the parlor door, she met Vandal coming out, who gave her a cordial greeting, and good-naturedly walked away to interest himself in his evening paper, leaving the young lady and his friend to introduce themselves, which he judged they might be able to accomplish without his presence. And since he would not intrude, I think, reader, we also will be generous, and not embarrass the meeting of two lovers.

Just before tea, Vandal returned to the parlor, and almost immediately after, Mrs. Evans came down and gave him a pleasant welcome, with some remark about his being so dilatory. He returned her greeting in his easy, polished manner, and introduced to her notice Mr. Morris, his friend, a young lawyer from the city of New York. The young gentleman was very graciously recognized by Mrs. Evans, who did not observe her daughter's anxiety to discover what opinion she was likely to form, though she fancied that her particular mamma was really pleased with his appearance. Indeed, few disliked Herbert

Morris's frank, laughing ways—always genial, obliging and polite. They had only time to exchange a few common-place remarks when tea was announced. This over, a pleasant evening was passed in social conversation, accompanied by a few pieces of Henrietta's favorite music, in one of which the two gentlemen sang together.

Business had called Vandal Horton to New York just previous, and knowing from Henrietta that Herbert's vacation occurred about this time, he sought him out, and together they came to Newport. They were soon fast friends, and Vandal learned much of Herbert's struggle to win his upward way in the stern conflict of life. He did not wonder that Henrietta loved him, despite his lack of worldly wealth, which, however, he had a fair prospect of obtaining, since he had both energy and talent. And he was glad to find the young man worthy of the generous-hearted girl.

But the young lady herself was too frank and truthful to feel quite at ease under the circumstances, though the days were all bright and beautiful to her; for she knew that her mother was deceived in regard to where her affections were bestowed.

That her ambitious mother would approve her choice, she could not hope, for Herbert had only his worth and talent, with a fine personal appearance, to recommend him. Beside, his parents had been poor and obscure, and his mother was still almost dependent on him for support.

But she was courageous and spirited, and resolved to know what severe reproof and opposition was in store for her. She knew that her mother was pleased with Herbert's manners, and thought if she were not purposely feeling, she must discover something of her own illusions in regard to him.

One afternoon, she was alone with her mother, serious and thoughtful, for the next day Vandal would return to the city, as Newport had but little attraction for him, despite its refreshing air and delightful scenery, and Herbert would remain a little while longer; it therefore was imperative that some disclosures should be made, as Mrs. Evans must see whose presence it was that made her heart so glad. There had been silence for some time, which the mother broke at length, by asking suddenly, "What is this about Vandal's leaving to-morrow? Does he really intend to do so?"

"I believe he does," was the quiet reply.

Now Mrs. Evans had noticed her daughter's abstracted manner, and coupled with the fact that Mr. Horton was leaving suddenly, as she thought, evinced to her that something had gone wrong with them. Determined to know about it, she said, "Perhaps you can tell the reason? I hope, Etta, you have not foolishly quarreled with him?"

Henrietta could not help smiling at the idea of quarreling with a noble-hearted fellow like Vandal, as she answered, "No, indeed, mamma; but possibly he finds greater attraction elsewhere."

"Attraction! Do you mean to tell me, Henrietta, that Vandal has left you for some one else?"

"He certainly pays me no attention beyond a kind friendship, nor has he ever. But we are both perfectly satisfied to regard each other as brother and sister might, for I assure you, mamma, that we shall never be more to each other."

"There," she thought to herself, "so much is told," while she watched her mother's look of utter amazement.

"Well, I am more than astonished," exclaimed the lady, at length, "but you seem to take it very coolly. Perhaps your own affections are engaged in another direction," with a little touch of irony.

The hot blood surged up to Henrietta's face, but she answered with a sudden effort, "My dear mamma, you have guessed rightly. I may as well tell, I do love another."

"And perhaps you will inform me upon whom you have so summarily bestowed your affections?"

"You have met the gentleman since we came here, mamma. You were conversing with him to-day; and I think you will admit that he is both agreeable and intelligent."

"Ah, Mr. Morris, who came with Vandal?" said Mrs. Evans, with a little frown, but taking the information much more calmly than Henrietta expected; "but I think you told me he was not rich; and what of his connections? Of course they are not wealthy, since he has been obliged to toil so hard for an education."

"Poor he may be in worldly wealth, but in all else he is rich," replied Henrietta, with her wonted spirit; "and with his family connections I have nothing to do. If they are poor, it is no disgrace; I love Herbert for himself."

"Henrietta, I cannot think you would really marry a penniless young lawyer. The idea is absurd. What would you do, brought up in luxury, as you have been?"

"Work with him, and help him win his way to independence, for I know he will; he cannot fail, with his talent and perseverance."

"You work! What plebeian ideas you have. But I think your romantic notions upon this subject may wear away ere long. I am very sure they will, when you find what it is to be deprived of the wealth which has always surrounded you. But I shall never give my consent to your taking any such foolish step, to be afterward repented of."

"I should be sorry to disobey you, mother, but do not think that I will ever sacrifice my happiness to pride," was the low, but firm reply; and here the conversation ended for the time, for Mrs. Evans was at a loss what course to pursue with her willful daughter, and she always wanted time to think before she could reason at all with Etta.

It was the last day of the season at Newport. Mrs. Evans had lingered until the place was nearly deserted; but on the morrow she would return to her city home. Herbert had gone back to his toll, cheered by the assurance that a true heart was all his own, willing and ready to share with him his labors.

Mrs. Evans had made several attempts to re-

son her daughter out of her "unwise choice," but meeting with no apparent success, she resolved to try if gay and brilliant society might have the effect of banishing the remembrance of the absent lover. And, first, she decided to give a great party soon after her return, and invite all the handsome and eligible young men she knew. She thought Henrietta could not have formed any lasting attachment, and might easily find her affections transferred to another. At this moment her daughter entered the room, and folding a letter which she replaced in its envelope, said:

"I have just received a letter from Clare." Her mother raised her arching brows in surprise, but Henrietta did not pause. "She writes that she must resign her situation, and will be gone when we return."

"And why does she leave? I hardly think she will do better. She has always been well paid, I am sure; but some people have no gratitude or appreciation. Does she wish for higher wages, do you think?"

"I believe she has made another engagement, which she thinks will be more agreeable. You know, mamma, she is fitted for other positions beside that of seamstress."

"Oh, she has got a chance to teach music, I suppose. Well, I hope she finished that work; and before I engage another sewing-girl I shall make an effort to discover whether she knows her place." No more was said upon the subject.

The last chilly days of autumn had come. All the pleasure-seekers had returned from their various summer resorts, and the round of amusements for the winter had commenced.

It was rumored about that Vandal Horton had been very quietly married, and gone with his bride on a short tour, but on their return would give a grand reception party in the elegant mansion he had chosen on D— street. Every one of his acquaintance wondered who the favored lady was, for he had never been very lavish of his attentions to the fair beings of fashion around him, though always respectful and polite. Every one hoped for and expected an invitation to the party, which would doubtless be the party of the season; and no one was more anxious for the time to arrive than Mrs. Evans, though she did not feel quite the same toward Vandal as when she hoped to recognize him as her son-in-law; for she could but think, if he had made some effort, he might have gained her daughter's love before it was given to another.

At length the announcement was made that the newly-wedded couple had returned to their home. Mr. and Mrs. Vandal Horton soon circulated their cards of invitation. None were slighted.

Mr. Evans, wife and daughter received separate cards, and it was understood by each that Mr. Evans, who seldom accompanied his wife to the fashionable gatherings which she seldom missed, was as cordially invited and as much expected as the ladies.

At last the evening arrived, calm and beautiful as ever looked down upon the high brick walls and glittering spires of the old city—just one year from the night when Vandal first met Clare Devine.

Clare's evening toilet is just completed, and probably few would recognize in her the pale, sad girl of a year ago. How can I describe her dress, when a description of dress is about the hardest task you could give me? Will it not suffice to say that it must have been perfect, or one of the most careful critics would not have declared, as she afterwards did, that "Mrs. Vandal Horton was the most elegant lady present."

Her own good taste and elegant form would always give her a ladylike appearance, and we may be sure the devoted husband has spared no expense in his bridal gifts. A starry arch of flashing gems rests above her white brow; a diamond sparkles at her throat, and one costly bridal ring glitters at every movement of her fair hand. Her dress was richly but not elaborately trimmed.

Her husband stands beside her, and his look is full of love and pride, for her eyes are more beautiful than gems, with the love-light shining in their clear depths, and the smile that plays around her lips and lights her whole face tells him that there is perfect happiness for the present and perfect trust for the future in her heart.

"My own, my lovely Clare," he said at length, and bent his handsome head to kiss the sweet lips which failed not to return the token, "I shall be proud of you to-night. I value my wealth as never before, since with it I can surround my darling with every comfort she demands, and give her the position before the world she is so well fitted to adorn, though you were none the less lovely to me when filling a position less worthy, and clad in the plain robes of mourning, as when I saw you one year ago to-night, for I believe I loved you even then."

"And one year ago to-night," replied Clare, "I little thought so brief a time would banish all the darkness from my life and fill it with such perfect happiness. And I am sure," she added smiling, "that my noble husband loves me for myself alone, since the only dower I bring him is a true, loving heart and a stainless life."

"A richer man could not ask," was his earnest reply; and, giving her his arm, they descended to receive their guests.

The elegant rooms were brilliantly lighted, the new and costly furniture tastefully arranged, and nothing was wanting there to add to one's comfort and happiness. The rooms filled rapidly, and each guest received a polite, cordial greeting; and all were charmed with the young wife's graceful manners and pleasing ways, for Clare possessed that rare, innate politeness which seems always to forget self in seeking the happiness of others. Hence she was always self-possessed and agreeable.

Quite early in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Evans and Miss Evans were announced.

John Evans paid his compliments in the plain,

quiet manner habitual with him, and received a cordial, hearty welcome. But his fair, stately wife sailed grandly across the room, her idea, as usual, to make an impression.

It was nothing strange that she should not at once recognize her former seamstress. But Clare's face, once seen, could never be quite forgotten; and the lady felt so certain that she had seen her somewhere, that she was almost guilty of staring, so anxious was she to settle in her own mind where she had seen the fair young hostess, with whose dress and appearance her scrutinizing eye could find no fault.

But her memory was a little refreshed when her daughter advanced from her side and was warmly welcomed, and exchanged a most affectionate greeting with the bride, for in the low words spoken Mrs. Evans caught the name of "Clare."

We may fancy that she received a shock when a sudden conviction of the truth flashed upon her mind, and hardly knew whether she was awake or dreaming. She knew her surprise and mortification must manifest itself, and quickly as possible she retired to a distant part of the room to regain her composure.

And Vandal bent his head, and whispered something to Henrietta which sent a glad sparkle to her eyes and a brighter color to her cheeks. Only Clare besides knew the import of his words, which were these: "Herbert is coming in the evening train; he will soon be here."

And the fair girl, as she moved away to give place to other guests, had no thought or care for the admiring glances which she received, for many an elegant young man there present would have been glad to claim her as his own, not forgetting the comfortable portion of her father's wealth which would be hers.

She looked around for her mother, and was soon by her side.

"Henrietta," she began, when they had withdrawn a little from the company, why have you deceived me in this manner? You have shown me very little respect, for you are well aware that had I known who was the bride, I should not have come here to-night. Why did you not tell me who Vandal married? After this I shall think every one deceives."

"You never asked me, mother, whom he married. You recollect I have sometimes tried to convey to you the idea that he cared for Clare, but you always declared it 'preposterous,' and would not believe it."

"How could I believe it, when I thought him the most aristocratic of all our gentleman acquaintances? But he probably thinks people do not know the lady's history very extensively. I know there are some here to-night who would not be here if they knew what I do."

"But, my dear mamma, I do wish you would cast aside this prejudice. Clare was born to a position as honored as my own. If she was reduced to one more obscure, but none the less honorable, in my belief, it was not her fault, and detracted nothing from her worth. Now that she has regained her rightful place, why not give her your esteem and regard, and become better acquainted with her? She is generous, and would gladly be friendly."

And Henrietta grew eloquent, as she tried to reason with her fashionable mother; for she knew in her present state of feeling her evening's enjoyment would be spoiled, if she condescended to remain; beside, Herbert would soon be there; and if she could influence her mother to try to enjoy the evening as every one else was doing, and to feel as though Vandal's wife was none the less a lady, because, for a time, she had lived by plying the needle, she knew that Mrs. Evans would be in a better mood to receive her lover kindly.

Her pleading was not wholly lost, for better than anything else Mrs. Evans loved her only child, only it was hard penetrating beneath the covering of pride, and aristocratic notions, to where her affection was; and withal she felt a little humiliated, though there was not the slightest indication of a triumphant feeling in Clare's manner.

And before the evening was over, Mrs. Evans acknowledged to herself, very privately, that the lady in question was really an attractive person; and she wondered much at the becoming dignity with which she filled a position which many had sighed for, while there was no arrogance or assumption in her manner.

But Mrs. Evans was not quite prepared to give Herbert Morris any other than a coolly polite greeting; for she marked his eager look, till it rested on her daughter's face, change to one of gladness, and saw that it was just as gladly responded to.

And the greeting between them, though of course restricted in the crowded room, yet told an observer that they were no common friends.

But if one among the throng was not exactly satisfied, that could not destroy the genial, happy influence which all seemed to feel, and the hours glided swiftly and pleasantly by.

The lovers of music were now to be gratified. Several, who prided themselves on being "accomplished," performed some brilliant pieces for the enjoyment of those present.

But when, by urgent request, (though hardly any present knew of her rare musical powers,) Vandal Horton led his young wife to the grand piano, a low murmur of satisfaction and admiration greeted his ear.

She had no music before her, and as she seated herself, glanced inquiringly at her husband, who, in reply to her look, bent his head to whisper, "One year ago to-night, love, you took my heart away, but gave me one more valued in return; play again that charming piece, Clare."

And again with that rare power that seemed almost magical, her hands swept the polished keys, while her face lighted up with inspiration lofty and divine. She charmed and thrilled her hearers, and well might the fond husband feel proud of the wife he had chosen, as the heartfelt

applause and earnest request for another performance attested to the rare enjoyment she had afforded to all present. Herbert Morris and Henrietta were seated a little distance from the piano, in a convenient bay-window, and the gentleman, closely clasping his companion's hand, remarked, "One could almost die forever to such music as that."

"Yes, and wish to die under its sweet influence," was the low reply.

"Its ravishing strains are more divine than earthly," replied Herbert, "but I should not want its magic power to take my darling away from earth, for all its joy and brightness would go with her, leaving me only a dreary void of utter darkness; but we will not think of that now, with youth and health before us, my loved one."

She answered him with a look in which soul met soul. In a few moments more, refreshments were announced, and the guests proceeded to the large dining-room, where the thoughtful hospitality of their young host and hostess was manifest in the beautiful repast. Nothing which usually graces the board of the wealthy entertainer on such an occasion was excluded, save wine. That tempting, dangerous beverage found no place in Vandal Horton's home. And though many present would not have thought it possible to give a party without the costly wines, many there were who breathed more freely because a loved brother, son or husband would not that night be exposed to its seductive influence. And with nothing to mar the pleasure of the evening, the hours were away till nearly morning, when the guests returned to their several homes, well pleased with their entertainment. Herbert could hardly refuse the pressing invitation to remain with his friends, and to make his home with them during his brief stay in the city. He did so, and found it indeed a home where only love and harmony prevailed, and nothing of cold courtesy was wanting. He remained but a few days, in which he saw Henrietta frequently, for she was a friendly visitor at Vandal's home, and always received in the kindest manner.

And here, kind reader, as we have seen our loving and deserving Clare restored to wealth, and happiness deeper, more perfect than ever realized before, surrounded by all that wealth can give to bless mortals, we feel that we may leave her with her noble husband, without a fear for her future. And yet before we bid them all a final adieu, we can scarcely forbear one brief and later glance in that direction to see how fortune prospers the determined Henrietta and her lover, for I trust that you, with myself, feel an interest in the generous girl, who has proved so good and true a friend.

We find that Herbert has completed his studies, and seeing an opening that promised well for a young lawyer, has claimed his bride, in spite of opposition and coldness on the part of her ambitious mother, who had always hoped to see her daughter established in grandeur, and living in a style commensurate with her fashionable education and aristocratic training, which, however, seemed to have had little effect.

The young couple are located in a thriving village, but a few miles from Henrietta's native city. She has chosen for Herbert's sake a humble home, but finds none the less of happiness; yet their house is nicely furnished, with all comforts they require, including a fine piano, the gift of her father; for John Evans would not let his daughter go from his house entirely portionless. Her cottage home is far less imposing than the stately mansion of her friend Clare, but they are the firmest friends; and the frequent visits they exchange are never shadowed in the least by envy on the part of one, or condescension of the other. Each is happy in her station.

We predict for Herbert Morris a successful career; that his name will be known and honored among men; and the time will come when Mrs. Evans, though she may treat him coldly now, will be proud to acknowledge him as her son before the world. He has a true friend in Vandal Horton, who will never see him lose a favorable opportunity for want of means; he has a wife who will be true to his best interests. A bright future lies before him.

May heaven bless them all, for they are each worthy of the happiness they enjoy, and save the sorrows that must come to all earth's children, we know their lives will be full of sunshine, shadowed by no inharmonious or contention, for the affection that governs each heart is all powerful and knows no change, and will endure for all earth time—ay, and in the realms of eternity.

A LAUGHABLE INCIDENT.—A few days since a colored lad entered a drug store in Portland with what he described as an "awful feeling in de stomach, jest like it wor full of fish-hooks and angle worms," and demanded a "Setter powder" as he had been advised, that would give relief. Accordingly the Seidlitz powders were dissolved in separate glasses, as usual, and placed before him, with instructions to pour one into the other and drink while effervescing. But the sable youth did nothing of the sort. Instead of following the directions, he hastily drank off the contents of one glass and immediately swallowed the other. The effect may be imagined, but not described. The effervescence, which should have taken place in the glass before it was drunk, took place in the bewildered darkey's stomach, sending streams of the frothy liquid from his mouth, nose, eyes and ears. As soon as the poor fellow could recover breath he cried out in frightened tones, "My stomach has busted; I can't live a minute!"

People are content to walk for life in the rut made by their predecessors, long after it has become so deep that they cannot see to the right or left. This keeps them in ignorance and darkness, but it saves them the trouble of thinking or acting for themselves.

Free Thought.

MEDIUMSHIP—THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.

BY DYER D. TUM.

THE "DISPATCH OF SCIENCE" BY W. D. GUNNING. Boston: William White & Co., 1870. Having in a previous article on the above pamphlet endeavored to show that the more recent scientific discoveries were disclosing the existence of forms of force, of which our senses could take no cognizance save as manifested in some correlated form, and their continued existence beyond the range of our physical faculties, and inferentially the possibility of these existing forms and powers all around us of

"The realm of the unseen, the world of matter, and the world of spirit." We desire now to dwell more particularly on the conclusion arrived at by Professor Gunning in relation to the value and authenticity of mediumship.

If writing in a spirit of criticism, we might object that his conclusions were somewhat extraneous, and hardly to be considered "as fair deductions from our facts," but as it is the subject, rather than the mere presentation of it, that we propose considering, we will waive all further ordinary remarks.

He concludes: "First, that there is another realm of being, a world of men and women, invisible to us, but real. Second, that under certain conditions, and using such peculiar organizations as media, these persons can manifest themselves to us."

To these conclusions all who hold themselves to be Spiritualists will heartily agree, and admit that they are sufficiently established by an abundance of evidence; yet we think it is still somewhat incomplete in not going one step further and stating who these "men and women" are. The Professor agrees with us in regarding them as disembodied human beings. The Adventists, and many of the Orthodox, admitting the reality of the spirit-world, claim these returning ones to be demons, or evil spirits.

But, third, that those who return and possess the mediums, or "raps," or "tip tables," or "haunt houses," are generally uninteresting spirits. They are not done with earth. What we call the "blue disease" in a young child is something of the fatal life lingering still in the higher life. The unquiet spirits who break through the veil and haunt us in sounds or apparitions, have in them something analogous to the "blue disease."

To decide on the legitimacy of this conclusion, we must first possess a wide range of experience, drawn from various sources; before proceeding to any hasty generalization. As the Professor very pertinently remarks on another page, "No man would think of establishing the glacial epoch on a single colder."

To ever have a scientific examination of Spiritualism, it is necessary that we have a vast accumulation of facts—not alone those cited by defenders, or published as remarkable tests, but a record of a medium's daily experience, embracing failures and errors, as well as "tests," in order to arrive at the law underlying them.

Fourth, that sometimes they are able to identify themselves to persons who knew them while living on the earth; but—

Fifth, that their power to utter their thoughts through the sensitive, or medium, being measured, and the same in kind as that which we possess over the same organizations, it is often impossible to tell whether the thoughts which come from the entranced are inspired by a spirit, or by ourselves, who are spirits in a grosser form.

Sixth, that the difference between their state and ours is so great, and their power of communicating with us so feeble, that a great part of that which comes to us in their name, is vague, sounding, and worthless. And—

Finally, that the condition called mediumship, subjecting the person to all kinds of influx, but as well as good, is not congenial to mental or moral health, and should not be cultivated."

To many this will appear like sweeping away the whole groundwork on which the first two conclusions are built, but we do not so regard it. Scientists are trained to a rigid and logical course of thought, and carefully weigh evidence before hastily advancing. A person becomes convinced that the phenomena occurring on all hands, through media, are really produced by the agency of disembodied human beings, and at once concludes that it is presumptive evidence that we continue to exist after the event known as death, because immortality, or rather continued existence, being true of one, must necessarily be so of another, because founded in our very natures as human beings, and not adventitious, dependent upon certain moral or metaphysical qualities. But because one has communicated, he cannot, *a priori*, jump to the conclusion that all can, for the fact of the one communication shows a surmounting of obstacles that we cannot affirm to lie in the power of all.

Again, he receives a communication from some loved one who has passed away, breathing words of love and cheer, yet the query is pardonable, may, justifiably, whether he is in direct or indirect communication with the spirit friend.

Let me illustrate this by narrating an incident. A lady, of whose mediumship I entertain no doubts, through whose organization I have obtained words of comfort and hope, once gave a communication to a gentleman who was of foreign birth, purporting to come from his brother. With a solitary exception, the test was perfect; the manner of his death, a somewhat peculiar one, and other facts, were faithfully narrated, but the returning brother was an Irishman, whereas he entered the spirit-world a Scotchman. But for this, the "test" of his brother's presence would have been thought conclusive; but this one feature pointed to an intermediate intelligent agency.

Then again, I have frequently had communications through various mediums, purporting to come from friends, false in every statement, beyond the possibility of excuse. I know that it is customary to say these are produced by "lying spirits," but such a reply is destitute of any scientific value, and becomes palpably so when some erroneous conception existing in the mind of the medium becomes reproduced in the message.

Mind can impress mind. Thoughts give rise to electric vibrations, as a pebble causes waves on the placid surface of a lake. The sensitive medium in a passive condition is susceptible to their influence.

"Towers there are That touch each other to the quick, in modes Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive. No soul to dream of."

We have frequent illustration of this. I know a lady who for a long time nearly always could tell the object of each person entering her room before a word had passed their lips; sometimes when in quest of articles that no guess-work would ever have surmised. On one occasion she saw the form of her mother by her bedside with all the vividness of objective existence, yet her mother lay asleep in another room. To say that her spirit was there, is, to the student in psychological laws, identical with the assertion of the savage who believes a fetch resides in the forest—a mere supposition to relieve curiosity.

Clairvoyance is a natural faculty of the mind. "Mind, mind alone, Is light, and hope, and life, and power."

The power of mind over mind here, is the key to unlock the mystery of spirit intercourse. Minds, unaided by spirits, see without the physical eye. They describe events at a distance with all the distinctness of actual sight; they describe the ailments of the body, locate the seat of pain, and prescribe for its treatment.

In 1839, while residing in Syracuse, N. Y., I became acquainted with a natural clairvoyant, Mrs. B., who in a perfectly conscious state could almost invariably describe the physical condition of her patients. She was not a believer in spirit communion, yet sometimes would give mock "séances" to her friends, in which she would describe our absent friends, in the form or out, and give far better "tests" than many pay a round sum to witness. I have heard her improvise in what might be called rhyme for fifteen or twenty minutes, and be unable to repeat it. The writer has frequently clairvoyantly described the forms of the dead, and events previously unknown to him. To those conversant with the facts of mental phenomena, any supposition of spirit agency to affect these is glaringly unscientific and uncalled for, removing it from the domain of science to that of fiction, and supplanting known facts with assumed theories.

"Phenomena for which science has no explanation, will be soil for the growth of superstitions," says Prof. Gunning. Let us try to avoid this growing evil of lugging in the spirits to account for every little act beyond our horizon of experience. Scientists know that there are men who can on certain persons impart vital energy to the weak, and re-invigorate the life-current to healthy action. The writer has been instrumental in two or three cases in saving life by this means, but "spirit agency" not only complicates instead of solving the problem, but is at variance with known facts.

Even the best of mediums will at times but give the reflex of your own thoughts, your own spirit proving the most capable of control by its unconscious action. Many of those who regard themselves as mediums never rise above clairvoyant vision, and, unversed in psychological influence, honestly assume the presence of spirits.

We have had an abundance of evidence that our friends continue to exist beyond the tomb, yet we never received a test of spirit presence inexplicable by mundane causes, where they were expressly sought and money paid for them; yet Conklyn, Foster, Flint, Cassien and other well-known and undoubted mediums have been consulted.

We would not reflect on the character of media. We know that many trials are undergone by them hard to be borne; but still we believe the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest" applies as well to them as to any other class. To those who are not appreciated, whose tours through the country are unremunerative, and who find a cold reception where they looked for a warm welcome, (not to mention a week's bread and butter,) we earnestly advise in all kindness to reconsider the whole subject; and ask, Do the phenomena present tests inexplicable by clairvoyant or earthly mental influence, and supply information unknown or really needed? Next, even if the proof of spirit power is beyond question, are the results obtained worth anything? Spirit communications do not always command the highest market price as literary productions, nor as advice from the heavenly world do they always exhibit evidences of spiritual growth.

The possession of mediumistic faculties and their use by spirits is an ascertained fact. On what this power depends, on physical organization or moral qualities, seems to be still a matter of dispute with some, and is indicative of two schools of thought. The scientist, reasoning *a posteriori*, says on certain peculiarities of organization; the theorist, reasoning *a priori*, says on certain traits of character, thereby removing the whole field from the domain of science into that of metaphysics. It may be a consummation devoutly to be wished for, that spirit influence and moral character should go together; but what should be is not always, and in this case is certainly not perceptible to all eyes.

Let us have a more careful scrutiny and sifting of phenomena and a more general diffusion of knowledge as to the powers of mind if we would have Spiritualism ever scientifically considered. Prof. Gunning has opened to us a rich mine of reflection, which we hope to see followed up by him and others in a more elaborate form.

The influence of mediumship on mental and moral health is a matter of opinion, which each will answer from his or her own experience, obtained by contact with media, and unnecessary to dwell upon, where already so much space has been occupied. In justice, however, to Prof. G., I give his closing words, following the conclusions already quoted, in which I heartily concur:

"In reaching these conclusions, I have not been unmindful of some gems of thought and expression inspired through unconscious mediums, nor of the pure lives of some who have the gift of mediumship, nor of the consolations which not a few have found in the belief that words of encouragement have come to them from loved ones who have 'passed within the veil.'"

A RELIGIOUS CRISIS APPROACHING—THE NECESSITY OF A MORE FAITHFUL EXPOSITION OF THEOLOGICAL ERROR.

BY K. GRAVES.

"To emancipate the human intellect, conscience and affections from the appalling despotism of an insane and idiotic theology is the one great mission of Spiritualism. We have abolished chattel slavery—Spiritualists are chosen, ordained and sent of God to abolish theological and mental slavery."

I wish to express my concurrence with the sentiment contained in the above, from the pen of Bro. Wright, and to add that the question of theological reform presents itself in two aspects, as being one of transcending importance, and that events about to be realized in our practical history will soon bring conviction to the mind of every reflecting Spiritualist, that it is justly, at least necessarily entitled to more of our attention than it has hitherto received.

1st, The theologic fortresses of Christendom are planted directly upon our pathway, so that we cannot go forward till they are removed. And the minds of the millions are so fettered by the despotism of a conservative, stand-still religion that it is impossible to find an avenue to them, for implanting therein the glorious, living truths of the New Spiritual Dispensation, until something is done toward effecting their mental disenfranchisement.

Such facts, such considerations as these raise the conviction that our course toward the religious institutions of the country must be more than passive—it must become aggressive, though error in the spirit of kindness and love. Our brethren and sisters of "the household of faith" must be converted through the instrumentality of "the drawing chords of love," made to operate to the full exposition of their moral and religious errors. Clothed with this spirit, let us not shrink from declaring "the whole counsel of God" relative to the destiny that awaits their religious idols and their erroneous principles. It is not our task alone to incite them to a more faithful observance of their principles, but to show them that some of those principles are radically defective and should not be practically observed. We should cherish no friendship or "fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness," influenced by the desire to make converts to our cause; for persons converted to Spiritualism while their minds are yet full of theological error, will only operate as dead weights to the cause. A church-member once remarked to me, after listening to a discourse on Spiritualism, in which the beauties of the New Dispensation were presented with great power, "It is all very nice, but not half so beautiful as the religion of Jesus Christ." Now that man will probably do with all his theological errors festering in his soul, when a more faithful exposition of the moral defects of the old or popular system of Christendom, as well as a portrayal of the truths of the new religion of the spiritual brotherhood, might have saved him. Such an exposition would have shown him that the religion of the truth-loving and noble-minded Jesus, although embellished with many beautiful truths, is, nevertheless, marred by some radical defects in its doctrine, which he doubtless drew from the systems then so popular in the East—such as the inherent tendency of man to evil, his total helplessness as a moral agent, his responsibility for his belief or religious creed, the fear of an angry God, the doctrine of arbitrary punishment after death, and last, but not least, the unphilosophical notions about sin, repentance, pardon, &c. And, more than all, the credulists enjoined a restrictive, conservative feeling which forbids the progressive discovery of religious truth. These are errors incidental to the undeveloped minds of past ages which should be eschewed and exposed by all moral and religious reformers, who should aim to introduce the people to a system purified and comparatively perfected by the civilizing and refining processes growing out of the law of universal progress.

2d, And now I wish to show in a few words that the conservative policy of the popular religion of Christendom, which, while it propagates the errors I have enumerated, forbids their examination, has very nearly matured a crisis which will lead to their full exposition and final abandonment. That we are on the eve of an important crisis in religious affairs which will ultimately in the overthrow of all ecclesiastical dynasties and mind-fettering theological institutions, no person can doubt who is observant of passing events, or who is familiar with the present tone of the religious press both in this country and Europe.

To post the reader more fully in this matter, I will here call a few extracts from some of these popular religious journals. That well-known paper, the New York Herald, in anticipation of such a crisis, uses the following emphatic language: "A great revolution is fermenting in all the churches. It will break out after awhile, and many strange things will then come to light, and a new and great reformation will follow."

The Central Christian Advocate, of St. Louis, speaks in a like prophetic tone: "All along the line of revealed religion, from Moses and the prophets down to Jesus Christ and the apostles, the war is being waged."

Again, from the Christian Examiner: "No one who is accustomed to regard with much attention the history and tendency of religious opinions, can fail of being convinced that the question concerning the inspiration of the Scriptures, is soon to become the most absorbing question of Christian theology."

The Sunday Mercury says: "There is an ideal principle on the wing which foreshadows a not far distant period of intellectual and religious disenfranchisement. That this comprehensive spirit will in the end effect a great revolution, not merely in politics and government, but in religion, we have every reason to believe. * * * We may yet in our own times witness a second delivance of the Goddess of Reason."

In the Boston Traveller Mr. Beecher is reported as speaking thus: "There has grown up in my mind within perhaps the last ten years, the consciousness of a great change that is coming over the world. We are advancing into times which are going to be marked. * * * It seems to me that somebody ought to be prepared for this coming state of things; that somebody should think and forethink; that somebody should be conversant with natural philosophy and with the drift of science."

Such is the tone of alarm from the religious press. "He who hath ears to hear let him hear" it, and prepare for the coming conflict.

And what is the duty of the Spiritualist and reformer, in view of the imminent crisis so significantly foreshadowed by transpiring events? Is it not to lay bare the causes of this impending moral and religious revolution, and show the religious community that they are to be found in a morally defective non-progressive and stagnant theology, which possesses this character simply because its disciples have erroneously taught that it is too perfect to be improved, transcended, or even criticized? Such a course, on the part of the moral laborers in our spiritual vineyard, will prepare the better part of the religious community for making the true issue in the coming contest, and will enable them to find and invite them to enlist with the party who will be found battling for Truth and the Right.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE MASKS WE WEAR.

BY MAY KENDALL.

Up and down the busy street,
Through the crowded thoroughfare,
Onward speed the men of trade,
Scheming 'neath the masks they wear.

In the large and costly church,
Bow the reverent men of prayer,
But their hearts if you would read,
Look beneath the masks they wear.

In the hall-room's festive throng,
'Neath the gas-light's ruddy glare,
Beauteous forms sit to and fro,
Sighing 'neath the masks they wear.

Loitering 'neath some quiet shade,
In Nature's temple bright and fair,
Youth and maiden little dream
What is 'neath the masks they wear.

If the widow's woe you'd feel,
If the orphan's grief you'd share,
If the depths of sorrow sound,
Look beneath the masks they wear.

If the drunkard's life you'd know,
And the woes they daily bear,
Look upon the torturing fires
Burning 'neath the masks they wear.

See the tempters round their way!
Some are decked in garments fair,
But sin and death with mighty power,
Lurk beneath the masks they wear.

In the various walks of life,
On our daily toll and care,
We see each other's inner self
But dimly through the masks we wear.

But in that land of light and beauty,
Where our loved ones "gone before"
Dwell in purity and gladness,
We shall wear our masks no more!

GOD THE PRISONER, AND GOD THE PRISONER'S FRIEND.

State Prison, Charlestown, Mass., Friday, June 17, 1870.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—This is Bunker Hill day, and I am in prison; partly on your account, and partly on my own. I have been leading a very peaceable and quiet life, lately; and, as I think, a pious and praying life, for I have been working for God in man. Yet, in spite of all my piety and prayer I am in the Massachusetts State Prison. I was brought here to-day—not by a sheriff or constable, nor a priest, but by the "determinate counsel and fore-ordination" of God, the prisoner's friend, as made manifest in Henry C. Dorsey. Through his kindness, arrangements had been made to supply the State prisoners of Massachusetts with means to celebrate the battle of Bunker Hill. This is the ninety-fourth anniversary of that conflict, which was followed soon after by the Declaration of Independence, and after seven years' deadly struggle in the freeing of the thirteen United Colonies from the power of Britain.

There are six hundred prisoners. Six hundred boxes of strawberries, one hundred and sixty-six pounds of nice granulated sugar, and forty gallons of milk were provided. Six hundred large white bowls were provided to serve up the strawberries and milk.

Mr. Dorsey lives in Pawtucket, where, for the present, I am boarding. He is a member of a steam fire-engine company. Through Dorsey's influence the company were all clad in a new uniform, and were invited by Gov. Claflin to be present at the Strawberry Festival and holiday in the prison, and any others whom he wished to invite; and the two daughters and the parents of the family where I make my home were among the invited guests. We have a very fine band of musicians in Pawtucket. This band was engaged to be present and play several hours for the prisoners. The fire company, the band and invited guests made about eighty persons. Two cars were chartered. An exceedingly witty and amusing Frenchman—who speaks English pretty well—named Du Bois, was engaged to come on from Pawtucket and give a lecture from this text—"And they began to be merry." The prisoners were to assemble in the chapel, hear the lecture, and laugh loud and long over it, to their hearts' content.

All arrangements were made by Warden Haynes, with the hearty approval of Governor Claflin and Council, and a cordial invitation to Dorsey to come with his company, his band, and his invited guests, to enjoy the happiness of his clients—the spirits that are in prison.

In due time, we were all lodged in prison. The prisoners were all assembled in the chapel, and Du Bois gave his admirable lecture—just the lecture for the people and the place. Such fun! Such roars of laughter! Such cheers and shouts! State officials, and invited guests, and six hundred returned faces of prisoners wreathed in fun and frolic over the wit and merry-making of the lecturer. The fact is, dear Banner, we were made to forget that we were in prison. All—seemed to forget that there were any such things as prisons and prisoners, and were made to feel that we were all human beings—no more, no less.

Dorsey, who was not able to be present at the beginning of the lecture, entered the chapel while it was in progress. He was escorted to the platform, and formally introduced to the audience as the man who had procured for the prisoners this festival and holiday. Such a reception as was given him by those six hundred hungry, starving souls—and I was where I could see their faces. Never did I see six hundred human faces express such deep, heartfelt, loving gratitude! I could but say to one by me—"God the prisoner, as well as God the judge." Had Dorsey been within their reach he would have experienced such an almighty hug and kiss as mortal man never had before—at least from man. Indeed, my friends, Henry C. Dorsey was at that hour "God made manifest to the spirits in prison." If ever I saw a tender, loving, grateful soul beam from the human face, I saw it beam from the faces of those six hundred prisoners, branded and hitherto generally cast out from human sympathy. Tears of grateful love rolled down many of those faces. I had rather be the one to win the love and gratitude of those stern, and, as it is erroneously supposed, hard and unfeeling hearts, than to win the applause of all the kingdoms and churches of this world. Dorsey made a brief speech, stating that he was a man of deeds and not of words.

After the merry lecture, the prisoners all went into the prison yard, and were told to enjoy themselves as they pleased, the usual restraints being removed. There were no keepers present to keep order—no police—but six hundred prisoners, content, by Church and State, as fit only for a prison and a cell—felons, as they are called—were turned loose, with a very fine band of musicians in uniform to make music for them. Men, women and children, from this and other States, freely mingled with the prisoners, talked with them, walked with them, shook hands with them, laughed with them, and looked upon them in their foot-ball games, their leaping, and jumping, and merry-making. I spent about two hours with them, enjoying their merriment. I talked with more than one hundred of them. The one great thought of all was—how to break prison and escape, but "Who is Henry C. Dorsey? Do you know him?" &c. Dorsey came among them, and all rushed eagerly to shake his hand, and say, "God bless you!" "God is with you here," said Dorsey, to several—"God is with you in prison as really as with those who are outside." "That's a fact," said one powerful man, "while you are with us." I could but echo the remarks of the poor fellow, in prison for ten years, and say, "True, God, as the prisoners' friend, in H. C. Dorsey, is with you." During all their amusements, I heard not an unkind, a coarse nor angry word among themselves or to others. Not a word about cruel treatment, excepting by one man, who said—"When we are kind, our warden and keepers are kind to us, but if we are hard and troublesome to them, they deal with us as we deserve."

Then, after the two hours' recreation, they marched to their cells with smiling, happy faces, each taking his quart of berries and milk, and some sugar, and a loaf of nice wheat bread. They would have taken their festival at a common board, but the prison has no means to spread a table for six hundred.

Dear Banner, my heart is very full; so are my eyes, as I muse on all I have seen and heard to-day. Though strange, it is true, Human Nature seems more noble and lovable, more divine, from seeing, hearing and entering into the hearts of those prisoners. Here are six hundred men—our brothers—who are branded and cast out as felons, as Jesus was by Church and State, and by Society. If Jesus—once the branded, outcast, crucified felon of Judea, but now worshipped as God by three hundred millions of Christians—were to visit Boston as he did Jerusalem, where would you find him?—among these branded and outcast felons, now in their cells eating their berries, milk and sugar in solitude, or in Old South or Park-street Church, in the State House, or National Capital? Henry C. Dorsey is the true minister of God to these prisoners. He is the true Christ, the truly anointed and sent of God to these misguided brothers. So far as they are "the lost," these are the very ones whom our tender and loving Father and Mother God are seeking to find and to bring home.

It is a terrible wrong and outrage to "conceive human beings in sin," and then imprison and hang them for being sinners; to "shape them in iniquity," and then punish them for practicing iniquity; to "prone them to evil as sparks fly upward," and then brand and cast them out for doing evil; and to "send them away from the birth speaking lies," and then imprison and execute them for being liars and deceivers. Tell me, dear Banner, is it possible for a man and woman to fall so low as to create a child in their own likeness and then imprison or hang him for being like them? Yet this is what Christians habitually do—they being witnesses. Men and women are so vile that, had God been just to them, as they say, "they had been in hell long ago;" yet they beget thieves, robbers, and men and women as hell-deserving as themselves, and then imprison and hang them for being and doing what they make them to be and to do. This outrage must stop, or the religion that teaches it must be abolished, and God, as the prisoners' friend, must be enthroned in our hearts.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE NATURAL AND SPIRITUAL.
BY JAMES G. HOW.

How fresh is the air of the mountain,
How joyous the valleys below!
The streamlet how pure to the fountain,
Where waters unceasingly flow:
What music forever is leaping
From its silvery, mystical bow,
What voices forever repeating
God's wonders and workings abroad:
What changes forever ringing
In dark, gloomy forests of pine;
What choirs of sweet warblers are singing
Their praise on the twigs and the vine:
What flashes of light ever peeping
Through evergreen foliage and trees:
What guardians of night ever keeping
Their watch in the calm and the breeze:
What powers and forces revolving
The atoms and oceans of air,
Attracting, repelling, evolving
Whole nations and families there!
What wonders and mysteries floating
Unseen by the vision of man!
The legends of spirits are nothing
What only the spirit may see.
Are perfumes of grasses and flowers
What weaving forms in the skies:
What landscapes and beautiful bowers
Are mirrored in the spirit-light:
The life of the spirit that's flowing
Through earth and confines looms and coils,
Like the soul of the mountain is glowing
With jewels and riches untold.
The music and harmony filling
And sweeping the ether
From races and ages are swelling
And trembling in unison there.
The weird rill so darkly dividing
The seen and the spiritual world,
Through spectro and phantom reading
Its mystical certain has furlied.
The day-star has risen in full splendor,
The mountains are light in its dawn,
And the nations shall wonder and worship
And live in its beautiful morn.

Matters in Washington, D. C.

DEAR BANNER—Another lecture season has come to a close with us in the National Capital, and our annual meeting has passed, resulting in the election of the following officers: John Mayhew, President; George White, Vice President; Levi Loomis, Secretary, and the election of Richard Roberts as Treasurer. The action of the meeting, which was the largest business meeting we have had, was very harmonious, the votes in the election of officers being unanimous.

During the season we have been visited by several physical mediums, some of whom I think have been justly suspected of fraud. A necessity has therefore been felt for the adoption of some plan by which we may be able to protect media of undoubted honesty and worth, and to discountenance all pretenders, who by their frauds would place our society under the ban of public opinion, as has been the case, to some extent, during the past season.

It was therefore resolved in our general meeting, that there be carefully selected by the Executive Board, twelve persons, to constitute a Standing Committee for the Investigation of Physical Phenomena, to whom all physical mediums visiting the city may apply, and submit themselves to their critical scrutiny. Such media—the investigation resulting satisfactorily—will be at liberty in their notices to state that fact in such form as the Committee may approve. Thus we hope to be able to encourage the true and suppress the false. Beyond this we shall vouch for none, and our hall will be open to none who do not voluntarily certify to this scrutiny. I think it is high time for Spiritualists everywhere to take some similar action, evincing to the public at large that they are no parties to fraud, and are anxious to detect and expose impositions of this sacrilegious character whenever they may occur.

During the past season, many copies of the Banner of Light have been sold at our Sunday meetings by our doorkeeper, and I hope the number will be greatly increased when our meetings are resumed. We have received many valuable additions to our membership during the last few weeks, and the prospect is very promising that the next season will be one of more than usual prosperity.

We are rapidly concluding arrangements for speakers for the coming season, and hope soon to send you our programme of the same.

With best wishes for the prosperity of the Banner,

I am, yours most truly,
JOHN MAYHEW,
President Society of Progressive Spiritualists.
Washington, D. C., (Box 607,) June 17, 1870.

At the London Police Court, an Irish woman asked the magistrate to arrest Biddy Coghlan for "switching her hen, which died the day before, and enchanting the eggs of the bird, at the same time producing several eggs, which had nothing peculiar in their appearance, except that they were rather smaller than usual. Mr. Lushington told the foolish woman to go about her business. "What shall I do with the eggs?" asked the woman. "Take them home and cook them for your husband's dinner!" exclaimed an officer of the court, gently pushing her out of the building. "Faith, now," said the woman, amidst derisive laughter, "am I going, think you, to put the devil into my husband's inside? Shure there's a devil in each egg!" She retired, much disappointed that no steps were taken to punish Biddy, the "wicked enchantress."

He who saves in little things can be liberal in great ones.

third edition, enlarged and revised, of Moses E. pamphlet treating on marriage, entitled "The Terrible Question," which is sold for ten c.

Message Department.

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

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

The Banner of Light Free Circles.
These Circles are held at No. 125 Washington Street, Room No. 4 (up stairs), on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday AFTERNOON. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at 2 o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.
Mess. COBURN receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.
Donations of flowers for our Circle-Room are solicited.

Invocation.

Our Father, Wisdom, and our Mother Love, thou soul of the day and the night, thou present help in all our times of need for thy saint and thy slumber, we bring thee this hour our needs and we know thou wilt supply them. We bring thee our prayers. We know thou wilt answer them. We bring thee our thanks. We know thou wilt receive them. Oh Mighty Spirit, we would draw nearer thy greatness, and lose something of our own littleness. We would draw nearer thy wisdom, and lose something of our own ignorance. We would come into clearer light, oh Spirit of all light. Though we ask that thou wouldst bless us, we are conscious that thy blessing is always with us, that the hand of thy love is ever sustaining us, and that thy great soul of wisdom will never forsake us. Father, Mother, thou hast ordered that we retrace our steps and walk the earth again unseen. Oh may our ministrations to the children who are still prisoners in mortality, be of use, of holy and divine use to them. May we not come in vain, and may all our words be ordered right, and may they guide us out of the darkness into the light. Father, we praise thee for thy blessings. We thank thee for this young vernal day, that sheds its glorious sunlight, that thy children in mortal may be gladdened, may feel, our Father, that it is but the harbinger of brighter days; and so, great Spirit, may the sunlight of thy divine inspiration flow into their hearts, lighting up all the dark places, cheering them in their loneliness, and assuring them that there is a hereafter for the soul that is better than the present life.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have questions, Mr. Chairman, I will answer them.

Q.—Is the blood of the human system circulated by the muscular action of the heart, or by magnetic force, or neither?

A.—Certainly, without magnetic force there could be no action of the heart. There could be no circulation. That is the primary force of physical life. When that is in motion, and harmonious, the whole physical machinery is in motion and harmonious. The muscular action of the heart, to be sure, sends the blood to all parts of the system, but if there were no power behind that muscular action, surely there could be no action.

Q.—What combination of particles makes coal black and snow white?

A.—We have not time to enter into a chemical elaboration of that subject. If we had we should be glad to.

Q.—What knowledge or what course of study will enable man to comprehend those series of truths, which, centering in the Deity, embrace the largest and smallest, the nearest and most remote portions of his universe?

A.—No amount of study, no amount of observation that humanity is capable of reaching, can by any possibility comprehend truth in its entirety. Truth is, in itself, an element past human comprehension. When we think we have it, lo! it has eluded our grasp. Things that are truths to us to-day, are absolute falsehoods to us to-morrow. Truth in the absolute is ever out of our reach. There may come a time in our course of being when we as mortals may reach truth, but for myself I doubt it.

Q.—Why is it that associated effort, though much greater than that of individuals, is not powerful in proportion to the amount, so to speak, of its individual elements?

A.—I think it is. Indeed, I am quite sure that it cannot be otherwise.

Q.—Do our friends in spirit-life enjoy or desire to meet or speak with those they have left on earth?

A.—That is a fact that has been made palpably evident during the last twenty-two years. The facts of Spiritualism answer that question.

Q.—Does it assist or strengthen them in their progress to be recognized by their friends in the earth-life?

A.—It certainly does.

Q.—Please explain why one is attracted to another, and that other can only meet them with a repulsive feeling? Or why is it that two persons are forcibly attracted to one another, and one of those attracted to a third person who is repulsive to the other?

A.—The party that is attracted is the negative party, possessing less attractive force than the other, so far as that other is concerned. For example, I come to this subject when I wish to control her. I attract her spirit apart from her physical consciousness. She has not the power to resist. Why has she not? Simply because I am positive in the attractive force to her. I have more of it than she has. This is a law that is demonstrated in all human life, and not alone in human life, but in all the lower grades of life. We see it in the mineral, in the vegetable, in the animal, and we see it in the spiritual.

Q.—It was said in a circle a few days since, that we could not define the extent of individual power, which was unquestionably true. How, then, can we positively determine what is from disembodied spirits, or what pertains to us as a power?

A.—You can never positively determine that fact till you are apart from physical life. You can only speculate concerning it, and believe concerning it. You can never know positively.

Q.—Is it not a fact that, so far as mental phenomena are concerned, we go to spirits rather than they come to us.

A.—Yes, it is a fact.

Q.—Can attractions be perpetuated unless they are from the different natures in the individual?

A.—Yes, under certain conditions.

April 5.

Jacob Hodgdon.

Four months ago I disbelieved in these things entirely. That was before I died, of course. I had some friends who were believers, and I used to say a good deal against their faith; but I see now that I was wrong, and they were right. [What's the matter with your hand?] I lost my

left hand, and I don't know why, but this one feels queer. My name was Jacob Hodgdon. I was born in Exeter, N. H. I died in Chicago. I met with an accident which resulted in my death. Some of my friends tried to make me promise that I would come back when I got established on the other side, as they said, but I had such a thorough dislike to their faith that I would not even promise that I would come back if it was true. But I have had a pretty intense desire to come, I tell you, stranger, since I left. I would have come back the very next week, if I could, but I could not do it. I want to say to my friend Thomas McAllister—he was a believer in this thing—that what he told me was true, all true, and if I could have believed it, it would have been full as well for me, if not a good deal better. But I had no faith in it.

I have a perfect spirit hand, but I don't feel right in this one. I told you I lost mine. It was taken off at the wrist. [What was the occasion?] It was occasioned by being cut, mangled by a circular saw. I was obliged to take it off.

Now if I can go to my friends in the West who believe as you do, I shall do so. I acknowledge that I was wrong, and they were right, and shall do everything I can to help them now, as I did everything I could to block their wheels when I was here. [Your age?] I was thirty-four at the time of my death; I have been gone four months. Good day, sir. April 5.

Ham Miller.

I am conscious of my weakness and of my ignorance, and I shall make no attempt to disguise the one or the other. My expectations concerning a future or spiritual life have not been realized. I had for so many years dwelt in the religious expectation of a certain kind of orthodox heaven, that I had forced myself into a condition of spiritual disappointment in consequence of not finding what my belief on earth caused me to expect. But when I reason with my soul, apart from all earthly belief, I feel to thank my God that he has done so well for me—that I am not consigned to such a heaven as I pictured for myself; and even now I can see, if I had been, I should have been extremely unhappy in a very short time.

Now, like all other souls, I am told that I am free to work out my own spiritual salvation; I am free to scale all the heights of wisdom that abound in the spirit-world; I am free to pursue those conditions of life that were nearest and dearest to my soul. The whole realm of the world of mind is free to me as to all others, wherein I can work, and from which I can draw happiness and comfort. The subject I contemplate is too vast for my poor ignorant soul to comprehend. I have drunk in just enough of this free and glorious truth to inspire my soul, and to fill me with deepest joy; and I could not rest in my now-found home without returning, giving some evidence of my condition as a spirit, and of my hopes for the future.

Since I know that this beautiful philosophy is true, I am anxious that those I have left should believe in it—at least should investigate it, and search into its deep and beautiful mysteries, and learn how much of good there is in it. It is true for all; the saint and the sinner may receive freely. It is a light which seems to be spreading over all the earth, and I do hope that ere long my dear ones, who are now in darkness concerning it, may receive it and rejoice in it.

My name, when Ham Miller, Portsmouth, N. H., once a clergyman, later in life a journalist. [You have recently passed away?] Yes.

April 5.

William Starr.

I was drowned last night. My name, William Starr. I was a sailor on board the bark "William Robinson." It was an accident. I was washed overboard from the rigging. I have friends whose hearts will ache, I know, but I am glad I am through. I went easy, and I trust in the mercy of a merciful and just God for what I shall receive in this life. [Where were you lost?] We were doubling Cape Cod.

I want my mother, who lives in Brunswick, Maine, to know that I return, and that I shall, I fully believe, be happy in this new world. It is not what I thought it would be—far more I have been taught to believe, but it is far more beautiful, far more what I need.

I shall try to come again when I am better posted than now. I do not want my mother and sister to mourn because my body was not recovered. I am glad it was not. I saved the expense of burial, and it is just as well where it is, just as well, and better.

Belle Wide-Awake.

How do you do, Mary D. Stearns? [I am well; how do you do?] Comfortable. You know me, don't you? [Yes.] Did you expect me? [I hoped you might come.] Did you hear I came here the other day with a cup of tea for old Chamberlain? [No; I had not heard of that.] Well, I did. [Was he here to get it?] No; but he will get it. My servants will see that he has it all right—hot, too.

[CHAIRMAN.—You are sharp to-day, Belle.] SPIRIT.—Beg your pardon. I will serve you in turn.

Well, Mary D. Stearns, are you comfortable? [Very comfortable. I have not seen you for some time.] No; I am going to begin business again soon; I hope to. [I am going to Jennie's this evening. Will you be there?] Yes. [Will you speak to me with the trumpet?] Yes; and I'll give you a good rap over the head, too. Supposing I crack it?

How do you suppose old Chamberlain will make out? [I don't know. Are you interested for him?] No; he is interested for me. I propose to take care of him, to dispose of him—above him out of the way. [You would not do that, would you?] Course I will. You see? Perhaps you don't comprehend what I mean? [You mean you won't have him making trouble?] Yes. What's the use of allowing him to do that, when he makes so much trouble? I don't think I shall any longer.

Well, give my love to all the folks. I will tell you through the trumpet what I've said here.

April 5.

Séance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by C. H. Crowell.

Invocation.

Oh, Holy Spirit, we would chant thy praises through the weakness of mortal life, for even here we behold such revelations of thyself that we bow our faces in solemn gratitude. Thou who art all spirit, can well comprehend the needs of our souls; thou who seest and understandest all things, has no need that we come to thee, asking thee to bestow thy favors upon us, but we have need to pray. We would come nearer in our conscious lives, oh Holy Spirit, to thee; we would breathe in the conscious atmosphere of a holier being; we would trust thee more; we would know thee better. Thou art our life to-day, as thou ever

hast been, and ever wilt be. We praise thee for life, beautiful life, with its ever-varying scenes, swiftly changing for our comfort. Oh for it we praise thee; and we ask thee, oh Infinite Spirit, that we may so clearly comprehend thy Scriptures of Nature that we may know how to serve thee aright—that we may answer the demands of our own souls, and come day by day higher and still higher, nearer and still nearer to thee. Amen. April 11.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—Is hard or soft water healthiest?
A.—When chemically analyzed, hard water is found to be best adapted to certain chemically organized conditions of life. Certain persons are so chemically organized that hard water is best for them to use. Again, there are certain forms so chemically organized that soft or spring water is far better for them. Therefore you see there can be no general standard raised for all.

Q.—In Europe hard water is considered more healthful than soft. The French, when inquiring after water for the supply of Paris, found that more conspirators are rejected in soft water districts; on account of imperfect development and stunted growth, than in the hard; and they concluded that calcareous matter in water is essential to the formation of tissues. Facts having a similar bearing have been noted in Great Britain. Are not the people in these localities affected by the water?

A.—Yes.
Q.—Would not iron in water be favorable to almost any constitution?

A.—I think not, from the fact that there are no two constitutions alike.

Q.—Is there anything injurious in water impregnated with iron?

A.—Yes, positively so to some organisms, positively the reverse to others.

Q.—Does it do anything more than to oxidize the blood?

A.—And suppose the blood is already highly oxidized, what then? There is no need of anything further in that direction.

Q.—Can the iron enter the blood in its crude state?

A.—No; but your system being a chemical laboratory presided over by the great chemist, God, of course whatever you take into your system becomes chemically changed before it can be adapted to the uses of the body.

Q.—Can any mineral substance be assimilated by the human system till it has passed through some form of vegetable or animal life?

A.—No, certainly not.

Q.—Then all the minerals administered as medicines to affect the blood are useless, and do not enter it at all?

A.—No; you are mistaken there. They are not useless. They do not enter as they are taken into the mouth. They are not taken up and distributed throughout the system as you take them in. But they are passed into the crucible, the stomach, and there they are chemically changed so as to become the remedial agents which you desire them to be.

Q.—Can they assimilate with the human system?

A.—Yes, they can.

Q.—There is an idea prevailing that before any mineral can be received and assimilated by the human system it must pass through vegetable or animal life. For instance, the elderberry absorbs iron from the soil, and we may get it from the juice of that berry.

A.—I think your ideas are not strictly correct, though they are founded upon correct principles.

Q.—Do not nearly all the primates of Nature enter into the composition of the human structure?

A.—I have to affirm at the outset that there are no material primates. I know this is taking a large step outside of human science.

Q.—Is not gold a primate?

A.—No.

Q.—Is it a compound?

A.—It is.

Q.—What is its composition?

A.—It is not possible to here determine, because I have not time at my command. But there are no material primates. There is nothing material that cannot be decomposed and resolved back to a gaseous, impalpable, invisible state.

Q.—That is true. Gold may be turned into gas, and yet the atomic parts are all gold, as we understand it.

A.—Yes, as you understand it; but you do not rightly understand it. That which is not a compound cannot by any possible means be dissolved. The heat may separate the gold into attenuated particles, so that it is lighter than air. We extract the gold from the anubum?

A.—Yes; you scientists of earth stretch your philosophy far beyond the point where you can spiritually demonstrate your position. A few years ago—a few compared with the many which belong to Nature—it was said there were but four or six natural primates. Now scientists declare there are some sixty-four. But the real truth is, there are none. Everything in physical or material being is capable of being resolved back into spirit.

Q.—Can gold be converted into silver, and the reverse?

A.—Yes, as future ages will positively determine. This, you see, does away entirely with your notions of material primates.

Q.—Is not life a unit?

A.—Yes, life is spirit.

Q.—Is it a something, or nothing?

A.—It is a something. Of course you must understand that.

Q.—Then it is material, is it not?

A.—It does not follow because it is something that it is material. It is a certain kind of material, but so ethereal that your senses cannot grasp it. The scientists of coming years will have a large work to perform, namely, of undoing much that has been done in earlier years, of unlearning many of the theories which were supposed to be founded upon absolute truth. This is one of them.

Q.—Do spirits on the other side go into the chemical analysis of things?

A.—They certainly do. While you are in the primary school of that science they stand at the apex of it.

Q.—Is the science called alchemy true?

A.—It is.

Q.—You say gold is not a primate because it is resolvable into spirit. Is not spirit material?

A.—Spirit is the prime of all things material. You have no material primates.

Q.—Did God, who is this primary principle, make everything out of himself?

A.—Yes, absolutely—yes.

Q.—Then God is but the sum total of all that exists in the universe?

A.—God is all spirit.

Q.—And matter must be a part of God?

A.—It is a spark of God, being God's expression. Your language is a part of yourself. In the same sense, matter is a part of God.

Q.—Is not the whole universe the expression of God, as our bodies are the expression of ourselves?

A.—Yes.
Q.—But our bodies are not made of our living principle?

A.—I think they are.

Q.—What makes the organic law of the universe?

A.—We can only answer that question in this way: Organic law may be said to be God's attribute as related to matter infinite in itself.

Q.—I supposed it to be simply the expression of the primary principles of nature.

A.—So it is; but these primary principles are not found in matter. They exist beyond and apart from the crude matter that belongs to the earth.

Q.—Will the time ever arrive when gold will be of no account on this planet?

A.—It is the opinion of those who have made that a matter of deep study, that that time will arrive.

Q.—What will take its place?

A.—It is impossible to tell.

Q.—I should say intelligence would.

A.—Yes; but even then, intelligence needs for its use many vehicles through which to express itself, and these vehicles may be called mediums of exchange. They may be flowers or fruits, they may be gold, or silver, or precious stones.

Q.—Or word of mouth?

A.—Yes, that is true. As the planet and its inhabitants become more and more spiritualized, these mediums of exchange which you now use will not be used, because you will then live more in the spirit, and less in the material. You will understand that the law of mine and thine breeds death and destruction.

Q.—What was the meaning of Jesus when he said to his disciples, "Take no thought for the morrow," &c.?

A.—He spoke doubtless to them—they being under the watchful guardianship of a band of spirits who cared for them, and were able to give them all they should need for physical sustenance. He desired that they should render themselves negative to this band of spirits, and he knew that they could not be if they were constantly troubling themselves how they should obtain this and that which we all need.

Q.—Was it a special command?

A.—It was a special command to them—not to you, nor to me.

Q.—Will everybody yet become so spiritualized as to depend on spirits for their living?

A.—No.

Q.—Did Jesus eat meat?

A.—Certainly.

Q.—Was it necessary?

A.—Certainly it was, and it was provided for him. He did not labor with his hands to get it.

Q.—Are not quite a large portion of mankind sustained in that way now?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Those who are helpless and unable to take care of themselves?

A.—Yes. For illustration, you go out on the street and you meet a beggar who sues for aid. You feel like giving. You put your hand in your pocket. You give. Why? Because you say you feel like it. You think he is honest and needy. You feel like giving. But what made you feel like it? Can you tell? No, you cannot answer that question. You do not know but a legion of angels prompted you to give in his behalf—spirits who were caring for his spiritual welfare. Jesus knew his disciples could be cared for, and would be in this way. He says to them, "Take no thought for the morrow, what ye shall eat, and what ye shall drink, and wherewithal ye shall be clothed." Then he says, "Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin; yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." He tried to inspire them with faith in those holy influences who were able to use them and wished to use them for the good of coming generations.

Q.—Were they anything more than mediums?

A.—No; that is precisely what they were.

Q.—Does not that same law hold now under proper conditions?

A.—Certainly.

Q.—When spirits are able to approach us, can they not do the same thing?

A.—Yes.

Q.—If one keeps his mind open and prayerful, will he not always receive the sustenance he needs?

A.—No, not always.

Q.—He also said, "If God so clothe the grass of the field which to-day is, and to-morrow is cut down and cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, oh ye of little faith?" Was that of general or special application?

A.—Of special application, I believe. It was intended for those to whom it was addressed, not you or me.

Q.—Is there not a wrong application often made of it?

A.—Certainly. The Christian Church has appropriated it to all its members; when perhaps there is not one in a hundred of them who can make use of it.

Q.—Do you mean that it had a special application, except that we must be in the same state of mind in order to have it apply to us?

A.—Yes, and the same or a corresponding physical state.

Q.—If we fulfill the conditions we shall be cared for in the same way?

A.—Yes, but you cannot all fulfill those conditions—you cannot all be special mediums.

Q.—Then it was not exactly special.

A.—Yes it was; as special as the talk of your friend to yourself would be to you, intended for yourself and no one else.

Q.—Yet the same law holds true to-day?

A.—Certainly it does; but there are special applications of the law.

April 11.

Peter Holway.

I was sixty-four years here on earth. Peter Holway, my name. I died in Cambridge seven years ago. I wish I had the power to speak to my friends, my family, without being obliged to be apart from them, but I have not. So I come here asking that they will furnish some way by which I can come to them personally, spiritually, as I do here. I do not come back because of any dissatisfaction, but because I can furnish evidence of the spirit-life that will be worth more to them than all the wealth of this world. I am not going to take away their religious support, but only to add to it. My last words here were, "God is just; I have no fear." But, oh! how little then, how little I thought, how little I knew about the justice of God. I have learned something about it in the beautiful home that I was ushered into at death.

April 11.

Lisa Webber.

I am Lisa Webber, and I want my mother to know that I am alive. I am alive. Everybody says I am dead, but I am alive, and I want mother to know it, and then she won't cry any more. [Do you think so?] Yes, I don't think she would. She is crying because I am dead. [She won't understand, will she?] Well, I've moved away to

a beautiful place, and I live there

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SMALL FRY.

It takes all sorts and sizes of people to make up the world—sorts and sizes both on the mental and physical scales; from the largest giant to the tiny babe, and from the giant intellect to the idiot. Along this scale all persons are ranged, and each one has a measure of capacity, as well as of weight. But the mind branches out unevenly, and with every quality of angularity, and hence in its almost infinite variety it is difficult to arrange it on any scale of capacity or utility. One man is a good judge of horses, and may be a good driver of them, another of cattle, and another of swine. One person may have a taste for flowers or music, and others none for either; or for one and not the other. One mind runs to order, beauty and neatness, and another is regardless of all. One centres on appetite; another on lust; others have little regard for either. All these are specialties, and no doubt will ultimately work out in spirit-life to a harmony and fullness of man and womanhood by appropriate development. There are also aside from these angular and eccentric individuals, many, probably comprising a majority of the race, who run with more even development physiologically, and hence mentally, and whose mental vision and power are wide and large, or small and narrow. The latter are those we call *small fry*. They are often pugnacious with tongue, pen, or fist; and if of narrow vision and short stroke, often hit their friends, associates, and those looking, learning and combating in the same direction with them than they do the common enemy. We have many such in the ranks of Spiritualism and free inquiry—liberalists in sentiment and feeling, but narrow of vision and scope. They bang away at Spiritualism and Spiritualists, who are the most powerful opponents superstition ever had. Other Spiritualists in fact and belief at once begin to pound away at infidels and free inquirers, who have ever been the very and only persons who have held open the door by which Spiritualism could enter society and life, and are now making common cause with them against the common enemy, the superstition of the world. These are small fry. They do little hurt and little good, and they have no guns of long range, and cannot see the common foe, but knowing that there is a fight, pitch into something near. We have seldom noticed these pugilistic brethren, whether Spiritualists abusing Spiritualists, or liberals pelting away at us. To us they are all brethren, and when they abuse us to the extent of their ability we keep on our mission, disregarding it entirely, and aiming our blows and shots at the great and common enemy. We have ever felt a common lot and human brotherhood with the liberalists, and not any the less since we found the truths of Spiritualism; and although we have taken peltings, often from both parties, from each for belonging to the other, and from the small fry in each for not being in their estimation as good as they are, or just what they are (for which we are largely thankful—we have never faltered nor looked back, nor are we likely to do so. We are engaged in a common cause with every friend of NATURAL, RATIONAL and FREE religious belief, and striving to remove every obstacle to their success, and cannot stop to rub off the solid spots from our reputation, received from those who have no other use for their talents but to squib away at personal attacks. We have long since lost all feelings of enmity and even of contempt, and have left in us only pity in their place; and there are none who need more the aid of spirits and mortals than the small fry who live in the pools of slander, egotism and self-righteousness. When they know more they will feel better.

INSANITY.

The press of this country as well as the pulpit has been greatly exercised of late on the subject of insanity—what it is, how far it extends, how long it lasts, and whether such insane criminals as Sickles, Cole and McFarland are perfectly sane and safe to all persons except to those they think have infringed on their domestic rights, and where the law has no power to punish; whether the insane are the proper persons to take life where it is forfeited by a crime for which there is no legal penalty, and outside this inquiry, whether it would not be safer for the community to enact a law and punish the criminal itself, instead of leaving it to insane persons, and then making heroes of them for the deed that in a sane person would be murder. There certainly is something wrong in the case, as it now stands before the country, and no wonder the press takes it up; but the press is divided in its opinions and interest on each case discussed, and hence takes sides on the cases, on the law, and on insanity, to suit that interest and opinion; but after all, the press molds, controls, and at last concentrates public opinion, and usually about right. We are watching the waves of public opinion, and as we feel it a duty, will dip in our pen and aid the ebb or flow, as we feel it best for the country and the cause of human progress. We are greatly at variance with many on the subject of insanity and its treatment, and believe it is not often the cause of crime, and should not often be made a cover for it, and when it is, the parties should be secured against any possible repetition of it; but if we were on a jury, and had to decide that if the man was not insane he must be hung, we should stretch our conscience largely toward insanity, as no doubt many do.

WITCHCRAFT.

The St. Louis *Republican* reports the following case of Bible witchcraft among Bible believers. Unfortunately for the papers, there was no Spiritualism in it, the treatment with "bugs and lizards" not being any part of our theory:

"A witchcraft case recently occurred in St. Charles County, the parties to it being two negroes. 'Uncle Nelson' had died, and 'Dr. Jones' declared that he had been bewitched to death by 'Uncle Ed. Talley'. The doctor also performed certain ceremonies on the body of 'Uncle Nelson', with bugs and lizards, that roused the negroes of the neighborhood into great fury, and they determined to kill Uncle Ed. Jones, with two there, went to the old man's cabin, armed with

guns, threw him out on the ground in front of his door, bound him with a rope, and then conveyed him to the woods and tied him to a tree, where they were on the point of executing him, but were interrupted by Mr. Ernest Dierker, who happened to pass just at that time and made them release their prisoner."

SPEAKING OUT.

An exchange says: "The National Anti-Secret Society convention today adopted the report of the committee, setting forth that secret societies, to which this convention is opposed, were essentially immoral and anti-Christian, and therefore injurious to the whole social fabric; of heathen origin, especially the Masons, charging that they ignore the Christian religion, pray to unknown gods, naturally deprecate the Sabbath, in parading through the streets at funerals, and the dead to heaven, however they may have lived or died; insubordinate to and rivals of the church; a snare to the young and eodemany institutions; fallacious and deceptive, and that membership is deserving the discipline of the church in case new members, after these admissions, persist in clinging to their fellowship."

This is in accordance with the decision of the Pope, and agrees with Catholic authority, and we rejoice to see sectarian Christians of all kinds showing their true colors on all subjects. We suppose the Masons will be able to stand it if all the churches come out against them, as they are older, if not stronger than Christianity, and we believe, full as charitable and useful, so far as they extend their principles into life. We never belonged to any secret society, and probably never shall in this life or the next, but we have less fear of evil arising from them than from the church, and especially from their sending their members to heaven, as the churches do. We cannot see why they have not an equal right of way and equal power with any church to send their members to heaven. For ourselves we would sooner take the chance and go on a Masonic ticket than on one issued by a Calvinistic and creed-bound church, but suppose we must go without either since we have no fellowship in either.

Richard Edwards writes from San Francisco, Cal.:

"This is my ninth day in this city, and having no definite business prospects to take up my time, I think I can do no better than write a few lines in reference to subjects which I suppose to be of common interest."

I stopped in Salt Lake City about twenty-four hours, but concluded that business did not require a longer stay. I called at the office of the *Mormon Tribune*, which is the organ of the liberalist Mormons, but not finding the chief editor at the office, I could only write a few lines by way of remarks, and explain myself to the clerk in charge, which I did, and wrote to the editorial department after my arrival here, in reference to putting the question of family style on the basis of free choice as a private right.

Yesterday being Sunday, I went to the place indicated in the City Directory to find a Spiritualist meeting, but discovered that the premises were otherwise occupied, and after a second effort in another direction, I finally brought up in a Second Advent church, where, to my surprise and disappointment, the members of the Episcopal service were being repeatedly by a Spiritualist minister and full congregation. I know of nothing more discouraging to the advocate of mental freedom than to realize that a throng, representing the wealth and intelligence of a populous city, can be interested with shows and ceremonies which can hardly improve the instincts of the primitive savage. But we have to deal with unimproving facts, as we do with the ability, and I think that Spiritualists and their collaterals have proceeded quite far enough with their specialties, and must be governed, for a long time to come, by the principles of equalization and collateral advancement. The Mormon, the Chinese and the Negro questions are forced on the attention of the public, and seem to require all the ability, which can be concentrated on them, and the Irish Catholic element, which is essentially the same as Mormonism, is already strong and is daily becoming stronger.

I conclude that a new Constitution must soon be adopted for the general government of the people, in which the elementary rights of each individual, and his relation toward the collective mass, will be better defined than they are at present.

DR. W. PERSONS.

This distinguished and most successful healer, whose celebrity has been in the Texas papers mostly for the past year, made us a visit at our office last week on his way North and East, and as we learn from him intends to visit Europe this season. Wherever the doctor goes, those who try his powers will find they are not surpassed, if they are equalled by any one engaged in the work of healing the sick without medicine.

"POOR STUFF."

Some men seem to be exalted above criticism, and therefore presume to say many inconsistent things, and things that would be deemed weak in men of humbler pretensions.

In the *Banner of Light* of June 11th, I notice an article representing Mr. Beecher's views of Spiritualism, which seem to me to involve some inconsistencies. First, it seems inconsistent for a Christian minister to aim to bring into contempt, or any way put obstacles to a popular faith in spirit intercourse, or make it disreputable to believe in angel ministrations. I say this, not only because Christ's mission was filled with such doctrines and crowned with such manifestations, but also because all Christian ministers attempt to preach some kind of spirit interposition in all the affairs of the soul, at least. I should suppose, therefore, that a true Christian would be the last man that would repudiate Spiritualism. And second, Mr. B. says, "We frankly admit that we long to believe in Spiritualism." Now I deem it inconsistent for one to wish for the same exalted and exalting faith, and at the same time attempt to make that faith or the literature of that faith appear ridiculous in others. Men refuse to believe because they cannot have tangible demonstrations of the whole philosophy of spirit phenomena; but if they would think and regard the stubborn facts, they would see at once that the preachers of the Jewish Spiritualism, which culminated in Christianity, cannot give any better explanation of the Bible phenomena than the Spiritualist gives of his experiences. They exact more than they possibly can give.

Were ancient Spiritualism to be tried by the same tests that are being applied to the modern, it would certainly bear the ordeal no better. Our predecessors in religious faith still live in earthen houses; and the same mistakes that can batter down the fortresses of to-day, will surely demolish the old cracked pottery of our fathers. The moment science can explain the phenomena of Spiritualism, that same moment it will have explained all that we have blindly called miracles. Let bigoted ones beware, then, how they cast stones at others.

Mr. B. can admit the phenomena of Spiritualism, but is not satisfied with the explanations. He does not believe they emanate from spirit sources. Very well. Does he or anybody else explain the old Jewish or Christian phenomena any better, any more clearly or satisfactorily to us? When they tell us that Moses and Elias appeared to Peter, James and John, what explanation do they give of that manifestation? Why, they simply say that Moses and Elias did appear in spirit form, and we must believe it or be damned.

And how do they explain Samuel's talking with Saul through the mediumship of the woman of Endor? Why, they say, it is the word of God, (i. e., it is written in that compilation called the Bible), and it is our duty to be satisfied with that testimony, and ask no further questions.

Ask the Church what means this, or that, or the other strange event recorded in the Bible, and the answer is, "a miracle! a miracle! a miracle!" And what is a miracle? "Oh, that is a phenomenon which implies the interposition of some supernatural or spirit agency." With such explanations the priests tell us we ought and must be satisfied. What, then, will they have us do? Why ought they not to be satisfied, when we give them the same explanation of the same phenomena to-day? Why are men required to doubt and question and quibble about facts of this age, any more than about similar facts of two thousand years ago? What strange conceit has muddled men's brains, that they should be left to suppose that for the first four thousand years of its history spirit agencies were continually operating in the affairs of the world, and then for the next eighteen hundred years it should all be abandoned to the control of natural or material forces alone? Does not the same God rule? And is not his government the same yesterday, to-day and forever? "Consistency, thou art a jewel!"

It seems that Mr. B. can tolerate the phenomena, but not the literature of Spiritualism. He represents that as being a hopeless waste of sentimentality, an extra edition of fancy, a futile philosophy, a maudlin religiousness, in the most extraordinary quantity that ever broke loose upon the world. I must say, I have long regarded the literature of Spiritualism as its most interesting, if not its most wonderful phenomenon. But Mr. B.'s description suggests to me a still higher opinion of it. Leaving out his own peculiar explanations, it stands thus: *The spiritual literature more religion than has ever before dawned on the world. And how can this be so? Simply by having discovered a richer and more copious fountain to draw from. This, then, is distinction enough to kindle the jealousy and the opposition of those who would be the masters of the world's religion, and of the world's opinions; enough to call forth the taunts, the slanders, the ridicule and hate of the most exalted and flattered churchmen. Well, if they can afford to utter their reproaches, we can well afford to bear them; for our faith is a manifest and a manifold power, being witnessed by both its phenomena and its literature.*

Again, and finally, Mr. B. thinks it would be humiliating to believe that death gives to the soul such a setting back as the revelations of Spiritualism manifest. "After the growth and experience of seventy years in the flesh, it is hard to think that one is doomed in the other life to semi-idiotry," he says. Now this simply reveals that it is hard for one to think differently from what he has been taught, or has heretofore learned to think. I presume he finds it easy enough to believe in such "setting back" as his own theology reveals. After the growth and experience of seventy years in the flesh; after a round of employments, enjoyments, successes and blessings; after a life of pleasant things in countless variety, is it not easy to think one can be a little set back in the other life and doomed to lie down and roast himself in fire and brimstone forever and ever? Is that hard to believe?

Now I call it easy to conceive of a man capable and competent in his own home, who, on being transported to a country he had never seen, and of which he had no true conception, would feel as he never felt before, incompetent, and appear as he never appeared before—simple, or even semi-idiot; and I apprehend it might be one of the most legitimate things in the world, if our Orthodox brethren, with their barbarous and stunted conceptions of a future life, on emerging from their earth-forms, should appear to themselves, as well as to others, fully one-half demented. Such setting back seems natural, and may temporarily be looked for. But the Divine Providence will not go backward. He who in this life gives us infinite variety, all manner of employments and enjoyments, and all modes of trial and discipline, will hardly be supposed to diminish our sources of use and pleasure in a higher sphere. Is it easy, Mr. B., after having been indulged in this life with such untold variety of grateful experiences, such a multiplicity of uses and pleasures—is it easy, I ask, to believe that one is doomed in the other life to be set back to the meagre alternative of simply singing psalms, or burning in brimstone forever, and over, and over? What a life that must be, and what a God to confer such a life! A good man has no love nor religion to waste at such an altar. The love that emanates from thence must be made of "poor stuff" indeed.

A. B.

Dr. J. H. Rhodes going East.

It is ever with pleasure I bear testimony to the "gifts of the spirit." The above named gentleman and healer, an important pillar in the Society of the Spiritualists of this city, is soon going to make a tour of the East, for healing purposes. Having had an opportunity of witnessing the powers of the Doctor as a clairvoyant as well as a healer, and been favored with correspondence from those he has cured, I am happy to say that the afflicted will find it to their advantage to call on him for his professional aid and power, with the prospect of material aid if not entire cure. His first point will be Springfield, Mass., and thence eastward, starting from Philadelphia about the 10th of July.

J. G. FISH.

Philadelphia, June 10th, 1870.

Notice of Missionary Work in New York.

Will the friends of our cause living along the Erie railroad, and near or remote, please notify me at once of places at which they desire meetings, as I expect to pass through that part of the State soon as Agent of the State Association, and would be glad to make arrangements for meetings in every county, at all places where a hearing can be had, whether in church, school-house or grove.

A. C. WOODRUFF.

Eagle Harbor, Orleans Co., N. Y., June 20th, 1870.

Married:

In Topeka, Kan., on the morning of June 11th, at the residence of S. Rain, Esq., the bride's father, by Mrs. H. L. Thomas, lecturer to the First Society of Spiritualists, Mr. George W. Crane, of the Topeka *Daily Commonwealth*, and Miss Ella Rain.

Passed to Spirit-Life:

Dan Delaney. Born into earth-life at Ashford, Windham Co., Conn.; ushered into spirit-life from his Solon home, May 29th, 1870. A varied life has been the old doctor's. Various occupations he followed during his seventy-five years of earthly existence. The last thirty-nine years he was a practitioner of the Eclectic Medical system, for four years he was a college professor. Through many phases of spiritual experience he has passed. In 1841 he joined the Congregational church. In 1842, at the age of 40, he embraced the doctrine of Universalism. His favorite prayer ever was— "If I am right, thy grace impart, Still in the right to stay; If I am wrong, oh teach my heart To find the better way!" In 1850 the demonstrated facts of Spiritualism were presented to him, and he received them joyfully, and to the last day of his life, unwaveringly a believer in the central fact of spirit communion.

He was about to cross the river, said a friend to him, "You are about to cross the river, how does it look to you now?" He replied, "It looks brighter and brighter as I near the stream. I know not how to wait, and I am subject all over. Have you any doubts?" Reply: "I cannot find a place to take a shadow of doubt." This consoling belief was one of them. Through all his life, from early boyhood, he had been heavily afflicted by disease. His wife said, "During his thirty-eight years, never but once—then a short space of time—was his spirit unclouded by physical suffering. Some of these assumed a new form. At times his sufferings were so intense, he became oblivious to all else. Nervous irritability would control, in spite of his strong will power."

He gave minute directions in regard to all his affairs and family, and his last hours on June 1st, 1870, he lay in bed, and a kind friend placed by his couch the last day of his stay with us.

His friends, and wife's brother went with him to the funeral, and as he entered in they could but rejoice that his spirit had gained that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

From St. Johnsbury, June 1st, June 5th, Mrs. Albertina A. V. Loomis.

My dear friends, I was suddenly, taking her little one with her, that she had no time to take leave of a kind husband, parents and friends, that so miss her earthly presence; but they are consoled with a belief, how cherished, that as the departed have borne the form of the earthly they now bear that of the spiritual, in which they will soon return to comfort them with their loved ones, and live here a few days or years. The spirit friends endeavored to console the relatives through the lips of the writer, by answering the question, Where have they gone?

From Jamaica, Vt., March 26th, Diana J. wife of Elisha Parson, aged 48 years.

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