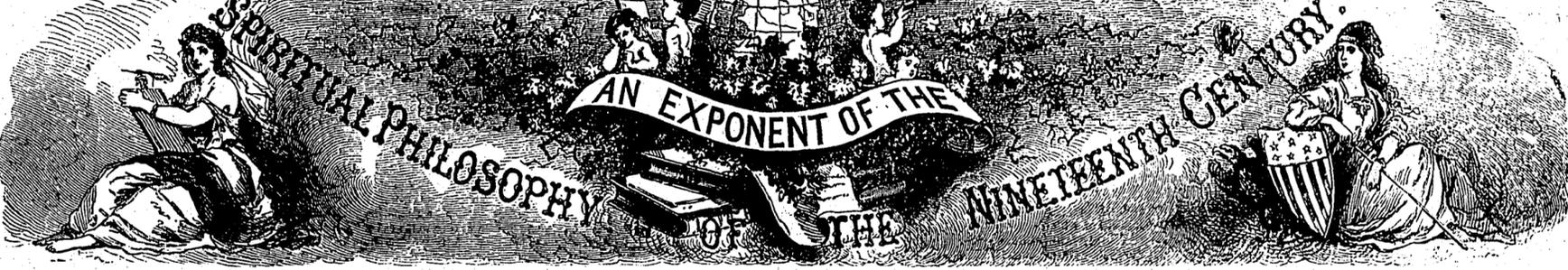


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

WHAT SHALL WE DO TO BE SAVED?

A SKETCH OF THE TIMES.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY REBECCA J. MASON.
Author of "Starving by Inches," &c.

CHAPTER I.

It was a driving storm of rain, in the middle of November. A lady, warmly and comfortably clad, was slowly making her way against the fierce easterly wind, when her attention was arrested by the sight of a delicate-looking child carrying a large bundle, and wholly unprotected from the storm, stopping to speak to a gentleman who was standing in a doorway. The lady had divined instantly that the child was sent to return some washing, and had lost her way, bewildered by the storm. She waited a moment as she heard the little one ask, "Please, sir, tell me the way to Elder street?" and, placing her umbrella over the child's head, said to her:

"Have you lost your way, darling?"

The child looked up, evidently surprised at being accosted; but in the same moment a glad smile played over her face as she answered:

"I've been asking ever so many people to tell me the way, and some tell me that way, and some tell me down there, and I've got to carry these things to the lady, 'cause mother wants the money, and if I get it mother said I might take three cents out of it to ride home; and I've got to hurry like everything."

"Poor child!" said the lady, "put one little hand under my waterproof, and I will show you the way, and wait for you while you leave your bundle, and then place you in a car, so you will not get quite drowned," for down in this lady's heart came up a fair face, the face of her own sweet child who had never yet been sent forth in a drenching storm; and there came up a silent prayer that God would ever endow her only treasure with loving spirit-friends to shield her from all rough winds.

When the child reached the house whither she had been sent the lady waited in the hall, and the little creature soon came running down stairs.

"Have you anything to put your money in, my dear?" asked the lady, as the little one held it tightly in her chilled hand.

"Oh, I guess I shan't lose it."

"Your little hands are so cold, child, let me wrap it up for you; and I'm going to tie this over your hat, so it won't blow off again," and she took a handkerchief from her pocket and wiped the rain drops off the pale, sweet face, and tied down the poor little hat, and then the two started, with the child clinging to her arm; and she held the umbrella quite over the little one until they came to a horse-car, and giving her three pennies for her fare, she handed her in, and the child turned round and gave her another glad smile, and told her "good-by," and the lady turned to face the storm once more.

And this was a woman whom people called stern, haughty, forbidding; whose acquaintances said they did not know her; a woman who rarely made friends, but when she did, kept the friendship for a lifetime; a woman whom many had talked of, but few really knew; one who had known many and fiery trials, who for a long time had carried an unseen cross, whose heart was bleeding, whose feet were aching to reach the golden city. This woman's face was so filled with deep suffering that it made her stern to look upon. The thorns in her path she would ever have to walk over; the cross she would ever have to carry; and the wounds in her heart, all unhealed and sometimes bleeding, would always be her portion while she remained mortal. One ray of sunshine only was hers—her darling, only child. Would it be hers always? Would not the Father suffer her to keep her only treasure—her one eye-lamb? She had suffered so much because people did not know her, did not understand her, and therefore had ever misjudged her! Will the time ever come when brave, earnest souls shall be judged rightly, by their motives, not by the results of a sincere although unlooked for course?

This woman was a martyr—a living martyr in the nineteenth century—disowned, discarded by those who should have cherished her because she dared mark out a path for herself, and dared to walk in it—a new, untried path in which she kept bravely on, turning not to the right or left, looking not back, clinging more closely to the one treasure left her, to the dear life that was part of her life. How they had misjudged her! the once friends, whom she now had forgiven! But, thank God, there were those who knew and loved her—one, two, certain; perhaps three, four—she sometimes said to herself. Her home, all through childhood and her grown life, had been fair and plentiful. She was well cultured—came of good stock. The blood of colonial governors in the time of the last George ran through her heart. Her whole nature was proud, intense, reserved and exclusive. Never having been taught to rely upon her own resources, she had learned it through bitter experience, and now it was a struggle for life, a struggle to keep herself and child from want; for this woman, so comfortably protected from the storm, was yet poor, although constantly doing good deeds. Her name was Hannah Stockwell.

When Mrs. Stockwell reached her home, her little daughter, instead of flying to meet her, as usual, lay quietly in the lap of the old servant, Flora, who had cared for the lady in her babyhood.

so for an hour, missus. I've spoke two or three times and she do n't hear. Now, Miss Hannah, do n't take on so; do n't, missus."

"Lay her in my arms, Mother Flora, and go at once for Dr. Hall."

"Yes, Miss Hannah; but do n't take on so, do n't. De Lord, that took little chillen in his arms, he'll take care of her, dat he will."

Mother Flora soon returned, to say that the doctor would not be at home for two hours; and in the meantime the child lay motionless. The mother's agony was great. She feared she was going from her. The child had always been a sensitive plant, and it had been her aim to shield her most tenderly. She seemed not to suffer pain, but to be resting in deep sleep.

"Did she play much while I was out, Mother Flora?"

"No, dear lamb, she jest played with her doll, and then come and set in my lap, and bimbly she jest slet her eyes, and she halnt opened 'em not once, honey."

The child lay thus for another hour—no fever, no pain, no restlessness—but her breathing had now become almost imperceptible. At last, her lips moved, and the two women held their very breath to catch the faint whisper. For some moments there was no sound, simply the moving of the lips. Then came a tremulousness all through the little frame, and the dear hands were raised and crossed meekly over the breast. All this time the two women had sat silent in the room, indifferent to the growing darkness by which they were now enshrouded.

Mother Flora thought she would rise and light a lamp, when the child's soft hand was laid upon her garments, detaining her from the movement, which as yet had only been a thought, when a pure, sweet tone came from the child's parted lips, "At eve there shall be light"—and yet the sleeper moved not.

Soon, a soft, dim, white light pervaded the room, gradually growing clearer and brighter, and completely surrounding the three. And it became light indeed—light unto their souls! The peace which passeth all understanding came into that mother's heart. She saw for the first time what had ever been a belief, but vague and shadowy. Now, all was certainty; for did she not see those beautiful ones—her departed ones—did she not see them, their faces all luminous with love and goodness, bending over her? Surely, she was blest indeed! And when a being, dignified, yet tender, placed his hand lovingly upon the little one's forehead, and a deep, many voice came from the child's lips, thanking her for love and good will shown his dear child, whom she had that day overtaken in the storm, then tears once more flowed over her face—not tears of sorrow lest her darling should leave her, but tears of gratitude and thankfulness to the Father for the knowledge of the heavenly beings that were permitted to come to them—to her, the desolate woman who had toiled so long uncareful for, to the poor black woman who had ever refused to leave her, and to her blessed child—and not only her child, but the little creature she had encountered in the storm. Truly, light had come to her at last—to her home, to her heart.

She saw these beautiful beings—many of them old friends of hers who had long been gone from sight—gather around her child, touch their lips to her face, and slowly fade away in the distance, while the light in the room grew paler and fainter, and at length died out entirely. And still the two women sat in the darkness, knowing they had just had a glimpse of heaven—knowing that heaven was just around them, and God's angels ever with them, when they should throw off the cares of the world sufficiently to feel and see these divine presences. In a little time the child awoke and reached out her hands to feel her mother's face.

"Oh mother, darling, do you know where I've been? I've dreamed and dreamed, mother; and I've been to such a beautiful place, and seen such lots of people; and I've played, oh mother! I've played with the children, and we found some anemones, mother, what you've been wanting so long, and I've brought 'em to you. I know they're here somewhere, because I picked 'em just before they told me it was time to go home. And, mother, there was a gentleman took me up and kissed me—a good many people took me up and kissed me too—but the man said, mother, that you'd been real good to his little girl, just as old as me, and he told me—he said you found her out in the rain, mother. Did you find any little girl as big as me that lost her way; did you?"

"Yes, darling."

"And he told me to tell you to take care of her, for she aint strong; and he says God aint going to let her stay here much longer, mother, 'cause she's knocked about, he says. Am I ever knocked about, mother?" asked the child, rising from her mother's lap, as Mother Flora brought in lights.

"Oh, here are the flowers, mother!" exclaimed the little one, as she once more stood upon her feet. And fragrant and choice they were, too; real, living, growing flowers, which they placed in water, and which bloomed for many days, bringing joy to their eyes, and peace to their hearts; and Mrs. Stockwell felt that on the morrow she could take up fresh the battle of life; that she would still press on in her own marked-out path; that she would still be a law unto herself, and do what unto her seemed right; that she would not mind walking alone and apparently uncareful for, but would go on bravely, even unto the end.

"Don't you feel tired, darling, going so far away from home?"

"I know I have been away, mother, and yet how could I go when I was in your lap?"

"Your dear spirit went, little daughter—the spirit that looks at mother through your eyes, the two windows of the house your spirit lives in here, and it is your spirit that talks to mother through your lips."

"But, mother, how could it go? Did you see it go, mother? I know I did go way off to a beautiful place and play with children, and I had something to eat, too, mother."

"Well, darling, mother knows you went, too, but she can't tell you how, for mother do n't hardly know herself; but come, we'll have some supper, now, and to-morrow we'll find the little girl you told me about."

"And you'll bring her here, won't you, mother?"

"Yes, little one, we'll see what we can do about it."

CHAPTER II.

The next morning Mrs. Stockwell sought out the child she had met the previous day, and found her mother an invalid, certainly most unfit to labor. Mrs. Hale was no rough person, albeit she washed other people's clothing—to earn money to keep herself and child from dying of starvation, and even then, she herself would die before many days from the effects of her dire want. Her husband, in the prime of years and strength, had gone to fight for his country's flag, and when he returned, leaving one arm and both legs on the battle-field, his only resource was to rest as best he might upon some doorstep, and grind out music enough, perhaps, to earn twenty-five or thirty pennies in a day between one or another of the throng who surged incessantly through the street. And this was Trimountain city, the city which appropriates three millions of dollars a year for benevolence!

Shame upon it! Shame to allow the poor fellows who did the work—who left part of their own bodies lying on Southern soil—shame to allow them thus to toll on public highways until a slender woman from over the prairies, with a great brave heart, makes a mighty effort in their behalf—an effort that is felt, that is heard louder than the roar of their own musketry, throughout New England, even to Washington; until a brave little "mother," in stout shoes, "who rolls up her sleeves ready to pitch in," comes from the far West, and in a few weeks does what Trimountain did not, or could not, or would not do in four years; sends them away into "free air and sunshine."

And yet Trimountain spans her tiny ponds with costly bridges, and rears equestrian statues high in air! Verily, Trimountain hath done what she could!

And yet, all through the time their lives and limbs were being left upon the battle-field, was there not a pale, earnest girl who faced the mighty powers that be, even in the building where the laws were made, and rested not, day after day, week after week, until "her boys" were cared for, although the epithet *strong-minded* met her wherever she turned? Did she shrink from it? Never! Jennie, thou hast our thanks!

Then it was Mrs. Hale had to wash other people's clothing, so that her poor husband with only one limb might not starve outright. And he did not die outright; no; better had it been than to see him linger week after week, and know that the form so dear was sinking from actual need! But at last the hour came, and the shades drew near and rowed their silent boat close to his side, and he stepped into it whole and perfect, with unmaimed limbs, and was quickly ferried over to the abodes of the good, without the piece of silver; and long he would return for his dear wife, and then again for his dear child, and, until then, he had chosen Mrs. Stockwell to be a mother to her. Would she fulfill the trust? Ay, to the end!

When Mrs. Stockwell found Lucy Hale's mother she saw at a glance that her work was done. She decided instantly to remove both mother and child to her own home, and to part not with the child until her father should come for her, and that same afternoon saw them inmates of her family.

The next day as Mrs. Stockwell was passing through the street—for she followed a calling which occasioned her long walks and the climbing of many flights of stairs—on this next day she met a gentleman whose face she well knew, but to whom she had never spoken. She recognized instantly the grand head, the stately physique, the majestic presence of the minister without a pulpit. She had known of him long; she had seen him for years driving through the streets of Trimountain city, with his carriage filled with invalids. She had heard of him as the inventor of pianos, the inventor of floral processions, the inventor of May-day and the Twenty-second of February parties in the hall which holds the finest organ in all Trimountain city. She had even been to the children's parties, and seen their long and beautiful processions—now gone forever. She had ever heard of him as the defender of the oppressed, whether it be black or white, as the open-handed dispenser of charities, of cordials to the sick, being so large-hearted, so open-handed that his parishioners, who had grown up from children under his teaching, began to fear he would injure his own pulpit, and were the first to cry out, "Crucify him! crucify him!" and no longer remembered the hand that had fed them. Yes, this was the minister without a pulpit—the Rev. Calvin A. Maynard, or, as he always wrote it, plain C. A. Maynard, for he hated titles, and all the faculty of Harvard could not have pinned a D.D. upon his sleeve. When Mrs. Stockwell saw this man approaching she went up to him, saying:

"Sir, I believe you are the Rev. Mr. Maynard."

"Plain Mr. Maynard. What can I do for you?"

"I wish you would come with me to my home to see a sick woman who needs cheering and consoling beyond my power to aid. I am Mrs. Stockwell, and live in Tuscan Place, No. 2."

On the way to Tuscan Place the lady recounted to Mr. Maynard the circumstances of Mrs. Hale's illness, and when they reached the house he was ushered at once into her presence. Taking her hand, in kindly clasp, he seated himself by the

bedside, and, after a slight question or two regarding her illness—for this minister never asked how people became poor and needy, sufficient for him that he found them so and could aid them—he gave her words of cheer and consolation. He told her of the Father's other home which she was soon to enter—for Mrs. Hale had no fear of changing worlds, and spoke freely of it—of the blessed relief it would be to her poor, worn-out frame to have done with pain and sickness forever, of the blessed reunion with her beloved husband, and then, finding that the child lay heaviest at the mother's heart, he spoke of her; assuring her the little one should have all the protecting care his heart and hand could give, he bade her good-by until another day.

Day after day this minister at large, this glorious Jupiter, came to the invalid, his heart full of kind thoughts, his hands filled with rare fruits and wines, often laden with books and flowers from the heights of Olympus, from whence he came early every morning, as early and as regular as any day-laborer, bringing with him whole mountains of fresh air into the invalid's room. Yet this man, who was up early and late, who had spent all his days—and he was now in his prime—in doing good, in serving others, men, women, and children who were his especial favorites—yet this man was without a pulpit! Shame again on the great city of Trimountain, thus to requite the long years of philanthropy of one of its noblest sons! And shame, also, upon the church which hurled him from its pulpit, but was helpless to crush or even bend the indomitable will-power which ran through all his nature! But other churches opened their doors and he entered their pulpits, to which he was followed by the faithful few who loved and revered him, who would walk with him even to Gethsemane!

And, years before, had not yet another of its noble ones, the noblest, rarest man that ever stood in the great hall that boasts the finest organ in the land—had not he been mocked at and reviled? Wore not he his crown of thorns? And what saved him from being stretched upon a cross, and holes made through his hands and feet by savage nails? Because the age had passed, for outward barbarism; Trimountain's heart dared do it, but Trimountain's hand dared not. Fitting, too, it is, she should not hold his ashes, for Dante's land can give more quiet rest.

Mrs. Hale lingered not many days, and one morning on the last day of the year, a quiet, restful sleep came over her, from which she awakened no more. Her child grieved not noisily, but with a quiet, patient sadness, that was inexpressibly mournful to behold, bending till the last moment over her mother's cold face, and touching her cold lips with warm kisses which could not be returned.

Mr. Maynard, like the good Samaritan that he was, stood with the little child and her new friends by the side of the dead mother's coffin, and resting one hand upon the little one's head, he told her of the home of peace and rest to which her dear, weary mother had gone, and bade her remember that she would still wait over her, and they would all care for and love her. But when the coffin was lowered into its grave, and she saw the man shovel the damp earth upon the dear form, then the child's grief burst forth in all its wildness. It was piteous to see the little frame writhing in agony, and calling, "Mother, mother! do n't leave me alone!" At last Mrs. Stockwell succeeded in raising the little creature in her arms, her own frame quivering with sympathy for the desolate child.

It was days and weeks before Lucy Hale began to recover from that terrible blow. She would remain for hours in the great arm-chair in which her mother had been wont to sit, her small hands folded in her lap, her face full of patient mournfulness, silent and motionless. Her new friends brought her fruits and flowers, books and dolls, but the child only smiled sadly and could take no delight therein. Mrs. Stockwell cared for her as if she had been her own; giving up her position in a school to devote all her time to the sick child. She drooped and faded day by day, and one twilight as the lady was addressing her in her lap, she reached up both little arms, "Oh, mother, I'm so glad!" and breathed no more. Mrs. Stockwell, who held the wasted little figure close to her heart, had not observed that her own child had fallen asleep at that twilight hour, so absorbed was she at the suddenness of Lucy's departure, until the room began to lighten, and the same dim soft light pervaded the whole apartment. The room seemed filled with children dressed in light and lovely colors. They hovered around her own darling and about the little form she still held in her arms. Presently there became visible near her, two full-grown beings; a man, his face beaming with tenderness and satisfaction, a woman, all loveliness through affection. Passing from one to the other and receiving the dearest caresses from each, was the freed, the joyous child for whom they had now returned. The happy little creature flitted from them to the child Mabel, who was still asleep, then to Mabel's mother, passing her fingers lightly and caressingly over her face, then to Mother Flora, who had ever been so tender to her, and at last back to her parents, who, leading her between them, paused a moment at Mabel's side and thanked them all lovingly for their kind attentions to the last, and then slowly faded away in the distance. Then Mrs. Stockwell felt that the child had indeed gone, and she gave the little vacant form tenderly into the arms of Mother Flora to be arranged for its last resting-place. Yes, the little creature had finished her short, toilsome earth-life, never more to carry bundles through the drenching rain, never more to "hurry like everything," to get home. She was now safe home, safe home with her father and mother. Oh, happiness inexpressible! The father, the mother, the child, all safe home together. Slowly the child Mabel came out of her deep trance-sleep. Slowly she awakened, and looked around bewildered.

"What is it, darling?" asked her mother.

"Why, where are all the children, mother? There were ever so many here just now, and Lucy's mother, and the man that said she got knocked about, and Lucy was with her mother and the man—why, I guess that's her father. She was with the children! I saw her just as plain, mother, and she told me good-by—said she was going home. Why, where is she?" asked the child as her mother lifted her up.

"Gone, darling, gone home where she'll never be sick any more, never be 'knocked about.' Her father and mother both came for her. I saw them lead her away. There's nothing left of her here, except the dear, pale form she lived in, and to-morrow we'll cover it with flowers and lay it tenderly away."

"Oh, mother, I wish I could go!" then seeing the look of pain that passed over her mother's face, she added, "If you could go with me, mother, I don't want to go alone, and leave you alone. Should you miss me ever so much, mother?"

"Yes, darling, mother hopes the dear God won't take you away from her!"

Anything but that! Spare me that blow! was the wall of her inmost heart. Ay, God alone could help her if that hour should come, for then her desolation would be complete.

Mrs. Stockwell decided not to resume her school, but to devote herself wholly to the care of her delicate child, and the adding of others as far as lay in her power. Her husband had been a shrewd man of trade, but being selfish and luxuriant in his tastes, she found at his death she should not be burdened with the care of a large property; and being a lover of children, and having an instinctive aptitude for teaching, she had made that her profession.

[To be continued.]

Spiritual Phenomena.

THE LOSS OF THE ARCTIC.

A MYSTERIOUS AND STARTLING STORY.

The following communication has been handed us, says the St. Louis Republic:

An extract from a new work entitled "Henry J. Raymond and the New York Press," is now extensively republished throughout the country. The extract purports to be a narration of certain facts connected with the rivalry between the *Herald* and *Times* newspapers in regard to obtaining the first authentic intelligence concerning the loss of the Collins steamer *Arctic*, on her homeward voyage from Liverpool in October, 1871. The reading of it has recalled to my mind another story far more startling, and belonging to the same terrible disaster, which, up to the present time, has never found its way into print. The summer after the *Arctic* was lost, the writer visited New York, and at the Astor House in that city was called upon by an old friend and schoolmate who resided for several years at Alton, Ill., and is pleasantly remembered by many of the older residents of that place. This gentleman now lives in Chicago, and holds a responsible position on one of the leading railways of the northwest. At the time the events occurred which I am about to narrate, Mr. M— was a private secretary or foreign correspondent for E. K. Collins, the manager of the noble but most unfortunate line of steamers bearing his name, and an inmate of his office. M— was then, and is now, unless time and trial have sadly changed him, a jolly, good-hearted, clever fellow, afraid of nothing, believing not much in anything, and certainly the last person likely to be at all tutored with superstition. His veracity is unquestionable. After a long conversation about our boyhood days, and the companions whom we had both known and loved in that happy era, I naturally made some inquiries relative to the *Arctic*, knowing that M— from his situation would be likely to give some interesting incidents that perhaps had never been made public. To my surprise when the subject was broached, his face assumed a serious cast, his voice softened to a subdued, half-whispering tone, and he remarked: "There is a mystery about that affair which has always puzzled me and I do not like to think of. To my knowledge it has never before been spoken of outside Mr. Collins's office, or his immediate family circle. I will, however, tell it to you, but can give only the facts as they fell under my own observation, without attempting any explanation."

M—'s story was substantially as follows, barring the inaccuracies which must necessarily accompany the effort to remember a conversation transpiring fifteen years ago:

"I was," said he, "as you know, a boy and a girl, went to Europe in the summer of 1851, and made quite an extended tour on the continent. While absent, they kept for his gratification a journal, telling the places through which they passed, the dates of their visit to each locality, and a brief description of the various objects of interest. This journal in detached fragments was regularly transmitted to him, and he naturally perused it with great pleasure. At that time Spiritualism was creating quite an excitement in New York, and some of the clairvoyants, or trance mediums, had gained considerable notoriety. One evening Mr. Collins thought he would give the phenomena a personal investigation, or at least, submit the question to a sharp and satisfactory test. He accordingly disguised himself, and went alone to the house of a celebrated female medium in a remote part of the city. Sending up a fictitious name, he was ushered into the presence of the woman. He stated to her that he desired to know the whereabouts of a middle-aged lady, a young lady and boy, and described as nearly as possible the appearance of his wife and children. The medium, after the usual preliminaries, lapsed into the trance state, and said she saw the party distinctly; that they were in an old town, she did not know the name,

and just at that moment visiting an old church. Of this church she gave a sufficiently minute description, which Mr. Collins noted down, together with the date of the interview, and reported in the course of a number of weeks after the journal arrived, and an examination verified exactly the particulars furnished by the clairvoyant. Of course Mr. Collins was surprised at the curious revelation, but the press of business soon drove it from his mind, and he forgot it altogether. Meanwhile the sun had passed, and the stars were out, Mrs. Collins and her two children were to return on the Arctic, according to a previous arrangement, and sailed accordingly. This steamer was noted for the quickness and regularity of her voyages, and was due at New York, if I remember rightly, on a Saturday evening. Mr. Collins resided out of town, that night, however, he remained at his home in the city, and the Arctic did not arrive. He came down to breakfast next morning, and looking sad and thoughtful, was rallied by his brother-in-law of his gloomy countenance, and asked if he slept well. He replied that he had not; that his sleep was broken by bad dreams, and that he had dreamed the Arctic was in trouble. His brother-in-law, perceiving such a disturbing dream, but Sunday went by, and still no Arctic, and when he reached the office Monday morning, he related the dream to me. I urged him to think no more of it; that the steamer would probably get in that day or the next, and he ought not to allow his mind to be worried by the vision of an Arctic. But the steamer did not come, and the Arctic were among the things heard from her, and the alarm became general.

In this emergency, Mr. Collins bestowed him of the clairvoyant, and put her a visit, taking the same precautions as on his previous call. He again asked if she could see the Arctic, and children, and the steamer again, and she answered that she could see the Arctic, and that the vessel was apparently in distress, and the whole scene indicated impending disaster. Here ended the vision—the woman could discover nothing more, and Mr. Collins left her with a heavy heart. Perhaps it was the next day, or the day after, that the interview, about noon, when, as we were all sitting in the office, a dozen or twenty of us, engaged in writing or other business, that a well-dressed gentleman rushed into the front part of the room from Broadway, bare-headed and evidently in a state of the wildest excitement. He asked for no one, but threw up his arms, and exclaimed in a loud voice: "The Arctic is lost off Cape Race; only passengers are saved, and my brother is among the lost!" (He gave the exact number of passengers, but I cannot now recall the figures.) The man was instantly surrounded by the attendants of the office, demanding to know who he was, and what he was saying, but he paid no attention to their interrogations, and after repeating the same words with the same gesticulation three times, he broke away, dashed into the crowded street and was seen no more. Not until three days after this did the first intimation of our loss from the Arctic land on my shore. When the vessel was standing on the quarter deck of a steamer, that the vessel was apparently in distress, and the whole scene indicated impending disaster. Here ended the vision—the woman could discover nothing more, and Mr. Collins left her with a heavy heart. Perhaps it was the next day, or the day after, that the interview, about noon, when, as we were all sitting in the office, a dozen or twenty of us, engaged in writing or other business, that a well-dressed gentleman rushed into the front part of the room from Broadway, bare-headed and evidently in a state of the wildest excitement. He asked for no one, but threw up his arms, and exclaimed in a loud voice: "The Arctic is lost off Cape Race; only passengers are saved, and my brother is among the lost!" (He gave the exact number of passengers, but I cannot now recall the figures.) The man was instantly surrounded by the attendants of the office, demanding to know who he was, and what he was saying, but he paid no attention to their interrogations, and after repeating the same words with the same gesticulation three times, he broke away, dashed into the crowded street and was seen no more.

AN EXTRAORDINARY TEST.

DEAR BANNER—I send you the following information and letter, as I obtained them of Mr. Harvey E. S. Colburn, of East Calais, Vt.

On the 9th of Nov., 1867, T. P. Wheeler, a young man of about twenty years, I think, shot himself. Parley Ainsworth, his most intimate friend, was by his side in a few minutes, but he was senseless. Within a few years Ainsworth has become a medium, and about one year since, while in a circle, was controlled by what claimed to be the spirit of Wheeler, who said he could not say much to him then, but would tell him something of interest at some subsequent time.

On the 29th of May, 1869, while in a circle, Ainsworth was again entranced by Wheeler, who said, "I have now come as I told you I would. This night before I shot myself, I wrote a letter to you, which I put into a phial and buried in the ground where you found my body. Now I wish you to take some friends with you, in the morning for witnesses, and go there and dig it up, and keep it, and don't be afraid."

The next morning Ainsworth took seven good witnesses with him, and went and dug and found the bottle as had been promised. It is to be borne in mind that eleven years had elapsed, and the ground was covered with a heavy growth of briar bushes.

Ainsworth was strangely excited before reaching the spot, and all the while saying, "I shall find nothing—there is no use in digging," but all the while dug faster and faster, and in a short time he came upon the bottle, which was corked tight, and put in the ground cork end down, and in it they found the following:

LETTER.

"East Calais Nov. 8, 1867.

Well Parley I have thought it all over and have made up my mind that I have lived as long as I wish to live here on Earth I have thought it all over and I can't see any thing that looks bright to me here I have wanted to see you all day long but I could not get to you I would like to see you I would write a few words to you when I see you I have a chance to give them to you I have thought over for most a year now but I never made up my mind till last night when I was in my room setting, and thinking it over I lost myself more than an hour could not hardly realize where I had been but still I told to thought I saw God and told him my troubles and he said to me if your troubles are greater than your fears you may come and I will care for you from all sin and trouble and god tells me that my spirit can come again if I leave this world to Parley do not wish me to stay you and mother are all the friends I feel I have got it is odd to give you so much trouble but I cannot say that I have a thousand things that I could tell you but it is such hard work for me to write I cannot tell you this is a handsome knight for me and the rain is pouring down in torrents but never fear there is a brighter day awaiting me I cannot tell you my plans but you will see them soon enough I come to me that you will that you will believe what I used to tell you sometime when you look it over and find it true I have given up seeing you shall care these lines in my pocket and put them where they will be safe so farewell till I meet you in Heaven or on earth.

T. P. WHEELER."

Of course all sorts of slander have been dealt out to Ainsworth and his associates in this case; but I have never been familiar with anything of the kind that bears the impress of truth so fully. Nobody dares to accuse Ainsworth of deception. He is above reproach as a man of truth. I have given a precise copy of the letter. I think it a great treat, and I am sure you will think it worth publishing. Very respectfully yours,

S. P. CHENEY.

"It is a beautiful belief
That ever round our head
Are hovering on viewless wings
The spirits of the dead."

A knowledge grander than belief
To us has now been given,
That ever with us surely are
Our friends who dwell in heaven.

Mr. Mill gave high praise to the dissenters of England, when he said in Parliament the other day, "No sectarian doctrine, no distinctive denominational doctrine is taught in any school of dissenters of which I have any knowledge."

Slander injures three-fold—him that utters, him that is attacked, and him that hearkens.

MORE SPIRITUALISM IN ALBANY.

BY G. L. DITSON, M. D.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Last evening I became acquainted with a lady, now seventy years of age, whose career in the realm of Spiritualism seems to the listener as she portrays its varied, its touching, its wonderful aspects, like the life of some brilliant singing bird, floating 'mid the sunshine and shadows of the rich and tangled foliage of a tropical forest. I must not attempt, however, to give you anything more than a brief sketch of her long and eventful sojourn here, hoping that she herself may be induced to make a full and ample record of her sad and gloomy experiences.

Thirty-two years ago, this lady left the fold of the Presbyterian Church, of which she had been a member, earnest, truthful, faithful, for quite a number of years. There had just been a six-weeks protracted meeting of her church, and during that time she had given many days to fasting and prayer, having particular reference in so doing to the conversion of her husband, who, though a kind and intelligent man, was addicted to intemperance. By faith, by prayer, by abstinence, and by an exemplary life, she had been led to believe that her efforts in that direction would surely succeed; but all proved false and futile so far as her one, her most eager cry of the heart was concerned. In another direction, however, lay new lights, new joys and hopes; her soul became filled with angels' whisperings and teachings, and she saw in all the clearness of midday light, that the whole earth, and her church in particular, were enveloped in a darkness frightful to contemplate.

She left the church, and when she informed her pastor of the reason, he replied, "I have heard that you were insane, and now I know you are." She left the church and its gross darkness behind her, and guided by a spirit, she sought and found a band of Spiritualists (thirty-two years ago, please remember) who met in a private house, sat round a table, read the Scriptures and prayed alternately, and had that true spiritual influx which "lighteth every one that cometh into the world," if bigotry and the shadow of church dogmas do not blind them.

There, in that little circle, as she knelt in prayer, her guardian spirit hovered before her in the form of a beautiful ball of light, or a soft flame, which came nearer and nearer as she approached, in purity of devotion, to God. By-and-by she fell senseless upon the floor. For days she remained under that same hospitable roof, surrounded by the tenderest care and watchful solicitude of its spiritualist inmates. She was in a trance, and the angel-world was open before her and its shining messengers peopled her chamber; and then she was borne away into the darkest corners of the earth, into dens of vice, and there impressed with the holy work that lay before her. Woman—woman in her downtrodden life, in her career of vice, was pitifully presented to her for her sympathies; and she there and then saw and felt that thenceforth to cease to work for their redemption would be a crime; that those who slept in the blindness of wealth were making for themselves huge beds of thorns.

Once during every twenty-four hours, her spirit seemed to revisit her body, and she then sat, and conversed with the kind friends who watched at her bedside. Spirits talked with her, told her what food she should eat, what medicines she should avoid; and led her gradually up again to strength and health, but never afterward deserted her; and when she was telling me her story, she said they were even then influencing her, imparting to her the strength she needed, for she was weary with unusual labor.

For six years she was a missionary among the poor. Sometimes the spirits would tell her to go to a certain place, and if she had not the means wherewith to accomplish it, she would take in sewing till she had enough, then the spirits would prevent her doing any more. If she took a piece of work to gain more than her actual expenses, they would so shake her hand that she was unable to proceed; but if she said to them, "Please, dear spirits, let me finish this piece, since I have begun it, then I will surely go," they allowed her, and perhaps even helped her to complete her task.

When she was abroad at night (then the streets had not gas as now) a beautiful soft spirit light always preceded her, went through squalid alleys ways and halls before her, and led the way up flights of dark stairs, wherever her mission, her work, her duty called her.

Do you think the spirits have deserted this lady? Do you suppose she has renounced Spiritualism as a humbug? In her seventieth year she said to me, last night: "The spirits have always protected me. I have of necessity walked the streets at night, I have been hither and thither, in sickness and in health, through seas of tribulation—at all times and everywhere the spirits have given me help and comfort."

About eight weeks ago, after having retired for the night, her room suddenly became filled with a soft yet sufficient light to make all objects in the apartment visible to her. Lying in a rocking-chair near her bed sat a dear lady friend, one whom she had much loved in the form, but who, some ten or twelve years since, had put off mortality for purer vestments.

The lady of whom I have been writing, is Mrs. Loyd. She resides now on N. Pearl street, in this city, with a kind and genial nephew. The person through whom I became acquainted with her, has spoken of her as a woman of estimable character, exemplary, and worthy all praise for thirty-two years' devotion to an unpopular cause.

If my pen could add anything to the value of the simple facts above stated, how gladly I would continue to write. Unbelievers will of course exclaim, "Delusion! Delusion!" as they doubtless did concerning the apparition of that poor carpenter who, last month, departed this life here in Albany; but we can afford, 'mid the light and joy that bathes our souls, to wait, and suffer the sneers of the ignorant and the bigoted.

How many there are who can now say with Epictetus, "Wherever I go, there is the sun, the moon, the stars, dreams, auguries, communication with God!" Spirit lights are to our inner being, bright suns and moons; stars of spirit messages and finger-touches dot our firmament; communion with God by the ladder of His messengers, by the broad "milky way" of spiritual influx, is our daily food; while dreams, like wild birds, fit through the shadows of the night and tell us of an atmosphere above, and homes and haunts elsewhere.

Albany, N. Y., April 13th, 1870.

Professor Tyndall has just succeeded in igniting a diamond in oxygen by the concentrated rays of the electric light. He has no doubt of his ability to ignite it by the purely invisible rays from the same source.

It is a well-established fact that more men who eat late suppers die suddenly than those who do not.

Written for the Banner of Light.

DUTY.

BY LOGAN ENGLE.

Little word of subtle meaning,
Through the world, with all our gleaming,
We will find that life is naught,
If thy power we have not caught.

Nature works by slow degrees,
Bearing plants and growing trees;
In all her works we feel the beauty,
For the ever follows duty.

What are pleasures transient?
What is fame and what is glory?
If our duties we neglect,
Be sure at last we will be wrecked.

Spirits from the land of light,
Cry us, "work with all thy might,"
Let no duty be undone,
Make thy face shine as the sun."

"Cry aloud, by duty led,
Swift is lambskin care and dread,
Conscious of its power and might,
We'll never live our lives aright."

Spiritualism in Marblehead, Mass.

FACTS CONCERNING SPIRIT COMMUNION.

Rev. Mr. Lawrence, the minister of the Second Congregational church, of this town, has devoted Thursday evening for the last few weeks, in the chapel of his church, to an inquiry into the subject of Spiritualism. Mr. Lawrence is a very talented, learned and kind-hearted man. Every evening, after he had closed his remarks, he permitted any person to speak upon the subject, and although he controverted in every way he could the doctrine of the communion of spirits, he showed himself fairer than any other clergyman in town, in allowing any reply to his remarks whatever. It is the habit, you know, of the clergy of all denominations, to examine questions only in an *ex parte* way, and however erroneous the doctrine, no one is permitted to question it, and all the falsehoods of old theology are in this way perpetuated. But on this occasion Mr. Lawrence departed from this habit, and invited any one present to state what he knew of Spiritualism, and as I happened to be present, he invited me by name to "tell my experience." And I told him that thirty years ago I investigated mesmerism, and had a subject that when put into the mesmeric trance, was completely subject to my will, so much so, that when I thought a thought, I could will her to rise, and so thought after thought; and now if my spirit, while in the body, can use the body of another person to utter my thoughts, why may not my spirit, after it has left my body, do the same thing? I said I knew that I had held communion with invisible intelligences, which always claimed to be "the spirits of deceased persons." I had witnessed instances of spirit seeing. When Mrs. Currier first spoke in Marblehead, she stopped at my house, and very soon after she took her seat with us, she said, I see four spirits here. They look like the family. They say that they are of your family, and are your children. Now we have lost four children, and as Mrs. Currier said she could hear them speak, as well as see them, I thought I would test her power of seeing and conversing with spirits, and I said to her, Will you describe them to me? Then she said, Here are two young men; one of them has come and placed his arm over your shoulder, and expressed great affection for you. He says he was twenty-two years of age, and that his name is William. Then she said, here is another young man; he looks very spiritual; he says he doesn't remember anything of his earth-life; that he died when he was about eight months old; but that his name is Frederick. Then, she said, here is a young woman, about twenty years of age. She says she died when she was about six years old, and that her name is Henrietta. She then described her, as we think she would have looked if she had lived with us till that time. Then, she said, here is a boy about ten years of age. Then she described him, and said he calls his name Bennie, and that he died when he was two years old. I then requested her to ask William if he had any other name, and she replied, yes; he says his whole name is Frederick William, but they always called him Bill. And this is true. As my name is Frederick, we got into the habit of calling him Bill. Now some of these facts were known to nobody outside of our own family. No person in the body could have given her this information. Nobody but ourselves would remember that I lost a baby eight months old thirty or forty years before, and therefore I concluded that the information must have come from spirit communion. I then recounted one of many physical manifestations which I have had in my own family, and stated that on one occasion, when my son Bill purported to be present, I said, I can't realize that it is possible for you to be present here, invisible and intangible. Will you give me a test? Then the medium said, Stand up—stand back from the table; let no one touch it. Then we all stood back about three feet from the table, forming a circle around it, the medium with us, no one touching the table. The room was well lighted, with a lamp upon the table. The table began to rise, with a kind of swaying, floating motion, until it touched the ceiling, and then descended and touched the floor very lightly. I then removed the lamp from the table, and said I could hardly believe my own senses, and asked to have the miracle repeated, when the table rose up again, and again, at my request, and at last, when the table was floating about near the ceiling, I said, If spirits are doing this, let it fall; and then it fell with great force to the floor, and broke off one of its legs. Now, whenever I have recounted the wonder to some of my skeptical friends, they have replied, Oh, you only thought you saw it; it was all a delusion. But the table is broken, and if it were a delusion now, since the delusion has passed away, the table ought to be found unbroken.

The next two meetings were used by the minister to account for my "experience" without the intervention of spirits. I will try to give the substance of his discourse in a few words as I can. He said he thought that the communications might be accounted for by the power of the medium to read my mind, and that it might be possible for her to see the forms of my children in my mind; that the physical manifestations might be accounted for by electricity; or, as I had said that a mesmerized subject could read my mind, it might be accounted for in this way; that the seeing of spirits was a spectral delusion, and quoted the experiences of Swedenborg to prove it. And, as we all know, who have taken the trouble to know anything about Swedenborg, that just before he became a spirit-seer, like the ancient prophet, he had a violent fever, and in his delirium he rushed out of his chamber, rolled himself naked in the gutter, and proclaimed himself to be the Messiah. This delusion continued several months, until he had regained his health, and then commenced his wonderful experience as a spirit-seer. Now the minister contended that this spectral delusion, which haunted him during his sickness, continued with him during the rest of his life, and all his wonderful spiritual experiences could be accounted for in this way. He said that he had investigated Spiritualism somewhat, but that all the answers which he had received from mediums, were false. He commented upon the low character of spiritual communications, and contended that angels were a distinct creation of God, and were never the spirits of mankind. He supposed that the physical manifestations might be accounted for by jugglery; or by mechanical contrivances to tip the table, and answer questions; that one medium, at least, had been proved a juggler in a court of justice; that it was dangerous to hold communion with spirits—for how could we know that they were not all evil spirits?

In answer to this question, I referred to the rule which John has given us, "to try the spirits, to know if they were good or bad." If there were no good spirits who could communicate with us, as well as bad, what was the use of giving us the rule? The first of these meetings which I attended before it was known that you would allow anything to be said in favor of Spiritualism, there were but a dozen or two present, and now the hall is full, so anxious are we to know something of the life beyond the grave. As soon as we can throw off the apathy, the indifference, which somehow have come over the Christian world, we begin to cry out, from the very depth of the soul, Oh, where are the dear ones that have gone before?—oh, where are the million who fought on both sides of this great rebellion—have they all sunk down into the regions of darkness and despair, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched? And the answer has come to us, that an ever-present Divinity fills the universe, and extends his protection alike over the good and the bad; that he will treat us all as well as we deserve, without partiality and without favoritism, in the world to come; that suffering is the medicine of the soul, and is always administered in pity and love, and never in anger and revenge.

I cannot blame people for not believing in spiritual man-

ifestations, so contrary to our daily experience, so contrary to our material philosophy that it is very hard to believe; yet I cannot see why the churches should stand out against these things, for the communion of spirits is one of the articles of their faith; it is the living principle of all religions. The Mother Catholic Church has always retained it, and the still lives and is growing, and we know, from the course of Nature and the law of God, that whatever ceases to grow begins to die. This new revelation comes in confirmation of the revelation of Jesus. All its manifestations are the same, and Jesus has told us that these signs shall follow them that believe, without limitation of time; that we should place our hands on the sick and they shall recover, when he sent his disciples to preach the gospel, he told them to take no thought what they should say, for it should be given them what they should say in the self-same hour; just what our speaking mediums are doing to-day. He told us that we should do greater works than had been able to perform while in the body, and that when two or three of us should meet together to hold communion with the angel-world, he would be with us to the end of the world.

It is my opinion that this is the Second Advent so long foretold. Jesus has come in the clouds of heaven with a great retinue of angels, and they have settled down upon all nations, and spiritual manifestations and spirit-communion have taken place almost simultaneously throughout the world. This is the judgment day. All old things are being judged, weighed in the balance, and, if found wanting, are rapidly passing away, and all things are becoming new. I have been surprised at the accuracy with which the Second Adventists have proved that all the great events of the world, foretold in the Bible, did actually take place at the time foretold, upon the theory of counting a day as a year; and by counting a day as a year, all the predictions in the Bible end here about this time. Their great mistake consists in understanding the figurative language of the Bible in a literal sense. They believe that they shall see Jesus coming in the clouds of heaven in a material form, when they are to be caught up with him into heaven, and the rest of us are to be lamed up with the earth and annihilated.

Now let me say a few words in reply to the several ways by which you attempted to account for these things without the intervention of spirits. You thought that the communications which I detailed, might be accounted for by the power of the medium to read my mind, and that it was possible, also, that she might see the grown-up, living forms of my infant children in my mind. Now I have sometimes taken from the minds of the circle, and I know that a mesmerized subject can be made to see whatever forms the mesmerizer wills her to see. And yet I cannot believe that all the long, truthful, beautiful communications, all purporting to come from the spirits of my friends, could be taken from my own mind, nor can I imagine how it was possible to see the grown-up, living forms of my infant children in my mind, for my mind retained the memory of them as infants.

Then you account for the physical manifestations by electricity. Well, I have thought myself that the agent by which they are performed is electricity, although the nicest tests have not yet been able to find it. But what wonderful creatures you are making of these mediums! They can not only draw beautiful communications from my mind, which I should be very glad to be able to draw out of it myself, they can not only see the grown-up, living forms of my infant children in my mind, but they can move ponderable bodies, can lift tables up to the ceiling without touching them, and answer questions in this way. They can place their hands upon the sick and heal them. They can play upon musical instruments without touching them, with their hands, and they can forecast future events. Why, if I believed them to possess all these powers, I should almost feel like falling down and worshipping them. No, sir, no; they are not such wonderful creatures, but they are poor, weak, and very often, very ignorant young women, with not half the power to read the minds of other persons that you and I have. But, then, you know the Bible says that God sometimes makes use of the weak things of this world to confound the proud.

Then you think that much of what is called Spiritualism can be accounted for by mesmerism, and I think so, too. As I have said before, I know a mesmerized subject can read my thoughts and utter them. I know, besides, she can see my forms I desire her to see. If I think of a horse, I can will her to see the horse stand out in living form; and so of any other object. This should convince us that thoughts are things, and that it is a rapid way by which spirits hold communication with each other. I know, besides, that a mesmerized subject can go out entirely beyond the control of the mesmerizer. She can go to the utmost parts of the earth, and tell us what is going on there. She can go into the spirit-world and describe it to us, and bring back messages of love from our spirit-friends. I know, therefore, that mesmerism and Spiritualism are identical. The only difference consists in this: the mesmerized subject must go into the spirit-world and hold communion with the spirits there, but in the spiritual circle the spirits must come into this world and hold communion with us here. Now I think I shall be able to prove this to your entire satisfaction.

I spoke, at a former meeting, of a man who died when he was twenty-two years of age. During the Mexican war he was a midshipman on board of the United States ship Ohio, and was one of a crew of three years in the Pacific Ocean, and as I had not heard from him for a long time, I thought I would see what I could get, in relation to him, from a mesmerized subject. This was before spirit-manifestations had appeared. And so I went to a subject in Boston, who was an entire stranger, and after she was mesmerized, I asked her to tell me of the person I was thinking of. Soon she said, I see him. He is on board of a great ship in the ocean. Then I said, how is it possible that you can see him when you are in Boston and your eyes are shut? She replied, I am not in Boston, and my eyes are not shut, but wide open. Then she said, There is the young man. He looks pale; he is sick; he will soon come home sick; he will never go to sea again; he will die young. And in about six weeks afterwards I received a letter from him, saying that he was sick, and that he had been put on board another United States ship, and was on his passage home. Well, he came home and soon got well, and concluded not to go to sea any more, and so he went to college, studied law, and was just ready to commence practice when he died.

Now the only thing which could read from my mind, was that he was on board of a great ship. It was impossible for her to know that he was sick, that he was soon coming home sick, that he would never go to sea again, and that he would die young. Then how did she give me this information. How indeed, except by the intervention of his guardian angel. He knew it all, and conveyed the information to the spirit of the mesmerized subject, and she gave it to me. The church used to pretend to believe in guardian angels, until Spiritualism appeared among us, and proved it to be true. Now I will prove as conclusively that the spirit medium does not always receive her information from persons living in this world. While we were at breakfast one morning, loud raps came upon the table, and rapped out the name of Thomas Appleton, then I said, "Which Thomas Appleton?" because there were two; then the word "old" was rapped out. Then said I, "Oh Mr. Thomas Appleton, are you dead?" Then the medium's hand was seized and wrote, "No, I do not know what it is to die. I went to bed, as usual, and woke up in the spirit-world," and in the course of the day we heard that old Mr. Thomas Appleton was found dead in his bed that morning. Now you must know that this information could come from no person living in the body.

On another occasion, when we were at supper, loud raps came upon the table, and I said, "Who is it that wants to communicate?" then the word "Jones" was rapped out. Then I said, "Who is Jones?" then the words, "They called me Gen. Jones," then said I, "Who is Gen. Jones?" then the words, "Warden of the State Prison," were rapped out. Then I remembered that Gen. Jones was one of my successors in the State Prison, and that he died there. Then said I, "Gen. Jones, I did not have the pleasure of your acquaintance while in this life. What is your purpose of calling on me now?" Then the medium's hand was seized and wrote, "I want to say that I approve of your way of governing the State Prison." Then said I, "Did you pursue the same course?" Then the medium wrote, "In part." Then said I, "How is it with your successor?" "No, they have gone back to the old discipline of severity, which was in force before you went there, and they will have the same trouble there soon," referring, I suppose, to the fact of the murder of my predecessor, by one of the convicts. Well, in about four weeks from that time, we were started on reading the morning paper, to read that the warden of the State Prison was murdered yesterday by having his throat cut, by one of the convicts. Now how can we account for this so well as by supposing that Gen. Jones still took an interest in the prison, and sometimes visited it, when he saw a spirit of anger and revenge in the minds of the convicts, which

must soon burst forth in acts of violence, and by communicating it to me, he might confirm my wavering belief in spirit communion. On one occasion the medium wrote a communication, beginning at the last letter of the last word, writing backward from right to left, spelling and writing every word backwards, all written in little capital letters inverted, so that when it was done we could make nothing of it. The little inverted capitals looked like an illegible scrawl, when the medium said turn the paper upside down, and then we read the following: Little gem of beauty: "Even as the spring violet emerges from its covert of green, and opens its blue eye to catch the warmth of the sun, have I emerged from the green leaves of earth to a more congenial climate, to bloom in God's vineyard of love, and now I come to shed around me the fragrance of purity, which is as sweet as arises from crushed flowers, and pour forth the beauty of my unfeeling soul, which expands under the tender care of guardian angels. Bennie." Then said I, "Bennie, how is it possible that you can write." Then the medium wrote, "My guardian angel helps me." Now any one will see that it seems almost impossible to write a communication in this way, and yet the medium did it as quick as I could have written it in the common way. I will make no argument to prove that angels were sent from Genesis to Revelations, that they are frequently called men, and are called men, the angels that visit Abraham are called men, and the man Gabriel touched Daniel at the time of the evening oblation, and the angel of the Revelations declared himself to be a man. Now if angels were never men, what was the propriety of calling them so in the word of God? I might prove to you, if I had time, that it is possible for spirits to embody themselves so as to be seen and handled, so as to be conversed with, so as to eat and drink in our presence. These things are not to be ridiculed, unless we are willing to ridicule at the same time just such things that took place in old Bible times. We read in the Bible that Abraham provided a good supper of bread and milk and roasted veal for the three angels that visited him, and he stood by, and saw them eat it, and Jesus ate broiled fish and honey, in presence of his disciples, and then vanished away. I would advise everybody that wants to know something of the beautiful religion of Spiritualism to read Mrs. Harbridge's new book, &c., &c. She is devoting her life for the benefit of downtrodden, outcast women, trying to keep them from the streets and the brothel. She loves them, just as Jesus did, and we know that the most loving disciples of Jesus were harlots, and he has told us that even harlots shall enter the kingdom of heaven before the self-righteous Pharisees. One of them washed his feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head, and another, Mary Magdalene, was the last to desert him at his crucifixion, and the first to recognize him after he had risen from the dead. I am not anxious that people shall believe. I am not of those who would compass sea and land to make proselytes, and then perhaps make them two-fold more the children of Satan than before. I always advise people to investigate. I never ask them to believe, because I know that our belief is not subject to our will. We cannot believe and disbelieve as we please; and it is as unjust to hold me accountable for their belief as for their personal appearance, for the features of their opinions, as for the features of the face. Both the one and the other are formed by circumstances not within their voluntary control, and it is as absurd as wicked to hate, persecute, punish them for the one, as for the other. This is the dispensation of knowledge, and not of faith. The time has already come, foretold by the prophet, when men shall run to and fro on the earth, and knowledge shall abound. And the time is coming, also foretold by the prophet, when righteousness shall run down the streets like a river, and the knowledge of spiritual things shall cover the earth as the water covers the sea. Then we shall have governments without monarchy, and religion without a priest-hood, having no need of a class of men to say, "Know the Lord," for all shall know him, from the least to the greatest. Then shall man be at peace with his fellow-man, and shall at last beat his swords into plow-shares, and his spears into pruning hooks, and every man shall sit under his own vine and fig tree, having none to molest, or to make him afraid. *Marblehead, March, 1870. FREDERICK HONANOR.*

WAITING.

Learn to wait—It's the hardest lesson,
Conced, perchance, through blinding tears;
While the heart throbs with agony
To the tread of passing years.

Learn to wait—hope's soft fruition;
Faint not, though the way seems long;
There is joy in each condition,
Art, through suffering, may grow strong.

Constant sunshine, however welcome,
Never would ripen fruit or flower;
Giant oaks await the winter blast,
To the seething tempest's power.

Thus a soul, untouched by sorrow,
Amiss not at a higher state;
Joy seeks not a brighter morn,
Only sad hearts learn to wait.

Letter from Chelsea, Mass.

DEAR BANNER—It has been a long time since I wrote you from old Willsimmet, and posted your readers on spiritual matters in this place. Next Sunday closes one of the most successful and interesting courses of lectures that the Spiritualists have ever had since the first establishment of meetings here. Efficient committees have had the management, the best talent in the country has been secured, and large and appreciative audiences have been in attendance all through the winter. Prof. William Denton has addressed us on four or five different occasions, and the force of his logic and scientific demonstration of the philosophy of Spiritualism has carried home conviction to many who had never before stopped to consider the matter. His lectures were all high-toned and rational, and he has made a host of friends here by his bold, fearless and independent position. Mrs. Emma Harbridge has also addressed us many times, and, through her instrumentality, the beauties of this heaven-born philosophy have been made visible to many inquiring minds. She is a forcible speaker, and gives utterance to great truths in unexceptionable language and in a strain of eloquence surprising to all. Many other speakers have occupied the platform and done good work here, and next season the meetings will be resumed with a list of the best speakers. We have had all kinds of opposition to encounter, either directly or indirectly, from the church, who have used every effort to draw from us by revivals conducted by Mrs. Van Cote and the "Praying Band," Sunday evening meetings in City Hall, &c., &c., but all without avail. The spirit of investigation is abroad in Chelsea, and threats and taunts and jeers and slanders fall powerless to the ground in the onward march that liberal settlements are making in our community.

We have had the largest hall in the city (Granite Hall), a splendid choir of singers, and audiences ranging from five hundred to eight hundred people, embracing many heretofore church adherents, who have come out into the light and are now investigating the great humanitarian religion of the nineteenth century. All honor to old Chelsea! She is not dead, but awake and alive to the great issues of the day. The day has gone by for blind superstition, bigotry and intolerance to rule her people, and Spiritualism is to-day triumphant. We are happy to make such a record, and the soldiers in the field are determined to do battle in this army of freedom until all the strongholds of old theology are captured, and every son and daughter of earth shall bask in the sunlight of unlimited and unfettered liberty.

With many kind wishes for the *Banner of Light* in its dissemination of truth, and the general wish for the spread of truth everywhere, I am respectfully,
Chelsea, Mass., April 16, 1870.
J. H. CRANDON.

God's mill goes slowly, but it grinds well.

Written for the Banner of Light.

COMPENSATION.

BY GRACE LELAND.

Come, friend, with me, I'll show thee what I've seen
In hours of silence, when the soul uplifts
Itself from weeping to the islands green.

VERMONT.

Progress of Spiritualism.

DEAR BANNER—Will you allow me once more to say a few words through your columns to the Spiritualists of Vermont and a few others.

SHADOWS.

BY ALICE CARY.

When I see the long wild rivers
Waving in the winds like fires,
See the green skirts of the maples

illum of diversified talents. Mrs. Kenyan, a resident medium, was present and added much to the interest of the meeting.

The next and last Sunday I spent at South Clarendon, with Dr. Holden, who had prepared the way. He refused to take any part in the speaking, but he listened to perfection.

Maple Grove, Dorset, Vt., April 8, 1870.

SENSATIONAL VS. PHILOSOPHICAL RELIGION.

In reading the article in a recent Banner from the pen of W. Foster, Jr., I was forcibly impressed with the idea therein advanced in regard to the spiritual status of the world of mind at the present day.

The Church has not arisen above the material plane of worship, and has not as yet the least conception of the higher devotional aspirations of the spirit.

With this view of the material condition of the Church is it a wonder that they neatly universally discard the Spiritual Philosophy?

I throw out these few hints, hoping some abler pen may present the subject in a clearer light.

S. O. SHAMBERLIN.

LeRoy, N. Y., Feb. 28, 1870.

Correspondence in Brief.

Massachusetts.

Hudson, April 11, 1870.—Mrs. M. S. Rowley writes as follows: Dear old Banner and Readers! The banner writes and surely will penetrate the whole of our time.

A great change has taken place since we came to this life, and I doubt not we shall be able to do more for the banner of free thought than we have done.

New York.

SACKETT'S HARBOR.—A correspondent writes: When the day of Pentecost was fully come we were informed the little band of Apostles were all with one accord in one place.

Texas.

HALLETSVILLE, LAVACA CO.—Mrs. Kate M. Hudspeath writes: Having had a feast of knowledge through the gifted Mrs. Wilcox on the subject of Spiritualism, for the past few evenings—the first we have had the honor of listening to—I will endeavor to speak for our little band here.

Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS.—M. E. Hill writes: I am happy to inform you that there is a great demand here for "spiritual tracts," and a desire to investigate. But still we have many skeptics, who, notwithstanding the tests of physical mediums, still think that it is the result of trickery.

California.

OHIO, April 8.—R. H. Allen writes: I have been a Spiritualist twenty years, and I find its philosophy of man and his relations adapted to the wants of the soul, and the banner waving on the ramparts of our day of error, giving us a new and a better way of truth.

Elder Miles Grant.

When I had a discussion with Elder Grant in Michigan last June, he and I had an agreement to hold another discussion when we had more time.

since he has found that he can have an opponent there, we cannot find that he is willing to debate at all.

I have one more proposition to make to the Editor. I will meet him anywhere in the West this summer, or in the East next fall or winter, and discuss the following propositions:

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Modern American Spiritualism."

"Let me and Supreme Wisdom deal with men, our part is to accept of the truth confided to us, and trust the truth against the world."—Emma Hardinge.

Truth, immortal truth, the basis of written history, is clearly manifest on the pages of "Modern American Spiritualism," whose author and publisher is one of the faithful and devoted advocates of the cause.

On reviewing a few chapters in this truthful record, unpleasant to some, no doubt, is the reflection that the spiritualistic historian deems it a duty to call back to the past the record of the life and experiences of those who were identified with the earlier developments of modern Spiritualism.

But learning wisdom from the past, may it be said by future historians, of us, that this peculiar gift of utterance, which obtained a spiritual gift, but also in their works and ways followed after Charity.

"Cosmology."

DR. GEORGE MCLOYNE RAMSAY—Dear Sir: Will you allow an old man, an entire stranger, to congratulate you upon that wonderful work, "Cosmology"?

The assumed "primitive projectile force" was always unsatisfactory to me. I know there must be a law making the motions, but what that law is, I was entirely ignorant of.

"The Kingdom of Heaven, or Golden Age," by E. W. Loveland.

Messrs. Editors.—The book bearing the above title has just reached me, and I am delighted with it. It is a book that every Spiritualist and every professed Christian should read, and is one of the few books that all may be benefited by reading.

"The Kingdom of Heaven, or Golden Age," by E. W. Loveland.

You are doing a good work in scattering such books over our country. Let the friends of progress by these books, read them, and then hand them to their friends who otherwise would never see them.

REAL LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-LAND.

The above work is what its title indicates, a full and able description of Real Life in the Spirit-Land, and is eminently well calculated to please and interest. Mrs. King is one of the finest inspirational mediums, and her writings bear with them that polish which indicates the high order of influence that controls her.

them that polish which indicates the high order of influence that controls her. The following is the title of contents: The Experience of an Unknown One; A Mother's Story; Children in the Spirit World; A Council of Ancients; A Chapter in the Life of a Poet; The Pinner's Resurrection; Condition of the Deprived in Spirit-Land; The Liberator, Gambler, and Murderer in Spirit-Land; Courtship and Marriage in Spirit-Land; Incidents of Methods of Teachers and Guardians with their Pupils and Wards; Passages from the Experience of Napoleon Bonaparte as a Spirit.

From the Tru-Work's Publisher.

HELEN HARLOW'S VOICE, by Miss Washbrook, Author of "Alice Vale," "Suffrage for Woman," etc. Boston: William White & Co. 1870.

This is an exceedingly interesting volume, of some 230 pages, dedicated "to woman everywhere, and to wronged and outcast woman especially." The writer has started boldly forth in defense of wronged and down-trodden woman, and while a powerful pen in her hand, her object is to make woman "feel that she had not submit to the injustice which society metes out to her in condemning her so much more than it does man for the same offense."

And more than this; the present state of society wrongs man even more, if possible, than it does woman, from the fact that, in a measure, it prompts him to tempt others, while hiding from him the punishment that must inevitably follow all wrongdoing.

Spiritualism in Newbern, N. C.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—As it may not be uninteresting to most of your readers to know how the truths of Spiritualism take root in the people of this section, I thought a few lines might be acceptable to you, and as Mr. Frank White has written you that he is at work in this city, I can give you some account of his mission-labors here.

Accordingly the first of March he came, and, I can assure you, has been at work ever since; every hour of his time has been in demand, and he could not meet half the applications for circles, besides speaking every Sunday and two evenings a week to good audiences.

Mr. White's presence here is felt also in other portions of the State, as an extract from the Hillsboro Recorder shows, which I send you.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Lyons, Iowa Co., Mich., April 1st, George W. Jewett, in the 21st year of his age.

After a severe illness of seven weeks, this young man, in the morning of the 1st of April, bright anticipations, was called to his higher home. Being a firm believer in spiritual philosophy, he had read the Banner of Light, and in the position of his worldly affairs, advised his young friends to temperance and abstemiousness, and to abstain from the pleasures of the future, and request of the friends to be buried in the same.

From Lancaster, N. H., April 6th, Mrs. Christina Twitchell, wife of Amos Twitchell, and daughter of Luther Ballard, of Bethel, Vt., aged 40 years.

Christina was a rare woman. Her place can never be filled in her household. Her heart was full of love, and she was a true friend to the afflicted. She was truly an angel in this life, and the writer believes that she will whisper to her husband, even now, that his life is not as a withered tree. She has not forgotten her children, she is still a mother.

From Stow, Mass., March 29th, Sarah E. wife of Lewis Parkes, aged 32, passed from her poor wretched tenement, in which she had been imprisoned with terrible sufferings for more than two years, bearing with great patience and fortitude all her sufferings.

A kind and loving husband, with sisters, parents and friends, will miss her visible presence, but be comforted, feeling that she will whisper to her husband, even now, that his life is not as a withered tree. Daniel W. Hull, whom she had chosen to officiate, and the writer.

From West Sandwich, Mass., April 8th, Mr. Isaac Kiehl, aged 62 years.

Mr. Kiehl was a man of great piety and a true friend to the afflicted. He was truly an angel in this life, and the writer believes that she will whisper to her husband, even now, that his life is not as a withered tree. Daniel W. Hull, whom she had chosen to officiate, and the writer.

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Banner of Light.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WARREN CHASE, No. 27 North Fifth Street, St. Louis, Mo.

WHITHER ARE WE TENDING?

The literature of Spiritualism is rapidly increasing and widening its circulation and influence. Private mediums are increasing in numbers, in usefulness and in appreciation, while public mediums are still, as ever, struggling with poverty and poor pay. Lecturers are retiring, and regular meetings are being abandoned, and most of the societies are dropping to pieces or "dragging their slow length along" as if with heavy chains; a few only are prosperous, and these the ones that have most of religion and least of creeds, rules, resolutions, articles of belief, or criterion of membership—those that are nearest to "Free Religion," with a spiritual basis and superstructure. Organizations, National, State or Local, seem so far to be useful only in making acquaintances and introducing speakers and passing resolutions which go out like Noah's dove, never to return. They meet and resolve, adjourn, and meet to resolve again. All this while the fact is evident to the best informed on the subject that there are at least as many Spiritualists in this country as there are active members in all the Christian churches counted together—many of them still, silent, or dead-head members of churches, and many more taking no open or public part in spiritual circles, lectures, or support of mediums, and some not even in the literature of Spiritualism. Poets, orators, statesmen, judges, lawyers, doctors and preachers are largely represented in these classes, and their numbers are steadily on the increase.

What does all this mean? This strange feature of individual sovereignty? Is it not plain that there is some element lacking to hold them in societies, some social element of union and cooperation to enable them to hold together and to some extent still do?

We have been iconoclasts, itinerants, revivists, heralds running before messengers with good news and glad tidings of great joy to thousands, but like those who heralded Christianity, or like Jesus himself, we have not been organizers, but rather disorganizers and disintegrators. We have been the workmen in the forests, hunting and blasting timbers; in the quarries, blasting and dressing stones; in the pits and yards, molding and shaping bricks and soft clay; in the furnace, melting orthodox rocks to get the gold and silver out; gathering minerals and fossils from science and nature. All these and all this work for the grandest religious temple of society the world ever saw; but like the scripture David, we cannot build it. When we have drawn our materials together, they have been like piles of materials—bricks, stones, timbers—a huge heap without "form or comeliness," unattractive, crowding and jostling each other, with sharp corners and acute angles, making life even more uncomfortable than in isolation. But there is now material enough to begin the work, and where are the builders, and where the cement, are constant and earnest inquiries? We have long believed the cement to be RELIGION. Not Christianity, which is sectarian, partial, fragmentary and full of prejudice—but FREE AND NATURAL RELIGION—requiring no faith or belief in anybody's God which we cannot see, but belief and faith in MAN, which we can see—asking no duties to a foreign God, but duties to man—seeking no regeneration and conversion from depravity, total or partial in nature, but seeking to cultivate, train and unfold nature in man as a divine and consequently perfect inheritance—a religion wholly different and superior to any of the past, and fitted to the wants of enlightened and civilized nations, as Christianity was and is to the ignorant, superstitious, dissipated and quarrelsome nations that embrace and support it.

Again, we ask, where are the builders and where the architects of the new social and religious structure? All around are waiting materials in great abundance, which have been fitted during the last twenty years, and those of us who have been in the forests and quarries and are still on the earth waiting our call to the summer-land, feeling that our work is nearly done, are watching and waiting to see the commencement of the glorious structure. We have established the truths of spirit-life and spirit-intercourse. We have set aside the follies and fables of Christianity, and got out the gold it contained and burned up the dross, or cast it out. We have found out where the souls go, and what they are; have overcome death, and put out the fires of hell; chained the devil and driven the Lamb to the Zodiac, where it belongs; traced Christ to Chreestina, and left Jesus among the good men of history—and much more we have done.

OUTWARD BOUND.

Prof. Wurtz has started the old fogies of New York, who are on the toughest kind of granite basis, with the following, among other announcements:

"There are chemical changes now active on the earth's surface, whose continuance must inevitably bring about the final extinction of man, and ultimately that of all other life upon our planet." "Comparatively and geologically speaking, the end is near."

That geologic changes prepared the way for life on this planet, is certain; and that great changes have marked the different epochs in which the huge plants and animals lived that exist no longer, is certain; and it is also certain that the earth and air were not ready for man till long after the plants and animals appeared. How far and how much the earth's surface has changed since man's residence is not so certain, since the date of his birth, like its origin, is yet in obscurity; but assume great change fitted the elements for him to live here, we may reasonably expect some change to cut him off, and leave such conditions that he cannot inhabit it. That the causes are at work which may produce this event, there is no reason to doubt; but that the theory of Prof. Wurtz or any other theory takes in the whole range of causes that produce great geologic changes, is not probable; nor is it probable that any reliable estimate can be made of the time that such event will occur. We are here as a race. How or when we came, is uncertain. That we came, is certain; that we shall leave individually is certain; and that the race will cease to exist on the earth at some time, is highly probable, to say the least; but the how and when are merely conjectural, with an if preceding the conjecture. All this is not alarming to us, who believe in the endless chain of existence for all intelligent beings, and the eternal round of cycles amid an infinite number of worlds in an infinite variety of conditions to which we may be fitted by changes in ourselves, by which we become adapted to the different conditions of the worlds we inhabit, but still retaining our identity and consciousness of personality. If we were in the past, we shall be in the future; and if we are to

be in the future, we must have been in the past. Eternal life involves both, and is endless, which means having no beginning, of course. If man is immortal, we may let the world change while he lives here, and go hence to enjoy or suffer more, as he is fitted for and adapted to the surroundings, but cannot really die.

For twenty years we have been engaged in studying the principles of eternal life, and have got it where we are satisfied it is true, but we have not done much to convince others, and probably shall not, as we are not able to publish the book we had written on the subject, at least cannot do it at present, and our time here is nearly out.

ADNER KNEELAND.

We welcome ever as an old friend this early and able pioneer of the cause of free speech, a free press, and liberty of conscience in all matters of religion. Since 1831, when we first took the Investigator, we have known and admired him, and we can recognize him in the short messages that come from him occasionally, since he went to live in the spirit-land. It was not strange that he should be among the first to greet us with a message and a test of his identity, after we were fully satisfied that spirit-life was a reality, and that they could reach us, as he surely was, and no one could have been more welcome. Since that time he has visited us occasionally, and was once seen in our store by a clairvoyant, who described him so that we knew him by the description, as he looked over the liberal books on our shelves; but no message was given us at that time, as the medium was not sufficiently influenced. His message in No. 1 of the present volume of the Banner is certainly characteristic of him, and we have no doubt of his interest in the spread of liberal literature. We did not lose him at his death, as some of his friends supposed they did, and we could most earnestly wish they all could know, as we know, that he "still lives" and labors for the good cause.

HERALD OF HEALTH.

This excellent monthly, published by Wood & Holbrook, at the Light-street Water Cure, N. Y., if read and observed in its advice in every family, would save millions of dollars to the people of this country from doctors' bills, medicine, and best of all in tobacco and swine's flesh, and other nuisances in common use. Every number of this journal is valuable, and it deserves more and better patronage than any of the popular pictorial magazines that have four times its circulation. If people would become more practical and less sensational, it would be far better for themselves, and a great blessing to the children, who are encouraged far too much in the sensational, sensational and imaginative qualities, and not enough in the practical and useful. Churches (which are little else than shows), theatres, balls, routs, parties, &c., are kept constantly before the minds of the young, especially in the large cities, and these, with the trashy literature, occupy the most of the time and minds of the young who are not compelled to work for support, and it almost entirely unites them, especially the girls, for the sterner duties and necessities of life that are sure to come sooner or later to nearly all in this country. Such papers as the Herald of Health would correct many errors of society if properly patronized.

ITEMS OF PROGRESS.

BY J. H. POWELL.

Quincy—Rock Island, Illinois.

At Quincy, the prettiest town on the slopes of the Mississippi, my wife and myself received the kindest treatment at the welcome and pleasant home of Mr. Archibald Brown and his kind lady, (late Belle Scougal), so well known as one of the best of the earliest Spiritualist pioneers in the lecture field, who, in the privacy of domestic life, has lost none of her Spiritualism, but rather strengthened in it, and is saving faith. We gave several private sances, all of which I have reason to believe, were pleasing to the friends who formed the circles. The closing sance was under the auspices of Mrs. C. H. Curtis, a lady of wealth, both intelligent and outspoken, and a marvelous medium to boot.

She has been pronounced "a thousand times." Still she lives and loves, healing the sick and visiting the poor on missions of mercy which make her name, a household word of respect, although good people live who persist still in calling her "crazy." She certainly passed through strange experiences only creditable to Spiritualists. But, with all her apparent credulity and quaint mannerisms, I am satisfied that no true Spiritualist lives. It is certainly a "crazy" act for a woman to choose the storm of battle in the service of reform, to the tranquil luxuries of a home bountifully supplied with other than necessities for the body and mind.

An old man, leaning on his stick, craved permission to sit with us. Some one had told him that a sance was to be held that evening. He was favored with a seat. The music manipulated by Mrs. Goodwin, lively and well timed, brought the medium to her feet in an inspirational dance, which had no sooner ended than the old man begged to say a word or two: "I have been forty years a member of the church, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, yet I freely confess that I never was nearer heaven than after witnessing the lady's dancing." No one could mistake the sincerity of the speaker.

Other dancing and ecstasies followed, then the real work of the sance commenced. The old man was suffering from neuralgic rheumatism, which had been his companion, on and off, nearly twenty years. Dr. Torrence assisted him to sit in the centre of the room, as he was unable, without great pain and difficulty, to rise unaided. Mrs. Goodwin made me kneel beside him, when, to the amazement and delight of the entire company, the patient rose to his feet and walked without his stick across the room, and finally reached his home with more freedom in his limbs and less pain than he had realized before for years.

The day following, Mrs. Powell was impressed so strongly to treat the old man, who is sixty-four years of age, by the name of Wilson) a second time, that I took her to his residence, where we found him better, but suffering some pain. The second treatment accomplished its mission—he declared all pain to be taken away, only regretting that he could not compensate us. Our compensation was in his recovery. I have detailed the bare facts.

We left Quincy that afternoon on board the "Minneapolis" for Rock Island, carrying with us the kindly wishes of all the friends whom it was our privilege and pleasure to meet. With the sun reflecting its features on the glorious "Father of Waters," we realized as much happiness as earthly pilgrims can reasonably hope for.

To-morrow, Sunday, 17th, I open my budget of "spiritual truths before the society here, where I hope to remain a few Sundays.

The Rock Island Society has the advantage of a commodious and pleasant hall, built by Bro. Hull, who is one of the active workers here. Few places that I visit are so fortunate as Rock Island in this particular. A Lyceum waves its banners on Sunday morning in Hull's Hall, which has only been completed and used since January.

I trust friends and lecturers wishing to speak in Rock Island will take a note of this. Bro. Hull's hall is large and well fitted, and suitable for most purposes. Mrs. Powell gave her first sance at Hull's Hall last evening.

Societies needing lectures from me, and desiring a few sances from Mrs. Powell, can address me, for the present, box 00, Rock Island, Ill. April 16th, 1870.

Horace Cook, of Leavenworth, recently ate three pounds of raisins, on a wager, and won it, but was paid to his heirs.

THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

The "Jewish" Doctors of Wisconsin persecuting the Christians of the Nineteenth Century.

EDITORS BANNER—Last week contributed an article to the Banner under the above caption, since which I learn that the doctors of medicine have succeeded in obtaining from the Legislature of Wisconsin an act making the practicing of the healing art—on the principles laid down in the New Testament—an offence punishable by fine and imprisonment; and I think there are several other States that have passed similar laws.

I have ever been opposed to religious organization, believing that it has been the rock upon which every attempted Christian reform has been wrecked, and must always lead to the bondage of the masses and the exaltation of the few; but still I think it would be well for Spiritualists to associate for mutual defence against the machinations and attacks of the fossilized creeds and professions that still exist, (and probably will for some years to come), or at least, that there should be funds raised to test the constitutionality of laws that have been or may be enacted for their oppression. The great and benighted art and power taught and enforced by Jesus of Nazareth, on all believers in his name, of healing the sick, of restoring sight to the blind, of hearing to the deaf, of making the lame to walk and the weak to grow strong, is to-day as fully the corner-stone of the Christian's faith, as held and practiced among Spiritualists, as it was in the early centuries among the disciples and followers of Jesus, whom the so-called Christian sects of our day so groundlessly claim to represent.

There was enough of religious bigotry in some of the communities that established the national Constitution of the United States, to prevent any clause being introduced into it prohibiting the people of any of the States, individually, from returning to the old pastime of burning spiritualistic witches, hanging Quakers, or imprisoning Kneelands, for conscience sake; but with the exception of the State of Louisiana, and perhaps Maryland, (which last, in its early statutes, condemned all Unitarians to death,) there never has been any union of Church and State, authorized by law in the United States, unless the recent enactments of Congress to restrain the Mormons from conformity in a matter of biblical faith and practice should be deemed such. The field, then, is fairly open, to test in the courts the constitutionality of fining and imprisoning citizens of any State in this Union simply for practicing what they conscientiously regard as the requirements of the most enlightened Christian faith. Let, then, the Peters and the Pauls, the Newtons, the Jacobs, and other believers of an almost extinct faith, continue to alleviate the sufferings of their fellow citizens, (in scores of instances caused or aggravated by the M. D.'s,) in accordance with the rules laid down in the New Testament, and in a power which a belief in Christ can alone impart. And should the doctors of that State become maddened at seeing their prey rescued from their hands, and hale the followers of Jesus of Nazareth before the courts, let Spiritualists who have the means contribute liberally, and employ some learned Gannalieu to defend them, solely on the ground of conscience and religious belief and practice. Before an enlightened jury, the task of obtaining their acquittal, or at least of saving them from crucifixion, would be comparatively easy to what it was of old, in Judea, where no schoolmaster was abroad, and where all the priests, doctors, lawyers and governing classes were bound in a conspiracy to put down all innovations, and keep the people in ignorance and slavery. Depend upon it, the issue of the trial of Jesus would be different in our day, should he again arise from the dead, and with his troop of red-shirted, bare-legged fishermen, publicans and sinners, presume to engage in their healing propensities, as of yore, even in the State of Wisconsin, as their successors are now doing. I will hence offer a few suggestions as to the line of defence that I think it might be well to pursue, should the doctors drag any of our spiritualistic heads into court:

1. The Constitution of the State of Wisconsin declares all religions, not excepting even the Christian.

2. The healers of Wisconsin, aimed at by the law, are Christians, as can be proved, not only by their words but their works.

3. No man can be a Christian without he believes in Jesus Christ, and practices what he taught. In this all the fathers agree.

4. Jesus himself says that if a man believes in him he will do the works that he did whilst he was on earth. Now what were those works, and who is it that does them? Jesus—and here lies the issue—was preeminently a healer of the sick and infirm by laying on of hands. In fact, it seems to have been his chief if not sole occupation.

5. He made the possession and practice of this gift the leading test of discipleship. Those who believed in him were to be known to the world solely from the fact that "they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."—Mark xv chap. Again, they were to "heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils."—Matt. x chap. Again, "He sent them to preach the Kingdom of God and to heal the sick."—Luke ix chap. Again, (Luke x chap.), Jesus said, "Heal the sick, * * * and say unto them, the Kingdom of God is come nigh unto them." Matt. x chap. "He gave power to heal diseases." Again, Jesus "sends his disciples out to heal the sick."—Mark iii chap; Jesus gave "the twelve power to heal the sick," (and they did it).—Mark vi. He "gave them power to cast out devils."—John xvii chap. Now the risen Jesus bade his disciples to preach this "healing" gospel to all the world—of course Wisconsin was in "all the world"—and preachers and practitioners of the healing art were of course to go to Wisconsin. Now who are these preachers? Are they of the Roman Church? The doctors claim to derive their power from Peter, who was an erring, fallible, Christ-denying, swearing man in his day—but then he was honest, and a great healer, and therefore must have been a believer. His successor, Pio IX, has progressed to infallibility in our day, but we hear nothing of his healing as Peter did, though we grant that some of his priests do, but are subservient to the interest of the Church, rather than to that of humanity. The Episcopal Church claims to derive its authority and powers from regular apostolic succession, but its ministers do not claim to have any healing powers in their hands that I have heard of, and none of the other so-called Christian sects make any such claim. If Jesus Christ spoke truth, none of them then can possibly be believers in him. But the spiritual healers do cure by laying on of hands, and therefore are believers in Jesus, and may be Christians. In this they have the advantage of the sects.

Again, we read that the disciples of Jesus conferred the Holy Ghost and other gifts on others by the laying on of hands. The Spiritualists do this with visible effect. Healing power, which is the great test of discipleship, is often conferred

In this way, as well as many other phases of mendacity. The Church lays its hands on its newly-made ministers, but they "make no sign" in response. It is merely "a form of godliness without the power." The Church says, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost"—but no signs follow, no healing power is conferred. It is but words "without the power," and we read that the "Kingdom of God is not in word, but in power." So the churches can't be believers by this test.

Again, by the laying on of the hands of the disciples of Jesus "were many signs and wonders wrought among the people." Do any of the churches do such things in our day? No! But the Spiritualists do by the thousand! In this, too, they have the advantage of the churches. The disciples of Jesus "went forth and preached everywhere the Lord, or spirit, (which in Judea were synonymous terms) working with them, confirming the word, with signs following." Now what signs follow the preaching of the church? None that I ever saw but weariness in their hearers; whilst I have seen hundreds of what are called "signs" and "miracles" in the Bible, following the preaching and ministering of spirit mediums or apostles.

James says "the prayer of faith raises up the sick." Are the prayers of the sectarian churches ever answered visibly in this way? No!—but the prayers of spiritual mediums are in thousands of instances. I have seen several of Newton's so answered on the instant. He has now enough crutches and canes that have been left with him by cripples he has healed by prayer and the laying on of hands, to last a small family a good part of a winter for fire-wood, every splinter of them possessing as much virtue, as relics of trust, faith and beneficence, as any gold-encased bone to be found in the Vatican or St. Peter's.

Again we read, "Jesus sent his disciples forth, as he was sent of God," viz., a poor carpenter's son, without learning or position. He sends his spirit healers forth just so now; and out of the "mouths of babes and sucklings" he confounds the wisdom and science of our schools and pulpits. Jesus thanked his Father that he had hid these things from the wise and prudent of this world, and had "revealed them unto babes," and I, one of the least worthy of his disciples, and one of the least among Spiritualists, on the benedict knees of my heart thank my Father a thousand times for the same; for had the great and beautiful truths I have witnessed come to the world through the mouthing and canting of the pride and the hypocrisy of the pulpit, or our conceited, self-wise, but really ignorant (as regards the highest truths) doctors and professors, I fear that I should not have been able to have received them.

In haste, THOMAS H. HAZARD.

Married:

April 14th, at the residence of the bride's father, by Dr. Daniel White, Mr. Thomas S. Maxwell to Miss Ida M. Redfield, daughter of H. M. Redfield, well-known commission merchant, all of St. Louis, Mo.

In this city, March 21st, Mr. Joseph Dexter of Cambridge and Mrs. Frances C. Silsbee of Boston passed from the state of single wretchedness into the state of double blessedness, through the ministrations of H. F. Gardner, Esq.

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