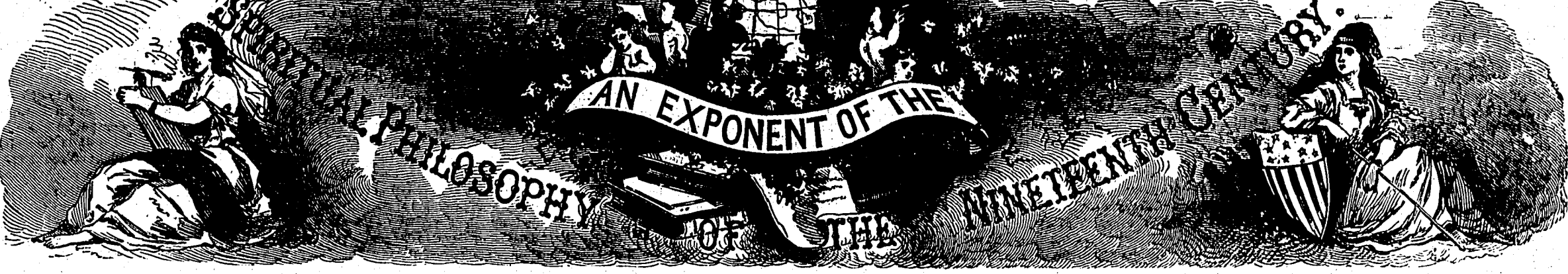


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## The Lecture Room.

The Signs of the Times, from the Standpoint of Theodore Parker.

A LECTURE BY MRS. CORA L. V. TAPPAN,  
In Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, Nov. 6, 1870.  
Reported for the Banner of Light.

### INVOCATION.

Oh, thou Infinite Spirit, our Father and our Mother God; thou Divine Parent, and thou Omnipotent Soul; thou parent of the childless; thou comfort of those that mourn; thou light in the darkness of earth; thou triumph over all sin; thou Supreme, Eternal One; our spirits are allied to thee in the infinite love that envelopes us; our souls are outwardly drawn to thee and inwardly, by the light of thine infinite being. We know that thou art, because of ourselves; we have seen thee with the eye of the soul; we have perceived thee with the senses of the spirit, and know thee by the attributes of thy divine life. We do not question of thee—we only praise; praise thee for the life that is ours, for the light that is throughout the universe; praise thee for the abundant glory that is everywhere; praise thee for the coming and going of the seasons—that in them the workings of the harmonious laws of their Maker are demonstrated. We praise thee for the springtime with its budding life; in summer, for the rich beauty and bloom that adorns the face of Nature; in autumn for the gathered sheaves, and in winter for the white rest that settles like death over all. We praise thee, for all things have not gone backward, or out into darkness nor annihilation, but into thee. We praise thee for the starry firmament, that, kindling throughout the flashing centuries, proclaims thine ever-present life and light; for the concourse of moving worlds, and the solemn music of thine infinite Spirit, to which all things march up the steps of time and eternity. We praise thee for the divine truths that gleam from the brows of the immortals—for all those that are in the earth and within and around it, and for those far beyond the ken of mortal vision or conception. For all these things do we praise thee. We praise thee for the light of human love kindled upon the altar of thine own truth, and abiding alike among the high and exalted and the humble and lowly of earth; and for the light of thine own being which renders its lustre shining in the souls of men as a Promethean flame whirling on all. We praise thee that there is balm for those that are wounded in spirit; that there is comfort for those that weep, having lost friends near and dear (who are nearer to them now than if death had stayed away). We praise thee that knowledge is the saviour of the ignorant; that wisdom is the mirror and shield of thy love; that all human thoughts and aspirations shall find a glowing reality in the presence of thine everlasting truth. We praise thee, oh, Infinite Spirit, for the voices that ever proclaim thy name in Nature, and for the ties that bind humanity as one soul to thee. We praise thee that death makes the spirit glad and free; that thy love is shed throughout human life as the glory of the sun in a sky cloudless and clear. Oh, Infinite Spirit, let us be with thee to-day, and let our souls drink in the evidences of thy deathless truth. Let men and women and angels and all souls grow glad and happy in the presence of thy love. Let truth forever lead them; let justice enfold them; let the counsels of wisdom be with them, and let thy love evermore bless them. Amen.

### THE DISCOURSE.

There be those among the sons of men to-day who are endowed with somewhat of vision beyond matter. They see with other eyes than those of the senses; they hear with other ears than those that you can touch; they have understanding of things that are not usual and ordinary. Such condition as these persons are in is denominated the trance, and, whether they be lifted into that fine frenzy in which the revelator of old was when he beheld a new heaven and a new earth, or whether they be endowed with that other sense which is not yet recognized among the sciences, it matters not. Certain it is that, in an atmosphere of their own, and according to known laws, these people can discern things which many and most are ignorant. Mind has a sphere of its own, and they that rise to their appointed place from their earthly tenements and the cold grave, are not dead; they counsel with kindred souls, holding sweet converse over trials long passed. Those that, with you, were once encased in clay, still cleave the atmosphere of mind where they were wont to dwell, and will not hence! There is no heaven that can draw them from the communion with souls endeared to them—no heaven where those alike in mind are not. There is no high, exalted place that can make them stay aloof while the heaven on earth holds objects dear to them. Therefore, if from the counsels of the unseen and from this communion of mind there shall drop, now and then, ideas and familiar sayings—if there shall come, in imperfect form and guise, the thoughts, or scattered fragments of thoughts, from the unseen, do not put them away, but rather gather them up in your memory and say: "Sometime perhaps we may see these things." To-day is such a presentation, not encased in any earthly tenement, but acting upon the delicate machinery of the medium, and yet within it, as the sun inspires the room with light. To-day we shall speak of the signs of the times. Can ye not discern the signs of the times?" asked an inspired writer in your Bible. And Shakespeare says, in well-known and almost worn-out phrase—"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy." But to day we are called upon to look abroad upon the earth, and see what the great teacher, Justice, points out as the significant symbols of the hour. The mariner out at sea consults well his compass and his soundings,

He measures with keen eye the long line of the horizon, and marks where the gray mist hangs over the water, or when the sun sinks in lurid flame. Afar on the desert, the practiced Arab scents the hot simoon, and buries his head in the sand, while the unskilled travelers who meet it breast to breast are slain. In tropical countries, the natives thereof watch for the coming of the fierce cyclone that blows in fury among those Aiden Isles, and prepare themselves, often vainly, to battle for the boon of life. They that are guiding ships of state and of progress over the rough and uncertain sea of human history; they that meet the discord and turbulence of human strife, ignorance and despair; they whose thoughts are long accustomed to watching and reasoning and seeing the indications of many a storm rising in the mental atmosphere, cannot be blamed if, in the midst of some serene day of peace, they shall cry out, "The tempest is near!" But no need to-day to do this. Scarcely has the great falcon of war folded his wings on one continent, and Peace raised again her heavenly voice, than the dark plumes are unfurled over another, and its seas are running red with human gore. What means it that in deadly conflict Europe is mingling to-day?—for it is not two nations or two kings, but it is monarchy against freedom—despotism against liberty—the one-man power against humanity—the divine right of kings against the divine rights of man. Whatever battle-field it may be fought upon, under whatever pretence Prussia invades France, or France declares war on Prussia, this is the key-note—the people or kings! France has been often bathed in precious blood; she has often felt the falling tears from the eyes of her desolate mothers and daughters, in just such strifes as this. Prussia has often made similar conquests, but liberty has always been victorious.

When once, from a platform in this city, at the time when Napoleon III., by a coup d'etat as infamous as the first Napoleon was famous, seized the reins of government and quenched the liberty of France, we spoke of him as an imbecile, an idiot, we were not believed; to-day the whole world, by substantial proof, acknowledges it. Its verdict is recorded that he is an imbecile—that he is even beyond pity. Well, that coup d'etat is past. Another is about to appear; and France waits now in that weary suspense that is worse than warfare, to see what is to be done to her among the sisterhood of nations. And the nations sit still, like brokers on 'Change or vultures over the battle-field, to see what shall be their share of the spoils. Italy feels the shock; the poor "Infallible" Pope is allowed to live in his place, but Victor Emmanuel enters Rome—its king.

Surely the wheel of progress has turned during these years; and if, amid this turning, you may see that nations are apparently retrograding, it is but in obedience to the action of the spiral wheel of upward motion—the acknowledged power of mechanics, the inclined plane. What shall be done for France? Peace, first—not to kill all her sons, but to give them freedom; for she is not fitted to receive freedom only for her daughters. As Mrs. Browning says so pathetically of another nation:

"And what shall we do when our Italy's done,  
If we have not a son?"

What shall we do with France? Why, with Garibaldi turned out of Italy, and making the cause of France his own, we shall see much more liberty than great America is ready to concede. But we shall also see the relapse, and good men will say: "Where is freedom?" But she still keeps at work, saying: "So much have I gained, and another time shall my children be free." What shall Italy gain, even if the Pope has no temporal power, Victor Emmanuel banishes Mazzini and Garibaldi? Shall we have an Italy with no popular life? He who was once her liberator, or rather her compromiser, is now her tyrant, while he who was her true liberator is forced to go forth to foreign soil to fight the battle of liberty. It is a subject for a Sabbath day picture, for he who fights God's battles here will make all days holy. The fate of the Pope will stir up more feeling. Kings are not religious, except for interest and power. Other nations hoping for advantage will arise, appealing to man's superstitious fears, and Austria and Russia shall step in, and we shall see the whole of Europe in a blaze. Or if that peace, which is now but a portent of more war, shall settle down like a cloud of discontent upon poor, fate-stricken France, the hand of justice is turning a leaf down there, and that will be her beginning next time!

Some time ago it was said by these same lips that there were evidences of a conflict coming, more serious than the wars of the Crusades; more lasting and devastating than all that have followed the wake of Christianity. See to it that you transfer it to the spiritual battle-field. When we have a Congress of Nations, where we can no more butcher people for difference of national, any more than of individual opinion; when there shall be no such wrongs to redress; when there are no longer groaning millions waiting to be free; when every peasant in France has the right to cry "Viva la Republique," in the face of all Europe; when Italy and all nations shall be freed, really and truly freed—not turned over from one master to another—you will then have disarmament and arbitration.

The machinery of the Roman Catholic Church is perfect; it is that vast mechanism which for centuries has been gaining and increasing in power—that the Protestant Church has not been able to conquer. It is the subtle machinery of the senses; it binds, enslaves, fastens upon its subjects that very absence of desire to break her commands which is the chief bulwark of the Church; and there is no falsehood in the statement that there is not a subject under any nationality or form of government that is bound to obey any law that does not come within the recognized forms of the Church. The Pope still holds that

power, aloof; transplanted from the soil of Italy, it takes deeper root in that of other nations, and wherever the Romish religion has power, that of the Pope is stronger than it was a year ago. America may learn this fact by-and-by. This is not said with acrimony—not with the feeling which might animate the breast of the Protestant. It is true because of the culture, the wealth, the forces that draw in all the power of earth and concentrate it; and when the old Pope shall pass away, and have been perhaps forgotten—when the one niche left vacant for him shall be filled, and there shall be no more Popes, there will still be a vast system of machinery, full of power, full of vitality, full of the substance of individualized matter, that the Church only knows how to work, and there will be the Established Church of England. With the Pope gone, with one Bishop elevated above the rest no more, who shall say that you are safe in your religious worship, and that the effort long talked of to unite the Roman Catholic and Protestant Episcopal Churches will not be consummated? Not that the means taken will work against the will of its followers, but that they will have the will to do that which is required; not that the confessional will be unpleasant nor forced upon the followers, but that it will be acceptable: for here are well established the wealth and the power that make up the conservative elements and forms of Christendom. Its strength will be manifest in the force of cardinals and bishops throughout the world. It will be shown in the force of conservatism, the awakened individual opinion in the few, the thralldom of satisfaction with existing things among the mass, the lack of progress, that has ever been in the world's history. This condition of things will grow out of it, and when kings fall in other methods, they will not be slow to take hold of the consciences of the people. Mark us, it is coming to more than war between France and Prussia. It is coming to the conflict of ages, where these two forces—liberty and error—which have been held at bay shall meet in open warfare.

Then of the other signs. What have we to say about England—poor England—great in all that makes up the intelligence, power and prowess of a nation, but so fallen, since she never for one moment can go to the aid of her friends, or to turn back her foes—England, fallen from her proud position to be the tool of tyrants—England, where there is a population of millions ground down to a greater servitude than a slave ever knew, but which fact could never be hurled in their faces as long as slavery was in existence in America. Where there is such a population there is danger. The time is coming when her arrogance will be rent in twain, and England will speak with the voice of her people, and not with the voice of her aristocracy; as she speaks through John Bright and others to-day, so shall her voice be heard when there shall come a fitting opportunity.

And what then? We will see, I am coming home. Do not get uneasy; I am going to tell you the truth. God's hand—the hand of justice and liberty—carved out of the cloud of war raised by tyrants and time-servers the clear pathway of freedom for the slave, cleaving it out between the two armies; and the Red Sea was divided and he went forth a free man. And the nation was sanctified by it, and uplifted its voice in praise, and they that mourned were comforted, and freedom was proclaimed all over the land. The nation was repentant, and in sackcloth went down on her knees to the God of Justice, and let the people go free in the way he had carved for them. She did it reluctantly, it is true; hesitatingly, it must be confessed; with long intervals of silence and undoing, but it was at last done; and then one man, the chosen minister, the prophet of the day to come, was taken and caught up into the cloud of martyrdom by the hand of an assassin, and that was the canonization! But it did not retain its hold on the minds of the people. The few that always led the van, were true to their work—the mass dragged back again. Having been driven forward to an unwontedly high estate they must needs relax; so they steadily degenerated on and up, and the black man became a man; and though to-day justice is asked out to him in paltry gains and poor rewards for labor, still it is not a crime to be black, and for that we thank God.

But it is a crime to be and to do other things, and it is of these signs of the times that we would now speak. The nation has done its great deed of honor, and for that one good work it asks through all coming time to be rewarded; and they that are its leaders grow eloquent as they describe how they have been the instruments to this great movement. But there are other things further back that they have not done. They have not repented of robbing the red man of his home. They have not gone with repentance on their lips to those places where they could learn justice on this matter. They have been deaf to the claims of right, and for this they have not received their meed of retribution. The blazing cities and towns of early civilization, the stories of butchered women and children, have all been told by one side—some day the other side will be heard, and from the hunting grounds of the hereafter will come a cry, not of revelation, but reproof. And then what, because a man tries to be honest? Because to-day, sitting in the executive chair of the nation is the Chief who won the battles when the way had been prepared for him; who is honest as far as he knows—and he does the things that other men have not done, or tries to—for he tries to keep his own counsel out of politics, and in so doing he seems to keep it out altogether; and because in the fulfillment of the policy of this good man, a public servant charged with such duty was true to the Indian and gave him something to eat, instead of heads, and tools instead of rum and ochre, he was set upon and torn by those politicians who, like carrion crows, hover around the weak and feeble; he was forced out,

and there is no protestation on the part of this good man. People seem willing to conclude that because a majority of a great nation have done one good act, having been "driven down the righteous way," they may forever rest, and never lift up another good thought, or raise a fallen people.

It is said of Christ, in one of the beautiful traditions of the Romish Church, that at the time when his body lay in the tomb and he went and visited the spirits in prison—those that were disobedient in the days of Noah—that he met and vanquished Lucifer or Satan, the enemy of man. And this is why they believe him to be the Saviour of the world, because he overcame, in actual personal contact, the foe of mankind. There is one in your midst to-day—there is a man who has stood frequently upon this platform, who dares, in the midst of persecution, to go forth and preach to the spirits in prison. He says: The slave has been freed, the shackles have been thrown from the limbs of the black man; there are others to work for—and he goes down to the hells—you know where they are—they are all through the crowded streets and alleys and dark by-ways of your cities; and this man, sending his silver words down among them, preaches possible freedom from appetite and passion, from suicide and murder and shame. He takes the golden rule with him, and he proves that it is possible for them to come up to where the free man stands; he preaches to the spirits in prison. There be those that are more slaves to appetite than was the black man a slave to his master; who have no power to control the demon that hungers and thirsts for that which will inebriate; and any man standing to-day as a leader, especially such a man, that will go down to those slaves of the intoxicating draught, and say: "Come up out of your darkness, you are free"—he is indeed their Saviour and their liberator. There be those who are slaves to toll, and many a time and often have they bowed beneath the power of the tyrants who rule over them—the monopolist, the capitalist—they that drink the sweat of toiling men, and eat the bread of the widow and the fatherless; they that build splendid palaces and revel in luxury, that others may be ground to the dust; they that bring all the forces of civilization to war upon their kind; they who would not spare for a moment a starving mother, if a month's rent were due; those who have no pity in their hearts, whoever they may be—they are the tyrants. And if there is a man that shall go down and say to these slaves of a scheming Moloch, the weary children of toll: "There is a possibility for you to be free—not from labor, for that is the glory and blessing of life—but free from the weariness of despair—free from that toll and care that gnaws the life away—as when a poor man carries to the grave the body of his last and only child with fainting, throbbing heart, and weak and nerveless limb," because he has not means to pay for its interment; care that eats out the light from the eye, and makes all those who toll but mere machines, doing their master's bidding—that man is to them a Saviour! This toll is benumbing, paralyzing, the curse of the poor. But with it comes also the other enemy, intemperance; and he who will descend to these prisons of flesh and speak to the spirits there confined, though he be crucified a thousand times, the Master and the Father will say: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

But what of these other signs that are observable in the world? These that awaken men to the consciousness that such thoughts are speaking, and such deeds are doing? Well may the earthquake give earnest that another epoch of the world has come! Well may the sky at midnight be resplendent with auroras, foretelling the dawning of new light to mankind! Well may science quake before the novel forces that are shaking the walls of her antiquated structure! Well may bigotry and superstition tremble, when, almost out of the charnel-house in which they have imprisoned humanity, rises a voice that cries: "I will be free!" Believe us, if it were not for the fixedness of God's laws, it might be literally said that the heavens and the earth are about to pass away, and all things to become new. Prisons are crumbling beneath the earthquake of revolution and progress; all classes feel the away of the moral tempest, and they that are not swept away shall enjoy a brighter renewal of their hopes. Kings are trembling; their crowns are gone, like baubles, from them, torn by the stern hand of justice. The massive structure of the theologic scientists is trembling and tottering on its foundations; the laws eliminated by a new truth are illuminating the world with glorified promise, and clasp hands with Nature—the true revelation of the presence of the living God. Their marble images glow with life, and their cold walls crumble and give place to the substantial and eternal city. Bigotry trembles; forth from her gully fancies there comes a voice of pleading, and it says: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me," and humanity will not be crushed or crowded out or backward in the coming years; the gospel of truth shall be preached where once it was condemned.

And then there is a new truth abroad in the land; and it fills the voice of this Sabbath afternoon with melody. We know that death and the terrors of the grave are no more. Across the river of death a beautiful bridge has been reared, and the sunlight of love illumines the world beyond; and they that before were without comfort or hope in life now join the song of rejoicing. And then there come the three-fold messengers of science, religion, art, and these build for the nations of the earth a temple where they shall worship. And that temple is the living dome of God, and the earth is its floor; and all the children of men come together and are made glad in the rays of the infinite sun of truth. And this sweet melody shall quench the cannon's thunder; and love shall drown with tears the fires of wrath that

have been kindled in the past. And on all shall fall the smile of God's loving care and the companionship of his angels, from the dome of living truth. "And these signs shall follow them that believe," and justice and truth and mercy shall be theirs.

### WHERE IS MY HOME?

Lo! from the distant steep of time  
The marching hosts all weary come;  
Blighted their years of opening prime,  
Their faded lips all pale and dumb,  
Awake, awake,  
They are sighing all the way,  
"Where is my home?"  
Up from the crowded streets of earth  
The thronging millions eager come,  
Bleeding every sound of mirth,  
And giving back a hollow moan,  
Crying, awake, awake,  
"Where is my home?"  
Up from the places filled with gold,  
The palace of the proud and great,  
There walk the starving few that hold  
Plenty, but nothing for their state,  
Saying, awake, awake,  
"Where is my home?"  
Up from the cell, the dungeon drear,  
The addled hosts of sin come forth,  
All bowed and withered, lone and sore,  
Without a thought of joy and mirth,  
Gasping, awake, awake,  
"Where is my home?"  
Up from the haunts of shame and sin,  
The fallen sisterhood appear,  
And all their robes are "brothered in"  
The tears and stains of many a year,  
Crying, awake, awake,  
"Where is my home?"  
Thus, up and up each way of earth,  
The burdened millions press along;  
Each drinketh somewhat of its death,  
Each hath some sorrow in his song;  
For, oh, awake, awake,  
They have no home.  
And then before their eyes there gleams  
A golden promise of the dawn;  
And down from heaven's height there streams  
Upon the meadow and the lawn,  
The radiance of a face divine,  
A glory from an unseen shrine.  
A rushing, as of angels' wings,  
A murmur from the sadness rings,  
Like seraph choir when it sings:  
"Weary, weary, waiting ones,  
Ye who have sinned, ye who have toiled,  
Ye who have walked with many moans  
The thorny ways with blood-stains mottled,  
Ye who are sleeping to awaken  
When Death and Life have taken  
Their gifts. Behold, heaven gives the world,  
The firmament gives all the day,  
While truth is yours, and, there unfurled,  
Behold the banner of the day,  
When, awake, awake,  
You shall never more roam,  
But with hearts of sweet content,  
In deeds of kindness interlaid,  
Ye shall find on earth your home."  
So down from the heights of life all golden  
The thronging hosts of loved ones come,  
Chanting the anthem of bliss so often,  
As through the empyrean they roam,  
"Not weary, not weary,  
For in works of love we find our home!"

### The Aristocracy of Churches.

The New York correspondent of the Boston Journal furnishes the following paragraph concerning the "noble" churches in the metropolis, and the expedients resorted to in order to secure audiences: "The friends of Rev. J. P. Thompson are pressing his name for the Presidency of Yale College. The plan, if successful, brings Mr. Murray, of Park-street Church, Boston, to the Tabernacle pulpit of New York. A clerical gentleman, who makes some noise in your neighborhood, has signified a willingness to come to this city, if parties will secure Cooper Institute and guarantee him a salary of \$4000. Not to have a church on Fifth Avenue is to be nowhere fashionably. The Methodists have a marble church on Fourth Avenue, and marble and brown-stone churches elsewhere. They have now a movement looking to the establishment of an elegant church edifice on the aristocratic boulevard of the city. The Murray Hill Baptist Church, finding their chapel too small for their use, are about to open services in Dodworth's Hall, opposite the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The morning services are to be conducted on a novel plan. The pastor, Dr. Corey, will preach evenings. For the morning the services of the most eminent men in the land, representing all denominations, will be secured to conduct the services. Beecher, Fuller of Baltimore, Evans of Chicago, Bishop Simpson, Murray and Brooks of Boston, with other eminent men, are on the programme. The service will be a novel one."

THE DARK HOUR.—Most men who live in the home circle of their families, enjoy the "dark hour" in quiet. Children grow restless about this time, but the older folks draw over the fire, and sit musing silently, or now and then exchanging a gentle word of affection. There are moments when the mind receives and imparts the most refreshing and purest thoughts. There seems to be a general reluctance to break the approach by lighting a candle; for all, unconsciously, have a certain feeling of the holy power of nature, which spreads out before us—so soft and unheeded—the wonderful phenomena of light and darkness. Oh, the cosy, comfortable chat in the dark hour! One sits looking at another by the flickering light of a fire, and the few words spoken are caught attentively. The eye, too, has repose, for the mind is undisturbed by the object on which it rests. A single word will often fall upon the ear like an impressive note of music, and convey a feeling which long after finds an echo in the soul.—Household.

"I find, Dick, that you are in the habit of taking my jokes and passing them off as your own. Do you call that gentlemanly conduct?" "To be sure I do, Tom. A true gentleman will always take a joke from a friend."



## Free Thought.

## "SETTLED SPEAKERS."

BY DEAN CLARK.

MESSRS. EDITORS—In the *Banner* of Dec. 10th, I find an article from Bro. D. W. Hull, under the above caption, which, it seems to me, needs some strictures; and I deem it expedient and necessary to apply the scalpel of criticism for the purpose of taking the kull from the meat of this question, without waiting for the "frosts of time" to accomplish that end, as certainly they will.

For some time the questions of organization and the settling of speakers for indefinite periods have been mooted, and arguments *pro et con* have been adduced, resulting in no general conviction in favor of either which has taken specific form; and the work of propagandism, so far as human agencies are concerned, has been carried on in a desultory and sporadic manner.

That the itinerant method of "preaching the everlasting gospel" has hitherto been necessary, and perhaps the most available and efficient one, I have no doubt; and that it must continue as a part of the diverse means of diffusion for the future, I seriously question, i. e., if we, as a body, possess the practically necessary to give form and order to the social and religious elements that are involved and evolved in this great movement.

If Spiritualism is to become a distinctive religion, or form of religion, as I believe it must, then it must assume some sort of organic form, and adopt some systematic method for teaching its principles and performing its work for humanity. We are social beings by nature, and association for mutual pleasure and benefit has ever been a necessity in all public enterprises; and the grand philanthropic principles of our philosophy are calculated to unite us in fraternal relations and cement the bond of brotherhood.

The history of all great movements clearly proves that "in unity there is strength." Cooperation is indispensable for every work for the public good. I well know that the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism have been widely disseminated without any well-organized method or measures of a human character, and the spirit-delegated missionaries have traversed the length and breadth of the land, bearing the glad tidings from on high to millions who were in spiritual darkness; but the burden of this labor and the great sacrifices incidental to it have been borne by a few, and justice demands a more general distribution of this work for the future. Moreover, there is a far higher and grander purpose in this great movement, mark you, than presenting its facts and philosophy, important as these may be, viz.: the institution of great philanthropic enterprises for the education and salvation of an ignorant and misguided world; the establishment of schools, asylums, hospitals for the morally as well as physically diseased, and associations to protect labor, promote justice in the social, political and commercial relations of mankind; and these great objects will necessitate organized effort, and *trained* teachers and workers to superintend and carry out these projects.

No important enterprise of a secular or religious nature has ever accomplished permanent results and effective work without systematic arrangement involving local and general combinations, and executive heads or leaders to direct and enforce or apply the working power to specific ends; and though the democratic character and purpose of Spiritualism repudiates creeds, rituals, synods and popes, yet, in its practical application to human wants, it cannot dispense with secular means and business arrangements; and among these I opine there must and will be settled as well as itinerant laborers.

The oft-repeated "hue and cry" of impractical croakers (no intended personality, Bro. H.) about becoming "fossilized" when we begin to organize and settle speakers long enough for them to get refreshed and make a speaking acquaintance with their auditors, is, in my humble opinion, cheap humbug, transparent sophistry, a dimmy bugbear, frightening only timid and superficial reasoners and whimsical fanatics who have no utilitarian ideas or practical ability.

As well apprehend that our common-school system will become "fossilized" because "many men of many minds" combine their efforts and means for a common purpose, and keep a teacher three months or a year! As reasonably fear that a State or the nation will become "fossilized" because it has some organic methods of government, and does not change its officials and executives every week or month!

It is a sorry compliment to the intelligence and progressive nature of Spiritualists, to assert that "just as soon as we commence settling our speakers, we'll commence to fossilize;" and it is altogether a dubious commentary upon the ability and versatility of our inspired teachers, to affirm that "our speakers would wear out just as they do in the churches," were they to cease to be the best illustration of "perpetual motion" or locomotion now extant!

Our speakers wear out, forsooth! They are already worn out bodily, and almost paralyzed spiritually, by being compelled to become "as vagabonds in the land," homeless, homeless, and sometimes friendless; to wander "from Dan to Beersheba" among strangers, perpetually changing diet, warming cold, damp beds (the title to which is sometimes disputed by un-"fossilized" specimens of entomology), constantly changing social atmospheres, and expected to play the agreeable and entertain "mine host" and his friends loquaciously, in compensation for physical entertainment; compelled constantly to wear a social straight-jacket, and walk the line of propriety so circumspectly that the Argus-eyed Mrs. Grundy cannot discover that they are human beings, and even then become the objects of suspicion and animadversion; obliged to journey long distances by night and by day to fulfill engagements, and when tired and perhaps sick in body and spirit, to go upon the rostrum as a target for critical "sharp-shooters" to practice upon; expected to overcome all the unfavorable conditions that a strange audience presents to a sensitive speaker, then to charm them with eloquence, magnetize them with his or her mental power, and, in short, to "astonish the natives" and "work miracles" with words—all for just compensation enough to clothe them and pay their fare to the next place of crucifixion!

Having traversed, in part, ten of the United States as an itinerant missionary, I am prepared to understand some of the bitter and sweet of such a nomadic life, especially as I have never but once stayed three months in one place, and but three times a month in a place. Talk about "wearing out"! If the vitality consumed in traveling, visiting, worrying about appointments and the uncertainties of a livelihood; in trying to arouse dormant societies, and creating new ones; in defending the cause against its enemies and the abuses of its professed friends; in magnetizing new audiences every week, and in many other

ways incidental to missionary labor—if this force could be expended in study, in the cultivation of their mental and spiritual powers and *mediumistic gifts*, I opine that some speakers at least, especially those who are good mediums, and those who have versatility of talent and educational acquirements, might answer from one month to twelve, or even twice that, all rational and legitimate demands from any audience; and I am stupid enough to believe there is power enough in the spirit-world, and enterprise and progressive tendency enough in most spiritual societies, to keep them from becoming "a formalized, fossilized element of the past," even though they should listen to the speaker long enough to get acquainted with him or her; and if there is n't, let 'em fossilize!

The fact is almost everywhere apparent, that serious evils have grown out of the mistaken policy of changing speakers so often. It has fostered if not begotten the morbid craving for novelty and sensationalism, till the vitiated mental appetite has become a chronic disease!

The pampered taste for rhetorical knick-knacks has become so fastidious and squeamish, that none but the most famous connoisseurs can gratify the capricious appetite; and they must be changed as often as once a month. The consequence is that a mental and spiritual dyspepsia prevails, which spurns plain, healthy food, and clamors for sweet-meats, highly seasoned desserts and intoxicating stimulants, which produces a temporary excitement and enthusiasm, to be surely followed by loss of zeal, spiritual paralysis, and a disgust for solid nutriment prepared in a hygienic form, and presented in a wholesome manner.

It is a lamentable fact that business committees are more solicitous to secure sensational speakers who can dazzle the protruded eyes of gaping crowds with flashes of wit, scintillations of eloquence, and coruscations of sky-scraping oratory, rather than those whose mild and steady light is less brilliant, but more safe to guide the voyager o'er life's tempestuous sea. And why? Because so many care more to be pleased than instructed; more for manner than matter; more for the intoxication of rhapsody than the acquisition of sentiment, therefore those speakers who can

"With words of learned length and thundering sound  
Amaze the gazing rustics ranged around"

will "draw the best," and bring the most money into the treasury!

This state of things, which is fatal to the normal growth of Spiritualism as a moral force and a social and religious power that shall educate the people in the true science of life, and feed body, mind and spirit with proper aliment, is largely due to the depraved desire for a change of speakers so frequently.

We should be actuated to hold meetings for a nobler purpose than for amusement, edification or to astonish or proselyte the people. We need social and spiritual culture as well as intellectual entertainment; and the speaker who becomes thoroughly acquainted with the habits, disposition and needs of the people—as no one can in a brief sojourn—can best minister to the actual necessities of his auditors, and if worthy, can add the weight of personal example to theoretic teaching.

I do not advocate permanent settlement of speakers, but their employment for a few months, a year or more, as mutually agreeable and profitable—and that is all that was expressed in the resolution Brother H. opposes. I would recommend the formation of circuits of four or more societies within available distance, and the employment of from one to four speakers, to succeed each other as the case may require, alternately, or each month, and thus secure enough variety for the people, and far better conditions for the speakers.

Bro. Hull's assertion that "a majority of that few—who are calculated to go into Orthodox dens, &c.—want to be settled and speak for the money they can get by it—not the good they can do" I repudiate as a slander (unintentional I believe) upon some of the noblest and most self-sacrificing men and women that this age affords! Spiritual lecturing is the last business under heaven that any person with common sense and talent enough to do it would think of engaging in from mercenary motives, especially after having tried it long enough to become qualified to settle!

Fie on such nonsense! especially from a lecturer who himself declares: "I can plead law, and make ten dollars for every one I now make!" I trust that other causes than settling Methodist ministers for two years (a mortal long time) have checked the growth of their church and all others. Denying "spiritual gifts," mammon-worship, pride and fashion and general worldly-mindedness, have had far more to do with the decadence of their success.

In conclusion, by way of *pleasantry*, I would congratulate both Bro. Hull and posterity on their mutual felicity over the important fact that he never "pained" them by becoming "fossilized" enough to want to settle for a few months over a Spiritualist Society, but was always "a lively stone" in the hands of the Divine Architect. And when he reads this well-meant critique, if he feels like "a second Daniel come to judgment," let him console himself with the recollection of the hearty hand shaking at the National Convention, where, according to his report, he was verily a second Daniel lionized!

Bro. Hull, let us work on in *harmony of feeling*, but in the way that seems to each the best; and when our last battle with error and sin on earth is o'er, and we enter those banquet halls "Where angel feet make music over all the starry floor," we will grasp fraternal hands, and in the exuberance of our joy join in a peace-dance to the tune of "Hull's Victory!"

## MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

BY MRS. J. S. W. EVANS.

MESSRS. EDITORS—If "modern Spiritualism consists of fraud, witchcraft, and demonism, and is the most dangerous form of infidelity," what may be said of the Presbyterian religion, with justice and mercy crying to Heaven to sweep away its inhuman proscriptions and altars, and the spirit of Christ and right action be reared in their place? Unless Mr. Moore has something more to offer New Englanders than a stale re-hash of Calvinistic theology in lieu of Spiritualism, he had better enlist under our glorious banner for spiritual development. Evidently he has not looked this great question squarely in the face, or he could not be guilty of damaging his own soul by seeking to destroy that which is fast undermining the sandy soil on which he stands. I have heard the Rev. Mr. Moore dispense the Word, in that same church I have been thoroughly drilled. The old Westminster Catechism, Doddridge's Rise and Progress, Pollock's Course of Time, Catlin's Theology, and the monthly effusions of the American Tract Society were among my closest companions. But the clear perception of religious truth, and the spiritual development I enjoy, I owe to modern Spiritualism. If a price were offered me in exchange for this anchor to my soul

both sure and steadfast, I would spurn everything earthly as dross in the comparison—and I find nothing in the religious world worthy of the name—noting that has stood the test of investigation and experimental knowledge—not faith in the unseen, but knowledge—except modern Spiritualism. If the Rev. gentleman prefers to stand upon a rickety, rotten bridge, with the certainty of a baptism that will sink his body into the abyss below, and pilot his soul the other side of Jordan, this free country in which he was born allows him the privilege, but in Heaven's name may he let them rest in peace who have reared a foundation on which to stand, free from rotten rafters. If Mr. Moore believes in the prophetic warnings contained in the Scriptures, may he pause and listen to the spirit-voices which come to us laden with gems of thought from the opposite shore. Among those lying before me from my husband, and in his own handwriting, I notice the following: "In the blessed cause of Spiritualism let onward be your motto in spite of every opposing element—persons guilty of such opposition know not what they do."

Westfield, Mass.

## ANONYMOUS LETTER WRITERS.

BY F. V. POWERS.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—With your permission, I would like to make a few comments on the above subject, to your readers, inasmuch as I have lately had a little experience in receiving such literature, which I think will tend to show one of the many modes our enemies take to express their ill-humor towards Spiritualism, and its advocates.

There may be a grain of wisdom found everywhere. Sometimes our enemies serve us when they least mean to. Spiritualists everywhere should ever be on the alert to pick up useful knowledge, make the most of it, let it come from whatever source it may. Anonymous letter writers are generally to be shunned, but something, sometimes even from them, may be learned. It is one way I have learned in the past how terribly malignant some Christian minds are, and how soon they would persecute you, if they could, for opinion's sake.

In order to show up this matter a little, I will refer to an anonymous letter I lately received, post-marked twice in Canada, which was filled with very ungentlemanly language, berating me soundly for writing an article on "Sealed Letters," and which appeared in your columns recently, and generally abusing me for my faith in Spiritualism, as well as anathematizing the *Banner* as the "Banner of Darkness," etc.

I would not write in any spirit of ill-will toward my revengeful-spirited friend, whoever he or she may be. If I know my own heart I would rather do him a kindness than a wrong. But I must inform him that I shall ever defend my faith, and this communication is written to let him, and others like him, know that we are not to be moved by any cowardly attacks from what we deem right and true, and take this occasion to advise him to save his ammunition for better purposes.

We sometime ago learned, and we hope our friend will, if he has not already, that whoever practices a spirit of intolerance, is himself, in the end, more punished than those whom he seeks to punish. In order to teach those, my friend, whom you think are your inferiors in mental sagacity and wisdom, you must "change your base," both of action and argument—you must show more fraternal kindness, and also a little more of that charity that thinketh no evil. If not, your labors will, sooner or later, assume the appearance of froth, which any decent spirit of kindness will blow away, and which will not be remembered as ever having existed.

The tone of your letter, my friend, and others like you, is the same that has ever supported Popery, and nearly all of the old systems of theology. It is a spirit of intolerance, and all because the world does not so easily run in the old religious ruts as of yore, and because we liberal thinkers do not hammer all of our religious irons on your sectarian anvils.

Let me say to this friend who is so very solicitous about my "soul," and my "talents if I have any," not to be alarmed, for I think I shall get along very well without his assistance. If I felt my "soul" was in any especial danger, I do not feel it would be policy to seek aid from one who, it is very evident, has none of the Christ-principle to spare. We would advise him, however, to try and enlarge his own soul, so when he sends us another brotherly epistle from Canada, he will be enabled to pre-pay the postage thereon; otherwise we may not have the benefit of his sage counsel.

Let us further say to him, that we have ever noticed, in our study of human nature, that those persons who talk so largely about the "devil," generally have considerable to do with him—they are apt to be his nearest relatives. Or, in other words, those persons who speak the most evil of their neighbors, are themselves evil-minded; as those who talk so largely about charity, are very often the least charitable. Let this "candid friend" get the "devil" out of his own head, and, like a sick patient, he will "feel the better for it."

In regard to the "sealed letters" already referred to, I again reiterate what I wrote concerning them in the *Banner*. And if I can further enlighten any one in regard to what I know of the matter, I shall be pleased to do so. It may be that I have been imposed upon by the medium in question, but I do not yet believe it. If I should ever, beyond a doubt, find out so, I should not for a moment hesitate to acknowledge it, and so far as in my power, correct the error.

My anonymous friend has yet to learn something of Spiritualism, I perceive, before he will be competent to advise other people to shun what he terms "devilism, or Spiritualism." He shows the most unmistakable ignorance of modern spiritual laws, as is evidenced by his classical epistle.

Though the law of "gravitation," as well as all other natural laws, is the "same yesterday, today, and forever," this writer may learn before he "dies," or will afterwards, that spirits, either in the flesh or out of it, never suspend, nor ever do away with any of Nature's laws, (which are divine laws,) but only take advantage of them by wisely understanding them. Therefore, the movement of the *flower* referred to in a horizontal manner, to any one decently versed in spiritual science, is no more of a mystery than it would be for my unknown friend to carry, or send, another unpaid letter to Port Huron and Montreal, to be sent to me, filled with specimens of choice literature.

We will not undertake to relieve our friend of that religious bigotry which runs like a rich vein through his high-toned epistle; it takes time and knowledge to do that. But we do say to him, and to all like him—and, too, more as a friend than an enemy—never, never again write another letter you dare not append your honest name to. There is something in this business, let him do it who may, not only contemptible, but something degrading and soul-burial. I should not fear

you more if you should stab me in the dark with a dagger. I honor the honest-minded man who dares to brave, openly and boldly, the scorn of the world for opinion's sake; but I pity, not despise, the one who takes secret and unmanly ways to waylay any person who simply differs with him on any given subject.

Furthermore, I am proud to say I AM A SPIRITUALIST. I show my colors. All can look at them that choose to. I am not ashamed of my faith, and am ready any day to show my hand. None are obliged to look at or receive this faith. If I am deceived, I will get out of the scrape as soon as I find my error, and the best I can. I shall continue to write and preach, in the byways of life, of this grand religion of Spiritualism, and humble as I may be I expect to be heard. Snapping and snarling dogs in human shape I expect to meet—have met them already, but they have not injured me much, neither do I expect they will in the future.

I take and read the glorious old *Banner of Light*—have done so for some years, and hope to for some years to come. I love it, and shall "stand up" for it as long as it is as liberal as it is to-day. I do not write for it because I feel better qualified to do so than others, but because I have a word of my own to utter, and, as I believe, for liberal and rational principles. I do not pretend to be above mistakes, but it is my sincere desire to eradicate them as fast as I discover them. But I wish to have it understood that I give up no principles sacred to me, not even to quell the anxiety of friend or foe. Let those understand who wish.

St. Johnsbury, Vt., Nov. 10th, 1870.

## THOUGHTS SUGGESTED ON READING MR. FILER'S LETTER.

DEAR BANNER—There seems to be a strong tendency, on the part of some Spiritualists, to harness the Bible with the Spiritual Philosophy, and one brother thinks that our cause has been badly managed by not giving the Bible a place among the glorious truths that are now being brought from the angel-world and endorsed by common sense. It is true the Bible is a valuable book as a history of the world in past ages, but it adds nothing to the teachings of Nature and common sense, and one thing is certain: the clergy may kick at Spiritualism with the Bible in their hands; the mighty engine will move on, even if it crushes the opposing helpmate in the dust, and leaves it a mangled mass in the rear. Now if any one wants a God separate from and outside of the boundless universe, to make laws and keep them in order, to superintend the universe and to see that every part is in running order, I am willing he should have one, for I am a strong advocate of free thought and free belief. I have been myself an Orthodox minister, and had the charge of a Close Communion Baptist church for twenty-five years, and believed in such an outsider of a God, together with the necessary appendages to make up such a church, but I became an early convert to a belief in Spiritualism, and ever since a radical advocate of the "Harmonical Philosophy," and of course had to repudiate much of my former belief and stop preaching it; and if I now believed, as I once did, in the existence of an outside Creator, I should be afraid that he would squeeze me through the gullet of a whale as he did Jonah, because he would not preach what he told him to, and keep me in the belly of that sea-monster three days and three nights, and then order me out through the same narrow passage, which is not large enough to admit a full grown rat to pass through. And I have often tried to imagine how Jonah looked when, late from the slime and slush of a whale's belly, he presented himself to the people of the great city of Nineveh, when they all, to a man, melted down in deep contrition and clothed themselves in sackcloth and ashes. What a pity we could not have such a reverend divine to go through our large cities at the present day! But, says one, the whole universe showed design, and there must have been a designer to build it. I would reply that the universe contains within itself all the elements necessary to make up such a designer or God, and that designer is manifesting himself every moment in the growth of everything around us, and that the whole is without beginning or end. Yes, Bro. Denton, you are right. We have all grown, "Topsy" included, to our present condition, which is fully expressed by the poet:

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

Again, if we have an outside God or Creator, we must have an outside, personal Devil, or else he must be part and parcel of the universe which an outside God created, all of which was pronounced good at first. Then I would ask how a good angel—one who is all good outside and in—could turn himself into a bad devil, or how can goodness put forth and beget evil? I would like to ask our clerical friends and the advocates of the Bible a few questions.

In the book of Genesis, we are informed that a snake or serpent appeared to our venerable mother Eve, and contradicted some things which the Lord had previously said to her, and the Lord cursed him for so doing. Now, I would ask who it was that gave to that subtle, dumb brute his speaking organs; and, second, why should one brute beast of the field be made accountable to its Maker for the use of such gift, when all other beasts are allowed to use their gifts when and where they please; and, third, in what manner did he move before he was cursed? But if our friends are disposed to take the devil's side of this snake story, and say the devil assumed the form of a serpent, and committed the deed and got cursed for so doing, thus leaving the snake entirely out of the question, then I would ask, if the devil had to crawl on his belly and live on dust all the days of his life, how many days he was allowed to live before he died? And if we allow him nine hundred and sixty years, then he has been dead long enough for his rotten carcass to have become perfectly harmless. But it seems he did not stay dead; for, the next we hear of him, he was upon legs, and walking up and down on the earth, and having a talk with this Hebrew heathen God about righteous Job, and that God told him he might afflict this good man as much as he pleased, but must not kill him. And the next we hear of him, he is in the form of a roaring lion; and afterwards he appears in the shape of a dragon, having been seized by an angel, who shut him up in the lock-up, and kept him chained a thousand years, and then let him out of prison to deceive the nations again, and then he is to be shut up in the burning pit to torment the doomed millions of damned souls. But never mind. Dr. Beecher has put the fire all out, and the brimstone advocates ever heard of this imagined heathen God, or ever read the bloody code of his cruel laws, and of the thousands of the slaughtered victims of this angry God, and the bloody massacre of the thousands of men and women and innocent children by his authority. I would like to ask the mothers of our fashionable churches how they would feel if they were carried back to the tail end of the world's history, and have their petted

children murdered in cold blood before their eyes. But, say you, we are the elect, and we have had all of our children baptized, and we shall stick to the Bible if it sends every sinner to hell; for we believe it to be the infallible word of God, every word of it. Very well; I shall not trouble myself about hell; but I beg of you, in heaven's name, to give your children at least the advantages of civilization, and not read to them the bloody code as found in the Jewish scriptures, and especially in the obscene, indecent, shameful and filthy language in which it is therein expressed. Keep out of the sight of your children and the rising generation the records of the butcheries and the abominations that were practiced. Don't read it in your Sunday-schools or the public schools. And now, a word to those bigoted sectarian leaders who are trying to get just enough of it into our national constitution to use for their sectarian purposes, to be careful while they are using the cat's paw, in monkey style, to rake open the hot embers, that they do not burn their own fingers, and get themselves in a place too hot for their comfort before they get through. But I will let the curtain fall and hide the disgusting scenes which have their counterpart in the history of the dark ages. I have almost lived out my three score years and ten, and in the short time that may be allotted me on earth, I am willing to suffer the reproaches, the sneers, the tauntings and the scoffs of the ignorant rabble, and also the ridicule of my former associates, who still turn toward me the cold shoulder; for a brighter day has dawned upon our world, and the sun of righteousness has already arisen, with "healing in his wings." But you will ask me whom we are to pray to. The answer is, that Nature is our prayer-book, and the unchanging law of demand and supply teaches us when to pray and what to pray for. The suckling prays for food, and Mother Nature supplies the need. I am continually praying for immortality; and, unless this law fails, I am sure to have it. And if you ask who made this law, I answer, it is a part of God, as well as everything else in the universe; and you might as well ask who made God.

We will let the trumpet sound,  
And proclaim the jubilee,  
While we ascend the mountain,  
The promised land to see.  
Then we will pass the flowing river,  
And join the angel band  
Who are basking in the sunlight  
Of the beautiful "Summer-land."  
And we will join our loved ones  
Who had long since passed away,  
And live with them as usual  
Through a never-ending day.

Lansingburgh, N. Y.

## A TRYING ORDEAL OF FAITH.

BY MRS. T. E. FERNANDO.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Being a reader of the *Banner of Light*, I long since became deeply interested in it and the beautiful truths it so nobly puts forth, and feeling desirous to further the cause, I send you some reminiscences of the past.

Some ten years since, I was called upon to stand with a young mother beside the death-bed of her much loved and only son. Just before the spirit left its earthly tabernacle, the mother looked up at me, exclaiming, "Oh tell me! tell me! must my darling boy die? is there no hope?" I shook my head, for her agony was so great I scarce could find words to answer. Presently I laid my hand upon her head, which had drooped upon her breast, and said, "Can you not trust your boy with God? Can you not exclaim in the depths of your heart what your pastor and church teach you is right? 'The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'" "No, no!" said she, "I cannot, I cannot! he must not go. I cannot lose him. God surely will not take him from me." She then fell on her knees and implored God to spare her child, promising to serve him faithfully all her life; anything so that her boy might not be taken from her. Oh how earnestly did that poor heart-broken mother beg God to spare her child; but ere she had ceased, the spirit had flown. The mother arose and bent over the body of her son. Oh what agony depicted on her countenance did she gaze upon him. And the heart-rending cry she then gave I earnestly hope I may never hear again from human lips. That death scene is one I shall ever remember.

After this, I frequently talked with her about Spiritualism, and the comfort to be derived from such a belief, and found after a few interviews that she was very much interested, and soon earnestly sought for interviews on the subject. She very soon obtained proofs conclusive, and gave herself up to the belief.

Two years ago, I was again present when that same mother was again called upon to part with her second son, whose image was as dearly entwined within the affections of her heart as was the image of her first-born. I also watched with her the spirit of this child take its flight from earth. She stood by much moved, though calm, and as the spirit departed, she bent down and kissed the lips but a moment before warm with life, now fast growing cold, and exclaiming, "Not dead, but gone before." And although she sorrowed because she must lay away the body, yet she was calm and happy.

A few days afterward I saw her and she said, "My sweet Willie is here, (her first-born) and although I cannot see him, I feel his presence and am content." A few months ago I again met her, and she at once exclaimed, "My dear friend, I ask no more. I have been enabled to see both my darling boys; they are happy, and so am I."

What a difference a belief in Spiritualism made with that woman. Just such a difference will it make, dear reader, with each and every one.

## "GOD HAS DONE WITH THE INDIANS."

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—An article under the above caption appears in a paper recently issued in Chicago, in which many plausible and (sad to think of) popular arguments are presented to sustain the horrid sentiment. Will you please allow a small space for me to offer a few words by way of counteracting the bad effect which the article alluded to will have on such as are disposed to be prejudiced against the oppressed Indians? The article says that, as the wild game and the native products of this continent are dying out, so, of necessity, the Indian must also disappear. Just as though the Indian had no adaptation in common with humanity at large to change condition!—when the fact is, Indians can live on beef as well as on buffalo, or on potatoes and apples as well as on wild roots and berries; and those tribes that have had protection are living evidences of ability to develop the products of the earth and to subsist by the labor of their hands.

But it is affirmed that the Indians are cumberers of the ground, and must die out. Now if God made the Indian as well as the white man, neither party has a right to pronounce the other as a useless workmanship of God, especially as there are multitudes in all nations who consume but



don't produce, and yet they form a necessary part of the great whole. It is also affirmed that they have diminished by "the logic of events"—which means that a mysterious, unseen and uncontrollable law worked their destruction. But instead of such interpretation, it should be known that the usurpation of their land, the introduction of rum and diseases, and unjust wars, to an extent that would destroy any people situated like the Indians, is the real cause of their decay.

But those evils could and ought to have been prevented by a nation so enlightened and powerful as is the United States of America, and undoubtedly would have been but for the morbid murderous sentiments which we are now reviewing, for the same author says, at the close of his article: "We intend to get rid of poor Lo" as soon as possible."

Oh, how unseemly it is for an enlightened editor thus to pour contempt on the pure and holiest emotions of a human soul, of whom the poet truly said:

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind  
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind."

The author repeats "Mr. Lo" over and over again—like the border ruffian who first degrades and then destroys his helpless victim.

I trust, Messrs. Editors, that Spiritualists will be united in their efforts to obtain justice for the race that is doing so much to heal the sick and develop mediums.

JOHN BEESON.

EXPOSE OF SPIRITUALISM.

Quite an excitement has been created in this city by some lectures which have been given in Dabney Hall by Mr. J. S. Loveland, upon "The Humbug of Modern Spiritualism." I believe it has long been known that Mr. L. was opposed to dark circles, and that he has doubted the spiritual origin of a large per centage of all forms of manifestations, and asserted the strictly mundane character of their origin instead; and, with A. J. Davis and others, has thought "spirits" even now rarely manifest themselves to mortals. It will be remembered at the Cleveland Convention the report given by himself, Wadsworth and others, was an unmistakable indicator of this fact. And any one who has carefully read his articles in the *Present Age* for some months past must have observed a growing distrust of the value of the manifestations, not merely in the articles devoted especially to the "unreliability of spirit communications," but also in occasional sentences in others.

The result seemingly reached by Mr. L. as a conclusion is that the ordinary phenomena termed spiritual furnish no positive evidence of the return of departed spirits, as they may all be explained without having recourse to any supposition of spirit interposition. In explanation of those facts relied on as proof of spirit agency, he adduces the power of clairvoyance and psychometry, and the agency of electricity, magnetism and odyle. He also has recourse to physiology, the phenomena of double consciousness, and what he terms "mental reflection." By these agencies and laws he professes to explain a large majority of the manifestations; and for the elucidation of some others he introduces the theory that soul and mind are distinct entities—that the soul is not born into full self-consciousness in earth-life, or that the mind is not conscious of the soul or spirit existence in common or ordinary life; that there are seasons, in the lives of many persons, when this "soul consciousness" is attained, or partially so. He speaks of the religious calling it conversion, the new birth, sanctification, etc., etc., and by others the superior condition, trance, and similar phrases. To the uninstructed mind the soul appears as a God or a spirit, according to previous ideas or beliefs, and conversion, or a spirit communication, or inspiration, is the result. But the real fact in the case is, that the innate wisdom of the human soul is, in part, apprehended by the mind. This is, in brief, Mr. Loveland's philosophy of the manifestations as we have gathered it from his lectures. Perhaps we ought to add one more statement in order to do him full justice. It is this: the personal soul is ever in vital relation with what he terms the Great Oversoul, or God-Life of the Universe, and, through that, with the entire soul-realm, or world of spirits. In those seasons of conscious blending of soul and mind, the mind is baptized with the influences of the great soul-realm, and also with the *Oversoul* of all, more or less, and may, at such times, be aware of the special thought or influence of some individual soul of the land of life. But, with this admission covering rare and exceptional cases, he ascribes the modern phenomena to purely mundane agencies, explainable by the known laws and forces of Nature. He hence concludes that the system as a whole is a delusion—that, excluding the instances of palpable and designed fraud, the mediums are self-deceived, and thus unconsciously are the instruments of deceiving others.

Mr. L. denies that there is anything like demonstration or positive evidence produced by the Spiritualists, and asserts that they have only inference from doubtful facts, and are, therefore, in the same category as all other religionists, resting on faith alone. He declares this the vulnerable point of the theory, and also that their credulity makes them more fanatical than any other class of people. This credulous reliance upon supposed spirit teaching prevents mental culture, intellectual or moral energy; hinders organic unity, cultivates a selfish individualism, dwarfing the general standard of manhood and womanhood. These are the points made in the two lectures given in this city. They seem to have caused very general surprise among the Spiritualists, and not a little exultation among those not Spiritualists. It has developed one fact, however, that many who have never acknowledged the fact rush to the rescue when it is assailed.

We also note that Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith, who commenced speaking in the small hall of the Good Templars, is now about opening in the Mercantile Library, a capacious hall on Bush street. Though many seem taken by storm with Mr. L.'s scholarly lectures, which seem the result of deep thought and honest investigation, yet it has stirred the Spiritualists to begin again that which has hitherto failed, i. e., support a meeting, or have a speaker. Mrs. Smith began these lectures upon her own responsibility, but by the present appearances will be assisted by those still loyal to the faith. The writer has no positive conclusions to draw, not being fully committed to either side of the question, but willing to be led where truth is to be found. Mr. L. has challenged the Spiritualists to meet him in debate, to publicly defend their faith; and we know of many who would be more than gratified to hear both sides of so momentous a question. LIGHT, more LIGHT, is the cry of the nineteenth century, earnest investigation and honest conclusions.

Believe me, yours for truth, KATE HALL.  
San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 30th, 1870.

Beauty fades, wealth perishes, and the gayety of life leaves us sad, but a good action can ever be thought of with pleasure.

Spiritual Phenomena.

LETTER-ANSWERING MEDIUMSHIP.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—I notice in the valuable columns of your paper, from time to time, very interesting articles on the subject of letter-answering mediumship; and now will you give me a patient hearing? for I feel it our bounden duty to make it publicly known, whenever we find among mediums those gifted with such powers as possessed by Mrs. A. B. Severance, of White Water, Walworth County, Wis.

I, for one, must own up that she has made me a firm believer in Spiritualism, after having fought against it persistently for fifteen years, from a deistical standpoint, which, as it appears to my mind, is the only rational ground upon which we can contend against it. But thanks be to God and old Father Time, all, all must give way before its most beautiful and everlasting light, as it carries its principles of love, wisdom and truth, to the hearts of humankind.

She brought conviction to my mind, as she has to the minds of many others within the range of my knowledge, through her very truthful psychometric delineations of character, physical condition, also of the past, present and future, which none but good, truthful spiritual mediums, can do.

I have been a phrenologist for thirty years; have been phrenologically examined by two of Prof. George Combs' best students in Edinburgh, Scotland, and by some of the most noted professors of that beautiful science of mind in this country, where this, like other reforms, has withstood the crushing iron heel of Old Theology. But I was told that Mrs. Severance could surpass them all, by my merely sending her my autograph or lock of hair. This I considered as only spiritualistic humbug; but to please the friend who urged me to do so, I sent her a lock of my hair, and in a short time received a delineation, which far surpassed, in truthfulness and profundity, all possibilities of phrenology, or any of the similar sciences. She fully described a disease that had puzzled many first-class physicians, among whom is Prof. Syme, of the Royal Infirmary at Edinburgh, stating the cause and prescribing a remedy for its cure, which proved successful. She also gave me my past and present life, correctly to the letter; likewise the future, one year of which has passed, and as I have to answer to a just God, there is not one word of mistake in her predictions thus far. And all this, by merely sending a lock of hair to a lady, whom I have never seen and never may in this world, but surely shall in the next.

Now why should I not be a Spiritualist, and, like an honest man, openly sustain the efforts of all such glorious lights as Mrs. Severance, who by angelic guidance are battling for truth and liberty, against the combined powers of superstition, oppression and bigotry? I cry out *long life and prosperity* to all good but care-worn and often despondent, neglected, traduced and defamed spiritual mediums. Yes, and by those of our own ranks, who should stand up for them even, if needs be, till the last drop of blood in our veins be sacrificed, when we are convinced that they are the true children through whom the mighty unseen host bridges the material and spiritual worlds together, for our everlasting benefit.

Yours truly, WM. R. MACKAY.  
Davenport, Iowa.

I have also tested Mrs. Severance, and know her to be superior to many others whom I have tried. I cheerfully endorse the above, and vouch for the truthfulness of friend Mackay.

Davenport, Oct. 10th, 1870. F. B. DOWD.

I have carefully examined Mr. Mackay's letter, and consider it correct. My own personal experience with Mrs. A. B. Severance is of the same satisfactory character. I think her psychometric powers are of the first order. She gave me a delineation, which for correctness and truthfulness exceeds anything I ever saw. Therefore I take pleasure in recommending her to the public as a psychometrical delineator of character.

Davenport, Iowa, Oct. 10th, 1870. R. NEELY.

THE STORY OF A SPIRIT.

Sitting alone in my room, thinking of the phenomena of psychometry in its different phases, and more especially that of the attraction of disembodied spirits to be embodied by thought or will-power, I seemed to fall into a state akin to unconsciousness, losing sight and cognizance of surrounding objects, when the following picture presented itself to me:

A young and beautiful lady came before me, with a sad yet hopeful expression, reached me her hand, and said:

"Young, gifted with beauty and talent, I looked to the future to bring me a heaven of happiness. I met one whom I thought I loved as I had dreamed that none but a woman could love. It was returned with all the ardor of youth and strength of manhood, pure and bright as the love of the angels! We were married, yet I did not find happiness. Possessed of a somewhat singular disposition, thoughtless, self-willed and quick-tempered, I became a slave to these impulses. I thought we were mislaid, yet I never received as much as one harsh reproof. Still, I followed my inclinations, and severed, as far as I was able, the link that bound us. At times my thoughts would go out to him with kindness and sympathy—nothing more. I had no desire for a reunion. Soon after, he wed again (which terminated in a few months unhappily), hearing which, all the evil in my nature gained control of my every thought toward him. Not a thought or wish but what was black with hate for him! I surprised myself that I could hate a fellow-being with such intensity. The memory of all our past association was odious as the thought could make it."

At last my spirit freed itself from its earthly tenement. "It was some time ere I could realize my change of condition. It seemed as though a cordon of chains were drawing me back, without even a unity of action. One among the rest seemed firm and strong, as though a master hand strained it to its full tension, knowing well its power. Straight as a line of thought it seemed to draw me on. With scarcely any power of resistance, I followed along its course to a warm and cheerful room. Sitting before a fire, while the wintry winds made dismal music without, I saw a young man with head bowed in hands, sad and sorrowful, with care and troubles of the past graven on heart and brain—a wreck, it seemed to me; yet hope glinted in his eye, without which all else seemed a blank. Old memories crowded on me fast, and I followed the chain deep into his heart, and there read a life of agony. I listened for his voice, but caught only this mental thought: "Oh, Alice, Alice! will we never meet again?—I know, not here—but will we there?" I answered, but he heard me not. I prayed and entreated; still he heeded it not, but, letting his head fall, said: "The time will soon pass, and I can then know!"

Many months have since passed, and still the

golden chain lures me back to earth, till I have linked another that I may strengthen the old. "I am I who now pray 'the time may soon come!'" I caught your mental queries, and thought I would answer them with a chapter from life, wherein you will find true solutions to your queries, if you read aright from the many pages before you. I hail you brother, and bid you good-night!

"Good-night, my fair visitor, and may Heaven hear your prayers!" CARLITOS.  
Washington, D. C., Nov. 15, 1870.

A TEST FROM HENRY C. WRIGHT TO WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

A social party of Spiritualists met at a private residence in this city, a few evenings since; among the number was the venerable William Lloyd Garrison, who during the evening related an incident of his experience with a medium, when he received an excellent test from the spirit of Henry C. Wright, which is a valuable fact and worth preserving. A writer in the *Commonwealth* reproduces the statement as follows:

"During this occasion Mr. Garrison related an incident of his experience that is worth recording. His well-known reputation as an honest man and careful in his statements made it more worthy of note than many similar experiences, which, from the nature of the subject, and the disposition of people to embellish, have to be taken with many qualifications. This statement so impressed me that I have reserved it for the close, which I will give substantially in his own words:

"At the late funeral of Henry C. Wright, in Pawtucket, the corpse was laid temporarily in the receding tomb of the Swan Point Cemetery, near Providence. Mr. Garrison had some conversation with Mr. Phillips about a permanent resting-place for the remains. 'Forest Hills' was thought to be a good place, where friends, traveling this way, could conveniently visit it, should they be disposed. It was visited as well as one other place; but no lot that was suitable was found. Soon after Mr. Garrison called on Mrs. Rockwood, a seance medium, for consultation with regard to his health; and who was in her trance she said she saw the spirit of a man beside him, who proved to be Mr. Wright. Among other conversation which was very satisfactory, but need not be recorded here, he said he perceived his friends were troubling themselves about where they should place his body. It was a matter of no consequence to him; but if they had such disposition, and as it would be some trouble to remove his remains, they would find in the northwest part of the cemetery, where his body then was, a small corner-plot very suitable for the purpose; and there was one small tree on it, which would answer the purpose of a monument. Mr. Garrison, being shortly after in Providence, visited the Swan Point Cemetery and asked the superintendent to take him to the northwest part of that place. The man did so, saying, 'while going, that that part had no lots for sale; that it was rough, as the cemetery had lately bought that additional land. On reaching the spot, there was nothing significant or suitable, as stated by the spirit of my friend. At another time, soon after, he saw another medium in Providence, through whom Mr. Wright said substantially what he had said before; and he went again to the cemetery. He saw the superintendent, who again said there were no corner-lots for sale. Mr. Garrison then requested to be taken to the northwest part of the cemetery, without saying that he had been there before. Proceeding thence, the superintendent said: 'Now I think of it, in that part there is a small corner-plot that may suit you.' When the place was reached, there indeed was a lot—the little oak tree on it, easily identified and suitable. The lot was purchased, and there the body of Henry C. Wright now lies. Mr. Garrison then remarked that the superintendent had previously taken him in a different direction, west, or southwest.

This circumstance seems to be a testimony that, though the body lies under the little oak tree, like his friend John Brown's, his soul is marching on."

SPIRIT-MESSAGE THROUGH PLANCHETTE.

[The following communication was received through "Planchette" by a medium in Virginia, Nevada, with the request that it be forwarded to the *Banner of Light* for publication. The "Laura" referred to is undoubtedly Mrs. Fair, now under arrest in San Francisco for murder.]

A. P. C. (the spirit).—Will you send my message?

(Yes, I will send whatever you write.)

"I wish it to be clearly understood that Laura shall not suffer for what she has done to me. No one not acquainted with all the circumstances can possibly judge, and I have no desire that the circumstances should be made public. I have no means of reaching Laura save through the newspaper. She will not live very long in any case, but I do not wish that she should suffer either an ignominious death or a long imprisonment, and I am perfectly aware that my family, in seeking to—as they would call it—avenge my death—are not acting so much from regard for me as hatred to this poor unfortunate woman, whose worst fault, as far as I am concerned, was that she loved me too well."

(Do you wish that sent, as written?)

Yes, I want that Laura should understand that I neither blame her, nor desire that any further punishment shall fall on her. I am perfectly aware that this communication may have no effect on the outside world, but she will understand, and be, to a certain extent, consoled, for she will know that, as you were totally unacquainted with either of us, you could have no motive in sending this message—I mean in inventing it; and, should my family and friends still conceive that it is requisite to persecute the poor unhappy creature, she here will be comforted by the idea that if any influence of mine could affect them, it would be used to induce them to let her go her way, where the remainder of her life might be spent peaceably."

STRANGE DOINGS.

For some time past there have been "goings on" at No. 97 Olive street, the residence of John Beecher, which have confounded the neighborhood, defied the police and eluded every attempt of the officers of the law, who are very respectable and intelligent people, to explain the proceedings. Up to the present time there are over fifty panes of glass broken—we think the number is fifty-two—and broken by pieces of fresh coal and by stones, some of the latter as big as a man's fist, yet no hand has been seen to throw the missiles, and no belligerent person has been seen about the premises, notwithstanding the closest watch has been kept by the residents of the house and by the neighbors and the police. Capt. Catlin has himself been on the grounds and watched with the most careful eye for anything suspicious, and a policeman remained in one of the rooms all night, watching, yet panes of glass would be shattered right before his eyes, and no human agency could be seen, or noise heard. It was thought that possibly the missiles were thrown from the top of the large Home place restaurant, corner of Court street, and policemen were stationed on the roof there, but the same troubles continued without any interruption. The door bell occasionally rings, and nobody is to be seen pulling the knob, although a strict look-out has been kept. The matter is exciting much talk in family circles, factories, and stores. Some old ladies assert "it is spirits," others that "it is witchcraft," others that "it is Spiritualism," and others that "it is clairvoyance." Some who look to science to help out in this dilemma, assert that it is electricity, one of the freaks of that agency not clearly understood by poor mortals, as yet, and the article published in the *Courier* a few weeks since, which described almost exactly similar difficulties in one of our Connecticut country towns, is cited in support of the latter view. One of the ladies says to me, "it is plain, and perfectly inexplicable," and "the captain has investigated it thoroughly."—N. H. Journal.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
"WHEN MY SHIP GETS IN FROM SEA."

BY JOHN WILLIAM DAY.

"—And pour't round all  
Old ocean's grey and melancholy waste."  
Where a headland breathes the fury  
Of the wild Atlantic wave—  
'Neath whose depths in thund'rous midnight  
Manhood oft has found a grave—  
Stands an ancient rock, moss-crosted,  
And this tale it tells to me:  
"All your fond desires I'll answer  
When 'my ship' gets in from sea!"

"Twas a father's voice that uttered—  
Childhood's quickening ear that heard:  
Seaward sped a pennon fluttered;  
Seaward sped the sailing bird.  
And the watcher's youthful vision  
Peered across the shining sea  
Filled with dreams of joys elysian,  
When that ship should come from sea.

But across the far-off billows  
Never swept her landward sail,  
Though he watched, when tumbling surges  
Bowed before the roaring gale—  
Or when sunsets' blazing banner  
Waved o'er evening's western wall,  
Or the distant light-house glimmered  
In the spectral twilight's fall!

"Twas a dream of boyish fancy,  
Smiling stroke, and smiling heart;  
But a strange and forceful meaning  
Lurked within each jesting word—  
Down from yonder vault eternal  
Soul, thy Father speaks to thee:  
"All thy fond desires I'll answer,  
When 'my ship' gets in from sea."

From that shore where heaven's far pharos  
Gleams o'er night's chaotic brow,  
O'er time's wide and seething billow  
Earthward speeds her cloaving prow!  
Death, her captain, walks the quarter—  
Flaps his broad white ensign free;  
Thou shalt taste a joy celestial,  
When that ship gets in from sea."

Father God! on life's wild headland  
Still I watch that coming sail—  
Yearn to see that floating pennon  
Streaming lordly o'er the gale—  
For along her crowded hulls  
Eyes long dimmed shall smile on me—  
Welcome waits my exiled spirit  
When 'my ship' gets in from sea!"

Doston, December, 1870.

Mrs. King's New Books.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Allow me, through your paper, to say a few words concerning the lectures I am giving the public in pamphlet form, published and advertised by you. In the present period of agitation and excitement on the subject of Spiritualism, I deem it most appropriate for the Spiritual Philosophy to be presented to the public in all the various lights in which it is viewed by its advocates, plainly and clearly, that the public may have a fair opportunity to judge of the merits of the various doctrines presented as fundamental principles of Spiritualism. We are sadly misunderstood by the great mass of thinking minds on some most important points of our philosophy, and it matters not where the fault lies that this is so. We, as exponents of the New Faith, are imperatively called upon to define our position, declare our doctrines so plainly that we cannot be misunderstood, and continue to declare them, until there can be no possible excuse for any who have ears and eyes, and any desire to know what is occurring, for not understanding them.

The pains and trouble, the discouragements and heart-aches, the watching and waiting, which are inevitable upon the establishing of a new faith, and the uprooting of old ones whose foundations are as deep and broad almost as civilization—all may know who study the past, and reason upon the present. We have to struggle with might and main to clear the way for the truths we teach; we have to give "line upon line, line upon line, precept upon precept, precept upon precept," in order to find the way to the reason of men who have been educated into error, and to plant in their understandings the seeds of truth. Spiritualists do not agree on important principles, it is said, and very truly. So much the more necessity for them to explain themselves to the world, that people may judge what sort of Spiritualism they like the best. Christians do not agree or some of the most important principles of their religion, and they tell the world their points of disagreement, and the world judges between such doctrines as Eternal Damnation and Universal Salvation, the Trinity and the Unity of God, etc., etc. This is as it should be. If Christendom had no creeds, mankind would not be able to judge between it and Spiritualism, or any other ism the world knows.

As Spiritualists we agree to disagree, i. e., we regard it as an inalienable right of every human being to judge for himself what is truth, and to fix his own creed by the light of his own reason and such aids as the intelligence of the age presents. We discard authority, such as has enslaved mind in the past, and claim the right to think for ourselves, and declare our disagreement with each other and the rest of mankind.

I am well aware that there are doctrines declared in my lectures from which some Spiritualists will differ; yet this does not deter me from presenting them to the public. I have the same wish to be understood as to the doctrines I teach that others have; and although what I write for the public is dictated, word for word, by the Spirit Teachers, who use my mediumship as a means through which to declare his principles to mankind in the flesh, I candidly assert that I teach nothing, as a medium, which I do not believe to be truth. My reason and judgment, and an experience which has been a thorough educator into the doctrines of Spiritualism, confirm the faith which my spirit-guide has taught me from the first, and offers, through me, to the public, to be judged by the reason of all who investigate it. I invite a careful and candid perusal of these lectures by all who interest themselves in the Spiritual Philosophy; for if there is any good in them, I am anxious the people should have it. I take my stand as a public lecturer; but instead of taking the rostrum, I scatter my little pamphlets among the people, and ask them to read them and judge of their contents. The expense of buying such books is so small, that the spiritual literature, published in this form, can be scattered far and wide, and all the people who will can have the benefit of it. I join hand in hand, and heart to heart, with those who, like myself, are seeking to arrest the public attention effectually by means of a cheap literature.

MARIA M. KING.

Hammonton, N. J., Dec. 9th, 1870.

A patriotic Sunday school teacher ended a long story thus: "And now, my young friends, the names of those two boys were Thomas and Philander. Thomas, I have told you, was a bad boy, and went down—down—down. Philander was a good boy, and went up—up—up. Little children, Philander stands before you!"

Banner Correspondence.

Connecticut.

LETTER FROM F. ANNIE HINMAN, STATE AGENT. According to previous announcement, I am ready to answer calls to lecture anywhere within the limits of our State. For two years past, I have kept up an active and, as I have reason to believe, an efficient system of lecturing, by which I have reached about one hundred and twenty different towns in the State. A brief sojourn amongst the hills of New Hampshire and Vermont, the stimulating atmosphere, and the warm greetings with which people have welcomed me not only to their homes but to their hearts, have all combined to make me healthier, happier, and more willing to go on and faithfully perform the duties, whatever they may be, that the spirits who have me in charge lay upon me.

I have never before so fully realized the work that mediums are doing (some in one way and some in another) whose names have seldom, if ever, appeared in print, and who receive little or no compensation for the time they spend or the energies they exhaust. And these mediums are doing the bidding of the angel-world, without knowing where or into what circumstances it will lead them. These persons have neither honor nor thanks, many of them; but their reward cometh in the great future. Angels have their destinies in keeping, and their recompense is sure.

Now, friends in Connecticut, send in your calls early, so that I can arrange my routes with as little expense as possible. Please bear in mind that the conditions upon which I am authorized to speak are, first, a free entertainment, and a collection from the audience.

Now is the time to get lectures for just what you are a mind to pay for them. Address me after the first of January at my Village, Dec. 12; previous to that time, at Keene, N. H., Box 13.

Rockingham, Vt., Dec. 12, 1870.

West Virginia.

WHEELING, J. B. Wolff writes: Mrs. Wilcoxson gave some fifteen lectures in Wheeling and vicinity, West Virginia, with the best of results. She spoke to the prisoners in the Penitentiary with great acceptance. At the close they voted unanimously that she should come again. I never saw a more attentive or feeling audience. In my life, in this prison great kindness is shown; pay for overwork, commutation of time for good behavior, and restoration to citizenship when the sentence is out. Emma Harrington, Mrs. Wilcoxson and O. L. Buttrif have stirred matters up in that region, and they expect F. V. Wilson to go to and augment the fires which now are burning up old fossils. Mrs. W. is doing a vast deal of missionary work at her own risk, trusting the Lord, spirits, for what she says, as well as what she sees. She drifts southward this winter. Your humble servant did some useful things in the fall (if you please), in the same vicinity, in the form of healing the sick, among which may be named an obstinate case of epilepsy permanently cured.

Wisconsin.

FOX LAKE.—John Hotchkiss writes, Dec. 1st, 1870, as follows: I take the liberty of sending you a brief line of information concerning Mrs. Julia B. Dickinson, medical clairvoyant and healing medium. The lady has been a sojourner here for some six weeks. She has had considerable practice, and has done much good, aside from relieving individual suffering, by reaching through her medical practice, a class of minds wholly inaccessible to the professed spiritual lecturer or medium, and leading them to an investigation of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism. Though not a professed test medium, she has psychometric powers, and has given many of the most convincing tests of spirit presence and power. It is useless for subscribers to the 7th inst., and will carry with her the sincere respect of all the friends of the cause here with whom she has come in contact.

Maine.

PARKMAN.—A correspondent, E. G. P., writing Dec. 9th, from this locality, gives a highly favorable account of the labors of Mrs. S. A. Rogers in his vicinity. He says she has been speaking in the West for nearly three years, with good success. She has given four lectures in Parkman, that of Smart's and Nutting's schools—uses, and has received the interested attention of large audiences. Mrs. Rogers is also spoken of as an excellent psychometrist and clairvoyant, also as a healer by laying on of hands. Our correspondent, in the name of the Spiritualists of Parkman, earnestly recommends her to those of a kindred belief throughout the State.

California.

SACRAMENTO.—L. Armstrong writes, Nov. 27th, we are having good lectures every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, in the Pioneer Hall, by Mrs. R. W. Stephens, well known by the inmates. We expect Mrs. Laura DeCoursey Gordon and Mrs. Laura Smith each a short time this winter.

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AN EXPOSITION  
OF THE  
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ADDED BY A LARGER CORPS OF ABLE WRITERS.

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FACTURES, INVENTION, CHEMISTRY, ENGINEERING, AGRICULTURE,  
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J. WILLIAM VAN NABEE, M. D.,  
Eclectic and Clairvoyant Physician,  
60, 424 Fourth Avenue, New York City.  
Gives examinations by lock of hair. Sent stamp for cir-  
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tion to being a graduated physician, is a student of treatment  
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Resecting tumors, and curing all kinds of skin diseases. No Per-  
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All letters must be addressed to P. O. BOX 5120.  
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DR. H. SLADE, (Clairvoyant),  
and  
J. SIMMONS,  
DR. SLADE will, on receiving a lock of hair, with the full  
name and age, make a clairvoyant examination, and re-  
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Fee of Two DOLLARS must accompany the hair, which will  
be applied on medicine where treatment is ordered. All let-  
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ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.  
NEARLY life-size, in Plaster of Paris. It is acknowledged  
to be one of the best likenesses of the Beer yet made.  
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No. 40 East 28th Street, corner  
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ESTABLISHED 1875. Teachers wanted to supply vacant  
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SCHOOLS in the different States. Send for MUTUAL PLAN  
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WILLIAM WHITE, M. D.,  
Homoeopathic, Magneto and Electrostatic Physician,  
treats all acute and chronic diseases successfully. 529 Sixth  
Avenue, between 31st and 32d sts., near Broadway, New York.  
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MRS. J. H. FOSTER,  
PSYCHOMETRIC, Business and Test Medium, will give  
séances to a select few at her residence, 156 Elliot Place,  
Brooklyn, N. Y. Messages, written or verbal, received  
from spirits. 18w—Dec. 10,  
MISS BIANCHE FOLEY, Clairvoyant, Trance  
and Working Medium, 62 Third Avenue, between 40th  
and 41st streets, New York. (Please ring first bell 2 hours,  
from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Terms: Ladies, \$1.00, Gents \$2.00).  
Nov. 25-8-18w  
MRS. R. S. SEYMOUR, Business and Test Me-  
dium, 156 Elliot Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. Séances, at  
New York. Hours from 2 to 6 and from 7 to 9 P. M. Circles  
Tuesday and Thursday evenings. Nov. 19.



# Banner of Light.

Warren Chase, Corresponding Editor.  
Office at his Liberal, Spiritual and Reform Bookstore, 631  
North Fifth Street, St. Louis, Mo.

## SLACKENING THE ROPES.

A correspondent of the *Interior*, commenting on the crimes and wickedness of New York, which he says the press of the city portrays in sufficient force to satisfy the most earnest believer in human depravity and in a style the pulp world hardly be justified in using, tries to make capital for the Orthodox doctrine of total depravity and endless misery. He first admits the false premise that society is growing worse and crimes increasing. This, statistics show, is not the case in our country or Europe. He then goes on to account for it by charging it in part to the late war, which no doubt had a slight tendency to dissipation and some other vices, but he places more stress on the preaching of liberal Christianity and doctrines that have no endless hell, wrath of God and terrible vengeance in them, and hopes the effects of the newspaper articles will bring people back to Orthodoxy for safety. He also adds the terrible effect of the moral reform teachings against capital punishment, as if that too added to crime and murders, when the statistics show the contrary, as he ought to know before he attempts to enlighten the public with his pen on that subject. He also thinks Executive clemency in pardoning criminals has a bad effect; in fact, all mercy, charity and love are to be deplored, since man is totally depraved and ought to be hung and damned.

This may be an Orthodox argument, and suit the *Interior* of the Orthodox church, but it will not go down with the *exterior*. We first demand the evidence of the increase of crime; and, second, the sorting of the causes, if there is an increase, and if not, the reasons why it has not decreased faster, since we contend that crimes do decrease in proportion to the population of this country, and we contend that they would decrease much faster were it not for the preaching of the horrible doctrines of the Orthodox church, which burden men's hearts and blind their minds to the goodness and love of God or man. These have so long taught man that he is totally depraved that they have made many not only believe it but act as if they were.

## LITERARY.

The people in different sections of our country are widely different in literary taste and attraction. Having traveled many years, and been engaged most of the time in lecturing and selling books, we have taken much pains to look into the bookstores and newspaper and periodical trade in the different parts of the country. New England has decidedly the most taste for and devotion to literature; and New York, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin come next, with a proportionate decrease as we go westward. This is not altogether owing to the mental apathy and want of taste, but partly to the constant absorption of the mind in the West with the changes and newness of the country and society, and partly to the drain of the pockets in improvements and means to secure physical comforts, which seem to be more imperative in their demands than the mental and intellectual. Food, clothing and shelter for man and beast first; and then take up the time and means of nearly all in the Western States. As the people get more independent, they will no doubt show as much literary taste as the older settled States. The book trade is a slow trade in the West. We found the empty shelves of several bookstores in St. Louis when we came here, and several have closed since, with but slight increase in the business of the old houses. We have several hundred varieties of books at our store that are not kept in any store in the city, and which are quite popular, and some very salable in the East; and yet we sell very few in the city, our trade being largely in Illinois and the country north and west of the city. The city trade in second-hand books is considerable, and some stands do quite a large trade in this line; but they buy very low, and sell at large profit. It is curious to see families send in even the dictionary and old family Bible and prayer-book, which, in the East, would be almost sacred, and kept to the last; while out here all books seem to lose their sacred character, and yield to the pressure from some physical demand; too often, we fear, not a real necessity.

## GEOLOGY AND THE BIBLE.

J. D. Dana, Professor of Yale College, in a letter published in the *Interior* says:  
"There is no question, first, that geological time has been of vast length; second, that there is an historical order in the rocks of the globe, and that the process of the world's creation may be, to a large extent, read in the rocks; and third, that there has been a system of progress in the earth's living species from the simplest forms of earlier time to man. But, while adopting these conclusions, in common with all geologists, I have no faith in the Darwinian scheme of deriving man through a gradual development upward from the monkey, or of evolving a system of life through 'Natural Selection.' I deplore the misuse of science in the support of materialistic views, not uncommon among those who adopt the Darwinian hypothesis. At the same time I grieve, for the sake of the Bible and religion, that the discussions relating to scientific views and men should be so often interspersed with abusive epithets, and so often presented by those who are ignorant of the sciences they are attempting to set right."

The three points stated in the first part of this extract, it seems to us, cover the whole ground, and outline the Darwinian theory. The rebuttal that follows is only a snap thrown to the church, and is very much like adding "for Christ's sake" at the end of a prayer, which of course has no real spirit in it, since it is not at all for Christ's sake that the prayer is put up. Whatever may be said by Christian writers against the Darwinian theory, it is certainly gaining converts rapidly in our country, and is likely to soon have more than the Bible theory has, if it has not already more. It is not much more a disgrace to have originated, as a race, in some animal, than to come from a pile of dust, especially since the same God created and hence was parent of all the animals, as well as of man. It would hardly be possible to find a greater degree of difference in any parentage than that of the Divine Incarnation and birth of Christ.

## THE CHURCH SOUTH.

The *Interior* says:  
"No more destitute missionary field can be found than exists among the four million of Southern freed people. Who will go to its occupancy? Lay as well as clerical laborers are greatly needed. Fully three-fourths of the adult

freed people of the South are destitute of a copy of the Scriptures. At least fifty devoted, pious and well qualified Presbyterian ministers are needed in Texas at once. More than half that number could find self-supporting fields."

This is quite a confession, but we are of opinion that the self-supporting fields would be cotton and corn-fields, and that one-half of the people referred to as without a Bible could not read one if they had it, and few of the other half would do it if they could. No doubt of this being a good missionary field for lay members of most churches, but we doubt its being a good field for clergymen from the North and East.

## THE WHITE CLAY ADULTERATION.

The Savannah *Republican* says that six or eight hundred tons of white clay are shipped to the Northern States monthly, making about eight thousand tons of Georgia clay sent North annually. If this is really eaten by us in the flour, sugar, candles and medicines, as is asserted, and, no doubt, true, we may still be called the "dirty eaters" or eaters of Southern dirt, as was so often applied to us in times past on the slavery question. A small part of this pure white clay, which is entirely free from silex, or sand, and tasteless, is used in the potteries, and another small part in the manufacture of paper, but we are assured that much the larger part is used in adulteration of articles that bear a higher price than the clay. Some is said to be used in calomel and its preparations, and in this no doubt to the advantage of the consumer; and whether the candles are really impaired by it we cannot say, as they are, to a great extent, injurious without it, and probably not more so with it, but perhaps less. The brown clay of the Carolinas, so extensively eaten by the poor whites of those States, is not unlike this white clay except in color, and, as it seems a little more oily, is more attractive to the taste. The habit of eating this clay is easily acquired, especially by children, and is not nearly as difficult nor as pernicious as the Northern habit of chewing tobacco.

The great objection to this white clay is the fraud and imposition on the public in the selling of it to us for sugar, flour, candy, medicine, and a variety of other articles, in which it is mixed by commercial cheats to rob the people of their money. The guilt is not to be laid to the retail dealers indiscriminately, for they are often imposed upon and as badly taken in as their customers. The adulterated articles are not usually sold at much less price than the pure by wholesale dealers who know the difference.

## LABOR REFORM.

A committee of the National Labor Reform party presented an address to B. Gratz Brown, the governor elect of Missouri, Dec. 22, in St. Louis, and listened to his reply with much interest, and it was one which will be gratefully received by those interested in the all-important movements of the working men and women of the country. The new governor of our State is a radical on more than one subject. We knew him by reputation as an anti-slavery man, first of any name in Missouri, and early as an advocate of woman's suffrage, and last as an advocate of both colored and disfranchised suffrage, and in fact, so far as we know, on all questions, on the liberal side. With such population as Missouri now has, it is not strange that even party lines were broken over to elect him governor. We are glad he has thus publicly spoken out on the labor reform question, as this certainly is one of deep interest among the many reforms needed in our social, political and religious systems. On all these great questions of reform, our *Banner of Light* is always on the right side, as those engaged in them will see. Bring the Christian and secular papers and the political press up to our standard, and the work will go rapidly forward in reforming society.

## HOLY DAYS AND HOLLY DAYS.

Those who have not lived among Catholics, cannot keep track of the times with its repeating holy and holly days. Across the hall from our store is a manufactory of shirts, where a score or more of sewing women and girls work at the business, and as they are nearly all Catholics, they are often absent. Finding the shop closed Dec. 8th, we inquired very innocently next morning of a bright looking, curly headed daughter of Erin what was the occasion of the stoppage of business? when she with great solemnity and modesty assured us it was the anniversary of the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin. Cannot tell whether she was most surprised at our ignorance or we at the boldness of our question and the candor of its answer. The arbitrary authority of the Church fixes all such days, and may as well fix the hour as the day, since there is no certainty that such person as Jesus was ever born at all, and if this fact be admitted without evidence or any record of any person who lived at the same time, of course no day can be fixed within any certainty, nor even any year of the century in which he lived. But the honest worshippers do not know this.

## WE DECLINE.

The office of the *National Sunday School Teacher*, at Chicago, sends us a list of its novel stories, and requests our orders for "Mr. Blake's Walking Stick," "The Book of Queer Stories," "The Infant Class," &c. We politely decline to keep that kind of trashy literature mixed with the solid and substantial list of books, pamphlets and papers on our shelves and counters. There is no necessity of our keeping them, as such pious novels and tracts can be found on all the book and news-stands of the city where they keep the yellow-covered literature and other loose reading matter, and there is the proper place for it, as it may do some good to minds that are badly infected with the grosser passions, and too weak in intellect to value the higher class of books which we keep, such as Davis's, Renan's, Voltaire's, Paine's, Denton's, Tuttle's, Howitt's, Parker's, Owen's, Edmonds's, Peabbles's, Brittan's, Emma Harling's, Eliza Farnham's, Mrs. Willard's, L. M. Child's, and a score of other authors we could name, whose works can be found on our shelves. Lyceum literature, but not Sunday school literature, we can keep and sell.

We have yet quite a number of the neat little book of Dr. Persons, setting forth his *THEORY AND SUCCESS* in the treatment and cure of diseases by magnetism and without medicine, of which we will send one copy by mail on receipt of 10 cents and the address. Direct to Warren Chase & Co., 631 North Fifth Street, St. Louis, Mo. The Doctor is still in the city at the St. Nicholas Hotel, but soon closes his term here. He is very successful with his patients.

The Independent quotes from Dean Stanley: "If strict adhesion to the letter of the Articles is required, every man of us must leave the church, from the primate to the curate." What a pulp stampede honesty would occasion in the Church of England!

## New Publications.

Theodore Parker's *HISTORIC AMERICANS*, the substance of four lectures, but three of which he lived to deliver, have been put in truly handsome typographic dress—plain but impressive—by Horace B. Fuller, and the volume they make is well worth a place on every library shelf. The four historic characters included in this volume are Franklin, Washington, Adams and Jefferson. The latter was never read as a lecture to the public. Mr. Parker's views are here clustered around four massive American characters in the very way his admirers would see them grouped. First he sketches them and space, and then he analyzes their characters as public men of their own period—one of great importance to the future of the young Republic. The deceased author's style will be found as idiomatic and racy as his reflections are pungent and pertinent. He always speaks with vigor. He was anything but dull. Franklin is his greatest American, but he sees the large elements of intellect and manhood in all. The preface by Mr. O. B. Frothingham is a place of real value as a sort of exponent to the discourse, and introduces the reader to the *Interior* of Mr. Parker's mental nature as happily as he shows his readers the way to that of his four distinguished subjects. We need not take the trouble to commend predictions on such subjects from such a writer as Theodore Parker. The volume will pass into permanent literature.

LIVINGSTON'S *MAGAZINE* makes a particularly fresh and welcome impression for the New Year, offering a table of contents which, for variety, style elements, a sparkling flavor and intrinsic value, it would not be easy to improve on. The Red Fox makes a charming Indian story, with genuine pathos in it. An American's Christmas in Paris opens to one's sympathy the experience of one in the gay capital without the least knowledge of French. The Pantheistic Dream is an able discussion of the Eastern question. A Trip to Dahomey sketches the experience of the only visit to that far interior ever made by Americans. Highway Strangers is a captivating story. Scribbles about Brazil is the title of a story of Southern life. My Housekeeping in Rome describes domestic life that about means in the Eternal City. An amusing sketch is that about Gossy. The poems are charmingly good. And the Monthly Gossip is, with its Literature of the Day, readable matter for a lover of a good magazine to enjoy. As a whole, *Livingston's* is as fresh as when it made its charming appearance before the public three years ago.

HARPER'S *MONTHLY* for January has a strong holiday infusion, especially of the part belonging to the Christmas time. An old Christmas card gives the number, wrapped around with a fantastic border. Folk Life in Sweden makes an exceedingly interesting illustrated article, displaying the customs and diversions of that northern people. The Passion Play of Oberammergau in 1870, illustrates most happily the old customs of celebrating this sacred season in Germany. The Voice of Christmas Past is rich with eighteen illustrations. R. H. Stoddard has a poem entitled Blind. Frederick the Great's story is continued, with striking illustrations. Our Public Lands receives a timely and thorough discussion. The Dilliver Family and The Young Naturalist in Mexico are illustrated profusely. And besides these, Justin McCarthy, the author of "Guy Livingston," Phoebe Cary and others, have poems and papers; while the editorial departments are full to overflowing with matter on almost every current topic, the fun and the philosophy alternating in a truly healthful manner. *Harper* comes out like a new flower in full blossom, for the year 1871.

SCENESMAN'S *MONTHLY* prints, for its third number, an edition of one hundred thousand for the holidays, and a list of contents that would establish the fortune of any monthly that is so recent a launching. In the rich spread on the table is Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, profusely illustrated; Kings of the Air, by Burt G. Wilder, also illustrated, describing the haunts and habits of the nobler birds of prey; The Gullin of the Ice, by Dr. Hayes, and of course a thrilling North Pole Story, which is likewise generously illustrated; The Christmas Door, with illustrations; Hans Christian Andersen's promised story, Lucky Peter, two parts being given; the conclusion of Rebecca Harding Davis's *Natequa*; a masterly article by John Bigelow, on the Terms of Peace proposed by the Great Powers; How we escaped War with Spain, a chapter of secret history; Mr. Hooley contributes an article on Ships; and the editor's articles are the Flight of the Birds, the Northern Lights, Saratoga after the Surrender, William Cumberland—a story, and other papers of merit, with attractive editorial matter besides. It is a brilliant issue.

THE *GALAXY* for January contains there as the principal articles of fiction and essay: Lady Judith, continued, by Justin McCarthy; What May Be: David, King of Israel, Part II.; Love Song; Overland; Louis Adolphe Thiers; The Man who Did Not; Fort Pickens; Types of American Beauty; Ought we to Visit Her?—Mrs. Edwards's new novel; Drink Wood; Scientific Miscellany; Current Literature; Memoranda and Nebulae. The piece *du resistance* is that on the subject of provisioning Fort Pickens, in 1861, by Secretary Welles, in which he shows up the secret history of the very threshold of the rebellion, for which he had unsurpassed opportunities of knowledge. His previous paper on the same subject excited very wide attention, and threatened public controversy. Justin McCarthy's article on Thiers will receive a general reading at this time, when its subject has come so prominently before the public eye. The publishers of the *Galaxy* promise grand accomplishments for 1871, and with the list of famous writers they bring out, they cannot well fail of carrying all readers their way.

THE *HARVARDIAN* of *Light* comes to us from Melbourne, Australia, with the imprint of W. H. Terry, whose exertions to spread the gospel of spiritual truth in that quarter of the globe merit all praise. The first two numbers which we before us are issues of real strength, and of decided mechanical beauty. They advertise the existence of a spiritual belief in Australia, which it is highly one urging to consider. The contents of each number are varied and valuable, and made up with a skill that shows the editorial office to be administered by capable hands. We wish success to Bro. Terry in his new enterprise, which we have not a doubt he will secure by the means he has employed to command it. The *Harvardian* should be generously supported in the ocean colony where it has sprung into a healthy life.

BATTLES AT HOME, by Mary G. Darling, is the title in book form of a favorite story that has just run through "Merry's Magazine," and which Mr. H. B. Fuller, the publisher, has rightly deemed worthy of permanent preservation. The lively reader will exclaim it is a shining present for this season. Miss Aloot, the mother of the famous "Little Women," endorses it roundly, and that will be enough to make it doubly popular among the young people, for whose happiness it is now again presented in so handsome a dress. Its illustrations impart a new life to the story, and greater interest to the book.

MARY'S *MESSENGER* for January enters upon its thirty-first year. It has been enlarged, and in every respect made a first-class magazine for boys and girls. It contains about one third more reading matter than is given in any other periodical of its class and price, and claims to be the cheapest and the best, as it is the oldest illustrated magazine for youth published in the United States. It is B. Fuller, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, publisher.

VICK'S *ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE* and Floral Guide for 1871, is a renewed issue of a favorite annual, which all growers and lovers of flowers will be glad to receive for their guide through the year's floral experience.

THE *EGO* AS A SELF-RESOLUTIVE is a pamphlet treatise which we must admit we have not yet read. It is put forth by Philo Matthews, New York.

## Mrs. Kingman in Hudson.

Mrs. Frances W. Kingman gave us a lecture, this evening, on "American Women and Children," which was well received by an attentive and appreciative audience. She is evidently a lady of culture and refinement, well deserving a hearing, as her aim is to elevate and improve women, so that they may realize her responsibility in the future welfare of our free government. She is the author of "Intuition," a book which should be in every household in the land, for no one can read it without interest and profit. We hope she will be greeted with a cordial welcome wherever she may secure an audience, and the friends of progress will only perform a pleasant duty in awarding her a liberal pecuniary reward for her services.

A. F. H.  
Lynn elected six women on the School Committee.

## HOLIDAY GIFTS.

The following-named books are just what our friends should purchase for holiday gifts. For prices see advertising columns of the *Banner*.  
**Poems from the Inner Life**, by Lizzie Doten. We especially recommend this talented book of poems, which has already reached its seventh edition; full gilt binding.  
**The Year-Book of Spiritualism**. A record of its Facts, Science and Philosophy. The work contains interesting essays by the leading Spiritualists of Europe and America, etc., etc.  
**The Fountain: With Jets of New Meanings**, illustrated with one hundred and forty-two engravings. It is a book teeming with thoughts for men and pictures for children.

**A Kiss for a Blow**, by Henry C. Wright. This book is printed on fine tinted paper.

**Branches of Palm**. This work was given through the mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Adams, and is replete with grand truths every friend of progress should possess. Also, **Dawn**, a work of exciting interest, by the same author.

**Poems**, by the well-known medium, Achsa W. Sprague, now a resident of the spirit-world.  
**The Spiritual Harp**. A collection of vocal music for the choir, congregation and social circle.

**The Voices**: A poem in three parts, by Warren S. Barlow, Esq. It is a live poem upon a live subject.

**Alice Vale**: A story of the times, by Lois Walsbrooke—a writer of merit. Also, **Helen Harlow's Vow**, by the same author.

**Poems of Jean Ingelow**, elegantly bound—tinted paper, gilt top, etc.

**The Faithless Guardian; or, Out of the Darkness into the Light**: A story of struggles, trials, doubts and triumphs, by J. William Van Namee.

**Voices of the Morning**, by Miss Belle Bush; a splendid volume of poems, that everybody should have in their libraries. The beautiful poem, "The Artist and the Angel," is alone worth the price of the book.

**Intuition**. A Fine Progressive Story, by Mrs. Frances Kingman.

**"My Affinity, and Other Stories,"** by Miss Lizzie Doten. A choice volume.

**Strange Visitors**. A series of original papers, embracing philosophy, science, government, &c., by the spirits of Irving, Willis, Thackeray, Byron, and others.

**Hedged In**, by the popular writer, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

**Miracles, Past and Present**. A highly important contribution to the discussion of questions which the development of Spiritualism has rendered deeply interesting to all thoughtful minds, by Rev. Wm. Mountford.

**The Question Settled: A Careful Comparison of Biblical and Modern Spiritualism**, by Rev. Moses Hull.

**The Bible in the Balance**. A new and valuable work by J. G. Fish.

**Real Life in Spirit-Land**. Being Life Experiences, Scenes, Incidents, and Conditions, illustrative of Spirit-Life, and the principles of the Spiritual Philosophy, given inspirationally by Mrs. Maria M. King.

**Future Life: As Described and Portrayed by Spirits**, through Mrs. Elizabeth Sweet, with an Introduction by Judge Edmonds.

**Seers of the Ages: Ancient, Mediaeval and Modern Spiritualism**, by J. M. Peabbles.

All the above works are for sale at this office. For prices, see advertisements, or send for our catalogue.

## Remarkable Spirit Likenesses.

MESSES. EDITORS: "Facts are stubborn things," and the more of them we have in verification of the truths of Spiritualistic science, the better it will be for the cause, and for those that are awaiting palpable proofs to establish their faith. In the belief that it is the duty of all true Spiritualists to place upon record such substantial facts as come under their own observation, I offer the subjoined statement, which can be corroborated by uncontrovertible testimony.

The matter under consideration pertains to a picture sketched in crayon by Mrs. Kendall, of Winter street, Boston, in a semi-trance condition, the figures, three in number, being portrayed as they presented themselves to her vision.

The largest of the three figures represents a young lady of about nineteen years in earth life, named Susan Wright, the daughter of Mr. Justin E. Wright, of Weymouth, Mass., who passed away nearly six years ago from the effects of a premature explosion in a manufactory of fire works, in the above named place. The two small figures represent a nephew and a cousin of Susan, and all of them passed away in the same year. Of the two small children, no other pictures are in existence except such enlaid representations as were taken after life was extinct. All the three figures have been recognized as truthful likenesses, by their parents and friends.

It may be well to state that Mrs. Kendall had no knowledge of any of the parties until she was visited at her rooms by an aunt of Susan's, at which time Mrs. K. gave the names of the three, and described their appearance. Arrangements were effected for sketching the figures, and no further intercourse was had until the completion of the pictures.

Limiting myself to this simple narration of facts, I herewith forward the picture itself, (which has been kindly loaned for the purpose), to be placed for a time in your rooms for public inspection, if you deem it best.

Trusting this will be acceptable to you and to all interested in the dissemination of the truths that pertain to the science of Spiritualism, which is the all-comprehensive science of universal truth, I am,

Respectfully yours,  
JOHN J. GLOVER.

Quincy, Mass., Dec. 20, 1870.

This picture is now on exhibition at our Free Public Circle room.

**A Fine Eccecum from the Press.**  
Dr. Drake has been in Beloit three weeks; since the first few days he has been thronged. People came from near and far, and he has treated many desperate cases successfully. He has had twenty-five cases of membranous rheumatism, and them, the most desperate case, perhaps, was that of C. C. Vance, Esq., Justice of the Peace, at Roscoe, nearly helpless, with great pain and lameness, nine years standing. One gentleman here, who has suffered terribly with asthma for twenty years, and who was almost suffocated when he came to him, he has, he tells us, cured by a few treatments. Several severe cases of bleeding at the lungs he has also successfully treated. We mention these few cases among the many treated here, to show the merits of Dr. Drake, and that he is not one of that class of pretended doctors who are pestering every city and town in the country.—*Beloit Journal*.

"George," asked the teacher of a Sunday school class of young contrabands, "who above all others shall you first wish to see when you get to heaven?" With a face brightening up with the anticipation, the little heathen shouted, "Gertie!"

## IMPORTANT FACTS

CONCERNING THE USE OF THE

# NEW MEDICINE, DR. STORER'S Nutritive Compound.

## ITS CONTRAST WITH ALCOHOLIC MEDICINES!

EVERY element in the Nutritive Compound is as easily assimilated by the blood as the most healthful food. This is NOT TRUE OF MEDICINES prepared with Alcohol. That is always an irritating, poisoning element. It checks digestion; it inflames the mucous membrane, and produces a chronic catarrhal condition; it degrades the contents of the glands, and finally destroys them; it disturbs the action of the heart; it tends to paralyze the action of the nerves on the smaller arteries; it lessens the power and susceptibility of the nervous system, and weakens all the senses; it retards the natural chemical changes in the blood, thus retaining and developing poisonous substances in the system; it lessens the action of the Lungs and Kidneys, decreases the strength, and impairs nutrition. It is an element of discord and death, and to avoid it, when possible, in sickness or health, is the part of wisdom.

## OBSERVE THE CONTRAST!

## NUTRITIVE COMPOUND

Is rich in elements that nourish the blood and increase the Vital Magnetism of body and mind; while in a kindly and soothing manner, without harshness or excitement, it acts as a stimulant to the DIGESTIVE ORGANS and KIDNEYS; a Sedative to the NERVOUS SYSTEM and the CIRCULATION; and a Stimulant and Alterative to Mucous Tissues. It is mild and soothing in its influence, (not even causing a tingle of sensation on the tongue, as alcoholic preparations always do.) It carries into the system a force, which, when liberated by digestion, aids every natural function in the body to perform its work. As signs of its

## CONSTITUTIONAL EFFECTS,

The APPETITE improves; DIGESTION is promoted; BREATHING is easier; the action of the Liver, Bowels, Skin and Kidneys increases, and a general ALTERATION in the feelings is observed. Its continued use resolves the impurities which have accumulated as effluvia, forming Tubercles or Ulcers in the Lungs, Heart, Liver, Throat, Kidneys, Intestines, Uterus, &c., passing them off through the natural channels of excretion.

## BOTH SEXES

Should use this rich fluid food in all Derangements of the Glands and Mucous Surfaces, such as

Scorfula,  
Ulcers,  
Sores,  
Spots,  
Tetter,  
Scales,  
Boils,  
Pimples,  
Blotches,  
Syphilis,  
Tuberculous Consumption,  
Ulceration of the Liver, Stomach and Kidneys,  
Eruptions and Eruptive Diseases of the Skin,  
Tumors,  
Salt Rheum,  
Scald Head,  
Ring Worm,  
Rheumatism,  
Pain in the Bones, Side and Head,  
&c., &c., &c.

In obstinate cases of Kidney Complaint and diseases of the Urinary Organs, I recommend the "Nutritive Compound" to be taken in connection with my "Compound Buchu and Iron Powders." Price \$1.00.

## AS A FEMALE RESTORATIVE

It combines both constitutional restorative power, and acts directly and specifically upon the Uterus and its appendages, wonderfully increasing the strength of that organ, thus constituting a

## POWERFUL AND SPECIFIC REMEDY

FOR ALL

## DISEASES OF WOMEN,

INCLUDING

Ovarian Tumors, Prolapsus Uteri, Leucorrhoea or Whites, Nervous Debility, Pains in the Back and Limbs,

## CHRONIC TENDENCY TO MISCARRIAGE,

Painful, Excessive or Suppressed Meneses, Ulceration of the Uterus, Constipation,

And all the symptoms of deficient

## VITAL MAGNETISM.

## Habitual Miscarriage, or Abortion,

Has in the very worst cases been entirely cured.

## PROLAPSUS UTERI, OR FALLING OF THE WOMB,

Often recedes without any replacing by mechanical means, and by strengthening the ligaments, complete restoration results.

## OVARIAN TUMORS,

Heretofore removed by the knife, are entirely absorbed and gradually disappear.

UTERINE ULCERATION and LEUCORRHOEA or WHITES, find in this medicine their most powerful and reliable remedy.

## THE "NUTRITIVE COMPOUND"

Is NOT IN BOTTLES, but packages, which, when dissolved in water, make ONE PINT of Restorative.

Full directions for use accompany each package of the Restorative.

Mailed, postpaid, on receipt of the price.

Price \$1.00 per package. \$5 for six packages; \$9 for twelve.

Address:  
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Dec. 24.