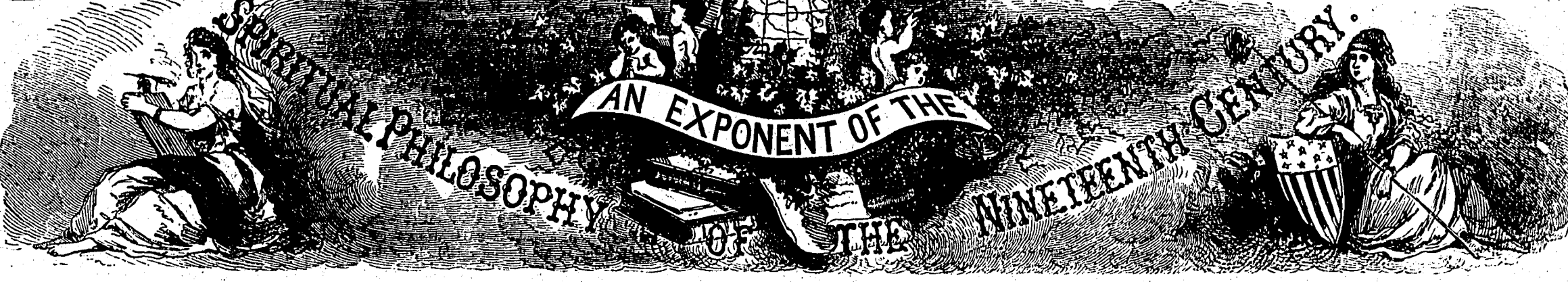


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 3.

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BEAUTY UNVEILED.

OR THE

ADVENTURES OF EDWARD FOSTER.

The Enthusiast, the Philosopher, and the Lover.

BY CHRISTOPHER HARTMANN.

CHAPTER III.

"Charles," said Horace Goodman, who had just now parted from Edward, "have you ever had much acquaintance with young Foster?"

"Some," replied Charles, in a tone of somewhat doubtful expression; "I have considered him a worthy but very enthusiastic young man."

"But how came he by his culture?"

"He was born of good parents, intellectually inclined, had a good school education, and has since been fitted for college."

"For college? How came he, then, in the dry goods business?"

"He had peculiar notions about the professional world; he would not be a doctor, and he abhorred the calling of a lawyer, and he was so peculiar in his religious notions that there was no sect he could join; and so he determined upon a mercantile life."

"Where was he fitted for college?"

"In a town near the place of his nativity; Exeter, N. H., I think it was; and he was always noted for his good scholarship and quickness of intellect."

"Strange! that such a genius should not have followed out more the bent of his mind!"

"He has his oddities."

"Oddities? I never saw his equal. I would not be without his acquaintance for anything; he is so original! But he has the strangest freaks. Oh, if I could only believe what he told me! I never saw a young man of his age so taken up with things beyond the common reach of mortals."

"I have noticed that; but he shrinks from company; he is extremely shy."

"We must, then, be congenial spirits; he never shrank from me. He entered into conversation with all the freedom imaginable."

"Perhaps he sympathized with a part of your experience."

"Very much so. At times he spoke like a prophet."

"Did you ever know his brother?"

"No; has he a brother?"

"One quite the contrary of himself."

"How so?"

"More given to the world and its allurements."

"What am I to understand by this?"

"He says he never will marry unless he is rich, or his wife is rich, and he seems determined on wealth at all events."

"That is strange. What! and an own brother to Edward?"

"Own brother."

"I wish I could see him."

"That is easily done; he lives only in the next house, and I will introduce him to you."

"I should be most happy. What say you for to-morrow evening?"

"It shall be as you say; but I forewarn you not to expect that intellectual companion that you find in Edward."

The evening came, and Goodman was introduced to a medium-sized, rather thick-set, hardy-looking man of about thirty, with full face, much color, black hair, and eyes of nearly the same darkness, that twinkled in their little orbs with a sharp, penetrating glance; a forehead rather low, but massive, with a prominent ridge over the eyes, such as might well become a man of the world devoted altogether to material pursuits. In a quick, hard voice he responded to the introduction, in a manner that plainly told the contrast between him and his brother.

"I have called to see you," said Goodman, "from an acquaintance which I have with your brother."

"Ah! sit down, sir."

"Your brother is out of town, sir?"

"Yes, gone, I fear, upon rather a questionable business."

"When do you look for him home?"

"More 'n I can tell, sir; perhaps a week, perhaps more."

"I hope his business is not of that urgency as to detain him for any great time."

But let that pass. In the next place, to be plain about it, my brother is in love. I don't object to that, neither; but there's a reason in all things. What signifies it to make love into a theory, to fix it, I had almost said, beyond the world, and to drive after it as one would chase a will-o'-the-wisp? I am not married, but I calculate I shall be, and I think I am in as fair a way to success as Edward. He is always looking a little beyond what common folks aspire to. By the by—mark me—I think it ten chances to one that my brother may get deceived in this matter."

"Thomas (this was the name of the brother who was now speaking) then bowed his head in thought and turned about, got up and paced the room as though in a certain calculation of superior intelligence, and then resumed:

"I tell you what 'tis, friend, I'll bet you five hundred to one, that I have the better theory of the two."

"That may be," responded Goodman, "but, for a theorizer, your brother is certainly superior."

"Ha! ha! ha!" uttered Thomas, in a loud, skeptical laugh.

"And good theory, you know, leads to good practice."

"Yes, and the greatest fault of all visionaries is the want of something to stand upon."

"Do you consider your brother a visionary?"

"Quite decidedly." And here a cigar was taken out of the box that stood upon the mantle-tree, and, after being duly lighted and puffed once or twice, he continued, as he leaned back in his chair in great collectedness and moderation, "Fact is, my brother is as good-natured a fellow as ever lived. I like him—yes, I do. But the deuce of it is, having one mother, we had one father, also. Now I suppose Edward has a little more of the mother in him, and I a little more of the father. My father was a business man. Mother—good, pious soul—always would take to Edward, and I should 'n't wonder if he had got some notions out of her head that don't work so well. Fact is, we must take this world as it is." And then, holding the cigar between his fingers, and bending forward with a straight look right into Goodman's face, he added, "Friend, what is the use of pursuing shadows? My brother has gone now to find the relatives of a lady that he is so powerfully taken with that she haunts him day and night. If I was in the habit of quoting poetry I would quote you this, which I have just read in the newspaper. And then, fumbling about amid a pile of papers which lay upon the table, he drew forth the one that contained the following, which he thought too good to lose, so he lit Edward. He read it as it here italicized:

"He meets, by heavenly chance express,
His destined wife. Some hidden hand
Unveils to him that loveliness
Which others cannot understand.

For love of her he cannot sleep;
Her beauty haunts him all the night;
It melts his heart—it makes him weep;
For wonder, worship and delight."

"Good!" exclaimed Goodman, "Beautiful!"

"Yes," responded Thomas, in satirical humor; "but the sense of the thing. 'He meets, by heavenly chance express.' I think 't would puzzle a fellow, now, to define, in a business manner, the nature of that kind of an express."

"You go in for Harnden's, or Adams's, I suppose. But I see you read the newspapers; pray, have you any more of such selections?"

"Do not mention them! I remembered that because it was so much like Edward. Yes, I read the newspapers, and my brother reads books; that is just the difference."

"But do you say your brother has gone to consult the relatives of a lady that he is so much interested in?"

"Yes; he's gone to find out, if possible, whether her husband has any designs toward her, such as to object to a divorce, or to live with her again, or whether there is any prospect of his going to New Orleans. She is there."

"What are the qualities of this lady?"

"She is handsome; and, to tell the plain truth, I believe that is about the whole secret of Edward's attachment; that is to say, if she had not been handsome, Edward would never have thought of her. But she is poor, in trouble, plagued now with an infernal husband, and, setting aside her personal appearance, I should say there was nothing very remarkable in her. A very fair, good sort of woman."

"But your brother won't marry for beauty?"

"Won't he! I'll bet you five hundred to one he'll get caught in that same trap, he is so perfectly ideal! To be sure, he likes character, but if you had heard him talk as I have, you'd set him down as a dangerous, visionary fellow."

"I hope he won't be deceived."

"So do I; but when he talks to me about 'materialism,' as he calls it, I'm very much inclined to lecture him about cobwebs and fancies. I like the world—I own I do, and all the good things in it. As to the next world, I let that take care of itself. I approve of marriage, but the wife that I shall have will be something substantial, that I assure you. And now, friend, don't make a bad use of this conversation. I am not my brother's enemy; I love him, and would do him good; but this is in confidence. And pray, if you have any influence over him—for I have not—try to lead him to something substantial!"

So continued the conversation between these two persons, in which, to the perceptions of Goodman, the whole character and bent of Thomas's mind were revealed most plainly. He was a sensualist in every sense of the word. He was skeptical of all beyond this life—a round, jolly, determined son of pleasure. He had not lost all his natural goodness—had a real regard for his brother, for his welfare in all the successes of this world, and was tolerably moral; but he had not one particle of sympathy for those finer and more spiritual qualities which, to him, were mere moonshine. He was set upon the earth and planted there. There he would grow, and there, possibly, he might flourish. But of the two,

which were both evidently in danger, one from an excess of the love of external beauty, and the other from the perishing things of sense and matter, surely no considerate person could hesitate to decide which was in the worst and most fatal exposure.

In a few days Edward returned to the city, and to his astonishment, letters were received from New Orleans, conveying the intelligence of an immense deception on the part of Mrs. Pierce, who had induced Mrs. Willard to accompany her to that city. She had, before and during the journey, manifested every appearance of a lady of principle; but no sooner had Mrs. Willard got fairly established with her in that distant city, than she began to show character in a way not anticipated. She was fretful, fault-finding, and disposed to put upon her companion burdens which she herself would not and could not bear. The chief part of the marketing and a large share of the indoor labor of the house, were made to devolve upon her. There was not a servant in the house that worked harder than Mrs. Willard. It was a labor which she was little fitted to endure. Brought up as she was in delicacy and refinement, and having from the very first of her days been used to the most genteel treatment, except the abuses from her intemperate husband, she was now overwhelmed with disappointment and grief. She saw the first approaches of the spirit of indignity with feelings of tremendous apprehension, and it was some time before she ventured to speak of it. At length she determined to utter herself.

"Mrs. Pierce," said she, "when I consented to come to this city with you, it was in the confidence of what I supposed mutual friendship. I took you at your word; I was to be your companion as well as assistant. It is only as such that I am willing to remain with you; but I cannot consent to the injuring of both my health and spirits by the burdens thus far imposed upon me. I have not yet received anything in money; nothing in clothing; and unless matters can be speedily re-adjusted, I cannot remain here any longer."

It was said—and said, with a terrible effect upon the excited and proud-spirited Mrs. Pierce. She curtly replied, "Mrs. Willard, this is just what I've been expecting. What you have done is nothing more than any one would have done under similar circumstances. A pretty pass—this! Well, I'm glad you've spoken. The sooner we have an understanding the better."

The battle was now fairly open, and it promised to be brief. Three other reasons, too, for the dissatisfaction of Mrs. Willard. The company of the house was not always of that character which the first respectability demanded. She was no stranger to the frequency of certain visitors, nor to the reports circulated in certain circles. All things considered, she was fully prepared for the worst, and the worst was soon manifested.

"Mrs. Willard," continued her antagonist, "what do you expect of me? What can I do for you more? What are you thinking about under this whole affair?"

"I have only to reply," said Mrs. W., in a calm, dignified tone, "that what I have said is the result of much deliberation. I have been anxious for some time concerning the result. But if you expect me to stay with you, you must either consent to a greater part of the work yourself, or we must divide labors by an alternation of weeks. What you do one week, I must do another. Somehow it must be better equalized. Besides, what is Mr. Buckner here so much for?"

"What is that to do with the housework? Do you mean to question me as to my company?"

"Excuse me, but I had a desire to know if he did not give occasion for some remark."

"What if he does? What's that to anybody?"

"To tell the plain truth, Mrs. Pierce, there are remarks. And on account of some of his conversation to me one day, I thought proper to ask a simple question."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I did not think the conversation in all respects proper, or suited to a gentleman; and knowing him to be your intimate, I desired to know more of his history."

"It is almost an insult for you to speak so."

"I intended none."

"Yes, madam, but you knew better than to say it; or if you did not, it is time you did. I think we had better part!"

"Just as you please, madam; but surely, common justice requires that you should pay my expenses to Boston."

"Presumption indeed! Did you not come out here of your own accord, and have I not done everything I agreed to, and do you now ask me to advance you money when you propose leaving me?"

"It is your own proposal, ma'am."

"But you provoked me to the utterance of it. I presume you have no desire to stay."

"Not under the present circumstances."

"Why, then, should I pay your fare to Boston? This is a free country; you are at liberty to go anywhere, at your own expense."

"Mrs. Pierce, you know you have wronged me. I came out here a lonely woman, far from all friends and connections, to make my home with you, confiding in your friendship and generosity. And now, to treat me in this way, is beneath the dignity of a lady, and a gross injustice. I despise such conduct. I am indignant. I shall leave your house just as soon as I can find a place to go to. And may heaven reward you."

The battle ended here. Mrs. Pierce, from that time, was of course sulky, silent and cold. In the space of three days, a boarding-place was obtained by Mrs. W. in another part of the city. But now, what should be her dependence? She had no money and no friends but the few she made in the boarding-house. She was, therefore, as to all pecuniary help, left quite alone in a strange city, with no resources save what she could earn with her needle, which was a task that had never

yet been put upon her; and how she could succeed with it, Heaven only could tell. Her board must be paid regularly once a fortnight, as stipulated. The first week was spent looking for employment. It was a new work for her. Beautiful as she was, and accomplished, to be obliged to wander forth in a city like New Orleans, and to enter the shops in pursuit of some remunerative labor—the inquiries were made with a broken spirit. Up and down the streets, in and out of the doors she went, with a secret prayer to Heaven for relief. It was in this frame of mind that she entered a shop in one of the principal streets, on the door of which was a sign—"Millinery and Fancy Goods." It was kept by a lady. As soon as she entered this shop, a different feeling came over her. Something seemed to say to her—"I shall here find employment, but I'm in danger." The mistress of the shop was a lady-like Frenchwoman, who had learned to speak fluent, but broken English. She wanted some one to tend her shop. She would give six dollars a week to a competent person. Mrs. Willard's appearance and speech were a sufficient recommendation for trial, and she was engaged for that sum. She commenced her duties immediately, but she could not divest her mind of a certain feeling of insecurity. What it was, or whether it was her own groundless fears from a sense of her misfortune, she could not tell; but the feeling continued all that day and the next. The lady of the establishment was a fashionable, genteel, good-looking French woman, and there was nothing in her, or in her manner of doing business, that indicated any trouble, or made it a matter of doubt as to the propriety of remaining with her. As she continued in the place, the feeling that at first haunted her gradually wore off, and she became, to all appearance, as well situated as she had any reason to expect when she was turned out upon the world from the house of her treacherous friend. Her board was paid regularly for six weeks, when an incident occurred which resulted as follows:

One day, as she was going to the shop, she encountered Mr. Cushing in the street.

"For heaven's sake, Mr. Cushing, are you here?"

"Yes I am, and bid fair to continue here."

"But do you know how it is with Louise?" She was in New York when I left Boston, and said she believed you was in New Orleans."

"This is a hard world, Mrs. Willard. I didn't calculate upon this. I loved your sister, and married her in good faith. I of course meant to support her, but my habits were against me, and here I am. I was compelled to leave her, and I suppose she has given me up. What do you know of her?"

This was all said in such a forlorn spirit, and his appearance was such a shabby gentility, and his countenance so altered, that the dreadful reality was revealed to her at once, of a lost and ruined man. It appeared from the conversation, that Cushing had been in New Orleans ever since he left New York, and had been addicted to gambling and drinking. Gambling was his main dependence. He knew nothing of his wife, had given up all thoughts of ever living with her again, and seemed to realize that he was henceforth an outcast.

This was a terrible grief to Mrs. Willard, who felt for her sister as a sister ever should. Her own fate was hard enough; but to realize a similar one in the fortunes of her sister, seemed to link the whole family with misery and disappointment. "Oh, why is it," she would think to herself, "that God hath permitted such miseries to come upon the innocent? Is it not enough that vice and crime should suffer alone? Why must they involve so indiscriminately those who have never been complicated in these awful iniquities, and who seem only made to double the amount of human suffering? But hold! Am not I, too, a sinful creature? Perhaps greater than I am aware. And how do I know how I am connected in the great confused mass of things? Let me learn to endure and to submit."

A noble thought now entered the mind of this woman. It came upon her suddenly, as from heaven. It was to try to redeem this man from his wretchedness, and restore him to her sister. He was indeed far gone, but was there not hope? Could he not be saved? What could not a woman's heart accomplish, when warmed by the spirit of Christian love, and aided by such an interest in a sister's welfare? After a few days' reflection, it became the fixed resolution of this noble woman, and for this purpose she determined to leave no stone unturned which could tend to the accomplishment of her object. But how to do it? How could she do it without entangling herself in suspicious circumstances, and bringing odium and injury on herself? How could she even see Mr. Cushing, as often as might be necessary, and at the same time avoid the notice and curiosity of her friends? All these were matters of due consideration, but none of them for a moment made her hesitate in her work.

It was Saturday when she met Cushing in the street. The next day being Sunday, she at first determined to write to Edward. This she did, informing him of all the circumstances of her meeting with the unfortunate husband of her sister, of her encounter with Mrs. Pierce, and her subsequent engagement in the millinery and fancy goods business, but advising him not to come to New Orleans. It was uncertain how long she herself might remain there. She advised him to remain in Boston, to be diligent in his business, faithful in all things, trusting to a better time when Providence might bring something out of affairs which should rejoice the hearts of both. She expressed the deepest sympathy and anxiety for the ruined man she had found, but cautioned Edward not to let Louise know the worst of it, as it might increase her sorrows, which were already quite too heavy for her.

The reception of this letter awakened a new flame in the heart of Edward, and added to the

old one the intensity of a stronger affection. To think of his dearest friend, his soul loved, as subject to the indignities of a haughty, imperious, deceitful woman; to think of her as thrown out of the only home she had on earth, and obliged to seek employment in a strange city for her daily support; and amidst all her misfortunes, to see her virtues so quickened into sympathy for the fallen and lamented Cushing, was to him matter of very grave and serious import. Still, he was not informed of the full purpose which Mrs. W. had, of reforming and saving Mr. Cushing; a matter which was studiously avoided on her part, lest Edward should think it impolitic for her to undertake, and attended with danger to her own reputation.

After communicating with Edward, she gave herself to the work before her. All day Sunday, and till late in the evening, was she meditating and planning, and contemplating the future of so hazardous an enterprise, and when she retired for the night, she could not help thinking that God was in the work, and that he would crown it with his blessing. It must have been a spectacle which angels could delight in, thus to see the consecration of a poor and lonely woman to a work of so much charity, attended with so much danger.

The next morning she addressed a note to the ill-fated man, and forwarded it to the hotel where she learned of him that he was stopping, requesting him to appear, in his best possible trim, at her boarding-place that evening, and to report himself by the name of Williams. The reasons were plainly given, that she feared it might be known by some one out of the house that he had been there, and thereby cause injurious suspicions. She had taken precaution to assure herself that no one in the house could possibly know him. The family with which she boarded consisted only of the family's own, and one other lady. Had she sufficient confidence in that family, she would have made a clean breast of it, and openly craved the privilege to have him come there. But this she could not do. She dreaded the consequence, and felt for the family's pride. So, rather than lose all opportunity of influence over him, she kept it a secret between him and her, directed him to assume this disguise, and come that very evening, assuring him, in confidence, of business of the utmost importance.

Accordingly, he came. He had dressed himself for the purpose, and in a sober, fallen-gentle habit, announced himself at the door as Mr. Williams. As it happened, the other lady boarder was out that evening, and they had the privilege of a conversation in the parlor, with none to intrude.

"And now," said the noble woman, "I wish to propose to you a matter of infinite concern. I have deemed it fortunate that we met. We are both the children of misfortune; but you, peculiarly. I have thought of but little else than you, ever since I saw you. How you must have suffered! And Louise, too—that dear girl!"

Her voice grew tremulous, and her eyes moistened. The heart of a man was still left in Cushing, and at this tender mention of his wife's name, he began to weep as a child. At these indications of feeling on his part, she went on.

"I would give everything if I could restore you to her. When last I heard of her, she was in part dependent on her brother. What would she say if she could look in upon us now? Oh, my dear sir, you must do better than this. Come! promise me you will reform. I don't wish to reproach you; I know not but, all things considered, you are as good as I am—perhaps better. It may be that I have not had your weaknesses, nor been so powerfully assailed by temptations."

And so, I have been told, it really was with Cushing. I speak now of the hereditary tendencies, the early training, the uncontrollable circumstances which have fallen more or less to the lot of all of us. And the merit of one's life, we know, is not in the possession of a certain amount of virtue which may have been given us at birth; but in resisting certain influences, in conquering certain temptations, and rising above circumstances which have all conspired to affect and produce character. In this light, it may be that the veriest outcast of humanity is as praiseworthy as the man we look up to for his superior virtues. The latter may have little, comparatively, to contend with; and from his infancy he may have been surrounded with every sacred and hallowed influence, which has operated like a wall of adamant to defend him from the powers of evil. There are others who have been more emphatically "conceived in sin, and born in iniquity." All their life has been an education, more or less, involuntarily corresponding with it. If, then, they have struggled against all at all, it may be as much in proportion as those who have been more virtuous. It may be, in fact, much more. They are, then, as meritorious in the eye of God.

It was this great truth that Mrs. Willard put to her unfortunate pupil with great force and propriety. He was evidently touched by it in a tender place. And as she went on, reminding him of his early love for Louise, and of her possible memories of him, he could not but feel a power of conviction operating strongly within him.

"And now, sir," said she, "I want you to make me one solemn promise. Promise me that from this night you will exert your whole manhood to break off your evil habits. Quit drinking and gambling. I will assist you—you will be my friend in trouble, and if you are sick, will take care of you. And in the midst of all the darkness, let the high heavens witness that we have not been sent to this city in vain."

A pause ensued, and the man was silent as a stone. The forcible appeal had struck him to the heart. After a few moments he uttered in a low, serious tone—"My God! I wish I could do so. When I think of my past course, and how low I have descended, I am discouraged."

"Your depth of ignominy," replied his fair counselor, "shows to what heights of virtue you can ascend. Great falls are indicative of great heights

The first appearance of Nilsson, the renowned cantatrice, before an American audience, took place in New York, Sept. 19th, and proved an event of most extraordinary interest in musical circles of New York. She comes to Boston soon

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was written by the Spirit who gave it to the writer through the instrumentality of the medium.

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

The Banner of Light Free Circles.
These Circles are held at No. 158 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (up stairs) on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.
Mrs. Conant receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.
Donations of flowers for our Circle-Room are solicited.
The questions asked at these Circles are often responded to by individuals among the audience. Those read to the controlling intelligence by the chairman, are sent to by correspondents.

Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles.

Since our last report the following sum have been received, for which the friends have our warmest thanks:

John Kimball	50	Mr. J. Parker	5
J. T. Langer	10	Mr. J. Parker	5
Mrs. Pettibone	10	Mr. J. Parker	5
James Burns	10	Mr. J. Parker	5
A. F. Fitch	10	Mr. J. Parker	5
Richard	10	Mr. J. Parker	5

Invocation.

Thou Spirit in whom life and death do meet, becoming one, we would stretch out our hands toward thee from the darkness of our lives, asking for the brightness of thy life. Seeing our human ignorance, we ask thy wisdom, and we seek from thee, oh Infinite Jehovah, the bestowal of those gifts of which our souls stand in need. Thanking thee for what thou hast done for us, we ask for more and still more to thee. We ask for strength to lay aside the selfishness of our being, that which makes a heaven for ourselves and a hell for our brothers. Oh, from it, Great Spirit, deliver us; and may we grow so large in goodness, in benevolence, in love and truth, that we shall make a heaven large enough for every soul, excluding none. May we find strength and wisdom to swing back the gates of heaven unto even the darkest sinner, and, oh Lord, may we join our song with those who have been redeemed from ignorance, who rejoice in wisdom as it means with thee. Give us the power and the will to go amongst thy sons and thy daughters in mortal life, drying their tears, stilling their fears, sweeping away their doubts, and leading them safely through the rough ways of human life to the smooth, fair, green plains of thine own everlasting spiritual paradise. Amen.
June 13.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, I shall endeavor to answer whatever questions you may propound to me.

(The Chairman then read the two following questions from a correspondent.)

Q.—As the life that is in the mineral, the vegetable and the brute is essentially the same as the life that is in man, is it the law of life that it must travel up through these different methods of manifesting itself before it is embodied and individualized in human persons, and does life then first acquire the distinction and possess the attributes of a rational and reasonable soul?

A.—I believe all life to be essentially the same, wherever it finds expression. That which exists in the mineral is related to us; that which exists in the animal, in the vegetable, and that which exists in the mineral possesses a distinct individuality even there. It is individualized by its surroundings. The diamond becomes the diamond by its surroundings. The life of it is precisely the same as in my life and yours. The Infinite Spirit of Wisdom hath so ordered it that life shall travel up through all these lower gradations till it reaches the highest in the heavenly spheres. It finds an intelligent expression only in the animal creation. It becomes more intelligent as it rises into the superior, and still more intelligent as it rises into the celestial.

Q.—Do the chemical or mineral properties of things exert a positive influence upon persons through correlative properties in those persons? For example, one person is enfeebled and another strengthened by sleeping on an iron bedstead; or the glasses of a telescope or microscope—do the chemical properties of the glasses, as well as the mechanical adjustment of them, assist the eye in its investigations, through corresponding chemical properties in the substances of the visual organs?

A.—Yes; if there were no corresponding chemical properties in the eye, the eye could not discern the light. There is a certain chemical affinity existing between all atoms whether visible or not.

Q.—(From the audience.) In connection with the previous question, I would ask if such has not been the faith of the Burmese empire for ages?

A.—Yes, it has.

Q.—Why is their idea of the Great Spirit embodied in the white elephant?

A.—We cannot tell why, except it be because they recognize in the elephant powers superior to those which they find in themselves and in other animals; that is to them the spirit or image of their Great Spirit. It seems to speak more clearly to them through the manifestations of that animal than through any other form of life. We know not why it is so, but their legends tell us it is so.

Q.—Is not white held among all nations to be the emblem of purity?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Is not the white elephant selected as their object of worship because it is the strongest, the purest in color, and the most uncommon among their animals?

A.—Your theory seems a very acceptable one. I should not deny it.

Q.—Is death a change to be dreaded?

A.—By no means, nor would it be had it not been for the unhappy circumstances of education by which it is surrounded. The savage of your Western wilds does not fear death. He rather holds it as a condition of joy. He believes that it will usher him into fairer hunting-grounds, where game is more plenty, and where the smile of the Great Spirit is often seen. He has no education to make dark and hideously deformed this Angel of Death. You have.

Q.—Is premature death unfortunate for the individual?

A.—There are no premature deaths. They may seem to be so, but in the great order of Nature and law they are not so.

Q.—Can the spirit of a child develop as well as one who has reached mature life?

A.—Yes, and often far more readily.

Q.—Are not the experiences of life necessary to the development of every spirit?

A.—They are to some souls, but not to all. Some seeds germinate best in darkness, others in light.

Q.—May not life be considered a very great blessing?

A.—Yes, and for this reason: One that is blessed with long life is blessed in a spiritual and in a physical sense; but for those to whom such a blessing is denied there is still a highway provided through which their souls can pass, and by which their souls can reach perfection. It is well to remain here as long as it is possible for the spirit to hold possession of the physical form.

Q.—Can you tell us how Moses was buried?

A.—No; your speaker cannot. There are many theories extant in life with us, the same as with you, concerning the burial of Moses, but we know of none that are reliable.

Q.—What is meant by that passage in Jude where it is said that the angel Michael fought with the devil concerning the body of Moses?

A.—You are to understand it as an allegory. It is intended to symbolize spiritual and not material things.

Q.—Was not Paul's lecture to the Corinthians, in chapter fifteenth, where he speaks of the natural and spiritual body, as far developed as the subject is now?

A.—Paul certainly in his intelligence concerning spiritual manifestations had reached down to the present age, and had grasped at ideas that are just coming into being with you. Paul was a most excellent clairvoyant; he saw and spoke many wise sayings.

Q.—Can you communicate with Moses and Paul?

A.—We can.

Q.—Was Paul a very wicked man before he became converted?

A.—That he certainly could best determine. I do not consider that he was a very wicked man. He certainly was not largely devoted in morality; he had not attained a high moral sphere.

Q.—Did he not persecute mediums?

A.—Yes; but he might not be wicked in doing that. It may have been to him the exercise of the highest powers of his soul. He may have believed that they were causing darkness and not light. He tells us that he did so believe, and acted conscientiously in persecuting them. Was he a sinner then? No; we think not.

Q.—Which nation in the spirit-world can exert most power here?

A.—They who return manifesting most power in earthly life are they who lived nearly in accordance with Nature's laws. We gather them from all points of the earth. Those who can exercise most power upon the people of this continent seem to be the aborigines of the continent, but they are not powerful elsewhere.

Q.—Is there any difference in the power of communicating between the spirits of Europe and the United States?

A.—Yes, there is a difference—that which is incident to earthly education and spiritual unfoldment. The American can return communicating through the atmosphere and the mediocrity class of his own earth-home with much greater power than he could elsewhere, and what is true of him is true of all.
June 13.

Thomas Hunt.

Ah! brother White, I am glad to greet you from my new home, Thomas Hunt, of Salem.

[Indeed: Is it you?] Yes, it is me. [I am glad to meet you.] I am glad to come. [You are here quickly.] Not very quick. I've been here before several times, but never found it just right for me. [You went suddenly?] Yes, just as I expected I should—as I was told by my friends in the spirit-world I should go. [The medium said so.] I presume so; he told a good many of my friends how I was going.

Well, our faith is true. The faith I had here on earth is more than realized. To be sure, I found a great many things here in this life not exactly what I thought they would be, but in the main it is all just as I thought. The spirit-world is as real and tangible as this world, and I bless God for the light I had before I went into the spirit-world. [You were quite an impressionable medium, I believe?] Oh, yes; and I was not called into the other life without warning. I never experienced anything in my earthly life of any importance that I did not receive warning of. I believed when here that the spiritual and material world had joined hands, and that if we only educated ourselves spiritually, we could hold as direct communication with the other world as with the one we were in, and that is a truth—a truth. Never was anything more true.

Now I want to tell my family and all my good friends who are not afraid of the dead any more than they are of the living, that I shall be happy to convince them concerning the beautiful faith that I had when I was here, and will do so if they will consult me through Mr. Charles H. Foster. [He is in your vicinity?] Yes, he is there. I ascertained that fact before I came here. Well, God bless you, Brother White. May you come as easy as I did, and find everything as ready for you as I did, and may it be to you, on all sides, as glorious a resurrection as it was to me.
June 13.

Caroline Phillips.

I did not expect to die so soon. I thought I should live many months, and I want to tell my friends that I went very suddenly, very unexpectedly to myself. I died in Frankfurt, Germany, last Wednesday morning. I had been traveling for my health. The doctors said it was consumption of the blood and muscles. Caroline Phillips was my name. I am from Williamsburg, N. Y. I came back in this way principally for the satisfaction of my sister-in-law, who is a believer, and who tried very hard to make me have faith in Spiritualism before I went away. And when I learned I could come, I thought for her satisfaction I ought to try; because I know it will be a great satisfaction to her to know that I see the light now, and to know that I am willing to return and add my testimony to what she has already had. She used to think that I would see the truth of these things before I died, but I did not.
June 13.

Johnnie Joice.

How do you do, sir? Been some time since I was here. [Have you anything new to say?] No, I haven't got much to say; I only thought I'd call round and see how you feel about things now. Just the same, I suppose? [Yes, I see no reason for changing my mind.]

My murderer is wondering if I will ever forgive him. I thought I would just come round and say that I have forgiven him long ago, I have no hard feelings toward him at all, and would not do anything to injure him. I only want justice for him—nothing more. I only want him to be passed through a crucible that will bring out all the gold there is in him—that will take off his dross and make him a better spirit, a better man. But I think it will take some time to do it, and I think he will have to be ground in a very fine mill before he comes out all right.

What do you think of my picture? [Comparing it with your photograph, I could not say it was very good.] No, it wasn't very good, but still it was me. [I presume it would be difficult for you to present your earthly form to the medium.] Yes, sir, but I think I can do it. [Why not give him a

front view?] I think I shall next time. I am experimenting, or a friend of mine is for me. I am helping him by gathering elements from the earth-life. The experiment is this: I want to obtain a spiritual image of my murderer, and then I want to give a reflection of it here in this life. You certainly won't object to that? [No.] You won't object to having me label it, I suppose. I am trying very hard to do that through Mr. Milleson. I do not know as I can. [Be sure you are right before you give it to the public.] Oh, yes, sir; I will be sure I am right; I won't make any mistake, and I will be sure it is a good likeness, else I won't ever exhibit it. I won't label it if it isn't good. [I hope you will be successful.] I hope I shall. [It will disturb your murderer very much.] Yes, I suppose so. [Won't that interfere with your arrangements?] No, it will help them; it will bring the very powers into activity that I want to use. They are terribly dormant now. [Hadn't I better omit this part from the published message?] Oh, no, sir; and for the reason I told you: I want to stir up those very powers in him, so he will throw off in that direction. If I didn't have anything to stir 'em up, of course I might have to wait for years. This is the method I have taken to do it. I am learning chemistry on this side, and I may as well practice on him as on anybody else. He practiced pretty severely on me, and I may as well take my turn now.

(A gentleman in the audience asked: Do you and your sister ever lose sight of him?) Oh, no, sir, we don't.
June 13.

Séance conducted by Archbishop Whately; letters answered by L. Judd Pardee.

Invocation.

Oh thou who art Israel's God, but who forgetteth not the gentle, thou who art the 'one great spirit' over all, we come to thee this hour in prayer, asking that thy kingdom of righteousness and peace may come high unto these waiting souls, asking that the clear light of thy truth may beam in through the darkness that may pervade their minds, asking that the unspotted revelation of thine own being written upon the sacred page of Nature may be so clearly understood by them, that they shall falter no more in thy way, but shall go forward strong in thee, rejoicing in the truth. Almighty Spirit, thou art ever nigh unto us, yet we call upon thee as though thou wert absent. But it is the clouds that surround us, that have been gathered unto us by our education, that darken our vision and make us fear thee, when we should always love thee. Oh thou Spirit of Love, inspire us with love. Oh thou Spirit of Wisdom, inspire us with wisdom. Oh thou Spirit of Truth, inspire us with truth. May thy children in mortal gro stronger and stronger in thee day by day and hour by hour, till when the last of earth has come to them, may the sun of thy glory, illumined by knowledge, shine into their souls and illumine even the tomb through which they bodily must pass. Oh our Father, make death life unto them. Shed thou a holy radiance about their souls that shall never forsake them, not even in death, but shall be their crown of glory in the life that is to come. Amen.
June 14.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—The Bible speaks of Samson's losing his strength by having his hair cut off. Did it really make any difference to his strength?

A.—To my mind Samson was a spiritual medium, and through the agency of the hair he received physical strength. Each hair, we are told, was a conductor of strength from his spirit guardians to himself. When these conductors were removed, he could receive through them no longer.

Q.—Do spirits now operate through the same medium?

A.—Yes, very often.

Q.—We are told that the sun and moon stood still at the command of Joshua. What are we to understand by the sun and moon?

A.—Simply a banner having painted upon it a representation of different planets. At the command of Joshua the banner-bearer stood still, and not one of the heavenly bodies.

Q.—Is it not represented that the day was prolonged by this act?

A.—Yes, but not the day that is measured by the rising and setting of the sun, but the day set apart for fighting. In warfare in those days, each party had its time measured for warfare, so many hours or degrees of time, each corresponding to that of their opponent. But this time of warfare was marked by the position of the banner upon which were the symbols of the sun and moon. The leader of the army commanded that the banner-bearer halt at a certain point; that signified the lengthening out of the day of war, and had nothing at all to do with that day which is measured by the rising and setting of the sun. In order to clearly understand the biblical record we should be somewhat acquainted with the customs of the people through whom the record was compiled.

Q.—Did Christ really believe himself equal with God in power and in knowledge?

A.—Presuming upon his truthfulness we should say he did.

Q.—Was this evident to his disciples?

A.—Yes, but no more evident concerning him than concerning yourself and any other individual that bears the impress of intelligence, and is a living soul. You are all one with the father God, must of necessity be in order to exist.

Q.—If he had that knowledge and power, must he not have been more than a mere man?

A.—Not unless you are more than a mere man.

Q.—I have no such knowledge and power.

A.—Jesus did not claim to possess all power. He claimed to be in rapport with divine and powerful intelligences. At one time he says, so the record tells us, that he can call twelve legions of angels from the Father to aid him. If that power was vested within himself, wherefore the need of calling twelve legions of angels? June 14.

Andrew Ross.

My name was Andrew Ross. I was a native of Loch Lowden, Scotland. I have been separated from the body two months and nineteen days. I was myself a believer in this spiritual faith. It came to me intuitively. I was a natural Spiritualist. I was blessed with visions and strengthened impressions of the other life, all of which I have proved to be true. I am alone in my faith in the family, but I desire to enlighten them, and for that purpose I am here. I lived twenty-nine years in Scotland, sixteen in Cincinnati. It was there I died. Circumstances combining unhappy family relations drove me to this country. I speak of these things that they may go toward identifying me. I have one brother, Walter, who would be glad to become acquainted with this truth, and to him I would say: "If you take the first step I take the second, and as fast as you move I will. And we will both move on together till the good God, who reigns in the heavens above and here in the earth beneath, shall enlighten you on this beautiful philosophy in spiritual faith." I am satisfied with what was done with what I left. It was well. June 14.

Eben Snow.

My folks are Methodists, but I was not much of any thing, and because I happened to die in that state they have ranked me rather low in the other world. Some of my folks, particularly a sister of mine is making herself quite miserable over the affair. I was drowned last September, off George's Banks. I am a native of Seaport, Maine. My name, Eben Snow.

I never could get any kind of religion here. I once tried to be a Jew, and I tried to be a Catholic, and I tried to be a Methodist and a Baptist. Well, I tried 'em all round pretty well. But it was no go. I could n't swallow one of 'em. So I didn't believe much of anything; and I always had wickedness enough in me concerning religion to laugh at anybody that said anything to me about it, and so you see they think I've gone to hell. Well, now, for my sister's sake, if for nothing else, I thought I'd try and come back here if I could, and let her know that I was very well off indeed; and as for being in hell, I am a hundred per cent better off here than I was on earth, so if that's hell it's a very good hell, and I like the change much. And if she will give me the privilege of making myself fully known to her by meeting me where there's some good subject—medium, I mean—that I can come through, I will clear up all her doubts, and make myself appear in a little more decent light than they have showed me up in since I died. Some of her religious friends have even gone so far as to say that although there was not much doubt in their minds but what I had gone to hell, yet there was nothing impossible with God, and perhaps I might be saved, after all. But there was no doubt in their minds but what I had gone to hell. Now I want to communicate with her besides coming here. I want to let her know that I am in a comfortable heaven—never was so well off in my life as I am now.

You may put my message down in this way: Eben Snow, to Sarah Jane Snow. Will you? [Yes.] All right. When I can do you a good turn, I will. Good day. June 14.

Agnes Stover.

I want to send a message to my mother, in Montgomery, Ala. My name was Agnes Stover, and I was nine years old. My father's name, William H. Stover, and my mother's name was Agnes, like mine. I have been dead two weeks—two weeks to-day. Isn't it Tuesday? [Yes.] Well, I been dead two weeks to-day. I want mother to know I am happy now. I wasn't at first, but I am now. [Where you homesick at first?] Yes, sir. And tell her I found Uncle Charles, and he has been dead thirteen years. Mother thought he was killed in the war, that he was on the Union side, and was killed in the war. But he wasn't in the war at all, for he has been dead thirteen years. He and my father had some trouble about a plantation up in the pine woods, and my father went to law about it, and my uncle left. He would n't fight at all, and he come North, and never had anything more to do with my father nor mother. He has been real good to me here. Tell mother and father he has been real good to me, and I do n't think he is bad at all. I do n't believe but what somebody lied about him. And I want my father to come North where there is mediums, and talk to him. I do n't think it is right for him to feel so about him. My Uncle Charles is good—he is real good, and I want them to know it. I told him I was coming here, and I should tell about him. [What did he say?] He laughed. And I want Mr. Payson to send the paper to my father. [Does he get it?] Yes, and he knows me; knows my father too, and he knew about Uncle Charles, too. Good-by, mister.
June 14.

James Kelley.

I have a brother here in this city. His name is Charles Kelley. My name is James. I was a tailor, and I have been gone a little better than fourteen years. And I want to come into communication with him, if I can, some way. I have matters that I want to talk to him about, that I don't want to say here, that is of a good deal of importance to himself. If he will find out some way—he knows the ways, I suppose, as well as I do myself—that I can come to him, I will give him the information, and then he can do as he pleases about carrying out the advice I may give. Say that I am happy in this new life, though I have had to unlearn a great many things that I learned when I was here, and start on the road anew. But it is all right, and now I am happy and satisfied, and wouldn't come back here in this life for all it affords. Good day, sir.
June 14.

Séance conducted by Gideon Lowenthal, a rabbi of the Jewish faith; letters answered by L. Judd Pardee.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, June 16.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Edward Hill Robinson, of New York City; Patrick Murphy; James Reedy; Clementine Woods, of St. Augustine, Fla., to her sister; Mrs. J. H. Conant, to her mother; Mary McGill, of Boston, to her sister; Patrick Power, of Halifax, to his friends.

Monday, June 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Jennie Abbott, of Bangor, Me., to her mother; Mary McGill, of Boston, to her sister; Patrick Power, of Halifax, to his friends; Edward H. Harris, 2d Virginia Infantry, Co. G, to friends; Robt. J. Robt; Gideon Sampson, of Steubenville, O., to friends.

Tuesday, June 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Jennie Abbott, of Bangor, Me., to her mother; Mary McGill, of Boston, to her sister; Patrick Power, of Halifax, to his friends; Edward H. Harris, 2d Virginia Infantry, Co. G, to friends; Robt. J. Robt; Gideon Sampson, of Steubenville, O., to friends.

Monday, June 27.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Max Williams, of New York City; Polly Curtis, of Boston, to her mother; William H. Harris, to her father; in New York; James Denny, to his brother, in Liverpool, Eng.

Monday, June 28.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Harriet Lee, of Cincinnati, to her mother; William H. Harris, of New York; James Denny, to his brother, in Liverpool, Eng.

Tuesday, June 29.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Harriet Lee, of Cincinnati, to her mother; William H. Harris, of New York; James Denny, to his brother, in Liverpool, Eng.

Wednesday, June 30.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Harriet Lee, of Cincinnati, to her mother; William H. Harris, of New York; James Denny, to his brother, in Liverpool, Eng.

Thursday, July 1.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Harriet Lee, of Cincinnati, to her mother; William H. Harris, of New York; James Denny, to his brother, in Liverpool, Eng.

Friday, July 2.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Harriet Lee, of Cincinnati, to her mother; William H. Harris, of New York; James Denny, to his brother, in Liverpool, Eng.

Saturday, July 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Harriet Lee, of Cincinnati, to her mother; William H. Harris, of New York; James Denny, to his brother, in Liverpool, Eng.

Sunday, July 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Harriet Lee, of Cincinnati, to her mother; William H. Harris, of New York; James Denny, to his brother, in Liverpool, Eng.

Monday, July 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Harriet Lee, of Cincinnati, to her mother; William H. Harris, of New York; James Denny, to his brother, in Liverpool, Eng.

Tuesday, July 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Harriet Lee, of Cincinnati, to her mother; William H. Harris, of New York; James Denny, to his brother, in Liverpool, Eng.

Wednesday, July 7.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Harriet Lee, of Cincinnati, to her mother; William H. Harris, of New York; James Denny, to his brother, in Liverpool, Eng.

Thursday, July 8.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Harriet Lee, of Cincinnati, to her mother; William H. Harris, of New York; James Denny, to his brother, in Liverpool, Eng.

Friday, July 9.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Harriet Lee, of Cincinnati, to her mother; William H. Harris, of New York; James Denny, to his brother, in Liverpool, Eng.

Saturday, July 10.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Harriet Lee, of Cincinnati, to her mother; William H. Harris, of New York; James Denny, to his brother, in Liverpool, Eng.

Sunday, July 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Harriet Lee, of Cincinnati, to her mother; William H. Harris, of New York; James Denny, to his brother, in Liverpool, Eng.

Monday, July 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Harriet Lee, of Cincinnati, to her mother; William H. Harris, of New York; James Denny, to his brother, in Liverpool, Eng.

Tuesday, July 13.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Harriet Lee, of Cincinnati, to her mother; William H. Harris, of New York; James Denny, to his brother, in Liverpool, Eng.

Wednesday, July 14.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Harriet Lee, of Cincinnati, to her mother; William H. Harris, of New York; James Denny, to his brother, in Liverpool, Eng.

A CLEAR CASE WHEN UNDERSTOOD.

In running my papers over the other day, I found the following article from the *Paduch Ken-tuckian*, and clipped it out for the *Banner of Light*:

"On Sunday evening last, in company with Mayor Sauer and Dr. Brooks, we visited the house of Mrs. Lewis, who lives in one of the small cottages, on Clay street. We were found the life of Mr. Fell in a singular condition. She had been twenty-four years old, full medium size, was married about eighteen months ago, in an adjoining State, and came to Paduch some eight months ago to reside. She has a child three months old. Four weeks ago she was indisposed, and continued so; nothing serious was apprehended until last Wednesday night, when she was taken with convulsions, each one lasting from five to ten minutes. She would then have an interval of quiet for fifteen or twenty minutes, and then another convulsion.

This condition continued for about twelve hours, and left her in a singular state, being apparently unconscious of everything and to every one around her. She has lucid intervals at about one o'clock, both in the day and night, which last but a few minutes. In the meantime, she is almost dead. She talks, rubs her hands, and at times looks pleased; while at other times she has a sorrowful, woe-begone expression, and will burst into tears.

Mayor Sauer had a friend, a Mr. Lewis, who died in this city about eleven years ago, with consumption. On Sunday evening he sat down by this Mrs. Fell and took hold of her hand, when she immediately commenced acting the dying scenes of Mr. Lewis. She talked just as he did, using the same actions and identically the same language, which it was impossible for her to have heard from any source, as Mr. Lewis could only talk in a whisper, and Mayor Sauer had to put his ear close to his mouth to hear what he said; and he declares positively that she repeated the expressions of the dying man, which no person heard but himself, and which he has never repeated.

But what adds to the singularity of the case is the fact that she acts in every respect with the positions of head and body, as the dying Mr. Lewis did, and in appearance dies away as he did, her eyes becoming set and her pulse becoming almost extinct; but in a moment afterward she rouses herself up, the color returns to her face, and the pulse becomes strong and natural again.

Another case: A woman visited her

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7

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MRS. A. DEXTER, Clairvoyant. Sicknesses, business, character and test communications, No. 216 West 17th street, New York. 6w*-Sept. 19.

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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WARREN CHASE,
No. 101 North Fifth St., near Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Once more comfortably seated in the outward-bound train on the Missouri Pacific Railroad, we found smoothly and swiftly whirling around the hills and over the flats, winding our way for one hundred and fifty miles through a country almost as hilly as Vermont, but with hills not as high and not as well improved; and over flats many times as large, with corn and weeds out of all reasonable comparison. Passing the State Prison, at Jefferson, a large number of the prisoners were arrayed beside the track, where they were at work for the State, to pay for board and lodging. We had a good view of their countenances, and concluded they would compare very favorably with the voters we met at one of the precincts in the fourteenth ward of New York, where we went to deposit a vote two years ago. But these are not allowed to vote, and those vote all day if there is danger of their candidate being defeated.

One hundred and fifty miles more, (or nearly,) over a magnificent country, richly laden with the crops of a bountiful harvest, and dotted with shanties and plenty to eat, with coarse wearing apparel and hard work, and cottages with comforts and enjoyment, and often magnificent farm houses, wealth and trouble generally plenty as the property, the labor, the stock, and the great crops. Such is life, with the middle line, the fairest and best to live in.

At length we reach Kansas City, and such a city we never found before in our travels—not on the roughest spot of any city in the West—not on seven hills, but on seventeen—a place long ago pointed out geographically as the place for a great city, but long rejected as being too rough and uneven to be graded into one, and yet no person can conceive of the progress in the work without seeing it. They fixed engines, and pumped river water up to wash down some of the hills, but that was a failure. When we were there, the Lord, (who reigns and rains,) had been pouring down water from a higher region, and it was aiding the graders and making the streets almost impassable. No city in the West has so many costly, elegant and substantial buildings, in proportion to its population, (at least, none we have seen.) It has about forty thousand inhabitants, and is near neighbor to several smaller large towns, and is the greatest radiating point for railroads west of St. Louis, and likely to be. It has four of the finest school-houses in the State, and is paying great attention to education, which denotes intelligence and liberality, for the school-houses are superior to the churches, but not as numerous, for every society got a lot and put up a church to hold it, till it becomes valuable enough to sell and build better. Here we found quite a number of our old friends, as active as ever in the good cause. Bro. Foster, of the *Journal of Commerce*, (the oldest paper in the place,) who was formerly one of the pioneers at Beloit, Wis., who travels much, and visited Boston and the *Banner* this summer, Brother and Sister Mrs. Whittinger, late of Lawrence, Kansas, Bro. H. C. Train, formerly of Kenosha, and also Mr. Bullene, doing a very large business in dry goods, (Mr. B. is uncle of Emma J. B. husband.) Besides these were the officers of the society, and notwithstanding the rain and mud, quite good audiences assembled at both meetings. We left next day, highly pleased with our first visit to Kansas City, notwithstanding the unfavorable situation of streets, for Bro. Foster had contrived to get us on some of the hills, where we could have extended and good views of the city and surroundings, and could not fail to see that, with its favorable location and majestic enterprise, it must become one of the great business centres of the great broad valley of the nation. The splendid (and only) bridge over the Missouri at this place, has given it the advantage and been of great service in building up the place. We were glad to find a strong and prevailing liberal sentiment, and good chance for Spiritualism to spread its glorious truths before the people.

AN EARNEST LETTER FROM OVER THE OCEAN.

SCOTLAND, Aug. 25th, 1870.
WARREN CHASE, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.—Dear Sir—A townsman of mine who has for fifteen years been settled as a farmer in Ohio, paid me a visit the other day, and handed me the *Banner of Light* of 16th inst., in which I read your very interesting article on "Phenomenal Spiritualism."

The tone of thorough conviction and earnestness with which you write, the complete acquaintance with the evidences you seem to have, and your apparent sympathy with us poor ignorant mortals, who, the old know nothing of these things, encourage me to hope that you will turn a way from the inquiries and the requests which I have thought of addressing to you.

In order to prove to you that my mind is in some measure prepared to receive philosophical and religious instruction from the minds in that world, or in this, which shall extricate it out of its ignominy and superstition, I take the liberty of sending you, along with this, two pamphlets recently published by me. I also send you a document, to show that I have been branded and persecuted as a heretic, from which you will understand that the pamphlets are very direct challenges to my quondam neighbors, who, however, have as yet shown no disposition to take up these challenges which I have thrown down; and so for the present, and for special reasons, I still remain a member of the Free Church of Scotland.

I have had my attention drawn to the subject of Spiritualism more especially by the harmony of its philosophy with the conclusions of my reason. I cannot think of any doctrine of these spiritual matters on which I have discovered a great difference of opinion between intelligent Spiritualists and free-thinking intelligent men who are not Spiritualists. I see no reason for supposing that I myself, and my friends who are like-minded, are indebted directly or indirectly to Spiritualism for our deliverance from the superstitious beliefs which will prevail around us; and I believe that every man's own spirit is endowed with the faculties necessary for breaking and shaking off the yoke of so-called Orthodoxy, if he will but use these faculties, and assert his individuality. I therefore do not recognize the necessity of phenomenal Spiritualism for this purpose: seeing that proper education and freedom of thought must inevitably accomplish the same end.

I have, however, repeatedly tried to satisfy myself as to the reality or the falsity of spiritual phenomena. I recently went to Glasgow for this purpose, being informed that the mediumistic paining which I should there see was a most convincing proof. I saw it, and have now before me a card painting which seemed to be done in the dark in three minutes. I assisted in the conversation held by the medium with his spirit friends, and I was not convinced. I need not detail all the circumstances; but shall merely state the impression left upon my mind: that, while the whole scene was strange and perplexing, that no proper education and freedom of thought would set opposite our names, toward defraying its expenses.

Any person may become a member of this Society who is seeking after truth with a desire to elevate and perfect their natures, and to acquire a correct knowledge in regard to their future state of existence.

Inhabitants of the moon, &c., &c., while for untellable reasons, answers were refused to questions about my own departed friends and other matters which might really have supplied a test. I stated this difficulty at the time with all possible distinctness and politeness, and added the request that as every test proposed by me, both as to the painting (such as marking the cards with my blue pencil) and as to the conversation, had been evaded, the spirits painter would kindly suggest some other evidence or test, such as they might judge to be sufficient for a critical inquiring mind such as mine; but the reply was, in a tone of reproach, to the effect that if I did not believe what I had seen, it was useless trying to convince me.

My recollections I have set at a table for more than an hour with the gentlemen in whose house these paintings, &c., were done, but without any phenomena. I have also tried several times at home and elsewhere, but always without any manifestations of any kind. My Glasgow friend told me many wonderful stories, and I have heard abundance of similar accounts from other persons, and more from my American friend, who himself was a medium, but is no longer, and therefore refused to sit with me at the table, but gave a half promise to return and do so, which I scarcely hope that he will fulfill.

Now you can judge of my sincere inquiry, and of its very unsatisfactory result. Can you help me to a solution of the doubt?—for doubt is the descriptive word.

Of course I have friends in the spirit-world. Can you bring me any intelligence of them? Can you enable me to identify them by name, by description, or by circumstantial statements? Or can you suggest or lay before me any clear and unmistakable proof of the reality of the things which you profess to know?

I do not doubt the honesty of those friends who have told me of their own experiences, nor do I presume to question that of yourself and of others. But in the *Banner of Light*, which it is impossible for me, knowing how vast has been the power of delusion and self-deception in the past, to accept your doctrines on any second-hand evidence—on anything short of my own experience and discernment of its truth.

It appears to me that, if Spiritualism is true, there must be visible evidence of it to satisfy such a man as I am. I beg you to lead me to that evidence, or to lay it before me, either in the way which I have suggested or in any of a thousand other ways which you as well as I can imagine, and which might appeal to my own experience or consciousness. None of those with whom I have conversed have shown any disposition to furnish such convincing evidence, but have rather been disappointed or even offended with me for not accepting their personal testimony as sufficient, when coupled with the painting exhibition. For further proof I have been repeatedly enjoined to investigate for myself. I have "investigated," as directed, and you know the result. Both my Glasgow friend and my American friend have said that they believe that I am a medium, and that I have written under the guiding influence of spirits. I freely acknowledge that I have felt or fancied such guidance, and I have said so at the end of my preface. But you will understand that this is very different from a belief in phenomenal Spiritualism.

My greatest ambition and most earnest desire is to know the truth, and to help others to know it. I do not allow prejudice to tyrannize over me. I may be under its influence, but if I am ready and anxious to know it, and to shake it off at all points, as I have already shaken it off at many, if once convinced that Spiritualism is a reality, I shall certainly not be deterred by any false delicacy or fear of reproach from openly professing and advocating it.

I think I have a right to claim your earnest help and assistance, if you have the truth to communicate to me, and I await, with great expectations, your kind reply.

This honest and earnest brother sees and feels his need of the evidence, but does not appreciate the importance of the work he is now doing and the necessity of some one to aid, and hence the necessity of his holding the friends that he would lose and who would consequently fall back if he should step forward and leave them. We have repeatedly found persons whom the spirits could convince at any time, but declined for the reasons above stated, and we have no doubt that this is his case. In this great work of progress persons are needed at every point, from Orthodoxy to spirit-life, to enlighten and encourage the people. If of good cheer, brother, and work with the truths you have, and more will be given you as you need them for your own others' good. We have scores of Spiritualists still working in the churches, and doing good work too, and in due time the harvest will come. No Spiritualist in our country did more for the cause than Theodore Parker, and yet he never got quite convinced till he crossed the river. He did the work none of us could do, neither could he if he had been fully convinced by the phenomena.

"THEORY AND SUCCESS IN THE TREATMENT OF DISEASE," BY DR. W. PERSONS.

This little work, of seventy-seven pages, issued by us for the Doctor, can be had by any person sending us ten cents for postage and mailing, at 601 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo. It shows a most brilliant and successful record of success by the Doctor, well established by unimpeachable testimony. The work has also a well-selected assortment of testimony on the subject of general medical treatment, written by eminent and well-known physicians, with many valuable references. It is the best CIRCULAR we have yet seen issued by any of our reformers, and places the Doctor in the front ranks of those who work for reforms in theory and practice. We are glad to learn that we are to have the Doctor in St. Louis during October, November and December next, to remove some of the chronic difficulties with which the people of St. Louis are afflicted, both mentally and physically. Due notice will be given of his arrival and location in the city, and we trust our friends will not fail to make his acquaintance, whether needing treatment or not. He was intending to visit Europe this fall, but is prevented by the war. He is now on a visit to New York and New England, but his address is Adams House, Chicago, Ill.

ANOTHER COUNTED OUT.

Beach G. Spencer, of Kenosha, Wis., one of the earliest advocates and most devoted in the spiritual ranks. We knew him before the dawn of our new gospel as a liberal and intelligent man, and was not surprised to learn of his early reception of the truths and his devotion to the last. He has long been ready and waiting the angels' call, and when they came, no doubt met them with gladness and rejoicing.

Several others among our old friends have recently passed on, whose names we have not mentioned in the *Banner*, as our list is constantly increasing, and we leave many for local notices.

THE WATERS MOVING.

Societies are drifting into channels for action, as the following notice shows for St. Louis:

We, the undersigned citizens of St. Louis, do hereby form ourselves into a Society to be known as Progressive Spiritualists, for mutual benefit and the dissemination of truth, and agree to be governed by such Constitution and By-Laws as may be adopted by a majority of its members, and to pay on the first Monday of every month the sum set opposite our names, toward defraying its expenses.

Any person may become a member of this Society who is seeking after truth with a desire to elevate and perfect their natures, and to acquire a correct knowledge in regard to their future state of existence.

Every member will be required to live a good,

moral, temperate, truthful and virtuous life, and to do unto others as they would be done by, if placed in similar circumstances.

Any member who shall be guilty of conduct incompatible with these principles, may be expelled from the Society by a vote of two-thirds of its members present at any regular meeting. A member may withdraw at any time by notifying the Secretary to that effect.

No political or other inharmonious topics shall be introduced at any of our meetings.

At a meeting of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, held at 117 North 6th street, St. Louis, Sept. 21, 1870, the following officers were elected: H. A. Redfield, President; J. P. Hibler, Vice President; G. W. Campbell, Secretary; H. C. O'Brien, Treasurer; M. Wright, Musical Director.

WESTERN LOCALS, Etc.

Prepared Expressly for the Banner of Light.

This communication commences, for the present, our notes concerning Spiritualism in Ohio. It has been our most pleasant duty to chronicle "success," for from every part of our Zion the glad cry of Progress is heard. Spiritualism is marching on to victory. For a time Spiritualists were almost entirely alone in pointing out the inconsistencies of Orthodoxy. Now, within the confines of the Christian Church, brave men stand and wield with power the instrumentalities of rationalism against the superstitions so generally received.

Spiritualism means harmony, unity and spiritual exaltation; it produces a sensible emotionalism—an element essential in religion.

The work of the iconoclast was incidental with the Spiritualist. Let us keep this fact in view. Let us remember that our special purpose is to build anew; to furnish homes for the spirit; to answer its yearnings for immortality by absolute demonstration; to open up new fields of being for contemplation and study.

THOMPSON.

Here, as elsewhere, Spiritualism is a comfort and a source of inspiration to many souls. Henry Hulbert stands in the foreground as an earnest worker. For years he has given of his wealth, his time and his presence for the progress of the society of Spiritualists. Peace and joy are his already in consequence of his good works. And what could be more satisfactory to him than to see his sons—noble, strong, virtuous young men—Rafus, James and George, deeply interested in the new theology.

Spiritualism not only furnishes food for the philosopher's mind, comforts the sorrowing, consoles the afflicted, inspires with lofty ideals the disconsolate and down-trodden, resurrects into newness of life the morally dead, but also adapts itself to the young just blossoming out into manhood and womanhood.

It is really refreshing to see how zealous the young men and women in Thompson are for the spread of the cause. And they reason, too, in the matter; they argue, exhibiting no small degree of originality. Reason, did we say? Of course they reason!

Thinking is fundamental to even a limited comprehension of Spiritualism. Idiots are never Spiritualists.

Bro. Hulbert has had congenial minds to cooperate with him in his work of love. Messrs. Tillotson, Stockwell, Wolcott, Wilson and others, all of whom are in the light, have ever been willing to lend a helping hand.

The society own a fine building, in which meetings have been held for three years or more. Bro. O. P. Kellogg has ministered to the friends for a considerable length of time. Bros. Fairfield, Wheelock, Whipple and Clark have graced the stand and showered truths upon the people. There are several mediums in process of development here. Ralph Chase, a young man of good mind and excellent natural abilities, is being manipulated by the immortals preparatory to work upon the spiritual platform. Already his words are eagerly listened to by the people.

New workers are being baptized day by day. None should fail to appreciate the gift of the gods. The multitude wait—wait for more souls to expound the new gospel; for more moral plants to crown with blessings those with whom they come in contact.

Last June, Mr. Wheelock and wife established a Lyceum here. It prospers. The meetings are prospering also. The audiences are increasing. Our good friends say that the prospects were never so bright as now. Encouraged by past successes, and really inspired by the palpable victories of the living present, the Spiritualists of Thompson are moving on.

CLYDE.

Bros. Tuttle, Whipple and French, in the years gone by, laid the foundations for the solid structure of Spiritualism in this place. Meetings have been held here regularly for quite a number of years. Of late, however, a calm has overshadowed the place, as far as spiritual matters are concerned. True, the Lyceum has been sustained, and an occasional lecture given, but that real life, earnestness, sterling vigor and progressive tendency, so manifest a few years ago, is now lacking.

We fear cold intellectualism has been too arbitrary among the friends. Spiritualism has its emotional side, and, as we have said in a foregoing paragraph, there is a sensible emotionalism connected with the spiritual philosophy. And this very emotionalism must be recognized, appreciated and cultivated, before Spiritualist societies can flourish, and increase in numbers and usefulness, year after year.

TOLEDO.

There are many firm Spiritualists in this city. Calvin Bronson, Esq., one of the wealthiest residents, has long been a most valuable assistant to the free thinkers and Spiritualists. Some three years ago, a terrible apathy possessed our people; no meetings were held; no Lyceum gathered in the children. Mr. Wheelock, who has continually all the enthusiasm of a new convert, accompanied by his estimable wife, arrived in town. Soon his persuasive words created an interest; the firebrand burned. A Society was established, and a Children's Progressive Lyceum organized. Progress has been the watchword ever since. Mr. Wheelock, called to the missionary work in the State, gave up the rostrum to the writer. Pleasant the three months we spent in Toledo. Golden the friendships there formed; friendships that have ripened more and more down to the present day.

Henry Breed, Esq., and wife were among the first to have moral courage enough to investigate the marvellous phenomena that commenced twenty-two years ago. Investigating, conviction followed, as a necessity, that disembodied human beings produced the manifestations.

We are morally obligated to assist in the diffusion of truth as it exists in our own consciousness.

Mr. and Mrs. Breed were governed by this principle. They proclaimed the news; invited people, by the scores, to their home, to witness the phenomena. For a time they were subjected to the scorn of the vulgar, the sneers of those affecting aristocracy, and the profound (?) criticisms of the professedly wise, who undertook to explain the whole thing away, by the most plausible hypotheses of "Batan," "electricity," "od force,"

etc. Indeed, "Hallucination!" was the universal cry in those days, by the knowing ones.

Well, well, time works wonders. The Breed family see the much scoffed-at phenomena recognized by the leading minds of the world; they see springing from the hypothesis of "spirits," so reasonable to them at the outset, a grand religious system.

Mr. Wheeler spoke in Toledo soon after the writer concluded his engagement. Lectures are not held very regularly now. The Lyceum receives most attention, and, as matters stand in Toledo at present, it is better so.

Mr. C. B. Ellis is Conductor, Mrs. Ella Breed, Guardian. This lady was present at the Ohio State Convention in Cleveland, and on Sunday, the 11th ult., had words of wisdom to give to the children of the Cleveland school.

"The Lyceum Guide" is meeting with a most hearty welcome from the Lyceums everywhere. Mr. and Mrs. Knight, Bros. Linton, Eels, and others whose names we fail to recall, are working as only full-grown Spiritualists can for the enlightenment of the children in the ways of spiritual freedom. OPHAS B. LYNN.

From Baltimore.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—It affords me pleasure to drop you a few lines in reference to our lecture season. As I before stated in a previous letter, we have obtained a beautiful hall for the Maryland State Association of Spiritualists, one that will compare well with any in the country. We have made our selection of speakers for the season—Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook for October; Mr. E. S. Wheeler for November; Moses Hall for December; Miss Susie M. Johnson for January; Mrs. Emma Martin for February; Thos. Gales Forster for March; Mrs. S. A. Byrnes for April; Mr. J. M. Peabody for May. We have also secured Prof. William Denton to deliver a course of lectures on geology, Oct. 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, and Nov. 1st and 2d, making six lectures in all, and contemplating having Bro. Peabody to deliver a course of lectures on his travels through Asia.

By aid of the talent of these valuable lecturers, we feel confident that Spiritualism will receive an impulse which will startle the skeptical and atheist, and bring them to reflect on our beautiful philosophy, and when that is accomplished we feel that we have done our duty, and are satisfied to leave them in the hands of their spirit friends.

If it meets with your approval, we desire you to publish the list of lecturers in your valuable paper, as we feel it of great advantage to give it publicity. We hope it may add to the circulation of your publication.

Yours fraternally,
Sept. 16, 1870. LEVI WEAVER, Pres.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

ANCONA, N. J.—The "First Spiritualist Society of Ancona" held meetings each Sunday at 4 p. m. H. P. Fairfield, President; J. Madison Allen, Corresponding Secretary; Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 a. m. E. W. Wood, Conductor; Mrs. Emma E. S. Wood, Guardian.

BOSTON, Mass.—Music Hall.—Meetings will be held every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, (commencing Oct. 2) under the direction of Prof. William Denton. Prof. Denton will lecture the first four Sundays. Music by an excellent quartette.

CHICAGO, Ill.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 a. m. D. N. Ford, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Sanborn, Guardian. All letters should be addressed to M. T. Dole, Secretary.

TEMPLE HALL.—The Boylston-street Spiritualist Association meets regularly at this place (No. 15, up stairs), each Sunday, 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Evening lectures.

WADSWORTH HALL.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at this hall, 116 Tremont street, (near Masonic Temple), at 10 o'clock Sunday. Conductor, Mrs. Harriet Dana, Guardian.

WADSWORTH HALL.—Public circles are held in this hall, 116 Tremont street, Sunday mornings, at 10 a. m. Admission 10 cents.

BALTIMORE, Md.—Saratoga Hall.—The "First Spiritualist Society of Baltimore" held meetings on Sunday and Wednesday evenings at Saratoga Hall, southeast corner Calvert and Saratoga streets. Mrs. F. O. Hyzer speaks till far into the night. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 a. m.

CORRESPONDENT HALL.—The Maryland State Association of Spiritualists held meetings every Sunday at 10 a. m. Levi Weaver, President; Jacob Weaver, First Vice President; Mrs. Rachel Walcott, Second Vice President; George Brown, Conductor; Mrs. J. M. Peabody, Treasurer. Speakers engaged for November: Moses Hall during December; Miss Susie M. Johnson during January; Mrs. Emma Martin during February; Thos. Gales Forster during March; Mrs. S. A. Byrnes during April; J. M. Peabody during May. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 a. m. Conductor, Mrs. J. M. Peabody.

BALTIMORE, Md.—Saratoga Hall.—The Spiritualists held meetings in Sawyer's Hall, corner Fulton Avenue and Jay street, every Sunday, at 10 a. m. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 a. m. Conductor, Mrs. Ada E. Cooley, Guardian of Groups.

CLEVELAND, Ohio.—The First Spiritualist Association held meetings every Sunday at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Conductor, Mrs. J. M. Peabody.

PORTLAND, Me.—The Portland Spiritualist Association held meetings every Sunday at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. H. D. Fitzgerald, President; Bro. P. P. Rogers, Treasurer; George A. Kittredge, Conductor; Mrs. J. M. Peabody, Guardian.

BATTLA CREEK, Mich.—The First Society of Spiritualists held meetings every Sunday at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Lester Brooks, Conductor; Mrs. Mary Lane, Guardian.

BALTIMORE, Md.—The First Society of Spiritualists held meetings every Sunday at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Conductor, Mrs. J. M. Peabody.

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