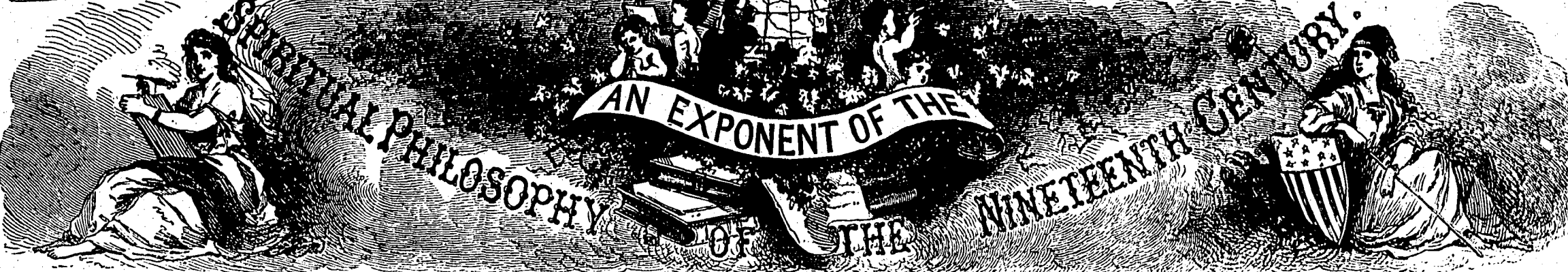


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 4.

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 IV.

While these affairs were being transacted in New Orleans, Mr. Arthur T. Tracy, brother to Louisa and Mrs. Willard, died in New York, leaving Louisa destitute of that part of her dependence which she had derived from him. He had left a small sum of money—not more than two hundred dollars—above the necessary funeral expenses, which, as a dying gift, he bestowed upon her. She being now all alone in the world—her mother far away and unable to help her—thought it a good time to go to Boston and see Edward. She went accordingly, and saw him. The old flame was still existing, and in her loneliness it seemed desirable to nurture it all she could, and for this purpose she sought his company as much as possible. He, being somewhat chastened by his late experience—the separation from Mrs. Willard, and the news of her ill-treatment in New Orleans—could not help showing a partially different spirit to Louisa. He remembered the words of dejection that she once spoke of her sister, and in his attachment and devotion to her now, he could only encourage in Louisa the most marked and dignified respect. All approaches to the familiarity of any nearer affection were studiously avoided by him.

"Edward," said she, while conversing with him one day, "I almost wonder at your precocious manhood." He was but a mere youth in appearance—only nineteen—but in mind and heart a dozen years beyond it.

"As to manhood," said Edward, "I can't say that I think of it as some do. I sometimes feel young, then again very old. Strange humanity, strange humanity indeed it is. You are a woman, Louisa, and have experienced more than I have. What do you think of human nature, the more you see of it?"

"That is a question which I have several times had put to me; and I must say, the more I see of it, the more I am convinced of its corruption." "I will tell you what I think of it. The more I see of it, the more I am convinced both of its virtues and its vices. I find men, every day almost, better and worse than I expected to. I used to think, with some profound philosophers and moralizers on the nature of human goodness, that mankind as a whole was really better than it appeared to be, and improved on acquaintance—that is, in probing more deeply the motives of human beings. But a greater experience has taught me differently. A portion of it is better, and a portion of it worse, than all my estimates. I see, very frequently, individuals more self-sacrificing, more patient under injuries, more disposed to real charity—to help a brother in want, or a sister in suffering; and on the other hand, beings more selfish, having the common virus more deeply through all their nature, than I was prepared to believe. I am absolutely astonished at virtues more heavenly than the common earthly inheritance, and mortified at a depravity which is deeper than all my imagination ever before made it."

"Have you had any particular personal experiences?" "Nothing but the workings of my own heart, and what I see and hear in every day's reality. Strange it is, too, how we differ. There is my brother Thomas, born of the same parents, but—though I shrink from the comparison—as different from me as though he came from another family. How sensual and material the creature is! His whole heart is set on money and external things. He will turn even love, if possible, into worldly wealth, and he laughs at me for what he calls my cobwebs and fancies. In short, to him, I am moon-struck, and he is the paragon of sound sense and wisdom. If such a constitution does not lead to sin, it is the mercy of God that prevents it. Then there is your sister—pardon me for the reference—as fine and good a creature as I ever met with. See how she is situated in an unfortunate marriage. The man ought to be manacled that would abuse her. And yet she always carries a brave, good heart; has helped herself to a living at New Orleans; and in spite of troubles from a woman the most deceptive and cruel, is a pattern of exactly the opposite nature—is even flushed with a desire to restore your husband."

"My husband?" "Yes, she writes me that she earnestly desires to help him, and is anxious to do it for your sake."

"She would, I presume, if she could." "Yes, but I must believe you mistook your sister in the remark you once made to me about her."

"Oh, you have not thought too much of that, I hope. I honor her for her goodness, and am proud to own her for a sister."

"I both honor and admire her. I have a sincere affection for her."

At this juncture of the conversation the subject was changed. Louisa felt sensibly that she had wronged her sister, and mistrusted that perhaps she had a greater hold upon Edward's heart than she herself had. But how to manage the secret flame? how to conduct herself? how to humor it? It was manifest that Edward felt no superior attachment to her; yet there could be no real friendship, the same familiar friendship, the same intimate and brotherly association which characterized their communications at the house of Mrs. Tracy. And so they spent many a pleasant hour together; in fact, Louisa began to talk of making Boston her

home. Now that her brother in New York had died, she had no more interest in staying there than here; and here at least she could have the company of Edward. At the first suggestion of this to him he suspected in a moment her intentions. She was a young and not unhandsome woman, and had no more connection with her husband than Mrs. Willard had with hers. In fact, she loved Edward better than any person on earth. She could not help it. They had been much together, and Edward had won her affections ere he was aware. The affection for her legal husband had very nearly died out. Why should it not? Can a true woman love anything truly but goodness? We may talk about the "obligation" to love, serve and obey, and we do not mean to disparage at all the existing and necessary relations of husband and wife, so long as duty requires their observance. The law of the land has much to do with the order necessary to be preserved in the marriage institution; but, to take a peep below the surface, it will also be found that all highest and best laws are nothing but the enactments into statutes of certain principles which existed before in Nature and in God. Hence it is that all these laws which are most opposed to the justice and fitness of things, are most generally violated. For instance, there was a law passed in England some time ago, that a man should not marry his wife's sister. But as wives' sisters generally made good step-mothers, and nature seemed to favor the union, so hundreds upon hundreds were the happy couples who continued to smile at disobedience and be governed by the law of their own heart. I am not advocating disobedience to the laws at all, but this fact seems prominent. As society progresses, and as, among other things, it learns that marriages, as they run, are frequently the merest traps for human misery, human beings will pause to think more of the divine laws before they rush into unions which have nothing to recommend them but mere sensual excitement, or caprice, and the right of the civil law to sanction that. One might as well be married to the dead body of another as to profess a union of the marriage nature to the dead and divorced spirit.

To return to our story. Louisa, I say, loved Edward better than any other person in the world, and—unfortunately to relate—he loved her sister with a supreme and undying affection. "The course of true love never did run smooth," and here was a fresh example of it.

After about a fortnight's stay in Boston, Louisa returned to New York to settle up her affairs there, and then came back to Boston to play with her destinies in the latter city.

The intercourse now had become very guarded. But, as both the sisters were married, it necessarily became a pure matter of love, with scarcely any thought of union. To be sure, Edward had inquired into the matter of divorce, but he found that no sufficient cause then existed. And to see now the real strength of a pure and true love, when but little possibility of marriage existed, it was only necessary to watch the operations of these unfortunately situated parties. Edward was at times as miserable as he could be. With all his philosophy, sensitive and delicate susceptibilities, and enthusiastic admiration for the beautiful in person and in manners, he could not reconcile himself to the fact that the charming and delightful Mrs. W. should be tied, beyond the possibility of separation, except by death, to that brute of a man, while he, fired with a love of her fine qualities, and entranced with her beauty, who would willingly cleave to her forever, should be separated from her thousands of miles, and she, too, in a similar attachment, be doomed to a like separation, and in poverty and ill treatment compelled to endure this weary life so long. It was hard, but harder than this has often fallen to our suffering humanity. Besides, Edward was but a youth yet. He had no money, and was not in a situation to be married; even if in other respects he could be. Suffer, therefore, he must, and suffer he did.

One day Louisa came, and found him in a state of great depression. He had retired to his boarding-house, in consequence of a slight indisposition. She inquired what she could do for him?

"Not much," said he, "at present."

"What is the trouble?"

"More than I can tell you."

"What! can you not tell me, Edward?"

"Heavens! what a world this is!"

"I wish Mary was here; she and I together would cure you right off."

"Very likely."

As this playful conversation touched the real point of the sorrow, Louisa's suspicions were aroused, and she dare not say another word in that direction.

Horace Goodman came in.

"Ah! my friend; glad to see you."

"What! sick?"

"Something ailing—hope to be better to-morrow."

"Hope is a medicine for every kind of disease. Good courage is one-half the battle. How is your old friend at the South? Have you heard from her lately?"

"Yes, a few weeks since."

"Oh! do tell me about her." And then, being thinking himself of the company present, and looking round at Louisa, he checked himself, and Edward then introduced him to "Mrs. Cushing, sister of the lady he had heard him speak of."

Goodman was taken quite by surprise. He said no more about the friend at the South, while Louisa plainly showed that she had increased reasons for believing what she had before thought a probable truth. After Goodman went out, she inquired who this friend at the South was, of whom his friend had spoken. Edward now felt it was no use to dally. "To be plain about it," said he, "she is your sister."

"Indeed! I am glad you think so much of her."

"Goodman is my particular friend," said Edward, thoughtfully.

"Does he know about our first acquaintance?" "I told him about Mary and about you. He has been desirous to see both of you. But I told him particularly about Mary. And now, Louisa, I must be free with you. I do love your sister, and I never knew the full strength of my attachment till we parted, and till I heard of her troubles in New Orleans. Louisa, she is nearer to me than any other being on earth. And now I want to know if there is no way of having her come back here to Boston, that we may all live together again."

"I wish to heaven there might be! Indeed, I do believe some plan might be devised." And here, losing herself in a reverie at what Edward had uttered, and seeming to be meditating a plan, Edward again spoke—

"If it was not for your husband?"

"My husband! what on earth has he to do with it?"

"Nothing that I know of, only she might not wish to leave him if she thought she could do anything for him there."

"Pshaw! She would not stay there a minute for him."

Edward discovered that he had said enough, and Louisa now had evidently learned all that was necessary for their better understanding. With a more subdued and calculating coolness, therefore, she made up her mind for the next best thing, and that was, to keep in with Edward, and have her sister with them, too. All hope of ever being to him what her more favored sister was, was now forever cut off; and what pained her very much was, that she had ever said anything against her. It was a mortification she could never get over; but, like a true and noble woman, she was now determined to make all possible amends, by encouraging and aiding the plan of their mutual company. She therefore proposed to write to Mary immediately to come to Boston. She even offered to pay one-half the expenses of the passage, if Edward would pay the other half. He liked the plan, and thought it probable that his friend Goodman might help them. As soon as it was proposed to him, he agreed to it. All, therefore, was now provided for the sister's return. Louisa and Edward in the mean time exerting themselves to find some suitable employment for her as soon as she arrived. A letter was written and dispatched. The following is an extract from the answer received:

"In reply to your cordial invitation, I have only one thing to say. I should be most happy to accept the privilege, but I have become engaged in a work so imperative that, for the present, it is out of all question. I know, my dear sister, that you would thank me for any success which may attend my labors. Though it be with some fear and trembling that I am prosecuting this work, yet I have great assurance of faith. You will therefore excuse me, and excuse all my seeming enthusiasm and indifference to your kind invitation. I could, indeed, if the means were sufficient, perhaps induce Mr. Cushing to go to Boston with me, but that would not do so well. It is better that he should not see you; nor Edward, nor any of his former connections yet. He is at present doing well. He is partially recovered, but I must watch him very narrowly; and I beg you to receive this as a sufficient excuse for not accepting the opportunity you so generously offer.

Yours most affectionately,
MARY P. WILLARD."

It should be remarked here, that another and private letter was sent at the same time to Edward, informing him of all the particulars, and the precise situation of Mr. Cushing; which she desired to conceal, for the present, from his wife, lest she should be too incredulous, and unfavorably disposed toward the work she had attempted. Only Edward was put in possession of the whole secret.

At the reading, however, of the former letter, Louisa could hardly restrain her emotions.

"Oh!" exclaimed she, "what infatuation! Why, Edward, only think of it! Out there in that strange city, trying to save my husband!"

"I presume," said Edward, "that your sister has become convinced that she can do a really good work for him. If so, I applaud her determination."

"Strange! She never will do anything with him in the world."

"But you are willing she should try?"

"Yes—but—"

"But you are entirely faithless."

"I cannot be otherwise, Edward; it is so strange, wild, romantic."

The truth was, Louisa was half suspicious, and half confounded at the possible motives which might be actuating her sister. She felt, too, if anybody could reform her husband, she could do it herself; but having given up all hopes of it, she looked upon her sister's efforts as presumptuous and unprofitable.

Mrs. Willard, however, knew her work better than any one else, as the facts in the case subsequently showed. Mr. Cushing came to her the second evening, and reported upon his first day's proceeding. When he entered the room, it was with a half downcast, half elevated look, as though he was both faithless and pleased with the task that had been set for him. He had spent nearly the whole time in reading and writing. Here is a secret which showed the marvelous wisdom of the woman. The truth is, this operation of writing so intensely, overpowered for the while his evil selfishness. It so concentrated all his faculties that, for the time being, the very highest powers of his own mind not only controlled him, but it seemed that his dissipated and uneasy will being put under this quietude, there now flowed in upon him all the more effectually some higher and diviner influence which he could not resist. It was a system of discipline at least, which had profound metaphysical wisdom in it, whether the lady saw it in all its profundity or not. The man's own words abundantly confirmed it. He could not, however, rid himself of a certain sense of

servility, for his proud and free spirit was entirely unused to discipline of any sort. Here, however, he was under solemn promise and obligation. He said that he would "tough it out." Mrs. W. would not allow him to make light of it, and made the author's experience, which was similar to his own in many respects, the occasion of much profitable remark. It was a case of bad parentage, adverse circumstances, and finally of a most remarkable conversion. Nothing could have been more appropriate or well-timed. The book had a little history, too, which we will presently speak of. Mr. Cushing came again and again, as evening after evening came round, and in relating his experience, said that at times he seemed to be under a "spell," so that he could neither read nor write, but was overshadowed, as it were, by another spirit than his own, which led him into the most interior reflections. Once in particular, whilst copying the account of a misapplied life and its relations to eternity, he declared that he felt as though the very portals of the invisible world were open to him. He became involuntarily abstracted, paced the room for some time, then as he lay upon the sofa, lost himself in a sort of semi-unconsciousness to external things, but not in sleep or dream, during which he became the subject of a preternatural awakening of the memory. To use his own words as near as possible—"I saw, as in a glance, my whole past life. I cannot explain it, but in the short space of a few moments, every considerable incident, all the chief events, and much of the minutiae of my past experience, seemed to be presented to my vision as distinctly as though it had been painted upon canvas, and was made to pass in panoramic view before me. It was more than this. No description which I can give can convey to you any adequate idea of the quickness, the magical accuracy with which events in my life, long since forgotten, came up to my sight in due succession, precisely as they occurred, and were presented, as it were, in action. I can never forget it; it was food for much reflection, and will be for a long time to come."

"Thank heaven," exclaimed Mrs. Willard, "this is so much like what I have been praying for. I prayed for some influence to overtake you in the prosecution of this work, and I do believe it has come. Did you ever read the life of Col. Gardiner? He was arrested in his sinful career by a more wonderful experience. Just upon the night of committing a deeply laid plot of wickedness, and after many years of dissipation and crime, he was surprised by the appearance, in a divine vision, of his Lord and Saviour. It so wrought upon him that he was stopped suddenly short in his career of guilt, and became a renewed and Christian man. This is a well-attested experience. Oh dear!—talk about judgment and reason! What a world this would be, as some one says, if two and two always made four!—if everything was governed by dead weight, and mathematical quantities, and fixed, mechanical principles—if there did not occasionally break out influences from above the region of mere laws, and force upon us the observation of the unaccountable, the impossible!"

The man looked wild with astonishment. The dark eyes of this fair creature shone with preternatural beauty.

"But where," said he, "did you get that book?"

"Ah! that's the very thing. It was a gift from your mother."

"From my mother?"

"Yes. When she died, she made a request that this, with the pin you see here," (pointing to her bosom) "and two or three other articles, should be given to me, because I used to entertain her in her old age, when she visited our house, by reading to her for hours together. I acquired in that way her confidence and good will, and she desired that I should retain these few articles in memory of her."

"Good gracious! But I never saw the book at home."

"No, it was given her but a few years before she died, and long after you had left home."

"Who gave it to her?"

"A member of the church, she belonged to—an old friend of hers."

"Do you suppose my mother is really alive anywhere now?"

"Alive now? What makes you ask that question?"

"Why, to tell the plain truth, I could not help thinking of my mother, intensely, while I was writing yesterday."

"Perhaps she watches over you."

"Watches over me? Good heavens! it is too much."

"Oh, he encouraged, sir; everything is going on right. Believe that you will be saved, and you will be saved. Your mother? Yes, of course she is alive; perhaps she moved me to give you that very book; she knows well what is in it; perhaps she was with us when we met in the street."

"Good heavens! if I could believe it, I would turn preacher."

"Preacher! First learn to practice, my dear sir; then you may be a more efficient preacher than many who go into pulpits."

Cushing continued his visits to his lady patron all through that week, observing her suggestions with a punctiliousness that would have become a dutiful son. The effect was charming. It created a new era in his life's experience. He declared to Mrs. W. that there was no occasion on her part for any shamefacedness or delicacy about it, for though at first it seemed unreasonable and unnecessary, it had proved a source of the most salutary influence. He honestly confessed to her, that for the space of eight days he seemed almost to be shut up in solitary confinement, with nothing to do but to write his own condemnation and record his own lack of high and heavenly wisdom. An unlucky incident, however, now transpired, as they had both been fearing, in some suspicious circumstances connected with their frequent interviews, so that Cushing was obliged to leave the house, and go to it no more. And worse still, it involved Mrs. W. too. The lady whom she

boarded with could not bear the pretended disgrace; for the assumed name of Mr. Williams was proved false to her by some residents of Cushing's former neighborhood, who had acquaintance with the other lady boarder; and no effort of either of them could reconcile her to the explanation. Mrs. W. begged and besought a little time to make things appear in a different light, but all to no avail. The report got also at the shop where she attended, and the lady of the establishment felt her interests so much at stake that she dare not trust her money with a person so suspiciously connected, and the ultimatum was, Mrs. W. had to leave both house and shop. A more trying emergency could not then have been conceived. Thrown out again upon the world, with the additional disadvantage of a bad name, and a fear, wherever she went, of detection by reference to her former places, she was in trouble more deeply than ever before. And the fate of her brother-in-law was as dear as her own. She could, at all events, take care of herself, or she could die in innocence. But how could she see the man of her guidance and prayers fall back again into ignominy? No, she would not. She would not see a work so well commenced, and which gave so much evidence of the blessing and direction of Heaven in it, now utterly abandoned. And for this purpose she went immediately to the hotel where Cushing was stopping, and had a full and fair consideration of all the difficulties to be met. The joint conclusion of both was to obtain some business immediately. But it was impossible to think of such a thing for him in New Orleans; he was too well known there. It was somewhat discouraging, also, for Mrs. W. to think of procuring for herself another situation in the same city. It was therefore proposed to remove to another place. Mobile was mentioned. And after a short conference, in which the knowledge of such removal to Edward and Louisa was not the least formidable consideration, it was resolved to go immediately, if money sufficient could be raised. This was a difficulty Mrs. W. could see no way of surmounting. They had but about twenty dollars, both of them. After a moment's hesitation and reflection—"Leave me to that," said Cushing; "I will procure enough, at least, to transport us there, and to last a few weeks."

"How will you do it, sir?"

"I have friends who will supply me. I will have it by to-morrow."

"But you must not get it from your old associates."

"Why not, if they will lend it to me?"

"It is dangerous to go among them; besides, I should not want to use their money if I could possibly get along without it."

"I will risk the danger, and I will have it of those who know me well."

"Then I shall go with you."

"You may, if you will, but I should rather you would not insist upon it. It would be dangerous to your reputation, and much more prudent to leave it to me."

"Can you not get the money anywhere else?"

"Nowhere that I know of."

"Then I shall go with you to some place where you can meet one of your old associates, after having notified him."

"Just as you say," and the plan was tried. They met at a hotel, at the hour appointed, a dark, dissipated, hollow-cheeked, wild-looking fellow, who was introduced to Mrs. W. in due form and courtesy. He bowed in glad astonishment at seeing a comrade who had been missing so long, and in the hope—as it appeared—of being made acquainted with one of his familiars in crime. Cushing took him out of the room to make his request, and Mrs. W. overheard a part of the conversation. It was so dreadful that she trembled almost for her own fate. The fellow was desirous of her company. "No, no," she heard Cushing say, "you mustn't think of it." And his hoarse and clamorous voice revealed a world of iniquity. It appeared that he had with him thirty dollars. This he agreed to let Cushing have on a six weeks' loan. It was with considerable pressure that the money was obtained, but the principle of "honor among thieves" prevailed. The man delivered it to him on the spot. After he had departed—"That was my old and most intimate friend," said Cushing to Mrs. W.

"Horror of horrors!"

"But come, let's talk no more of that now. We now have fifty dollars, and may God bless us."

The result was, that they left that day for the city of Mobile. They took quarters at different houses, and by careful and well concerted measures, they saw each other as often as was necessary, and a place was soon obtained by Cushing as clerk in a wholesale dry goods store, with a salary by two hundred dollars more than sufficient to support him. A portion of this was freely and gladly handed over to Mrs. W. for her support while she was out of employment. She did not find anything to her mind till after the lapse of three weeks. Then she obtained employment in a similar establishment to that which she was in at New Orleans.

Matters now seemed tending to a pleasant result. The promotions of danger which she felt on entering the shop aforesaid had no longer any weight with her, and both she and her brother-in-law being again established in a city where they were unknown, they mutually felt that a kind Providence had presided over their destinies, and were disposed to quietness and assurance.

[To be continued in our next.]

An Orthodox minister, in the *Advance* of Sept. 15th, writing of Universalism, asks, "How shall we deal with it?" and in answering it, says, that in teaching the doctrine of "eternal punishment," they must "beware of using feeble arguments in supporting it." Excellent! but to obey this would be to abandon all the arguments now used to support a doctrine which is opposed to both reason and the Christian Scriptures.—*Liberal Christian.*

Free Thought.

RE-INCARNATION.

As the subject of re-incarnation is engrossing the minds of some of the deepest thinkers of our heaven-born philosophy, and the discussion, both in favor of and against the theory or doctrine, elicits thoughts manifesting a high degree of unfoldment of the interior, perceptive faculties, and as the idea is somewhat repugnant to our conception of the *modus operandi* of the Divine Being in the unfolding of the universe, as illustrated in the laws of universal Nature, we venture briefly to ventilate our views on the subject as we understand it.

Re-incarnation, in our view, is the being born again and again, until the spirit entity attains a certain status—until in its primal physical life the spirit entity does not attain the status of an individualized being—that the life in the physical form has to be renewed and renewed again through generative process until it, the spirit entity, attains a certain unknown degree of perfection or spiritual unfoldment. The re-incarnation is in the future and subject to conditions, which conditions and the laws governing the phenomenon are unknown, as well as the mode and manner of the soul's existence after passing out of the original physical form until perhaps in centuries or ages it is re-incarnated into another physical body. There is no statement that we have seen by any of the advocates of the doctrine of re-incarnation, showing the necessity in the divine government for such renewals of life in several different physical organisms, and certainly there is nothing analogous to such phenomenal manifestations in all the infinite variety of Nature's unfoldments. To our view it presents an incompleteness in divine manifestation unlike and contrary to anything known in the world of Nature.

We believe that all things are germinal; that the germ contains all that the object or thing will ever be. In copulation the conjunctive semen in germinal formation contains the divine elements which form the spirit entity or soul, as well as the physical form. Indeed, in all material forms, the exterior is only the expression of the interior, and the soul or spirit is alone the vital product of generation. The animus and life force of the object in fetal life and after birth derive their power and expressions from the interior spirit entity. The spirit, soul, is eliminated in motion, is in the union of germ and sperm formations. It is the vital force in all life and future outgrowth. There is no outside power of divine being implanting or introducing into the form the spirit entity or soul prior to or after birth. All, all that subsequently forms the man or woman is the combined production of sexual cohabitation. Every birth is a distinct formation, embracing the spiritual and physical. So all nature declares. The law is universal, is absolute. If re-incarnation be true it might require any number of births to produce an individualized entity. The child would not be the child of the parents, only those who first gave it life, who generated it.

Thus re-incarnation appears an anomaly. A human dies, the spirit, the intelligent soul—what becomes of it? How does it express the intelligence it had unfolded before re-incarnation? Is it dormant in its spiritual life until it gets into another physical body? It requires man and woman to generate offspring—are their spirits the re-incarnated spirits of the soul in its primordial existence? Is the re-incarnated soul begotten by the re-incarnated souls of those who first gave it birth? If re-incarnation be true of one, it must be true of all souls, because God's laws are universal—uniform as well as immutable—and the logical sequence would be that mankind are living over the life of antecedent generations, and they of their primogenitors, and thus we trace back in the ages until the primordial of the races, which hypothesis would necessitate the inquiry, "Is there a spirit-world in which departed spirits have a conscious individualized existence? What becomes of the soul belonging to the body in which the re-incarnated soul enters? Is it a form without a soul, intended specially for the re-incarnated existence? Or can two distinct souls inhabit one body?" We make these inquiries from our view of re-incarnation. We may not have a correct conception of the term as defined by Spiritualists who advocate the doctrine.

Progression is unfoldment, nothing more, unfoldment of the interior capacities existing within the individual. In the human germ exist all the possibilities of finite beings. These possibilities develop as the capacities unfold. Nature is constantly illustrating the great universal law of unfoldment in all of its manifestations. All organic life in and from cell life unfold from the germ. The germ is in the seed, the semen and the tree; the animal and the human unfold physically according to Nature's limitations, and the latter interiorly, having an organized structure within, with capacities to unfold indefinitely and to progress through the eternal ages. Spiral or straight line progression is a mere conceit. Progress depends upon conditions, mental, spiritual. Life is continuous, progressive unfoldment endless. Animated nature is not life, only a mode of manifestation of life. The consciousness is never in abeyance nor inactive. The spirit entity never rests, as Nature knows no rest. Ceaseless, unintermittent change is Nature's life; and continuous, ever continuous is the life of the soul in unfolding its individuality from the germinal elements eliminated through the generative copulation. The individuality is in the germ, the life, the possibilities and every attribute of divine being. From the germinal perfect the individuality develops as the capacities unfold. There are no retrograde movements, no steps backwards, but onward, ever onward in continuous life the soul unfolds, in lowest conditions of demoralization, in deepest degradation of the hells, in harmony and in consonance with divine, unchangeable, progressive law.

LEON HYEMAN.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

NO. VI.

BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

The Blood of God Appealing the Wrath of God.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—How to shun hell, and win heaven? In my last I asserted that the answer of Christianity to this question differs from that given by all other religions of the past and present only in this, i. e. all others say that the blood of birds and beasts may atone for sin, appease the wrath of God, and satisfy the claims of justice against us; but Christianity insists that only the blood of God himself can avert the wrath of God and save from the pains of hell forever. Christianity insists that the blood of birds and beasts, in Judaism, had no power, in itself, to appease God's hot wrath and vengeance, and were efficacious only as they typified the blood of God, which, in Christ's death, was to be shed to atone for sin and appease an incensed God.

So here is the Christian plan to save souls from hell and raise them to heaven. It can be summed up in the following propositions: (1) Man has wronged God, (2) God is angry with man, (3) God's

wrath can be appeased only by his own blood. These three propositions comprise the substance of the entire Christian plan of salvation. These are the cardinal points. All other doctrines, principles, practices, rites and observances are but subsidiary to these, to apply them to the actual work of regenerating, redeeming and saving men, women and children from "the pains of hell forever," these "pains" being the result of "God's hot wrath and fiery vengeance" against human beings in every age and nation, not because of what they feel and do, but because "Adon, the first man," tasted of forbidden fruit—because of what a man felt and did six thousand years ago!

In the Jewish religion, and in all the religions of the dead past, the blood of birds and beasts might appease the angry and vengeful God and cleanse from sin and save from hell; though to wash away special sins, that were specially provoking to God, the blood of men, women, and often of children and infants was necessary. But the Christian plan of salvation ignores the blood of birds and beasts, and even of human beings, and insists that THE blood of God alone can appease his wrath and atone for sin.

How to place God in a position that his blood might be shed? This was the difficult question. This question is solved as follows: i. e., a child must be born of woman without a human father. This child is God's "only begotten and best beloved son," and is "God made flesh" in a sense in which no other man or woman ever was or can be. Christ's body was God's body; Christ's blood was God's blood. So when Christ was nailed to the cross, God was nailed to it. The crucifixion of Christ was the crucifixion of God. The blood that flowed from the hands, feet and side of Christ flowed from the hands, feet and side of God. God's blood was shed, and God's wrath was appeased. Escape from "the pains of an eternal hell" became possible. Christ's body was God's body; his hands, feet, side, head, heart, blood and life were God's, as those of no other person's ever could be.

Thus, by the blood of God, Christianity opens the way for the human race "to escape from hell and attain to heaven." No blood of birds, beasts, men, women, children or infants can appease "God's burning wrath and furious indignation." So God's blood is shed to assuage God's hot wrath. This is no caricature, no mistake, no exaggeration. It is a simple statement of the facts of the Christian plan to save human beings from hell.

FULTON VS. DICKENS.

MESSRS. EDITORS—It was announced here, last Sabbath, that, in the afternoon, the Rev. J. D. Fulton, of the Tremont Temple, Boston, would repeat his sermon on "Charles Dickens," at Farwell Hall. I attended; and such was its tone and character, that I sent a few thoughts concerning it for your valuable paper. The burden of his theme was this (for I must be brief): that this momentous question which had been raised (and chiefly by the non-evangelical, with exultation)—"What has become of him?"—must be answered; and it must be answered, not by his genius or his merits among men, not by our sympathies or our admiration, but by the gospel itself, which furnishes the only key to solve the problem, by the stern truths therein set forth: which are, as he said, that he that believeth not in the atonement shall be damned; that the only chance of salvation of any one is by the blood of Christ and the robe of his righteousness, and faith therein, and their personal adoption; and, as Charles Dickens died and left no sign that he believed or received any of these, he cannot be numbered with those who are so redeemed and are saved, but with the lost—with the unrepentant thief on the cross, with the rich man in hell, with those who believe not, and hence go away into everlasting punishment; and, as the gospel had so pronounced and condemned, it was the duty of the faithful minister on the watch-tower of Zion to thunder it into the ears of sinful men, whether they would hear or forbear.

The utterance of such sentiments, with the tone and manner of one who is self-conscious that he and the GREAT I AM are in accord, was somewhat novel and startling in our broad and fearless West, and carried me back to my youth in New England, when I continually heard of a God that was angry with the wicked every day; that was a consuming fire; that was a God of vengeance, and would cast the unbelieving into never-ending fires and torments. For, whether it be that our grand prairies and fields and lakes and rivers expand the mind, and modify the narrow idea of a seven-by-nine heaven, with simply one hundred and forty-four thousand redeemed, or from some other cause, yet true it is that old theology, as it travels westward, loses its harsh points, its severe *isms*, whether of Calvin, Hopkins or Edwards; and it is gratifying to know that, at this day, whatever church you may attend, you will hear of but little else than the love of God and good will to man, and the works that are founded on such a faith. Here the "gates of heaven are ajar;" in fact, to most they are "wide open;" and hence it is that Dickens passed in easily, without any protest from the kind-hearted watchmen on the towers of Zion. Hence, I suppose it had become necessary, if the job of damning Dickens had to be done, to import a master hand from those central workshops of Orthodoxy where a thriving business of that character is still carried on.

Well, the job has been done, and so strongly does that the best lovers of eternal woe must be satisfied that Dickens's lot is cast with the unredeemed and lost; for it has been so pronounced at the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago, Ill., by the Rev. J. D. Fulton, of the Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., on the authority of the Bible—"the only word of God, and the only source of information."

The preacher and the audience (which was large) seemed to take the conclusion not because they chose it, but because it was forced upon them—because it was "Thus saith the Lord!" and which could not be avoided, and which should not be concealed. How long, methought, how long will men, through ignorance and fear and habit, submit to the demands and burdens of such a theology?—a theology that makes man totally depraved and blind and lost, and yet makes him more kind and better than his God; for the sentiment was often reiterated, that not man, not the infidel, not even the Christian preacher so condemned Dickens, or desired to; but it was the Bible, the Word of God, the only teacher of true religion.

Well, so be it; but, I ask, what scheme of religion is this, and what is its authority? The denouncing preacher admitted, in these very words, that "all men loved Dickens, and he loved all men; and children clung to him with devotion, and he ministered to them with delight." My proposition is this: that that scheme of religion that condemns him forever to darkness and woe is untrue; and, further, I submit that all or nearly all the dogmas of that theology that prompted the preacher to so give in his judgment are false, absurdly false, and ought to be repudiated at once. Take, for instance, his text, which was:

"It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." Is it so in truth? Where, then, would you fall? It is said that God is the maker and father of all. The preacher, no doubt, would say this too; and he says, also, that God is the author of that text—that is to say, the Father says, "It is a fearful thing for you, my child, to fall into the hands of me, your father." Starting from such a false premise as this, what wonder that most false and absurd conclusions should be arrived at; that there should be an inversion of all reason and all things human and divine—wrong substituted for right, error for truth, darkness for light, a devil for a deity, and a preacher of harsh and absurd dogmas for a teacher of righteousness and goodness? Let every one look squarely at every proposition, and consider and decide, without any pressure of old authority, whether it be a "Thus saith the Lord;" and a truth of God, or the dogmatic utterance of some pretentious human, who is most ignorant of what he assumes to know. Take a start with unbiased youth, and I can give you an actual occurrence in proof of their correctness. Two boys (and I think they were *gamins*) were returning from that condemnation meeting. The one said, "Do you suppose 'tis a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God?" The other answered, "I do not know; but, by Christ," (he had learned this of the preacher), "I'd rather fall into his hands than old Fulton's." Were not their heads level in the matter of eternal justice and love? And why is it that nature shall be so perverted and men be so overborne by the demon-like goals of old theology? The preacher of damnation, speaking of the condition of salvation according to his faith, asked: "Is it fiction or is it fact?" Let the answer be given, that it is fiction.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 2, 1870.

E. S. H.

25. Our young folks, we think, will persevere this year with pleasure, and if they commit it to memory it will surely make them wiser and happier all through life.

SUPPOSE.

BY THREE LADY.

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying,
Till your eyes and nose are red?
And would it be pleasant
To treat it as a joke?
And say you're glad it was Doll's,
And not your head that broke?"
Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you're cold and frown?
And would it be kinder
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?
Suppose your task, my little man,
Were very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And would it be wiser,
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?
Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say, "It is a fair?"
And would it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?
And suppose the world do not please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whenever comes, or does not come,
To do the best you can?

A Lecturer again Ready for the Field.

Having been compelled to quit the field of vocal labor during the summer months, I wish to embrace the earliest opportunity of re-embarking in the work again; for I feel that "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel" of the new nineteenth century era, and I feel more completely at home in this field of labor than elsewhere. It is my meat and my drink to be found here. Nothing affords me more intense pleasure or exaltation of soul, and, at times, rapturous delight, than the work of proclaiming the all-glorious truths of the new spiritual dispensation established upon the four pillars of Truth, Nature, Science and Reason. And, having re-justified my mental machinery, and replenished my spiritual casket, I am prepared again to push out my bark upon the rolling deep, with the confident assurance of being more successful in my labors than at any former period of my occupancy of this field. I shall be cheered and urged on with the redoubled hope of being able to achieve something in the way of elevating some of the millions of the slaves of error that swarm the earth into the glorious sunlight of spiritual truth, now pouring its effulgent beams down into the bosom of a dark and ignorant world. If I can be instrumental in "turning many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever," I shall feel that great is my reward.

I desire to hear at once from all parts of the West. I have already many unfulfilled calls from Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Illinois, Kentucky and Missouri; but the points of operation are too much scattered, too distant from each other, to enable me to labor as efficiently as I desire. Having lungs that never tire, and a voice that never grows weak, I desire an arrangement by which I can speak once or twice a day during the whole winter season. Even if I should accept the invitation to devote a month to Sunday service in some of the large cities of the West—several of which have tendered me such an invitation, and with some of which I hope yet to be able to comply—yet, even in that case, I should prefer to switch off occasionally, during mid-week evenings, to some of the neighboring towns. I have always been accustomed to habits of industry—have spent but few idle hours during my half-century pilgrimage; and but seldom a day now dwains upon the world that does not find me doing something, with tongue or pen, designed to hasten the day when sorrow, suffering and wrong shall be known only as events of the past, and "righteousness shall cover the earth as waters cover the sea." I would accept an appointment as State Missionary, to lecture and collect funds for the treasury, in some of the Western or Middle States (and eventually may go Eastward). One of the missionary board of this State recently remarked to me, "Bro. Graves, you are just the man for missionary service. Your appeal to the logic of events, your copious citation of the facts of history, both past and present, eminently fit you for the task; and then you speak so that all can understand you."

In conclusion, then, I will say, let every man and woman in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, Kentucky or Missouri, who may read these lines, and know of any city, town or cross-roads where a lecturer is desired, write forthwith, and apprise me of the fact, and if I find it impracticable now to comply with every call I may receive in this way, the time may come when I will be able to realize their wishes and mine in this respect. Let us be a live, working people, and in no case put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day. Let us kindle up the fires of truth in every city, town, village and hamlet in the country, and our labor will soon be blessed with the unspeakable satisfaction of knowing that a better day has dawned upon the world; that the era of happiness, holiness, joy and love has rolled above our moral horizon, and bids all the sons and daughters of sorrow to bask evermore in its soul-cheering sunshine.

K. GRAVES.

Richmond, Ind., Sept. 20, 1870.

Spiritual Phenomena.

LETTER-ANSWERING MEDIUMSHIP.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I have seen statements to the effect that all the communications, visions, &c., from professed spirits, are unreliable, being nothing but a reflex from the minds of earth. Mr. Loveland has recently put forth a similar idea. Now, no doubt, much annoyance and perplexity and much absolute disgust may be created by not making allowance for what influence of this kind there may be, and also for the work of false spirits. There may be enough of this to cause in many minds almost entire discouragement. But these minds must be peculiarly conditioned, and have a very unfortunate experience. Why can we not learn to look on the whole thing as like the world we live in—mixed in its character, made up of the life of both worlds in most intimate conjunction, full of deception, and at the same time full of truth? At all events, I would speak of only one kind of mediumship, and of my own experience, and that with J. V. Mansfield, of New York. Not that everything is correct through him, but that I have received from this source the most remarkable evidences of truth and identity, several times, from some of the best personal friends I ever had on earth. No later ago than the present week, I received a joint communication from Prof. Geo. Bush, Rev. Warren Burton, and Rev. Starr King. It was serious, judicious, long, and every way worthy of the subject. The effect was such as to strike solemnity and conviction through my inmost soul. I could not doubt it. And the process so simple, and yet so wonderful! What a marvelous mission this medium is accomplishing! Surely, if anything could be convincing, it is such matters as this, addressing the conscience and reason of man, alluding to his most private thoughts and his most horrible temptations, and enforcing attention to the highest and most sacred principles, in order to shield from misery and ruin. For one, I thank my God for the experience. I can but honor that medium as one of the most valuable in America.

Take another instance from this same medium. About six years ago, in the town of Pembroke, Mass., I dreamed of seeing the Rev. Thomas Whittemore, the noted Universalist preacher and writer. This was some months after that gentleman's death. My dreams have frequently proved correct visions in regard to seeing the spirits of the departed. And in my dream I told the reverend gentleman that he was "nothing but a block-plane," and immediately waked up. Now, as I have long been accustomed to dreaming by correspondencies, I wondered exceedingly what this dream meant; or why I should tell the reverend gentleman that he was a "block-plane." I did not know what a block-plane was, and supposed it was the wrong word, and that a fore-plane or jack-plane was meant; and this, I thought, might appropriately represent the kind of work that this noted clergyman was famous for; that is, *taking the rough off from theology!* It might represent, in other words, the crude, external work which he was engaged in. So I told my dream in the morning to the family I stopped with, (I was there preaching that day) and remarked especially upon the blundering word, "block-plane." But it so happened that the man of the house was a carpenter. "And," said he, "no, that was a blunder; there is such a thing as a block-plane, and that is the right name for it." "What is it?" said I. And lo! my ignorance was for the first time enlightened by being told the simple fact that it was a short, sharp plane, made to work across the ends of boards that are sawed off—to take that rough off! It works right across the grain. "Well," said I, "if that is so, then the correspondence of my dream may be truer still, for Mr. Whittemore did the roughest kind of work; at any rate, I told him in my vision that he was a block-plane, and that is all I know about it."

Now, observe, if this were all, it would prove nothing. It might pass for a mere dream. But it was at least a year after this, when the circumstance of the dream had passed almost out of my recollection, that I was moved to address a letter, through Mr. Mansfield, to Rev. Hosea Ballou, 2d, (Universalist) former President of Tufts College. Dr. Ballou had been dead for some time, and I thought I would like to ask him what he thought of Universalism now. So I addressed him a letter, and took it to Mr. Mansfield's office in Boston, and the answer came while I was there. But it did not come from Dr. Ballou, whom I had written to. It professed to come from Mr. Whittemore. He said, through Mr. Mansfield's fingers, that Dr. Ballou was engaged in other matters then, and could not conveniently come, and that he had come in his stead. And the communication went on in this fashion: "No matter what kind of a plane I am—block-plane or any other kind of a plane, so long as I did my work as well as I knew how," &c., &c. And he then signed his name "Thomas Whittemore," after which the medium's hand was used to draw some kind of a figure which Mr. Mansfield himself could not understand. He took the communication up and looked at it, then held it up to me, pointing to the mysterious figure, and said, "What is that? a steam-boat?" I took it and looked at it, and lo! it was the perfect figure of a block-plane which the spirit had drawn under the name. The communication was signed, "Thomas Whittemore," with the figure of a block-plane well drawn, with the handle, iron and all!

Now let it be noticed that the circumstance of this dream was not at that time in my recollection; I was not thinking about it at all; the medium knew nothing about it; I had not written to Mr. Whittemore, but to Dr. Ballou; and what shall we make of it all? It was wonderful! It was, undoubtedly, the spirit of Rev. Thomas Whittemore coming to me after the dream of a year before, which undoubtedly he caused to exist in me then, and this is the simple way which God takes to scatter light to a benighted world. F.

MORE FACTS.

DEAR BANNER—This forenoon makes the third time I have visited Mrs. Pell, a spiritual medium and clairvoyant in this city. Two weeks ago, neither she nor any of her relatives had given any study or thought at all to the subject; but, about a week ago, Mrs. Pell was taken ill, giving very strange signs of being "unaccountably ill," and by some it was supposed she was in communication with spirits, as her actions, words and looks would lead them to believe. So it turned out to be; and now the city is alive with excitement over her wonderful manifestations, and over a thousand persons have been there to "see and hear."

Catching the "disease" myself, and being a firm believer in the philosophy of Spiritualism, I visited the lady, to assure myself and be posted. Last night, at half-past nine o'clock, she called a duplicate star out of the clouded sky, (as she has done for several nights, in the presence of over fifty reliable persons), and, by a motion of her fingers, would make it dance up and down, go nearly out of sight, then back again as bright as

Venus, move about crosswise, and any way she chose to have it. Some there were who declared that it was a distant world she was controlling; others declared it to be a star, but not a world; but none believed, save Spiritualists, that it was a duplication. And other "miracles" are forced upon the minds of this delightfully orthodox city.

Any one visiting her may be convinced. All are convinced that it is something beyond their comprehension. She will go through death-scenes of the departed for any who may so desire. She personated a death for me which occurred twelve years ago, and of which she was wholly ignorant. I was too young to remember it, and in consequence could not recognize it; but I related to my mother, after returning home, the exact particulars of the death, which she immediately recognized. It was a very peculiar and remarkable scene, and was personated correctly in every particular. Hundreds of others have been convinced by this test. My mother, Geo. W. Soumer, and Geo. W. Baldwin, councilman, will certify to this to any skeptic who may feel disposed to address them. Where the room is darkened, she can show spiritual forms very distinctly to any who are present; and I might relate many other instances of her superior mediumistic and clairvoyant powers if I thought it necessary. But I must not neglect to mention that she can tell the time by any person's watch who may be present, even to the second.

We have not had the good fortune to entertain a lecturer up to this time. We have had no medium, and, in fact, we have had no spiritual excitement at all until the development of this extraordinary medium; and, while Paducah did not number twelve Spiritualists a week ago, she can count her hundreds now. The light is truly breaking forth; the skies are growing brighter. And how many poor souls who were weighed down with griefs and uncertainties are carrying lighter hearts through the instrumentality of this lady's gift! "Truth is mighty and will prevail." The powers of this lady are fully equal to the Davenport's in early development. Promising to keep you posted, and hoping that a lecturer will soon come this way, I am, fraternally,

LEVI S. GLOVER.

Paducah, Ky., Sept. 12, 1870.

Dr. J. B. Ferguson.

In our last issue, we chronicled the departure for the higher life of our noble brother, J. B. Ferguson, with a slight tribute to his exalted worth. Since then, we have received from a correspondent in St. Louis, who knew him well, a touching tribute to his memory, and also a copy of the St. Louis Democrat, containing a brief biographical sketch of the life-labors of the deceased, both of which we give below.

GONE HOME.—Our dear Brother Ferguson, one of the purest spirits that ever dwelt among the children of earth, has gone home. His great intellect, united to a harmonious organization, clothed with humility, made all who came into his presence feel that it was a great privilege to be there. As a teacher, he never lost an opportunity for his wealth of knowledge seemed exhaustless. As a Christian, his life was blameless—a living, acting example of that pure love principle on which the religion of Spiritualism is founded. As a friend, language cannot tell of the angelic influence, light and love he brought to those who were blessed with his true, unassuming friendship. And who can measure good with the income in the long weary years of great suffering through which he passed? In those sleepless nights and restless days, he thought not of himself, but of others. Ever patient, ever cheerful, his atmosphere imparted harmony to all; for suffering unfolds the spirit, bringing forth the divinity within it, filling the atmosphere with the income of its purity, as dew-drops unfold the night-blooming cereus, expanding its petals of beauty, filling the air with the sweetness of its fragrance. Radiant with the halo of spirituality, like a bright guiding star of truth and hope he dwelt among us. That star has passed on toward the glorious Summer-land, where the roilian hars of emerald boughs and coral vines musically murmur, Welcome home, weary child—welcome home. KATE OSBORN.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 19th, 1870.

From the St. Louis Democrat, Sept. 19th.

DEATH OF REV. J. B. FERGUSON, LL.D.—A GREAT MAN HAS FALLEN.—His church, as there are mountains lifting their peaks far above the common level, attracting the gaze of all beholders, and standing as landmarks on the earth, so there are men who, in their spiritual, intellectual and moral nature, are colossal among their fellows, and tower far above the common level of human nature. When one of these falls, all eyes are turned toward the grave—all hearts and hopes to the life beyond.

Of such was Jesse B. Ferguson, the subject of this memoir—a man who, as a pulpit orator, for many years held the first rank throughout the Southwest, and enjoyed immense popularity so long as he was able to tread the common path of religious thought. When, by reason of his spiritual and intellectual growth, he was no longer able to tread these paths, with a heretic seldom paralleled, he advanced straight upon the truth as he conceived it.

At that time he held much such a position in the Southwest as Beecher and Chapin and Day held in the North and East. His church, in Nashville, Tenn., the largest in the city, and capable of seating some fifteen hundred persons, like Beecher's, was so thronged with eager listeners every Sabbath, that the aisles and vestibules were densely packed, and hundreds had to go away for lack of room.

A London author speaks of him as a man whose learning and eloquence had made him admired by thousands, and whose fervor and charity had made him universally beloved; a man to whom Senates had listened, whom States had trusted, whom Universities had honored. And again, "Frank, genial and sympathetic, and blending in his character and manners some of the finest traits of the people of the West, among whom he lived, he was a life justified the enthusiastic appreciation of those who had known him and enjoyed his friendship."

Dr. Ferguson was born in Philadelphia, but removed with his father, in his childhood, to the Shenandoah Valley, Va., where he was brought up. The Presbyterian Missionary Society, of the Shenandoah and the Christian Church of a biography of the Doctor, "having established a mission in one of those regions, wished to open a school, for which they required a teacher, and young Ferguson, now a boy of thirteen, was considered the best qualified and most suitable person for that position. . . . The boy of thirteen, of his own volition, opened his school every morning with extensive prayer, and by his kindness and dignity won the respect and love of all his pupils, among whom were young men and women of twenty."

About this time his father failed in business, and he was then cut off from the advantage which his two older brothers had enjoyed in being educated at William and Mary College. His parents, however, were irrepressible, and with his own earnings he managed to obtain a fine classical and solid education, though not completing the collegiate course, and, in consequence, he did not receive the bachelorette degree. Nevertheless, his advancement in learning, his steady and rapid that, in recognition of his extraordinary powers, and his high degree of A. M. was conferred upon him by Bacon College, of Kentucky, at the age of twenty-five, and the degree of LL.D., by Franklin College, Tenn., at the age of thirty-four. About this time he was invited to take the presidency of the latter institution, which he declined, preferring his pulpit labors. During this time, and as additional of his pastoral and pastoral work, he edited the *Christian Magazine*, a religious journal of wide circulation and large influence.

His aspirations were always for the actual truth, and he stood by that with unwavering courage wherever he could find it. There came a time when he had outgrown the *Christian Magazine*, and he was early in the New truths dawned upon his mind—truths which jostled and displaced

The Rhode Island Doctors in Council.

The Rhode Island Medical Society held its Quarterly Session last week at Woonsocket, and listened to papers from several of the members which it is unnecessary to specify. These papers were discussed, and also incidental topics suggested, either by the papers or remarks dropped in the discussion. One point was the inefficiency of opiates and sedatives. Several stated that these many times failed to operate altogether; the patient suffered, excruciating pains, but the drugs afforded no relief. Several gave their experience as corroborative of the fact. No one seemed to have any clear idea of the cause, and the discussion was as blind as the old school practice itself. One of the members, Dr. Ariel Ballou, said he had noticed frequently that the rubbing of the patient with the hand of a healthy person was efficacious, relieving pain, being soothing in its effects, inducing ease and sleep. This evidently was not what the members wanted; it was going into a forbidden field, and the body was clearly not to endorse "empiricism," a something which the regulars are careful not to endorse. Not much was said on this point, for this rubbing with a healthy hand came of mesmerism, and is in vogue among clairvoyants. So the wisecracks of the Rhode Island Medical Society let it drop. Its efficacy and wide use they cared not to recognize, lest patients and fees should become less and less.

Dr. Eldridge read a paper in which he presented the fact that diseases and even injuries frequently came in succession; typhoid fever would appear, have a run, and disappear; no more cases occur for years. Other diseases appeared in like manner, appearing sporadically; injuries, also. Beyond the facts the gentleman did not venture to go. There they were, but a possible or probable explanation was not attempted. Would it not have been well for them to have put the matter in the hands of a committee to investigate into and report upon, if no one was able to give an opinion or make a suggestion. There are subtle influences connected with the heavenly bodies, which make themselves felt upon the earth, and if these doctors are devotees of science, why did they not undertake a scientific task of endeavoring to unfold the anomaly to which their attention has been called? Plainly because such a proceeding would not have been according to the books. They follow routine, not the threads which lead to new truths or illustrate old ones.

Some of the members had doubtful tales of want of success in their practice. One told of having had seven cases of scarlet fever, all of which he lost. He seemed to be in the dark why death followed in his footsteps, and seven times in succession struck down his patients. The only consolation he received was that the fever reported was very virulent, and of course extremely fatal. Such mortality was considered to be a matter of course, and in no wise to be chargeable to the practice. This reminds me of the course of the same disease many years ago in Brooklyn, Conn., where I was then residing. The scarlet fever was prevalent, and one practitioner had something like fifty cases, all of which save one he carried successfully through. He used hot drops, and made them the sheet anchor of his treatment. He had no fears, and frequently remarked to me that he considered scarlet fever as much under control as any other disease. He said most of his professional brethren were adverse to using the remedy, because it came through Doctor Thomson, but as for him, if there was a remedy in any case, he believed it his duty to use it. Another practitioner, young in the profession, and full of the conceit of a new beginning, was so extremely professional that he would not use the hot drops; spoke contemptuously of them, and killed more than half his patients by following the books and the old mode of practice.

Perhaps the quariet with the seven deaths in his train, if he will carefully review his practice and compare it with those who are successful, especially with those who are "empirics," may find a key which will lock a good portion of the graves he may cause to be opened by following his present modes of practice. His confession only made true the words of an old medical man, that youngsters, for five or six years, generally killed nine in ten of those who fell into their hands as patients. And it may be safely asserted, of old and young, that Nature does more than do the drugs prescribed; and many of those who die, if left in the hands of Nature, would recover.

WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

Providence, R. I., Sept. 26, 1870.

Another Medium Gone Home.

Passed to the spirit-world from Newport, R. I., on the 9th of Sept., 1870, Dr. John C. Grinnell, in the thirty-ninth year of his age; after a life of physical suffering caused by the malpractice of physicians in his early years, by which the joints and tissues of his system became so impregnated with mercury, that even the host of spirit friends with whom he was in close and almost constant rapport for the last fourteen years of his life, were unable to restore him to health. There are but few persons in Newport whose loss will be more widely felt than Dr. Grinnell. His healing gifts were of the highest order; and in one specialty—that of curing cancers—probably his seemingly miraculous powers will never be surpassed. Nor were his spirit gifts confined to healing alone. Such was their versatility that all earthly things—past, present and to come—seemed to pass before his clairvoyant vision; sometimes but as realities "viewed through a glass darkly," but at others almost as clear and vivid as material objects.

It was the writer's privilege to have enjoyed probably more than a thousand sittings with Dr. Grinnell, scarcely one of which transpired where in some new light was not thrown upon spirit phenomena, or some additional knowledge elicited. Although almost wholly uneducated and unlearned in history and biography, under certain semi-trance conditions it required but the placing before him the written name of any biblical or historical personage to elicit a graphic synopsis of the individual character, together with a minute description of his dress, regalia, armor, ornaments or other personal peculiarities incident to the period in which he lived. Although Dr. Grinnell's organs of language were weak, while entranced, his discourses were very interesting and at times affecting and eloquent. Up to almost the last, and as long as conscious, he manifested joy, rather than regret, at the approaching crisis, which he spoke of as a passing from one apartment to another; and there is no doubt that he is greatly benefited by the change of spheres.

Death.

Spiritualism not only exhibits to us what death is, but it shows us exactly what we are after death; and, in giving us an accurate knowledge of the life beyond the grave, it most surely robs death of its terrors as well as the grave of its victory.—*The American Spiritualist.*

NEW MINISTER TO ENGLAND.—U. S. Senator from Indiana, Oliver P. Morton, has been appointed Minister to England, and accepted the position.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1870.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 5, UP STAIRS.

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WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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LEWIS D. WILSON, ASSISTANT.

Business connected with the editorial department of the paper is under the exclusive control of LUTHER COLBY, to whom all letters and communications must be addressed.

The March of Events in Europe.

Nothing more conclusively satisfies us that the events of the present time are making their deep and abiding impression on the human mind, than the confession that is extorted from all sides, that men and society are undergoing a marvelous change. It is a very common question to hear asked, what all this means, and what we are all coming to. Instead of regarding the revolution with dread, if there was a clearer and profounder perception of spiritual philosophy and law, it would be accepted with a sincere and even joyous welcome. How else is mankind to come into the enjoyment of the new that waits for them, except by first breaking up the old? Custom and habit and association make them naturally unwilling to do this, and so their interests and passions supply the place of better motives. They do, in heat and impulse, what they will never do deliberately. Thus the great driving forces in human character—the passions—do the very service which humanity afterwards accepts so gratefully, little understanding, at the time, for what all the turmoil was meant, and even deploring and deprecating it as an evil of the greatest magnitude. It is much, however, to find that men's minds are at last much opened to comprehend the meaning of what is going on. It amounts, at least, to a confession that there are powers above us all, that overrule more wisely than we are at all times aware of.

Now, let us scan the face of European affairs to-day. Who would have presumed to prophesy such a state of affairs, only three short months ago? Who would have risked being called a lunatic, if he had prophesied that, early in September, the French Empire would have been thrown down, that Prussia would be the master of Europe, that England would be in a state of complete isolation, and that Russia, with Prussia's consent and connivance, would be getting all ready to make a descent in force on Turkey, with intent to seize Constantinople, and snatch from England and France the control of the routes to Asia and the furthest East? But this is by no means the whole, nor, indeed, an outline. The temporal authority of the Pope has gone by the board, and home again belongs to Italy, and is incorporated with Italian sovereignty. The power of France, commercial, military and political, has been levelled with the ground, so that her voice is utterly unheard in Europe. Paris is making a last desperate resistance for France, in the name of republican liberty. Germany is united to Prussia by bonds not easily to be broken. England is paralyzed in respect to its government, while mass-meetings of the people are being held in London, demanding that the call of struggling republicanism in France shall be heard and responded to. Who would have believed, but a little time ago, that in old, hide-bound England, that has so long refused to relax its grip on Ireland, the seed of republicanism would have shown itself above the soil?

What we desire to note specially, in connection with all these strangely confused events, occurring, as they do, at one time, is this: that it is the spirit of a larger freedom that is at work through these various agencies. Of course there is a struggle, because progress always involves resistance; but no one who fixedly believes in steady advancement for the human race will doubt that the free principle and the free thought is destined to come and stay uppermost. This spirit of freedom is at work in France now, and sustains itself by having to encounter the fiercest pressure from without. It is about to make its appearance in force in England. It is at work in Italy and in Spain; in fact, free institutions in France inevitably mean the same for both Spain and Italy. North Germany, or, as we may better say, New Germany, including Prussia, and afterwards Austria with Hungary, will next move in solid column, obedient to the promptings of the same free spirit, which the celestials have been breathing out upon the mind of man. It is the true spirit of the age, and not peculiar to any country or people, but is making the circuit of the globe.

It is the falling of monarchies and empires, and the rising of republics in their place, that we witness to-day. Europe is to undergo a complete transformation. Napoleon has performed his part, by keeping France orderly while she was growing strong. Victor Emanuel has performed his, by maintaining unity in Italy until the times were ripe for the absorption of the Papal States. King William is engaged in performing his, by teaching Germany the irresistible strength that lies in union, and how self-defence is best secured by training and self-restraint. Let this present war between France and Prussia end where it is, or let Russia enter the lists, and strike for the grand aim of her ambition, and that will not be the conclusion. It is not for the elevation or strengthening of dynasties that this struggle is maintained, but for the eventual and certain release and elevation of the people. Superstition is to go over, along with the dogma of divine right for kings. All things are to become new. This is a century of change and revolution. Peace will come by-and-by; but, for the time, we must have strife and turmoil. The bow will surely shine out of the clouds at last. The world is certainly preparing for a new baptism of the spirit; and when the work is done, the new influence will descend. In the further illustration of this point, we quote Victor Hugo's prophetic language in his chapter on the future of Paris, which he wrote three years ago for an elaborate work on the French capital. In the twentieth century, he says, there is to be an extraordinary nation—illustrious, rich, thoughtful and pacific. It will regard war as we now regard the Inquisition. The spectacle of a scaffold will be frightful to it, and saltpetre will only be used for piercing mountains. Its legislation will be identical with national right. It will be more than a nation—it will be civilization; it will be better than civilization—it will be family life. It will call itself Europe in the 20th century; and, in the subsequent centuries, glorified still more, it will call itself Humanity. Humanity, definitive nation, is already seen in glimpses by thinkers. But at which the 19th century assists, is the formation of Europe. Majestic vision! There is, in the

embryo-genius of peoples, a sublime hour of transparency. The mystery consents to be seen. At the present moment, an august gestation is visible in the flanks of civilization. Europe springs out of it. A people which will be France, sublimated; is being created. This nation which is to be palpable in actual Europe as the winged insect in the larva. In the coming century, it will open its two wings, made, one of liberty, the other of will. THE FRATERNAL CONTINENT—such is the future. Before having its people, Europe has its city. Of this people, which does not yet exist, the capital exists already. This seems a prodigy; it is a law.

Simon Pure.

According to the creeds—Catholic as well as Protestant—there is nothing that takes the place of the aristocracy which wealth buys for its owner. Not the genuine aristocracy of worth and culture, by any means, but that of selfish and concealed exclusiveness. We had not been accustomed to think this fault so common an one in the Catholic Church, because all its customs have been flavored with a truly democratic element, and in spite of a rigid government it has exacted the most liberal of personal sentiments from one toward another. But we find ourselves unexpectedly undeceived in this belief by the public conduct alleged in the Philadelphia *Sunday Mercury* against Father Dunn, of St. John's Church. Its worshippers are of the wealthiest among the citizens, and consequently they insist on a specialty of treatment to correspond. Father Dunn had begun to preach on a recent Sunday, when he espied in the middle aisle a poor woman approaching the altar, attired in unaristocratic clothes. Instantly he was seized with a spasm of electric wrath, not being able to endure so irritating a sight; and he broke forth with a vociferous order to the offending woman, whose garments were not precisely according to the cut of St. John, bidding her betake herself with all dispatch to the further end of the church. This may be Churchism, as we lamentably see it illustrated in these latter days, but it is not religion, nor anything like it. Jesus did not thus treat even the Magdalen. What is there in any priest that sets him above the chosen humility of his professed Master?

"A Good Deed in a Naughty World."

In the *Banner* of Sept. 17th was a paragraph, editorially commenting on the hard experience of a young and unfortunate girl, of Detroit, who had, in an evil hour, lapsed from virtue, but afterwards repented and resolved to reform; but she was hunted down by puritanical phariseism, and driven forth from two places in which she had secured a home as a domestic, and in her despair she attempted suicide. We commented on the cause as we thought it deserved, inquiring whose fault it was that reformation was hindered as it is. The paragraph seems to have left an impression on the mind of Mr. Robert Falkerson, of Elkhart, Indiana, who puts the phariseism of Detroit to open shame by the following proposition, which he forwards to us. He says he will gladly give that girl a home, his family consisting only of himself, his wife, and a little boy eight years old. If she is good to work, and conducts herself with common propriety, he engages to give her fair wages, and treat her kindly and as one of the family. He would like to have some kind person in Detroit find her and send her to his house, he engaging to pay all fair expenses. If she is satisfied with the place, she may stay as long as she pleases. And he takes pains to add that his wife "never scolds!" His house he describes as at the corner of Pigeon and Fourth streets, fourth door west of the Baptist church. He will meet her at the depot, or any one of the omnibuses will take her to his place.

Physical Manifestations.

As there are a few Spiritualists, leaving skeptics out of the question, who ignore the physical manifestations, in consequence probably of never having fully comprehended their import, we call the attention of this class to the message of *Patrick Murphy*, which we print on the sixth page of the *Banner of Light*, and also to the explanatory message of *James Ready*, a Catholic priest, which follows. The physical manifestations we have always considered all-important, and as time passes we are being continually fortified in our judgment in this particular.

Spirits come knocking at the door of human hearts for admittance, but the church turns a deaf ear to the tiny raps. The free-thinker receives them, demonstrates the fact of the return of the spirit, and theologians stand aghast with horror, attributing the manifestations to an imaginary power which they denominate "the devil." But the rappers still rap; and, through their agency, the seed is being sown that shall not only purify the churches but bring them to a full knowledge of the beautiful truths of the Spiritual Philosophy.

A New Physical Medium.

A correspondent informs us, September 24th, that there is in Boston a remarkable physical medium by the name of Frank Cummings, who is at present working as a mechanic, but whose powers, as shown, are beyond suspicion, though his séances are held in the dark. The manifestations occurring in his presence are similar to those witnessed at the séances of the Brothers Davenport, and others. Our correspondent is of the opinion that Mr. Cummings is capable of doing a great work among skeptics in the direction of establishing the fact that an invisible intelligent power works in and through him, and he hopes Mr. C. will take the field as a public medium.

A Bible Champion in the Field.

By his card in another column it will be seen that Rev. John Moore, of Philadelphia, who believes "modern Spiritualism consists mainly of fraud, witchcraft and demonism, and that it is the most dangerous form of infidelity," challenges any of the accredited advocates of the spiritual philosophy to meet him in public debate. The challenger says he is a Presbyterian minister, and a graduate of Andover Theological Seminary. He is the same person who held debates some time since with Bro. J. G. Fish. He is ready to debate anywhere in New England. We hope Professor Denton will accept the challenge.

Williamsburg, N. Y.

The Spiritualists of the above place have reorganized, and will commence holding their meetings at once, as heretofore, on Thursday evenings. Speakers who can make it convenient to lecture on those evenings, are requested to address W. C. Wren, 29 Lee avenue, Williamsburg, N. Y., for terms, &c.

The National Convention.

It is indeed gratifying to know that the Seventh National Convention of Spiritualists, just closed, was conducted throughout in a most harmonious manner. The report of the proceedings will be found on our eighth page.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Thomas Gales Forster speaks in Philadelphia during October. We see by the *Sunday Gazette* that he gave a lecture in Washington, Sunday evening, Sept. 18th, on the subject of "Consciousness beyond the Grave." The *Gazette* says Mr. Forster presents his subject "with a power of thought, a reach of mind and a beauty of language that can be seldom heard."

Ed. S. Wheeler is lecturing in Washington this month.

Cephas B. Lynn, during October, will be on the line of the Michigan Southern R. R., from Toledo to Chicago. Friends in that section should see that this young and talented lecturer is kept at work. Address him at Cleveland, care of *American Spiritualist*.

K. Graves, of Richmond, Ind., one of the most powerful and effective lecturers in our ranks, it will be seen by his letter in another column, is again ready to enter the lecturing field, much invigorated by his rest during the hot season. Apply early, if you wish to secure his valuable services.

Miss Lottie Fowler, the test medium, is still holding séances at the Tontine, in New Haven, Conn. She has given some very convincing tests, and puzzled the skeptics. The *Evening Register* says of her: "At the best she is a strange girl, and after one has contributed what he can afford to foreign missions, and settled his conscience with the treasurer of the Orphan Asylum, if he has anything left, he can get two dollars' worth of cabalistic lore, and be made to recall some of the strangest events of his life, by calling upon Miss Fowler at any hour between ten A. M. and ten P. M."

Mrs. Fannie T. Young, trance-speaker, will accept engagements for a few weeks, to lecture evenings and Sundays in Maine, prior to her visit to the West. Address her care of Dr. H. E. Coburn, Stratford, N. H. She has just returned from a lecturing tour in Pennsylvania. In a note to us from her, dated Albany, N. Y., she gives an account of a visit made by her to "Garden Cottage," the pleasant home of G. L. Ditson, M. D., whose interesting and exhaustive articles on various topics so frequently appear in our columns. She describes the beauty of the place, the richness of the fruits therein to be found, and more than all "the music and harmony in the house" as powerful re-invigorators to her, worn down as she was by travel and fatigue of lecturing. Mrs. Young informs us that she has lately lectured in Albany, finding the friends there progressive and determined, and possessed of the advantage of owning their hall.

Mrs. Clara A. Field desires to make engagements for the fall and winter in Massachusetts. Societies desiring her services as a lecturer, will please address her at Portland, Maine, in care of J. W. Mansfield, Esq., until further notice.

Spirit Communion.

The message of Capt. Thomas Hunt, of Salem, who recently passed to spirit-life, which was published in last week's *Banner*, is so palpably characteristic of him, that we cannot consistently omit recording the fact. Capt. Hunt was an excellent medium himself, and we have in times past received much from spirit-life through his organism. Our friend now returns to strengthen our faith in spirit return. He tells us our philosophy is true; that the faith he had on earth is now realized; that the spirit-world is as real and tangible as this world, and he blesses God for the light he had before he passed on.

Very Good Advice.

Mr. Geo. A. Bacon, in the *American Spiritualist* of Sept. 24th, says:

"The *Banner of Light* of Sept. 17th appears as No. 1, Vol. 28—thru which there can be no better time for everybody to subscribe. The *Banner* is doing a mighty work toward disseminating spiritual light and knowledge and truth among the people; and yet the very ones whom it seeks to help, are too much inclined to allow it to do so gratuitously. This is all wrong. Its legitimate inducements are such that every Spiritualist family in the land ought to have one or more copies for reading and distributing purposes. We trust that all our readers will see the necessity of also taking the *Banner*, thereby additionally benefiting themselves, ourselves, and all concerned."

Two Books by Prof. Denton.

We have just received a supply of Prof. Wm. Denton's new pamphlets—"The Irreconcilable Records; or, Genesis and Geology," 80 pages, price in paper 25 cents, cloth 40 cents; and "Orthodoxy False, since Spiritualism is True," price 10 cents. The former is a thorough analysis of the subject, and treats the absurdities of the Record fairly and with common sense; and the other is not less faithfully dealt with. Send for copies for yourself and friends.

Lycium Union Assemblies.

The Lycium Aid Society connected with the Boston Children's Progressive Lycium, has united with that body in the carrying out of a series of assemblies for dancing and social converse, to be held every Monday evening at Codman Hall, 176 Tremont street, Boston, to commence with a dancing party on Monday evening, Oct. 10th. It is hoped that the friends of the Lycium will patronize this course and render it successful in its beneficiary objects.

"The True Foundation."

A week or two since we gave a short report of the dedicatory services at the Free Chapel on the Hill, Malden, conducted by its builder and founder, J. Wesley Dodge. This gentleman, yielding to the universally expressed desire of those who listened to his discourse, has published it in a neat pamphlet of some twenty-four pages, under the above heading. For sale at this office.

Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Prof. Wm. Denton will lecture next Sunday afternoon, in Music Hall, on "The Philosophy of Death." This is a highly important subject, and most certainly will interest every one at some time in their earth-career.

Books! Books!

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY BOOKS. Send for William White & Co.'s Catalogue. Sent by mail to any address; also, specimen copies of the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Readings.

Mr. George Clair is giving a course of Sacred Readings and Lectures each Sunday evening in Hampshire Hall, corner of Washington and Kneeland streets.

Andrew Jackson Davis's new book, "The Fountain: With Jets of New Meaning," is in press, and will be issued the last of this week. See advertisement in another column.

Cain and Heldler run gin-mills on a downtown street in New York, says an exchange.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"We tender our sincere thanks to Mrs. Neudham and other friends for beautiful floral gifts. May the blessings of the angel world rest upon them."

"We call attention to the card of Dr. J. T. Gilman Pike. He is, without exception, one of the most experienced and successful practitioners in this city. He is very successful in the cure of neuralgia pains."

"The article headed 'More Light,' which appeared in the *Banner* Sept. 24th, was written by Yerkes Saurman (not Saiman), 824 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia. We regret to learn that our friend is very sick, and may not long remain on this side of life."

"At an evening party a short time since, a gentleman queried, 'What housekeeper in Boston resembles the idea of Apollo?' Half a dozen ladies quickly responded 'Chas. A. B. Shepard.' Shepard must indeed be a handsome man when the fair sex make such a comparison, for they are pretty good judges of beauty."

If the property of Boston should be equally divided among its inhabitants, it would give each individual two thousand dollars. Poor folks in this State (factory girls, mechanics and laborers), have deposited in the saving banks over fifty millions of dollars!

The close of the season at the seaside—worn-out bathing dresses.

Religious conventions in Chicago regale themselves on lager.

The occupant of Beecher's pulpit on Sunday said he had seen the Chinese, Hottentots, Malays, Sandwich Islanders, Digger Indians, South Carolina sandhillers, and New Yorkers, and thought the last were the worst. He was n't murdered.

Digby says he hasn't room to pocket all the insults offered him.

A Chicago liquor saloon is named "The Fire-Place." It should be "Throat Distemper" instead.

Spiritualist Lyciums and Lectures.

Dorchester.—Mercantile Hall.—Sunday morning, Sept. 25th, the session of the Children's Progressive Lycium at this hall was well attended and highly interesting. In addition to the usual Silver-Chain recitations, marching and singing by the Lycium in general, several selections were recited, and Charles W. Sullivan and a number of misses furnished vocal music for the entertainment of those attending.

Temple Hall.—On Thursday evening, Sept. 23d, Laura Hastings Hatch, the musical improvisator, gave one of her fine séances for vocal and instrumental music at this hall, 18 Boylston street, the proceeds going to benefit the fund for disabled meddles. A full house greeted her with hearty applause.

On Sunday morning and afternoon, Sept. 25th, the circles usually held at this hall were well attended and profitable. At the afternoon circle Mrs. Floyd spoke for a time, and answered questions to general satisfaction. In the evening lectures were delivered by Messrs. Stephen W. Crocker and J. H. Bickford, the hall being crowded.

On Wednesday evening, Sept. 23d, J. H. Powell gave a descriptive lecture, entitled "Facts for Scientists," and illustrated it by an exhibition of the powers (under influence) of his wife, as a "musculo-muscular and healing medium," an account of whose manifestations has appeared recently in the *Banner of Light*. He will lecture at the same hall, Wednesday evening, Oct. 5th, on "The Spiritualism of Dickens," closing with one Mrs. Powell's séances.

Wadman Hall.—The Children's Progressive Lycium meeting at this place still continues its good work under charge of J. McGuire, Conductor, and Mrs. H. Dana, Guardian, its meeting Sunday afternoon, 25th, being highly successful.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Harmony Hall.—The regular session of the Children's Lycium was held Sunday morning, Sept. 25th, at this place; exercises similar to those usually found in such organizations.

The advent of cooler weather has been welcomed by this Lycium by the inauguration of a course of assemblies for dancing, which will be held, in aid of its funds, at Harmony Hall, on each Thursday evening—the first having taken place on Sept. 16th.

NORTH SCITUATE.—Jenkins Hall.—On Sunday forenoon and afternoon, Sept. 25th, Julia J. Hubbard lectured at this place. Subjects: A. M. "And angels ministered unto him;" P. M. "How can I become a Christian?" Miss Sembery, of Chelsea, presided at the organ in the afternoon. This Sabbath closed the lectures at this hall for the season. By reference to list of meetings, it will be found that services will be continued during the winter by the same committee, at Conhasset Hall.

New Subscribers.

Our old patrons have done well for the *Banner* since our last published report, by adding eighty-six names to our books, for which we thank them sincerely. Cephas B. Lynn forwarded fourteen new subscribers: W. Granger, two; H. C. Graves, one; C. A. Rockwood, one; Mrs. C. M. Simons, one; E. B. Hanson, one; S. P. Burns, one; Dr. R. B. McCall, one; Mrs. J. D. Watson, one; J. Weeks, one; H. C. Champin, one; H. S. Thomas, one; H. M. Twining, one; Mrs. N. Phillips, two; Mrs. H. G. Carpenter, one; A. E. Nichols, one; S. T. Spaulding, one; E. G. Hubbard, one; E. H. Toul, one; Mrs. J. E. Clark, one; H. M. Glines, one; A. French, one; S. T. Saben, one; L. A. Temple, one; A. K. Maroni, one; J. Ponton, one; W. S. Flanders, one; Mrs. M. W. Herrick, one; William A. Carrier, one; S. A. Morris, one; C. M. Edwards, one; Wm. L. Gay, one; K. Webster, one; A. L. Bolton, one; L. Putney, one; H. Snow, two; L. Roddley, one; M. T. Whittier, one; J. Powell, one; A. O. Bartlett, one; Mrs. N. W. Farnum, one; A. B. Swift, two; J. Billings, one; C. Shepard, one; S. S. Horring, one; A. E. Robinson, one; J. D. Green, one; H. B. Maynard, one; W. Peck, one; R. H. Allen, one; P. B. Holmes, one; E. White, one; B. Green, one; M. Tew, one; Lewis Goshy, one; Wm. Tron, one; O. Nevins, one; R. Ellis, one; E. O. Parker, one; Geo. L. Southern, one; E. Putnam, one; W. Wood, one; C. Preston, one; E. Wadman, one; R. Hoag, one; D. Oaks, one; J. Crowe, one; G. N. Brown, one; Miss M. A. Moore, one.

New Publications.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE continues its truly magisterial course, offering for October a fresh and diversified table of contents. There is the Ghost of Ten Broek Van der Hayden; Mary Ann and Ching Loo; Marie; The Great Monopoly; Prussia, the German Nation; Irene; I; The "Parallol Parallax;" At Meissen; On the English Hudding; To Tell; Mexican Reminiscences; A Friend's Meeting; To Atlantic City by Way of—; To London; Sir Harry Trollope of Humblethwaite, VI.; Gustave Flaubert, the Realist; and Monthly Gospel, and the Literature of the Day.

THE ATLANTIC for October contains the following articles: Our Irishell Brethren, by Patrick Joseph and his friend, by Bayard Taylor; Regret, by Colin Thaxtor; Irony, by F. H. Hedge; Olden's Fabled Stories, by Harriet Beecher Stowe; Spooked Front, by John Burroughs; My Retreat; A German Landlady, by H. H.; Under the Skylight, by O. P. Cranch; Some English Workmen, by Justin McCarthy; Jeremiah S. Black and Edwin M. Stanton, by Henry Wilson; Four Months with Charles Dickens; A Virginian in New England Thirty-five Years Ago; The New American Polar Expedition and its Hopes, by T. B. Maury; and Reviews and Literary Notices.

Lectures and Debates.

Believing fully that modern Spiritualism consists mainly of fraud, witchcraft, and demonism, and that it is the most dangerous form of infidelity, I am ready to do what I can to expose it, and to counteract its evil influence. I am prepared to deliver lectures on this subject, and on the danger of the accredited advocates of Spiritualism to hold public debate at such times and places as may be mutually agreed upon.

Any desiring to secure lectures, or to accept this challenge to debate, can communicate with me by mail, at 1508 Alder street, Philadelphia, Pa. Rev. JOHN MOORE.

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GIN DEYANAGY AND JEZEU'S
CHRISTINA.
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temperance and of designing Socialism of all times. A warning of the resentment I am provoking, I set aside not from the fact that I am a Spaniard, but from the fact that I am a Spaniard, as the times of Michael Servetus, Navarrete, and of Philip II. all Spain; and free thought may be freely proclaimed in all atmospheres of freedom.

—

A TEST OF MANHOOD.

²²As the most obscure soldier of an army may sometimes by a heroic deed destroy the strongest fortress of the enemy, so may the weakest man, by the sacrifice of his courage, become the champion of truth, overthrow the most solid ramparts of superstition and of error."

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While in an abnormal condition called the trance, there is a communication with the spirit world, and the characteristics of their 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.

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These Circles are held at No. 125 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs) on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday evenings. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at 7 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 needs no visitors on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday, until after six o'clock, P. M. She gives no private sittings.

Donations of flowers for our Circle-Room are solicited.

227 The questions and answers in these columns are often propounded by individuals among the audience. Those read to the controlling intelligence by the chairman, are sent in 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:

Mrs. Webster \$10.00, S. Bancroft \$5.00, W. Graves \$5.00, J. E. Reed \$5.00, Mrs. H. Pratt \$5.00, W. Brodbeck \$5.00.

Invocation.

Infinite Presence, Holy Spirit, we know that need not pain from our lips, yet doth accept it as thou dost accept the psalm of this handsome day, arrayed in its summer loveliness and promise. We come to thee, oh Lord, this hour, that we may gather wisdom, that we may receive strength, that we may be baptized with thy holy spirit of truth. Oh Lord, we ask for these mortals and for ourselves the blessing of charity, that with it we may forgive in our hearts those who trespass against us; that with it we may shield the fallen, not their sins, but themselves; that with it we may fold round them a mantle which shall be unto them a passport to better things. We ask for strength—strength to say under all circumstances, "Thy will be done." When the shadow of death falls athwart our pathway, speaking to those who dwell in human life, we ask for strength to say, "Thy will be done." And under whatever circumstances we may be placed, may we ever feel, oh Great Spirit, thy sustaining love, cheering us and providing for all the necessities of our being. That thou art encamped in the midst of thy children, we believe. That thou canst not, thou wilt not desert them, we also believe, and in our weakness we ask to come nearer to thee, the source of strength. Be especially nigh, oh Loving Spirit, unto those who mourn, and change their mourning to joy. Be nigh unto those who are sick and suffering. Oh let ministering angels with healing in their wings come nigh unto them, banishing their disease and lifting up their souls to thee, the Great Spirit of life and strength. So shall thy kingdom come, so shall thy will be done in our hearts. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

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

Q.—Do human animal passions cease to exist after death?

A.—Yes, they do cease to exist as absolute powers, since the necessity for them ceases to exist at death.

Q.—Do spirits in the other world love, hate, desire and enjoy the same as in this world?

A.—No.

Q.—Is there any such thing as conjugal love in the other world?

A.—Yes, but it is far different from the conjugal love that you enjoy here. You have it in its rough, unrefined, unspiritualized state. We have it devoid of its dress, in all its purity and perfection.

Q.—Are male and female spirits distinguished by difference of dress, as in this world?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Is there any punishment in the future world, other than simply regret for having done evil in this?

A.—There is no punishment save that which grows out of regret, and I assure you that is quite keen enough. It is not the halter, nor the thumb-screw, nor the lash, nor the prison-house. It is far worse than any of these. It is the soul's power prying itself from all dead branches, from all that would cumber its being, and elop it in its eternal light upward.

Q.—What did Jesus mean when he said, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal?"

A.—To my mind, providing Jesus ever uttered such an anathema, he could mean only this: that the sin which the individual was suffering should go away into everlasting punishment—not the individual, because we know that there are none so low that they will not rise out of their degradation. We know that the upward tendency of all souls will save them. We know that there is no everlasting punishment for souls. We know that sin and the soul are two, and that all sin is destined to be overcome by good. The good will never cease to strive with it till it is no more. To the sin it is an everlasting punishment.

Q.—Do you know that the happiness of the righteous is eternal?

A.—Yes, we know, as well as we can know anything that we have not experienced. Since we have not passed through the eternal future, nor ever can, because it is eternal, there will always be something beyond us. We cannot tell positively, we do not know absolutely that we shall always be happy, but we believe, nothing doubting, that happiness is the attribute of the soul, a gift from God, the father and mother of souls, and that we shall never part with it, for it is that that constitutes our heaven. It is that that calls us higher and still higher. It is by that we overcome all the lesser good of our being.

Q.—Is there any definite time that the soul is to suffer remorse?

A.—No. But just so long as there is anything to feed remorse, just so long the soul will feel it.

Q.—What is it that keeps the soul in misery? Is it the errors of this life?

A.—Certainly it is.

Q.—Is it not difficult to conceive how sin can be punished separate from the sinner?

A.—In human life you cannot see where they are divided, but in divine life you can. Here you suppose it is the sinner that generates the sin. It is not so. The sinner and the sin are distinctly separate from each other. The soul of the murderer is just as pure as when he first received it from the hand of the Infinite, because the sin of murder hath not attached itself to the real man or the real woman—the soul. It is but the result of the external circumstances of the external body. There is just as much difference between sin and the sinner, as there is between your physical bodies and yourselves. Here you can draw no dividing line between the two; but there you can, and

there you will understand clearly the difference between the sin and the sinner. The human body suffers from the external surroundings that are forced upon it. The sun pours down its rays of heat upon it—in blessing—and yet it suffers. The fire burns it. The water drowns it. Disease invades its portals and prostrates it. But is it the soul that causes this? No, it is not. The soul is always divine in itself—perfectly pure in itself. There never was a tainted soul.

Q.—Sin is said to be the violation of the law of God. If I violate the law, shall not I be punished, and not the violation of the law?

A.—No, not spiritually speaking.

Q.—A young lady who recently died here in this city, during her sickness never spoke about dying, but in the last few moments before she passed away, she said she could see her sister and mother who were in the spirit-land. Do you suppose that to have been a reality?

A.—In all probability it was a reality. It is not an uncommon occurrence for the spiritual senses to be quickened and opened as the physical senses fail in death.

June 16.

Edward Hill Robinson.

Mother wanted me to come back if I could; she wanted me to tell her how I lived here, and if I was happy, and something to comfort her, if I could. I have been gone five weeks to-day. My name was Edward Hill Robinson. I was born in Stamford, Conn., but I don't remember anything about living there, because I moved away when I was eight months old. My father and mother moved to New York City, where they have lived ever since. I was twelve years old. My father was shot at the first Bull Run battle. Mother had me and herself to take care of after that. She got a little acquainted with Spiritualism. Somebody came to her that was a Spiritualist after father was killed, and she got interested, but she didn't know a great deal about it.

I live with my grandfather and grandmother Hill, and I like her better than I ever did on the earth. If mother was only here, I shouldn't want for anything. [Do others live there with you?] No, sir; a good many others come to visit them. [You have a real house there?] Why, yes, sir; and a better one than I ever had here. We always had to live with some one else in this house here, but I don't have to now.

Tell mother I think father would be glad to communicate, if she would only give him a chance; but he don't like to come here. [He wants to come privately?] Yes, sir.

June 16.

Patrick Murphy.

Good day, sir. Faith! it's a long time since I was here. Feel almost like a stranger. Patrick Murphy. [From Dover?] Yes, sir. [Where have you been all this time?] Oh! I been hard at work, sir, for there's not much rest—not unless you are a mind to take it, and make yourself uncomfortable.

Well, sir, I been cutting up a little of late—yes, sir, cutting up. Well, faith! I have, and the priest says it is the work of the devil; and I say it is the work of Patrick Murphy; yes—and there's the difference between us. Well, now, you see it's like this: Faith! I've been developing some mediums in the church—some Catholics. I have one young man that a pretty well along in these things; I move things with him—he is n't touching them at all; and he was taken before the priest; and when the priest was going to give him the cross—well, he was going to confess, and he wanted him to be absolved from all these manifestations, and he wanted him to repeat some Catholic words after him, holding the cross. Well, the young man took the cross, and he no sooner got it than I took it, and I hung it up so far above the confessional that neither the priest nor himself could get it. Well, then the priest said it was the work of the devil; and the young man did n't know at all what it was, but he said they told him it was spirits, because I told him, you know, what it was. I talked to him as you talk to one another. Well, then, there was brought up four or five—I think four besides this one—and there was some such manifestation with them all, and the last was pretty laughable: the priest brought one of the patron saints—images, you know—and he put it upon the table, to stop the table's going up, you know. Well, I just set the image to dancing, and then I put him on his head, and the priest went to take him to put him right side up, and he was stuck fast there. Faith! it would take more than his strength to take him away. He said it was the devil, and the confessor ventured to say to him, "If it is, Holy Father, God is stronger than the devil. Will you exorcise him?" Faith! he could n't do it at all. I stayed there holding on to the image as long as I wanted to, and gave other manifestations, and then I went away. I was tired myself.

And now what I come here for, is to let him know that I am conscious of the opposition, although I not say anything about it, only in that kind of manifestations, you know. I am conscious of their opposition, and I am conscious, at the same time, that the head of the Catholic Church—which is the head of all churches, and the head of all souls—is on my side, and I don't care a fig for his subordinates; and I don't care for the priest any more than I care for the image he brought and set on the table to keep it down.

Now I suppose he may ask what patron saint it was that he set on the table. It was Saint Nicholas. I anticipate his question, and answer it: a bronze image, blessed by the Holy Father at Rome. [But the father you refer to is God?] Yes; I refer to the head of the Catholic Church, and the head of all churches, and the head of all souls. It is by his power I raised the table and set the image on its head, and did all the works I did.

Now I want to know which is the stronger. Faith! I think this thing is sure, and by-and-by, if it don't put the Catholic Church where I put the image, I am very much mistaken.

Well, sir, when there is anything new, you will hear from me again. Good day, sir.

June 16.

James Ready.

My name was James Ready. I was Irish by birth, and a Catholic in faith; and I knew the spirit who has just been communicating very well on the earth; and for the benefit of those who will wonder why he comes back, in opposition to the Catholic Church, I would say, when he was here, a few months before he died, he committed an indiscretion, for which he asked absolution at the confessional. It was denied him. When he was sick, he called for the priest, that he might be absolved, and might die with the consolations of the Catholic Church. It was denied him; and it very naturally roused an antagonistic feeling in his soul. He went out of the body feeling unhappily toward the church, and when he got into the spirit-world, he saw the truth, and what good there was in it, and what evil there was in it, and he straightway attached himself to a band of spirits, who are laboring not to destroy the church—the Roman Catholic

Church—but to purge it from its error, and to bring it back to its pure and primeval state. It is, like all your Protestant churches, filled with error. Where there is one grain of truth, there is ten of error; and in order to clear away rubbish of any kind there must be hard work, there must be dirty work, there must be hot-carriers, as well as brick-layers. Patrick, being well initiated in the lower affairs of the Romish Church, is assisting in laying this foundation for a purer faith in Catholicism. It is not that he has not the good of the Catholic Church at heart, for he has; but he seeks to purge it of its error, and like those with whom he is associated, he will probably never stand still till this purpose is accomplished.

I was a priest in the church, and it was myself that refused him absolution. I knew not then that I was but an instrument in the hands of the head of the church for its good, for its redemption from error, from sin and the darkness that it hath gathered to itself. I know not then that by refusing him as I did, I should sow the seed in his soul that should spring up and bear fruit for the honor and glory of the head of the church, and for the good of the church and of humanity. It is not churches that makes men bad or good; but it is that of which they are composed. If they are good, it will make them good and lead them higher. If they are bad, it will make them bad and lead them lower. But then there is a vast importance in purging the church—since you have it with you, and will have it for centuries to come—of its evil, of the darkness. For if it is a thing of light it will illumine your souls; if it is a thing of darkness it will cast a shadow over you and make miserable that which would otherwise be joyous.

Clementine Woods.

My name is Clementine Woods, but I never was called Clementine. I was always called Clement. I have got a father and mother, and two sisters and three brothers. They lived in St. Augustine, Florida. I want to tell you—that's my brother Gideon—I want to tell him so he need n't be afraid—that I am coming to him, so he will see me and know me pretty soon. And he must n't be afraid, because he was n't afraid of me here, and so don't ought to be now. And tell him I saw when he placed the flowers on my grave, and he thought it was so strange that some of them had rooted. Well, it was n't strange at all, because they were slips, and he stuck them in the ground, and of course they would grow. He must n't be superstitious, and he must n't be afraid of anything spiritual. I am going to make a medium of him. Gid. says he never will be a minister, and I don't blame him. Father says he is going to make a minister of him, but he never will, because Gid. and me are going into partnership together. He always took my part when I was here, and I am going to take his now, because I am where I can better. And it ain't no use for father to try to make a minister of him, because he won't be. He is going to be a medium and an artist. Yes he is, and father need n't say that's all visionary, because it won't be. He will be a good artist, too, and will make his mark in the world. But if father insisted upon his being a minister I think he would make a black mark. [You have n't a good opinion of ministers, I fear.] Oh yes I have, but Gid. don't want to be a minister. He said if father insisted upon it when he was two years older—as father says he shall—he should run away; and he will. He can't run away from me, because I can run faster than he can, but he will run away from father. And that would kill mother, and father better not do it—he better not do it. He better just cultivate Gid.'s natural talents. He has got enough of 'em, without trying to make what he ain't got. Gid. can't ever be a minister if father should try a hundred years on him. Gid. says the first thing he should know he would run off into Mother Goose's Melodies. His love for the ridiculous, he says, is so great that he never could entertain any sublime ideas. But I know he can in another direction. He will make a sublime artist, but he can't make a minister. [Does he show any tendency in that direction?] Oh yes, he had when I was here. And father knows he has. But he says he will drive that out of his head. But he won't. Gid. and I are in partnership, and I shall take care of him. [Did you tell us how old you were?] Didn't tell you? No, sir, but I am thirteen, and Gid. is fifteen. Good-by.

June 16.

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

Invocation.

Oh Infinite One, oh Holy Spirit of time and eternity, we come to thee this hour to receive thy blessing, to praise thee for what thou hast bestowed upon us, and to invoke still further aid from thee. Oh Divine Power, oh Infinite Good, we bring thee our hopes, our fears, our joys and our sorrows, and we lay them upon time's sacred altar, asking thee to bless them. But most of all, oh Lord, we pray thee for strength and a knowledge of truth. To know thy way, oh Lord, and to have strength to walk in it, is our greatest wish. Oh grant it and we soar on to those sublime heights in the soul-world that we so earnestly seek for. Oh grant our prayer, Great Spirit, and thy kingdom shall come to our souls and thy will shall be done by our hands and our hearts and all the powers of our being. Amen.

June 20.

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

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into the great principle of life from which we are derived?

A.—No, there is no positive proof of it, because no one of us has ever lived through eternity. We do not know that we shall. We believe it; we do not know it.

Q.—Can we have any stronger knowledge than that of faith?

A.—Oh, yes; that knowledge which you have gained by experience is not the result of faith. That which comes to you by the observation of others comes by faith in what somebody else has seen or experienced, but when you have experienced a thing yourself you know it; it is an absolute fact to you, proven by all the laws of your being. There is nothing that can set it one side or prove it false. You can never know anything that you have not experienced. To a large extent you are creatures of faith; your powers stretch out toward the infinite future in faith; but as you step into that future, step by step, degree by degree, you come to know of that future, but still the future is ever a thing of faith to you. It is only that which has been the future but which you grasp as the present, or which you have passed through, that you can know of. Knowledge you purchase by experience.

Q.—Can spirits see further into the future than we can?

A.—Their powers of perception, their clairvoyant vision, is clearer, more definite than when here. In that sense they can understand perhaps a little more of the future, and but a little more than you can.

Q.—Are not all persons unconsciously under the reception of spirit-influence?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Is not the first impression which appears to come strongly the most correct one to follow in all cases?

A.—It certainly is quite as correct as any, and with some mediumistic persons has been demonstrated to be the most correct.

June 20.

Jennie Abbott.

I am Jennie Abbott. I was born in Bangor, Me., and I died there. I have been dead four years, making me now thirteen years old. I want to tell mother that father says if she will give him an opportunity he will speak to her and tell her all about some things she wants to know. His name is Sylvester Abbott. And tell mother I am happy, and I like this spirit-world a great deal better than I did on earth. Tell her that father is anxious to tell her what she wants to know, if she will only give him a chance. He don't want to come here. Good day, sir.

June 20.

Mary McGill.

I've only been gone a week. Mary McGill was my name. I lived in Moon Street Court, and I come back to tell my sister about the child that's left—mine—a little girl nine years old. I want her to tell her mother is better off, and that she is watching over her, and that whatever she will do that had will trouble her mother, and whatever she does that is good will make her mother happy. That is what I come here for today. I found out I could come. My sister's name is Mary Murray. I call her my sister—she is my husband's sister, not my own—and she has the child, and she is a very good woman, and she wants to know the truth, and that's why I come. Good day, sir. Oh, tell her I am satisfied with the burial she gave me. Yes, I am.

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