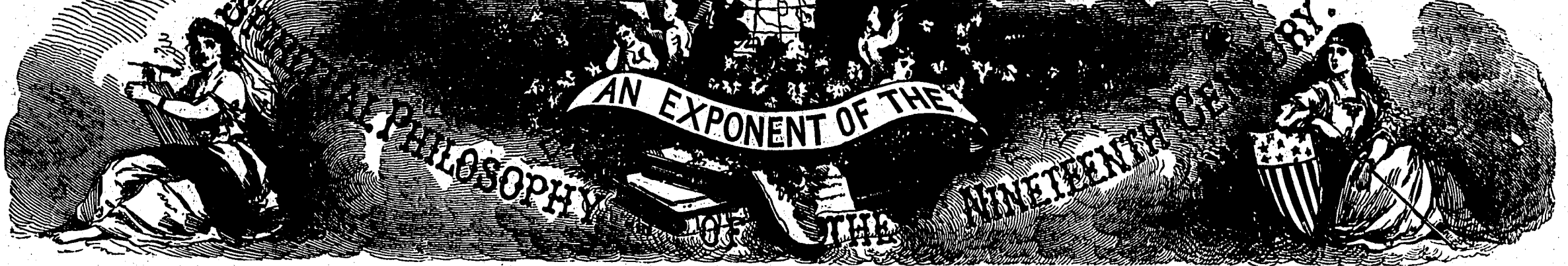


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.
MORE LIGHT.

BY G. L. DIXON.

Alfalf was wishing, as he went his way,
That all the sunlight could be broken up,
And like cool rills with rolling from the hills,
Fill the rude horn as well as Gamble's cup.
Puck wondered at the wish, and asked for light.
"That's what's the matter," was the wife's reply:
We want more light—Love's torch no longer bright,
Leaves earth's fair daughters in the dark to die.
The poor play-life, and pale for lack of that
With which the rich like precious jewels blaze—
Knowing no ill, and singing like the rills,
That dolefully "escape the slime that beds their ways."
Down in a dark drear cellar, like a pearl
Lost in the depths of some deep Stygian lake,
The shadow of a sweet girl, who in life's whirl
Once dove-like broke fond hearts where hearts could
break—
Lay with eyes brightening as the world grew dark,
With one sweet hope, one jewel and no more—
Waiting to embark, with that faint, flickering spark,
To cross Death's stream and reach the golden shore.
Affection's hand had fed her of straw,
Where Love betrayed her to life's tears.
What recks she now? Angels will wreath her brow—
She sees them come—bright-winged all and glad—
Breathing the seraph songs of higher spheres;
Sneering so low to catch her last sad sigh,
And wipe with golden hair her grateful tears.
Oh! blessed sight! That dawn is not of earth:
Those shadows fade and fresh soul-roses bloom.
The radiance of youth's goodness—Love and Truth—
Is manifesting all the mysteries of the tomb!
Ah! now said Puck, I ken the wife's rebuke:
"Is man who shuts the sunlight from the soul;
"Is he who breaks the pitcher at the fount—
"Is he who shatters 'on the golden bowl."
Albany, N. Y.

Translated from the German.

DR. BERNARD'S COMPACT.

[Continued from our last.]

I will now conduct my readers into the Count de Steinburg's mansion, into the presence of the lovely Marguerite herself.
Her father is ill—dying, she fears; and her brother Karl has just returned to his home.
"Cheer up, Marguerite!" said her brother; "our father will not die. My dearest friend, the most skillful man in Munich, shall be summoned to save him."
"Paul Bernard?"
"Yes."
"Oh, fly for him at once!"
Karl vanished on the instant.
Marguerite now returned to the sick chamber, where she found her father sitting up in a large easy-chair, his head supported on a pile of pillows. The Baron was his companion.
Marguerite started at seeing the latter.
"Count," she heard him say to her father, "you will tell the notary, who will presently be here, that, whatever may occur, your daughter shall become the wife of Baron Lienstein."
"I cannot—I cannot!" answered the Count, shivering.
"What!—I, the son of your dead friend?" rejoined the Baron, with great meaning. "You are not very courteous to your future son-in-law. Do you remember it was at a masked fête that my father fell dead at your feet, as though he had been lightning-struck? You recollect that fête, Count? You created somewhat of a sensation in your eccentric costume, and you called yourself Captain Satan. Ah, the events of that evening were altogether strange! But soon afterwards, mysterious to relate, chance gave into my hands a certain letter, which threw a great light upon those episodes of the masked ball. That letter I have about me at this very moment. I will read it to you, and refresh your memory with its contents."
"Silence—silence!" implored the Count, bending forward in his chair, and whispering hoarsely in the Baron's ear.
"Agreeable to your desire, Count, I will now go and hasten the arrival of the notary."
"Yes; go—go, Baron!" the Count cried, sinking back amongst his pillows.
But ere the Baron could leave the room, Herr Peckmann appeared at the door of the apartment, and craved permission to see the Count.
"Good-day, Count," said the old man, as he entered the room. "Eh, is he so very bad?" he asked, turning to the Baron.
"Yes; the Count's case is hopeless," the other answered, in a whisper. "I will this evening, probably, gain two hundred and twenty thousand florins, good Herr Peckmann!"
The old man grinned diabolically, and then, taking out his pocket-handkerchief, he wiped the corners of his eyes.
At this instant, Karl returned, bringing with him Doctor Paul Bernard.
"Oh, Doctor, save my father!" Marguerite exclaimed, rushing to Paul.
He recognized in a moment the sweet face which had bent over him in the grounds of the "Marmalade," on the Isar. Yes—it was indeed she. Those were the features which only in a dream he thought he had beheld, and which vainly he had endeavored to forget. It was not, then, a vision, nor had he been in any sort of delirium. But then, the other—the Spirit? She was no apparition either; for she had really spoken to him, and he had touched her frozen hands, and made that most impious compact. Ah, he could remember everything!
"When you shall see me near you, your patient must die!"
"Oh, heaven!—and he had come to save her

father—Marguerite's father. If he should find the Spirit here!
"Come, speak to our father; he is waiting for you," Marguerite said to Paul, seeing him hesitate to approach the Count.
"No, no!" shuddered he, recoiling.
"Do you doubt your skill?" asked Karl. "I do not doubt it. Come!"
"I dare not—I dare not!"
"But my poor father is near to death," Marguerite implored.
"Death!" echoed Paul. "Yes, yes; if she be there!"
"Oh, Doctor! will you not help him?" entreated Marguerite.
At this, Paul approached the sick Count, and gazed around the room, his face full of dire apprehensions. No—he did not see her.
"I will save him!" he cried, joyfully; and taking from his pocket a vial, he poured the contents of it down the throat of his insensible patient.
The Baron and Herr Peckmann were standing together at the extreme end of the spacious apartment, casting venomous looks at the young Doctor, fearing lest the Count should recover under the beneficial effects of the curative draught.
All were watching the sick man—anxiously watching him—when, invisible to every one save Paul, the Spirit glided in upon the scene.
The young Doctor trembled violently.
The Count now started up in his chair, and looked about him quite deliriously.
"Where is the Baron? My children—where are they? Let me embrace them for the last time!" he frantically cried.
Paul watched the Spirit with aching gaze.
"What was she about to do?" he mentally asked himself.
"I no longer fear you, Baron!" raved the Count. "I shall not long blush before my children, so I will now tell them all. Listen—listen, Karl and Marguerite! I—I—"
But, with a wild, stifled cry, he fell suddenly back in his chair.
"Oh, he is dying!—my poor father!" screamed Marguerite.
"No; he is saved," Paul answered, triumphantly, seeing the Spirit glide out of the room.
"Saved!" repeated Peckmann, aside to the Baron. "Then nothing is to be depended on."
"Be it so," muttered the other one. "He will sign the contract now."
The Count now looked up, and gradually recovered his sensibility.
"Dear father!" said Marguerite, hanging over his chair, and beginning to shed tears of joy.
"Oh, Doctor! heaven bless you! You have made me feel so very happy!"
The Baron cast a jealous, savage glance at the speaker, and then another at Paul.
The clock in the turret of the mansion now commenced striking the hour of midnight.
While its heavy tones were yet vibrating, the Spirit again made herself visible.
"Oh, heaven!" exclaimed Paul, in sudden terror, regarding her; "for whom is she come?"
Here Herr Peckmann approached the Count's chair.
"Count," said he, in his mumbling way, "I am delighted to see you better, especially as it is my dear nephew that has saved you."
The hypocritical, hoary old rascal was all the while thinking of the two thousand five hundred florins he had just missed, and secretly swearing to be revenged on Paul for having saved the life of the Count.
While he was yet congratulating the Doctor's patient, the Spirit, on the last stroke of the clock, approached Peckmann and touched him on the shoulder with her finger.
As she did so, the old man dropped suddenly and heavily to the ground.
He was dead!
"You see," whispered the Spirit, "I sometimes call myself Providence."
By his uncle's death, Paul had become rich. Paul was now glorious, beloved and envied.
The Count, who was quite recovered, was about to give a grand masked fête, at Karl's desire, that all the Count's friends might assemble to testify their joy at his unlooked-for recovery.
Marguerite was indeed most happy, since she had persuaded her father to endeavor to recall his given word to the Baron that she should become his bride. The Baron had lately lost very heavily at play—half his fortune, it was said—and the Count was hoping to buy back from him the promise he had so cruelly extorted. Unfortunate at play, the Baron would, perhaps, grasp greedily at gold; if so, the Count would give him plenty.
At length arrived the night of the promised fête. The scene was a most brilliant one, for the dresses of the guests were rich and varied, and the decorations of the salons magnificent in the extreme, while music floated through the air, and mirth and laughter abounded.
The Count himself wore only a simple ball-costume; Karl, a cavalier's dress; Marguerite was attired as a Bohemian; while Baron Lienstein figured as the Mephistopheles of Faust. Paul Bernard was absent from the scene at its commencement; the duties of his profession having called him in a wholly opposite direction.
Count Steinberg changed color on seeing the Baron's costume.
"Ah, you look strangely at me, my dear Count!" said the Baron. "You are not mistaken; it is a similar dress to that which you wore at a certain entertainment some time ago. You remember?"
At this moment one of the servants announced "Love"; upon which the Spirit appeared, dressed as the God of Love, with bow and arrows at her back. In her left hand she carried her mask; in her right an arrow studded with diamonds.
She approached the Count, and bowed to him.
"Though not invited, yet I am here. I go everywhere, and am never driven away," said she.
"You are welcome, lady," returned the Count.
Marguerite, bid the stranger welcome," he ad-

ed, turning to his daughter, who greeted the Spirit gently and kindly.
"Hark! the waltz invites you!" said the Spirit.
"We shall have the pleasure of seeing you again?" returned Marguerite.
"Oh, yes! once again—it is so, written!" the Spirit answered in solemn accents. The whole of the guests then hurried away to the dance, and the Spirit was left alone.
Presently Paul arrived, and the Spirit at once confronted him.
"Ah! she here! for whom comes she?" he cried in sudden affright.
"Oh, my dear Paul, you are come to us at last!" Karl exclaimed, entering the salon and warmly receiving his friend.
Paul glanced at the Spirit, and seemed to ask her whether she had come for Karl, or for her—perceiving Marguerite advancing toward him.
"Greeting to the celebrated Doctor Bernard!" spoke the Spirit.
"Ah! 'tis Love!" Karl gaily observed; "the queen of the ball!"
The music again sounded; and the Spirit disappeared, followed by Karl.
Paul was almost convulsed with terror.
"Why are you so sad?" Marguerite affectionately asked.
"Because, Marguerite, I must fly from you! because—"
"No, Paul; my father knows of our love."
"Your father?"
"Yes; and he bade me hope, dear Paul."
"Oh, Marguerite, this is joy! this is happiness!"
"And here is my father himself to confirm my words," she said, as the Count joined them.
"My child, you must hope no longer," he spoke despairingly. "I offered the Baron the half of my fortune if he would give me back my word, and he has refused my offer, and still retains the fatal promise I gave him. There is no help for it, Marguerite! you must become the wife of Baron Lienstein!"
"Wherefore must I, father, I crave to know?"
"And I also, Count," added Paul.
"Ay; and your son likewise," Karl said.
"I would fain have carried with me my secret to the tomb; but my son, I will now reveal it to you," the Count returned. "Leave me, Marguerite," he continued; "it is sufficient that I should publish my guilt to these."
Wholly bewildered, Marguerite suffered herself to be conducted out of the salon, the doors of which Karl had the precaution to lock.
The most intimate associates of my youthful days were Herr Peckmann and the present Baron Lienstein's father, the Count continued. "One fatal evening, at a masked ball given by Peckmann, was a man who styled himself Captain Satan. Toward morning that man was seated at a table with only the Baron Lienstein. Both were madly intoxicated; a quarrel arose between them over their cards, and they fought like a couple of savages, and suddenly the Baron fell to the ground, bereft of all power—of all consciousness. But nothing could appease the rage of Captain Satan; and in a paroxysm of drunken fury, his enemy unarmed and helpless at his feet, with one blow of his sword, he—he basely slew him."
"And that man," cried Karl—"that Captain Satan was—"
"Was your father!" answered the Count.
"Ah, yes; now I remember!" said Paul, as if collecting his thoughts. "Listen to me!" he continued, addressing the Count. "You are very guilty; but your conscience is spared the reproach of having killed the man. The wound you gave him would not have been fatal; for, in your blind rage, you struck only a corpse."
"Impossible!" exclaimed the Count.
"It is the truth; which you, having died on the instant, could not learn. The Baron Lienstein's body having been transported to his house, his son summoned a physician to ascertain the true cause of his death. That physician was my father. Ascertaining that the sword-thrust had been insufficient to kill, he extended his examination, and discovered disease of the heart, which had arrived at its maturity; and he marvelled that it had not long before proved fatal. It was then proved that the death, which was inevitable for the Baron, had preceded the sword-thrust."
"I am not the less guilty for that," sighed the Count.
"And the son—the present Baron Lienstein—knew that it was so?" asked Karl.
"He was the first to know it," answered Paul.
"And for twenty years he has caused me to live with that thought ever haunting me—I am a murderer!" said the Count. "Ah! you are not acquainted with all that occurred on that fatal night. I was at home, my confession signed, the weapon by my side—resolved to die. Suddenly the son of Baron Lienstein appeared before me; I cast myself at his feet, gave into his hands the letter in which I accused myself of the murder, and implored his pardon—entreated him to slay me, and avenge his father. He appeared to pity my despair and anguish. 'By such repentance I am sufficiently avenged!' he exclaimed. 'There was no witness to the unhappy affair, and the world shall believe that the Baron was a victim to some malady. For myself, I pardon you.' Long after, like the spectre of my life, this man presented himself to me, and dared to demand of me my daughter's hand, and I yielded to his threats—to the terror inspired by that letter."
"But henceforth you may defy him," rejoined Paul; "and should he accuse you, I will repeat that which my father told me."
"And could you hope to be believed against that letter, signed by my father himself?" asked Karl. "The Baron would say you had invented that story because you love my sister, and he would be credited, and infamy would overwhelm us all."
"He is inflexible," said the Count, mournfully. "When, but now, thinking he was a ruined man, I offered him the half of my fortune, he demanded

I should fulfill my promise, and give him Marguerite for wife; and then, to frighten me, he waved before my eyes that fatal letter. He granted me one hour; and would then, he said, come here to know what day I had fixed on for the marriage."
"He is coming here?" said Karl; "then let him beware! Father, you must leave this matter in my hands now."
"And in mine, also," added Paul.
"What would you do?" cried the Count, regarding the two young men in terror. "Would you fight the Baron?"
"Leave us, Count—fear not, and confide your honor to our hands," Paul returned.
"May heaven be with you both!"
And with those words the Count retired.
"I will encounter the Baron," said Karl; "my sister and your mother would weep your loss."
"Well, let the Baron Lienstein choose between us," Paul replied.
"He is here," he added, as that gentleman entered the room.
"I thought the Count was here," he observed; "the hour is come."
"What hour?" inquired Karl.
"That at which your father is to fix the day for my marriage with your sister."
"It is not yet that hour!" Karl pointedly answered.
"It will never sound," added Paul.
"For you, Doctor," the Baron answered, with a sneer. "But, gentlemen, what is the point at which you would arrive?"
"With which of us would you choose to fight, Baron?" Paul demanded.
"With neither one nor the other," laughed the Baron.
"But I am positively determined it shall be so, Baron!" Karl cried. "Come, I am eager to behold you sword in hand!"
"Would it be indiscreet to ask you why?"
"Because I have to avenge my family, which is desolated, oppressed and outraged by you."
"Ah, excellent!" exclaimed the Baron, with the utmost coolness; "I understand—the Count has made his confession to you."
"Baron Lienstein, you are a false knave!" broke forth Paul, in a frenzy of passion.
"A miserable wretch—a base liar!" Karl added, furiously.
"Pray, gentlemen, don't trouble your vocabulary any further; I have said I shall not fight," the Baron calmly responded.
"Because you are a coward, Baron Lienstein!" Paul thundered in his ear. "Yes, the Count has confessed to us! But I have absolved him—I, the son of the late Doctor Magnus Bernard! and when you turn the Count a murderer—you lie!"
"Quite possible, if you tell me quietly; but if you shout it out to all the world, I shall say that it is you who lie!"
"Say, likewise, that the son of him whom you slandered struck you—thus!" And so saying, Karl, unable longer to restrain his indignation and rage, with his open hand struck the Baron on the cheek.
"Ah!" exclaimed he, laying his hand upon his sword; "my face insulted by a blow!"
At this instant, the voices of the disputants having reached the outer salon, the guests hurried to the scene of strife; Marguerite and the Count followed them up in dire alarm.
"Now!" stormed the Baron, rushing up to the folding doors, locking them and withdrawing the key before any one had time to oppose him; "I will have my vengeance here and now!"
"No, no—not here!" the guests cried, as with one voice.
The doors were then burst open, and the Baron and Karl, followed by the Count, Paul and several of the guests, rushed out of the ball-room, out of the mansion, and sought the forest hard by. The snow lay thickly on the ground, and a full moon was shedding her ghostly light on every surrounding object.
They had found a cleared space for the forthcoming combat, when the Baron perceived a figure crouching under a tree.
The Baron touched the figure with his sword-point, knowing not whether it belonged to the living or the dead, whereupon the crouching form—which was that of a female—rose, and moved on a few paces.
"Stay, old woman," said he; "I have employment for you. We cannot have a better spot than this, gentlemen," he continued, turning to those around him. "Very well, then. Old woman, take up yonder branch—sweep some of this snow away with it—prepare a bed for the man who will sleep here!"
Accordingly the old woman cleared away the snow with the branch, leaving a dark circle. Then she resumed her former position at the foot of the tree. As she did so, her hood slipped off her head, and the face of the Spirit was revealed.
The Baron was humming an opera air.
Presently the combatants advanced and placed themselves on the spot that had lately been cleared of the snow. Then the duel commenced.
The Spirit now advanced crouching toward the combatants; on seeing her Paul uttered a stifled cry; at the same instant Karl quickly carried his left hand to his right wrist.
"Are you wounded, Karl?" Paul inquired.
"Ah! I can no longer hold my sword!" was the reply. And Karl's weapon fell upon the ground.
The Baron was now walking to and fro, humming a tune.
"It is now my turn," said Paul Bernard, taking up his sword, and standing on guard.
"At last!" exclaimed the Baron, exultingly, pausing before Paul. "One day I told you I was one of those who never pardon. Do you remember?"
They now crossed their swords. The Spirit was on her knees, crouching behind the Baron, her sickle glistening in her hand.
The two men fought furiously. After a desperate thrust at the Baron, Paul left himself un-

guarded; but before the weapon of the former could reach him, the Spirit, with her sickle, touched the Baron on the heel, and Paul stabbed him through the heart.
"Ah! I'm slain!" cried the Baron, falling heavily to the ground.
"Now, that letter?" said Paul.
The Baron drew a paper from his breast. "You shall not have it!" he rejoined.
Paul heeded him not, but snatched it from him and passed it to the Count, who was binding up Karl's wrist. Paul then knelt beside the Baron.
"I also call myself Justice!" whispered the Spirit in the young Doctor's ear.
Thicker and thicker fell the snow upon the dying Baron, whose limbs had already lost the power to stir themselves. It was a dreary death to die, here in the darkness, with no friend near him.
Paul was watching the Spirit, who was now bending over the Baron. Presently she placed her finger on his brow, and he was numbered with the dead.
The marriage of Doctor Paul Bernard with the lovely Marguerite Steinberg was to be celebrated at midnight, in the chapel of the Count's castle. The hour and the place had been chosen by Marguerite herself, and insisted on by Paul's mother, and nothing remained but to obey their wishes.
At last, then, happiness seemed to be within Paul's grasp.
Marguerite looked very beautiful in her bridal dress, with a coronet of white roses on her fair brow. Paul gazed on her with pride, and knelt with her, and asked his mother's blessing. Then the wedding party made its way toward the chapel. But as the expectant bride placed her foot on the first step of the altar, she uttered a faint cry, and sank back into her father's arms.
All was now a scene of confusion.
"Marguerite, Marguerite!" cried Paul, distractedly, hanging over her.
She opened her eyes, and answered him in a weak voice, saying that nothing ailed her—that she was already well again.
But scarcely had she attempted to rise, when she swooned once more.
"Go—go! Leave us, all!" Paul commanded.
And that command was instantly and silently obeyed, and the young Doctor and his promised wife were alone together.
Paul looked up, and uttered a cry of horror.
The Spirit, in her long white robes, was once again in his presence.
"Oh, heaven!" he broke forth, in frantic accents. "She shall not die—you shall not take her from me! I will save her—I will snatch her from you!"
The Spirit bowed her head assentingly. Then, with solemn steps, she went toward the door through which the wedding guests, the Count, Karl and Paul's mother had just passed.
"Whither go you?" inquired Paul.
"For your mother," the Spirit answered.
"My mother! No, no—stay! Oh, spare my mother!"
The Spirit stood motionless.
"Suffer them both to live, and take me!" Paul entreated.
Now the Spirit bent over Marguerite's insensible form.
"Well, my mother gave me life, and now to her I render more than life. Let my mother live, and take my bride!"
And, overcome by his feelings, Paul fell upon his knees, and sobbed hysterically.
Here the door opened, and admitted the Count, Karl, and Paul's mother.
The Spirit looked above, and her attitude and gesture seemed to ask of heaven, "Am I to strike, or leave them?"
Then she appeared as if she had received a Divine command, and her head was bowed obediently.
She turned to Paul, and spoke as follows: "Your sentence has often had the glory to conquer death. Heaven has now yielded to your faith, your love, and gives you your mother and your bride."
Marguerite now recovered her consciousness, breathed freely, and looked about her, radiant once more with life and love.
"Our compact is broken," said the Spirit; and, with these words she disappeared.
"Come, my children, to the chapel," spoke the Count.
And, accordingly, Marguerite was led to the priest, and was soon exchanging her vows with Paul Bernard.
GOOD ADVICE TO DYSPETICS.—If a man wishes to get rid of dyspepsia, he must give his stomach and brain less to do. It will be of no service to him to follow any particular regimen—to live on food, bread, or any such stuff—to weigh his chaff, etc., so long as the brain is in a constant state of excitement. Let that have proper rest, and the stomach will perform its functions. But if he pass fourteen or fifteen hours a day in his office or counting-room, and take no exercise, his stomach will inevitably become paralyzed, and if he puts nothing into it but a cracker a day, it will not digest it. In many cases it is the brain that is the primary cause. Give that delicate organ some rest. Leave your business behind you when you go to your home. Do not sit down to your dinner with your brow knit, and your mind absorbed in casting up interest accounts. Never abridge the usual hours of sleep. Take more or less exercise in the open air every day. Allow yourself some innocent recreation. Eat moderately, slowly, and of just what you please, provided it be not the shovel and tongs. If any particular dish disagrees with you, however, never touch it or look at it. Do not imagine that you must live on rye bread or oatmeal porridge; a reasonable quantity of nutritious food is essential to the mind as well as the body. Above all, banish all thoughts of the subject. If you have any treatises on dyspepsia, domestic medicine, etc., put them directly into the fire. If you are constantly talking and thinking about dyspepsia, you will surely have it. Endeavor to forget that you have a stomach. Keep a clear conscience; live temperately, regularly, cleanly; be industrious, too, but be temperate.

Free Thought.

GOD AND NATURE.

BY WILLIAM N. SLOCUM.

"My reason assures me that the visible and invisible universe is the work of an Almighty Father. The evidence of wise design, of intelligent purpose, which is presented on every side, leaves me no room to hang a doubt upon."—*Horace Greeley in the Golden Age.*

The perfect adaptation of means to ends throughout Nature, is the strongest proof that law is supreme, and that no outside power is required to operate it. It is impossible to conceive of the universe in a state of inharmoniousness; because such a condition of things, if for a moment possible, would instantly destroy the universe, and there would be nothing left to consider but disorganized matter. There is no applicability, and consequently no force, in the argument used by Paley and his pupils, of whom the Tribune philosopher seems to be one. The fact that a watch evidently had a maker, does not prove that matter must have had a creator. The watch, as a watch, had a beginning, and undoubtedly the universe, as such, also had a beginning; but these facts do not prove that matter has not eternally existed, and that the laws that govern it are not adequate to accomplish all the changes of form which occur. Because we know that nothing comes by chance, it does not follow that all things were made by design. The perfectness and grandeur of natural law immeasurably transcend the power of any conceivable being.

The conclusion to which Mr. Greeley arrives (that the universe was designed and created by a Supreme Being) evinces a very imperfect conception of natural law; and all he says in support of his conclusion, instead of proving the existence of a being higher than the law, proves the need of a higher appreciation of the law itself. Mr. Greeley, during his long, active and useful life, has expended so much thought on the science of human legislation, that he has overlooked the vast difference that exists between human and natural law. Natural law administers itself; it requires no extraneous power to bring it into existence, for the simple reason that it never had a beginning; and it needs none to attend upon its execution, for it is self-working. Natural laws are not forces acting on matter, but properties of matter itself—just as much a part of matter as any other of its essential properties.

All things that now are, material and spiritual, have been, in some form, from eternity, and will be without end. All things are subject to change, and in course of time these changes are equivalent to new creations. All things are governed by natural law, and this law, itself without change, is the means by which all else changes. It pervades all matter, vivifies all spirit, and is the light and life of all things. It had no creator; it required none; it always existed as a property of matter, and as a portion of spirit, and without it nothing could be. If there could be any place where law is not, there would be chaos; but there cannot. No particle of matter is so small, no individual spirit so insignificant that the law of Nature does not control it. No globe is so vast, no spiritual realm so mighty or so ethereal that Nature does not, as it were, hold it in the hollow of its mighty hand—for, metaphorically speaking, Nature has myriads of outstretching arms, and they extend throughout the boundlessness of the universe.

It is impossible to conceive of matter without the law which is a part of it. The existence of natural law is necessarily coeval with the existence of matter. Natural laws are properties of matter, as much as density and form are; and properties also of spirit, as much as life is. Spiritual attraction and repulsion are in accordance with natural law, and all conditions of all things material and spiritual are dependent upon law. All the forces of Nature operate uniformly and unceasingly, and Mr. Greeley, who thinks it reasonable to ask God to save the life of a child which falls from a seven-story building, might with as much reason pray to the attraction of gravitation to suspend its action to prevent the breaking of the child's bones by the fall, as to ask an imaginary God to save from the effect that must follow the disregard of natural law, which is supreme in all things—the only true God. Men pray to an imaginary being, and often think they get an answer to prayer; not perceiving that by earnest prayer they merely bring themselves into a higher condition. It is a glorious truth that when we pray, we bring not divinity down to us, but elevate ourselves into a condition akin to the divine; and still more glorious is it that though there is no individual God, there are individual spirits of loved ones gone before, who are neither unkind of our wants, nor powerless to aid. The Catholic belief in communion with saints, is a faith founded on reason and in harmony with Nature, and it is the true secret of the Catholic power. An appeal to some exalted denizen of the spirit-world—a departed friend, or any pure being in whom we can trust—is the only sensible form of prayer.

We all feel our dependence upon some power beyond ourselves; and those who have an inadequate conception of the beneficence of natural law, and who lack that perfect trust in it which a high appreciation of it gives, are impelled by the cravings of their unsatisfied nature to put faith in an imaginary person called by them God—an incomprehensible being, or, as they say, "an infinite spirit," with attributes not to be understood by finite minds; and they content themselves with a vague, shadowy, dreamy notion of his character, and try to delude themselves into the belief that they love him, as if it were a possibility to love that which we cannot apprehend. I do not say comprehend; a man may love his wife without understanding her—but we cannot even apprehend an Infinite God. Admire such a being we possibly may; reverse him we possibly can; but love him! oh no! that is a delusion; and the delusion is so obvious that men have been driven to take refuge in a human god, Jesus Christ, a man who lived as all of us do, and died as all of us will. This man-god, a being of noble and lovable nature, they satisfy themselves with, because they can really love his character; can understand his human nature; can reverse his life, and can spiritually draw near unto him as to a dear friend, gratifying the longings of the soul in the contemplation of the virtues he actually possessed, and the added character of divinity which they have thrust upon him. This man-god is a thing of human invention, to satisfy human cravings and to impose upon human credulity. He is, because God is not; and he would not be if God were; because were there any God he would be manifest, and would satisfy, thus obviating the necessity for a human contrivance. No, there is no God but law! There is no place for such a being in Nature; no work for him to perform; no need for him to fill; the law is all in all. The law is supreme; no power can transcend it or set it aside.

A personal God is the very essence of absurdity. A person must have form; and if form, dimensions; and if dimensions, he must have limits; and if limits, he cannot be omnipresent;

and if not omnipresent, he is not God. Therefore a personal God is no God at all, because he necessarily lacks one of the indispensable characteristics of Deity as generally understood. Some delude seek to avoid this dilemma by assuming that although God is a person, and has a local habitation, his influence extends throughout all space—a mere assumption to explain an assumption—as if the reasonableness of the one could render any less unreasonable the other.

The fact is, all gods, personal or impersonal, with mind and will and power superior to law, are mere myths—creations of the imagination of men. There is no truth in the doctrine, and scarcely any semblance of truth. The law crowds all such imaginary beings out of all possible existence. The idea is unworthy the intelligence of the age, and certainly too puerile to be seriously entertained by a man who, like Greeley, is capable of recognizing the universality, the unchangeability, and the all-prevailing power of law.

Admitting, as a basis for argument, that there is a God, and that he has mind and will, how can either be legitimately exercised? Will Mr. Greeley or "any other man" tell us? What use is there for thought to a mind that is omniscient? How can will be exerted by a being already perfect? He can have no choice but the right; and what kind of a will is that which can act but in one direction? It is law—not will; therefore this God is himself subject to law. Would it not be more rational to say, God is the law; or, rather, the law is God; not a conscious being, but a prevailing power, a vivifying force, ever-acting and all-pervading?

It is assumed that this Omnipotent Being created the laws of Nature. If so, himself being perfect, his works must be perfect; therefore his law is perfect, and there can be no occasion for change. Hence, after he has called into existence natural law, by which all things are perfectly governed, there is no longer any use for the Creator; his creature, the law, controls the universe, and God falls back into an eternal rest, equivalent to nonentity. But, Mr. Greeley, do you not know that the creation, if it may be so called, is still going on? And is it not evident that natural law is the developing agent? Why seek, then, for a God as the cause—a being which, if found, does not in the least relieve you of the task of searching still further for the cause of God himself?

Neither is it permissible to seek shelter under the shadow of a presumed mystery. There is no necessity for the plea of mystery except as a concealment for an untenable position. Some, however, naturally love the mysterious, and would prefer not to have the drapery torn from their idols, lest the reality might be less pleasing than the dream. But if mystery is so dear to you, the mysteries of the law ought to be sufficient to gratify, as they certainly are occult enough to tax your deepest thought. Do not resign your judgment, and indolently fall back on an imaginary mystery; it will not help you. To imagine a beginning to creation, and no beginning to the Creator, is to imagine a time when there was nothing but God in existence. Reflect upon this idea, and see where it will lead you.

Is it not more reasonable to assume that all things have eternally existed in some form, than to say something has been made from nothing? It is childish to imagine an impossible event, and then account for it by assuming that it was caused by a being so powerful that to him all things are possible. A thinking man should be able to recognize the fact that matter contains within itself the elements of change; that the "forces" of Nature are all there, and need no creator, no outside force, to eliminate new forms. The germ exists, and in due time the fruit appears, matures, decays, and its component parts take other forms, according to their nature; and these changes are going on constantly. To-day is as much a day of creation as any of the six we read of in the fable.

One thought more: As death releases us from this life only that we may have birth to a life higher than this, it is reasonable to believe that some change akin to death will take place again, and again, the limit to which we may never know. And as our lives here are greatly influenced by inhabitants of the spirit-world, it is reasonable to believe that spirits are in their turn influenced by beings of a higher condition, and so on through an infinitude of gradations, the most exalted existences being of a nature glorious beyond our power to conceive. Perhaps these inconceivably exalted beings may, in comparison with us, be called gods; yet let no one imagine that even they can be superior to law. It is by law they attain their sublimity, and they are necessarily as much subject to law as the most insignificant of beings. They can use the law effectively, because they can do so intelligently; but it is impossible that even the greatest could create law; otherwise the creature would transcend the Creator, which is a manifest absurdity. The creature, which is by law in time brought to such heights of sublimity, may well excite our admiration; but the law, which is the Cause, is awful in its majesty, admirable beyond expression—it is God, the Infinite, the Illimitable.

San José, Cal., March, 1871.

"DEFENCE OF MEDIUMS."

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—My letter in defence of mediums, published in the Banner, has consigned me to a hotter place than the rich man found in the Bible parable. Well, here I am in the Northwestern limits of that hottest of all hot places, the Crucible. This department is under the dictatorship of W. F. Jamieson, who has been troubled for some years with a disease that we will denominate *humbug on the brain*. Said Jamieson has, at sundry times and in divers places, given evidence of having this disease so thoroughly seated that it has become chronic. In their issue of the 29th April, he breaks forth in the following strain:

"J. L. Potter, Minnesota State Missionary, feels called upon to 'defend' mediumship. In the Banner of Light he seeks to impress the public with the idea that Mrs. Ballou is opposed to mediumship. Is this just to Mrs. Ballou?"

How feelingly he appeals to your sympathy, friends! Again:

"The patronizing way in which some individuals announce themselves as 'defenders' is ludicrous, and impresses one with the thought that mediums are overgrown babies, with big brothers ready to 'defend' them. This kind of cant among Spiritualists has become about as disgusting as 'for Christ's sake' among Orthodox Christians."

He then very cajolingly says:

"Our friend Potter, for whom I have a high regard as a man and a radical exponent of Spiritualism, undertakes to review Mrs. Ballou's well-written article on the *exposé* of the frauds of Laura V. Ellis, in the Present Age, March 4th. But what shall we say when Mr. Potter endeavors to prevent Addie or other mediums from expressing any opinion at all on the subject of mediumship?"

You state a great truth, Mr. Jamieson, when you say that J. L. Potter feels called upon to defend mediumship; and it makes no difference to me whether the attack is made by J. S. Loveland, Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, or W. F. Jamieson, so long

as it is only a *belief* with them that such an one is a *humbug*. As a big brother, I shall defend them against any and all such assaults. To whom has this kind of cant become disgusting? To these self-appointed thing-men, whose duty it is to regulate the moral status of the less favored ones. Observation has taught me that most of those that are crying out against the honesty of mediums are people whose lives have ever been, and are still, above reproach or censure. Such should guard with jealous care the honesty of our exponents. Friend Potter is a good fellow; but when he undertakes to review Mrs. Ballou's well-written article, he ought to know better. Why, sir, here I, W. F. Jamieson, Mrs. Ballou's biggest brother, will give you or any one else a good swatting that dares to review our well-written bulls against mediums, or even question our infallible right to excommunicate them upon belief alone. Do I wish to prevent Addie from expressing an opinion of mediums? Not a bit of it; but what I do wish to prevent is, an expression of her belief, or the belief of any other person, as authority in the premises. Fair play is all I ask, friend Jamieson. So, when mediums are to be condemned as humbogs upon belief only, I want you and Mrs. Ballou to book your names as overgrown babies, without even a "big brother" to defend you. Not satisfied with the monarchal sway he holds over the Northwestern Department of the Crucible, he casts a longing, wishful eye toward Boston, and thus sweetly sings: "Our good friends of the Banner evidently did not see anything improper in Bro. Potter's article, but recommended it as 'pertinent.' One more word would have fully expressed it—'impudent.'"

Thus, dear Banner, we are disposed of as the recording angel moves Bro. Jamieson's hand to write our common epithet—"Good fellows in life—impudent in death."

I am, as ever, the medium's defender,
J. L. POTTER.
Lake City, Minn., May 1, 1871.

"EMMA HARDINGE ON MARRIAGE."

BY DR. J. K. BAILEY.

Since I am not among the number who have either "publicly or privately assailed with reproaches," or criticised that noble and eloquent advocate of our cause, Emma Hardinge, in regard to the ceremony "solemnizing" or legalizing her marriage, I cannot be justly charged with any personal sensitiveness as to the strictures which she makes in an article under the above caption, published in Banner of Light, Vol. XXIX, No. 7. But it seems to me that a portion of those comments upon the position of her critiques, places Spiritualism and Spiritualists in an entirely false light upon the question of marriage, and demands a denial of the conclusions which logical deduction from those statements would warrant.

The "private, personal and national reasons" assigned by Sister Hardinge as influencing and determining her course in the legalization of her marriage, are amply sufficient; and since divulged will, no doubt, entirely disarm all desire to criticise motive, duty or example in the case. It would seem that the simple statement of those facts, with a pardonable and natural indulgence of invective, protest, etc., might have satisfied her indignation. But I respectfully submit that the animadversions indulged in by one of our ablest and recognized expounders and standard-bearers, as Sister Hardinge has done in the article under review, can but have the effect to mislead public opinion—is not in accordance with the true status of Spiritualism upon the questions involved, and hence is unjust and mischievous.

Her definition of what constitutes marriage I think will be *universally* accepted by Spiritualists; but the lack of legal status and of moral and law-abiding position which she, inferentially at least, assigns to Spiritualism in America, will not be acknowledged, nor is it in accordance with fact. The points to which I respectfully object, are embodied in the following quotations from said article:

"With these views, though the civil contract was no subject of respect or necessity to me, I observed it for the sake of the example, and consider I did a better service to my friends and my cause, than those ultra reformers who contract all sorts of free and easy marriages that bind them one moment and loose them the next, according to the fleeting impulses of the hour. I know of the social evil and public reproach such 'marriages,' if they can be called so, have brought on families and the cause of which I am an advocate; and I, for one, determine that whatever can tend to legalize my acts in the greatest degree, is just that which I should have the greatest honor to my cause, and setting the best example to my people."

There is a bigotry of radicalism which is just as bitter as the bigotry of conservatism, and so because I did not choose to throw aside all forms, law and order, and do just what my spiritualistic friends would have dictated to me, I am to be rebuked and rebuffed under censure just as tyrannically as I should have been by the Orthodox had I ventured beyond Orthodox bounds.

And I think there is yet one more point upon which our spiritualistic friends are somewhat short-sighted. Legal enactments become legal only when they emanate from duly constituted authorities. A good name is not such a very contemptible possession after all, that we should throw it away in mere wantonness. When the Spiritualists, who are so fond of repudiating law, but are so particularly strong upon the law of their own opinions, are sufficiently in harmony with the laws of right, good order, God and Nature, as to be recognized for a law-abiding, law-loving people, their enactments will not doubt be acknowledged as legal, and ceremonies sanctioned by their ministers will not endanger the good name of those who participate in them. At present we are in a "transition state" no doubt; but until we come out of it, and enter upon some state that will define who we are, what we are, and what we mean or think, I do not fancy the public will have much respect for the enactments of the self-elected authorities who rise up in our midst and proclaim, upon their own witness, their right to make or even break laws at their pleasure."

The clear inference of these statements is: That Spiritualists are not a law-abiding people upon this question of marriage; that Spiritualism, in America, tends to "free and easy marriages, that bind them one moment and loose them the next," etc.; that to conform to spiritualistic "forms and ceremonies" of marriage—to be "united in the holy bonds of wedlock"—is to "minister of the Gospel" of Spiritualism, is to ignore and "throw aside all forms, law and order!"—In short, that Spiritualism has no legal status in America! Also that Spiritualists do not counsel, desire and practice legal marriage; or, at least, that a large class (and her "assailants" must be presumed to be of that class) do advise and practice marriage under forms and conditions not legal!

These charges or implications I believe to be entirely unfounded, and therefore unwarrantable. That there may be a few nominal Spiritualists who hold to and practice such ideas, I do not doubt; as there are also people of various religious professions who do likewise.

The truth is, that Spiritualism has a legal existence in America as a religious body; and that very many of the speakers and mediums—"apostles of Spiritualism"—are legally endowed with the ministerial function for the "solemnization of marriage."

In the United States of America marriage is, in law, held to be a purely civil contract; and the laws of most of the States (the relation being regulated by State authority) provide that besides certain judicial and administrative officers, the "ministers of the gospel" of all religious sects, denominations and associations legally organized under the statutory provisions of the State wherein such religious bodies are located, may "solemnize marriage."

Now, as there are a number of associations of Spiritualists located in several different States, and organized under the laws thereof, which have granted "letters of ordination" in pursuance of the laws under which the function is authorized, it follows that Spiritualism has a legal status in America; that marriages can be legally "solemnized" and established by "ministers of the gospel" of Spiritualism. And I fearlessly assert that Spiritualists, as a mass, are a law-abiding people, and do not look upon the legal obligation in this relation as a "burden."

I have myself supervised the organization of several legal societies of Spiritualists in the State of Michigan, and I hold a certificate of legal ministerial powers for "solemnizing marriage." The certificate of the proper officer and the seal of the court are attached, making it a legal document in the courts of any State or of the United States of America; and dozens of our speakers and mediums are similarly commissioned and sanctioned. Does such a compliance with law indicate an inclination or attempt to either "make or break laws at their pleasure"? Instead, these facts clearly indicate that the Spiritualists of America are not "fond of repudiating law," and that the charges laid at the door of Spiritualists, in the foregoing quotations from Sister Hardinge's strictures, are as unjust as they are untrue, and, in my humble judgment, unwisely and unfortunately made.

Were the clear implications of those statements of Sister Hardinge true, it would be a sad commentary on the genius of Spiritualism, as also upon the effect of that lady's surpassing labors in behalf thereof. If it were true, the twelve or fifteen years of her rational, clear, specific, eloquent and untiring exposition and teachings in behalf of Spiritualism in America—to say nothing of the hundreds of others who have diligently labored for the truth, for purity and correct principles of not only faith but also practice—were worse than thrown away.

But they are not true. Nor can it be true that Emma Hardinge intended to charge or indicate what is the legitimate implication of her text in said strictures. The opponents of Spiritualism, however, will thus construe her language, and make it a weapon of warfare upon our cause. Therefore, in my judgment, this denial and statement of facts is important, if not imperatively demanded.

In view of these facts, it is not probable that those who have criticised Mrs. Hardinge for legalizing her marriage under the forms of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America have desired her to ignore legal obligations. They have undoubtedly thought (not knowing of her very good "private, personal and national reasons") that she might have employed a legal minister of (legal) Spiritualism, and thus have encouraged those supposed to be weaker than Emma Hardinge in relation to fashionable society popularity.

It is time the world of humanity understood that Spiritualists are not only a law-abiding people, but also that they are determined to be respected as such, and that they are a religious body, with equal rights and duties, as well as superior faith, faith-principles and forms. This status can be attained soonest and most surely by organization under the requirements and sanctions of law, and by the individual and collective exemplification of our principles, teachings and truths. Doing this whenever not impracticable, or because of similar reasons to those that prevailed in the case of Sister Hardinge, it would seem that duty requires the employment of the legal "instruments" of Spiritualism "to legalize the act"—marriage.

I have but little respect for that weakness which, through policy, panders to popular clamor and hebeities; or, through fear of "Mother Grundy," shrinks from the vindication of principle and the exemplification of true manhood and womanhood practice, as well in the legalization of marriage or divorce as in all the acts of life, either of social, legal, or of conventional or unconventional duties and functions. But I have much compassion—*for all MORAL COWARDS!*

WAITING.

BY MATTIE BELLE CRANE.

Waiting for the rosy morning,
Rising over the eastern main,
To dispel the spectral shadows
That are brooding o'er the plain.

Waiting for the dew-damp flowers,
To catch glimmerings of the dawn,
And expand in radiant beauty,
Over meadow, field and lawn.

Waiting for the steps of morning,
Stealing 'mong the forest wilds;
To awake the choral songsters,
Cloistered in its shadowy folds.

Oh, my spirit, cease thy waiting,
Take the joys around thee thrown;
Day that hath no mystic shadows,
Save in heaven, is never known.

Only by the crystal streamlets,
Flowing in Immortal's land,
Can we call those fair Immortelles—
Flowers that leave no mounds behind.

Then, my soul, cease thy repining,
Light and love will come again;
Music in the life immortal,
That hath no discordant strain.

Dean Clark as a Lecturer.

Dean Clark has spoken here before the Spiritualists for the past five Sundays to good audiences and to general acceptance on the great truths of Nature and Science that he so ably promulgates. He presents the new truth in all its practical bearings, as well as its celestial and philosophical aspects, and by his inspiring words the soul grows stronger and braver to meet and battle with the opposing elements in life. His fine, scholarly attainments, ability to impart to others the knowledge that he possesses, his sympathy for the oppressed and bereaved, his pleasing address, and the inspiration that attends his efforts—all combine to make him one of the first and foremost teachers of the age. He preaches from the heart as well as the head, and lifts his hearers into a clearer, purer atmosphere, where all things are irradiated by the sunlight of a pure love to the brotherhood of humanity. The cause of Spiritualism has in this pure-minded, fearless and earnest reformer a noble and eloquent exponent and advocate—one whose heart and soul are in his work, and we trust he will always find strength, sympathy and appreciation not only from the "angel-world," but from the inhabitants of this lower sphere, our present home and abiding place.

Arthur Hodges, a "test medium," of Boston, is also sojourning here for a short time, and I am told that he demonstrates to good effect the cardinal facts of the spiritual philosophy, and many hard skeptics have been brought to acknowledge that "there's surely something in it."

S. H. W.

Fall River, Mass., May 1st, 1871.

Spiritualism.

What an Anglo-Indian has Recently Seen of Spiritualism in America.

PART I.

Mr. Arthur Whitten is an Anglo-Indian, and his *Notes of a Tour in America and Canada, during May, June and July, 1870*, published by the Englishman Press, Calcutta, 1871, is one of the latest and best books of American travel.

These Notes were not originally designed for public circulation, and perhaps are all the better on that account. They are written in the pleasant, familiar style of a man writing for friends, and describing all that he saw and that seemed to him worth noting down—mountains, rivers, lakes and other natural scenery, railways, steamboats, hotels, churches, public buildings, street architecture, incidents of travel, and whatever else would naturally attract the attention of an intelligent tourist.

But, besides seeing the country and the people, Mr. Whitten had a special purpose in visiting America. Not very long since, as we learn from a mutual friend, when Spiritualism was brought under his notice, he treated it with that scornful incredulity so common among ignorant persons of the educated classes. Subsequently, however, he saw reason to deem it deserving more respectful consideration; and this was the result of his visiting the United States to see and judge of Spiritualism there for himself, and more particularly to visit Dr. Newton, of whose wonderful power as a "healing medium" he had heard so much.

There is very little really new in what Mr. Whitten tells us of the subject of Spiritualism, but he fully confirms the previous accounts we have heard; and the independent testimony of so shrewd and intelligent an observer as Mr. Whitten cannot fail to be of interest and value. We therefore extract nearly the whole of his Notes concerning what he witnessed of Spiritualism; and, first, we give his account of

VISITS TO DR. NEWTON.

"Friday, May 14th.—I drove this morning to see Dr. Newton and his patients at home. The house is situated in a quiet street, and is approached by a flight of stone steps; leading from the entrance hall are the patients' waiting-room and secretary's office. When we arrived, at eleven o'clock, there were thirty or forty persons awaiting his or her turn to come under the doctor's hands. We were conducted to the next floor above, and took our seats to watch the proceedings. The patients were brought up by the secretary, three or four at a time; when cured, a bell was rung, and others came in. Each patient was received with kindly words and gentleness of manner. With very few exceptions, they were all as perfect strangers to Dr. Newton as to us. They had come far, even from the Southern States, to be treated. There had been no communication between them and the doctor; he knew nothing of them or their ailments until placed before him as we saw them. In some cases, he would ask the nature of their complaints, and put leading questions as to the position they were in, of living, occupation, etc. But not infrequently he would say, 'You need not tell me what is the matter with you; I know very well.' If the case was one of lung disease, he examined the heart and lungs; and, by means of a short tube, a magnetic current was breathed through their bodies to the point indicated by the doctor's finger, the current being diverted at will from one lung to the other. The effect was described as being like a burning fluid passing through the heart and lungs. Then they were made to raise their arms, to 'squirt right down'—to use the good doctor's own words—and rise again quickly. Then he would throw upon the patient a magnetic current from his own body, and in the name of God command the disease to depart.

Consumption makes fearful ravages among men and women in America. During this and subsequent visits to Dr. Newton, we witnessed the treatment of many persons suffering from this disease, and we remember that in one case, after being admitted on being interrogated, that they were in the habit of sleeping with their arms extended on the pillow above their heads; and all were strictly enjoined to discontinue a practice conducive, more than any other cause, to consumption and disease of the heart. The most interesting case we saw treated was that of one of a lunatic woman. We witnessed it from first to last, and can vouch that, after two treatments, she was restored to a sane and cheerful woman. She was a respectable person, about forty years of age, accompanied by her sister and grown-up daughter. Some late trouble had so preyed upon her mind that she lost her reason, and was very violent, but had to be carefully watched. Her cries and moans were most distressing. From the moment of her entrance she kept using the expression, 'I want to be saved—I want to be saved,' in a whining, idiotic manner; she said nothing else. Her eyes were widely expanded, the eyebrows raised, the face was pale, and she was in a state of great fear, or dread of some impending danger. She had been under medical treatment; but the symptoms had become less favorable, and at length she was brought to Dr. Newton. He examined her, and found her a healthy woman, and he now used all his powerful magnetic force to calm and soothe her. After some time, she was taken into the adjoining room, where hot and cold water were laid on, and her head being placed over a small reservoir, a stream of water gradually heated up to one hundred and twenty degrees was poured upon it for a period of fifteen to twenty minutes. It was then dried, and the magnetic process was continued until she was talking so wildly. The treatment for the day was then over. She was to be taken home, have hot water applied three or four times to the top of her head, and be brought again on the morrow. The doctor went on with other cases as fast as they could be brought to him, and certainly there was no failure. Whether the cure was permanent, we could not then of course determine. But as regards the lunatic woman, we were curious to witness the result of the treatment; and, without any intimation to the doctor of our intention, we paid him another visit at about the same hour on the morning of

Saturday, 16th.—There was the usual crowd of patients—some with paralyzed arms, hands or feet, some deaf, some suffering with tumor, catarrh, rheumatism, lung disease, cancer, and others perfect cripples. On one woman with a swollen leg, the veins black and the skin of the foot ready to burst, a cure was effected in five minutes. She was helped up stairs, being unable to walk alone. She could not move her ankle-joints; and in less time than it takes to record this, she was made to walk about the room and run down stairs like a young girl. Her face was radiant with delight. No medicine, no hot water or any agent whatever was applied besides the doctor's hands. The thing was done without pain, too, and instantly. So with a young girl who had a tumor on her neck from which she had suffered for years. By a few strokes of his hand the swelling disappeared like magic, and the girl was perfectly cured. I have the names and addresses of all the persons whose cases are referred to; and as they are so remarkable, I will do down a few others.

A young man of about sixty years, paralyzed from childhood, was conveyed to the doctor's house, and with great treatment was made to walk without limping. He had to hold a chair before his head—a thing he had not done in his life before.

An unmarried lady, brought on a couch, suffering from disease of the spine, unable to walk for three years, was cured at once, and walked off.

A man, lame, was cured in fifteen minutes, and walked without limping, leaving his crutch and cane behind him.

A lady with heart disease, and bed-ridden for some years, was cured in one treatment, and walked away.

A lady with large tumor was brought from her bed, so that her life was despaired of, and perfectly cured.

A man, with bad scrofula all over his head and body, was cured, and the skin made perfectly clear with one treatment.

A girl, eleven years old, with loss of speech for two years, was cured at once.

A girl with contracted leg was cured in five minutes.

A man with dyspepsia and liver complaint of long standing, was cured with one treatment.

A boy fifteen years of age, paralyzed eight years, the left side powerless, was restored to perfect health and strength with one treatment.

A lady with cancer at once, and walked off.

A youth partially blind from one treatment.

This paper is issued every Saturday Morning, one week in advance of date.

In quoting from the *Banner of Light*, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of free thought, when not too personal, but of course we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT.

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"Forsaking All."

In late a number of the Baptist Standard, a denominational sheet published in Chicago, we find an article on "The Cost of Holiness," written by the Rev. Nehemiah Pierce. It undertakes to direct how far a man may go, in reference to forsake all and follow him, and that unless one "hates not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brothers, and sisters, he cannot be my disciple," (according to Dr. Pierce) that gentleman insists that it is perfectly right for a man to desert his wife for the sake of Christ, and for a woman to desert her husband for the same reason. Let us put it in the Baptist Doctor's own language: "This doctrine," says he, "involves a question which, in many families and in many hearts, is a most momentous and rigidly practical one. A tender and affectionate wife, for instance, loves Christ and desires to obey him, be immersed and unite with the church." (The reader will note the cunning manner in which the Doctor makes love and obedience to Christ mean the same thing with being immersed and uniting with the church.) "The husband is not as affectionate; he affirms positively that if she takes that step she must leave his home—she shall never enter his house again if she suffers herself to be immersed. Now, in view of the circumstances, which shall the wife do? I answer, most unhesitatingly, obey Christ. Say to the husband, kindly, that you will not abate one iota of your love for him, or your efforts to make home happy, but Jesus speaks and you must obey."

The minister speaks, he should have said, and he would have the wife obey. It is remarkable, come to reflect on it, that these ministers work almost entirely on the female mind with such advice and injunction as the above, and very little, or not at all, on the minds of the opposite sex. The Doctor then proceeds to relate a story of a lady of his acquaintance, whose husband had threatened her in just this way, provided she saw fit to "be immersed and join the church," which is synonymous in his mind with "obeying Christ." He took his position at the hour of immersion on a high bank overlooking the river, and when it was about to open, he was seized with the most "pungent convulsions of sin," which would not permit him to sleep or take food for two days, nor did he get relief until he had begged pardon of his wife and Christ both. And, to cap the climax, he was the very next person himself to be immersed. Hence, argues the Doctor, "there is safety only in obedience to the commands of Christ"—and immersion!

Now the notorious Elder Knapp, also of the Baptist persuasion, takes great pains to denounce Spiritualism (what is there that he does not denounce?) as wholly "freeloveism," and calls almost all the females who subscribe to our holy faith "common strumpets." That is the Elder's ideal of Christian expression. Now, what has he to say of one of his own craft, a so-called "doctor of divinity," who urges wives to desert their husbands, and husbands to abandon their wives, at the call of a minister of his church? What does he think is to become of a wife thus abandoning or abandoned? Who will take care of her through life? Can she live on "stuff"? Will the ministers provide for her always, or leave her to her fate as soon as the fever of the excitement they have raised blows over? Pretty specimens of pious denunciations are these, who openly preach that women ought to abandon their husbands and families, if everything is not done for them precisely as the minister would have it! Fine fellows they, to utter their stupid epithets against Spiritualism, of whose real and pure teachings they are entirely ignorant, and go about unsettling family affections and breaking in upon the sanctity of the family circle! Let Elder Knapp turn to and give it to his Bro. Pierce of Chicago, and roll up his sleeves for it.

Children's Labor.

The Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics, among the numerous points they make in their recent Report on the industrial condition of the Commonwealth, touch on the subject of a reform in the working hours for children in factories. The law now forbids all children under ten years of age from working in mills at all, and compels parents and guardians to abstain from working children, between twelve and fifteen years, more than ten hours a day, while prescribing that they shall have the benefit of schooling for at least three months every year. But the Bureau do not hesitate to say that the latter provision is frequently evaded by putting men on the school committees in factory towns, who are ready to connive at cheating the children out of what the law guarantees them, to satisfy their own and the parent's greed. This is simply infamous, and should at once be ventilated from one end of the Commonwealth to the other. Perhaps the parents are not altogether to blame, seeing that they have large families to subside, and that their own wages are meagre; but it is a case of cold-blooded selfishness with the mill-owners who are thus placed on school committees, who simply want to squeeze as much labor out of the poor, unresisting children as time can possibly be made to yield. In order to obviate all further chances for the commission of so gross a wrong, the Bureau advocate the half-and-half operative school system of England, allowing only children over thirteen to work half a day and go to school the other half of the same day. It would certainly be an excellent plan, and would cover all such attempts at fraud as are reported in the voluminous statistical record, for a copy of which we are indebted to the State Printers, Messrs. Wright & Potter.

They seine fish by steam on the Potomac.

Fact, vs. Theory.

To the Past Day discourse of Rev. Dr. Carruthers, of Portland, delivered from the entrenchments of the pulpit of the church over which he ministers, ex-Secretary of State, Joseph B. Hall, of the same city, takes exception in the accompanying article—terse, vigorous and incisive—in which he not only rebukes this assumed censor of the faith and morals of men and women who reject the creed he preaches, but openly challenges him to a fair, free and full discussion of the points of Spiritualism which he so wantonly assails. Such a discussion would be every way worthy of public attention. It would not fail to excite the most profound public interest, not in Maine only, but in every State of the Union where Spiritualists and independent believers abound. It will be seen, from the character of Mr. Hall's communication to the Portland Press, that the Doctor was guilty of gross slander toward a large and increasing body of people, some of whom at least are quite as respectable as he would wish to be esteemed himself.

A LETTER

Th. J. Carruthers, D. D., Pastor of Second Parish, Portland.

MY DEAR SIR—I had not the pleasure of listening to your sermon preached on Fast Day, April 13th, but I have read with some care the printed report of it, and somewhat remarkable production, and have waited for some response thereto from other and abler pens than mine.

Saying nothing, at this time, in relation to the union of Church and State, foreboded in this sermon, and against which our fathers so strongly protested, and of other topics treated, I find therein an unwarranted and, with all due deference to your years and position, I will add, unchristian attack upon a large and rapidly increasing class of people who dare to differ from you in opinion. I quote a few sentences:

"Among the ingredients of that cup of iniquity which Divine forbearance permits us to fill up, is the countenance given by popular sentiment to certain forms of error, and the name of religion, but the direct influence of which goes to eradicate whatever is worthy of the name. These doctrines of demonism—far to such an origin may some of them be confidently ascribed—are permeating the consciences, polluting the hearts and destroying the souls of many of our people. . . . Absurdities which shock the sensibilities of reason; blasphemies which fill the Christian mind with horror; profane communications from what is called the spirit-world, which show how little common sense is left to the supposed disembodied friends of miserable dupes or more miserable knaves."

These extracts are sufficient for our present purpose. It is not my design at this time to reply to these sweeping and uncharitable denunciations of not only what you are pleased to term "forms of error," but of "many of our people," who, according to you, are "losing their souls" and becoming "miserable dupes or knaves," because they honestly believe in a demonstrated, not a theoretical, immortality. It is as easy as it is cowardly to stand behind the battlements of a pulpit and denounce the errors of others, as it is difficult to stand forth as a witness for the truth which was taught by Christ and commanded by him to be preached by his disciples. I ask you to come out from your entrenchments and meet us fairly upon an equal platform. Make good your accusations and charges and give the accused an opportunity for defence. Come out from the pulpit and meet us in a fair discussion. We will meet you when and where you please, on equal terms, and let the truth prevail though the heavens fall. If we are in error we should be happy to have you set us right.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOSEPH B. HALL.

What Mr. Hall invites is a perfectly fair discussion, first of the charges brought against Spiritualism by Dr. Carruthers, and, secondly, of the pretensions of Orthodoxy as preached and taught by the man who denounces Spiritualists as "miserable dupes or more miserable knaves." In brief, Mr. Hall's broad position is, that while his slanderer rests his religious faith on theory—and a totally inconsistent one at that—he, as a Spiritualist, bases his own faith on demonstrated fact, and is the result and the reward of the great work which this contest between the two champions is to be waged. Will the clergyman accept the challenge of his adversary? We may say No to the question in advance; for if he were but for once to be made to realize, as he would have to in a close wrestle of argument, what truth and power lie in the Spiritualism he denounces so ignorantly, he would never after indulge in such loose and reckless accusations or assertions respecting it.

Dollinger and the Pope.

Dr. Dollinger's bid fair to become as famous a name in the history of spiritual emancipation as that of Luther. Since his recent excommunication from the Church of Rome by the Pope, because he strenuously held out against the dogma of infallibility—the rock on which the Church is to split, instead of being rebuilt—he has received numerous and influential assurances of sympathy and support, so that it can now be understood that he leads an entirely new party in the Catholic Church, whose determination it is to separate forever the functions of Church and State. From one very unexpected quarter he has received encouragement—from the Professors of the Roman University. They speak to him on this wise: "The episcopacy which dwells in our land is of no country, and has nothing in common with the Italian people. The syllabus, infallibility, Papal autocracy—all these negations of Divine and human reason—compose a system which has no connection with the Italian character, with Italian thought. Our Roman—that is to say, our Italian—race abhors as much as the Germanic that evil system of the bondage of the understanding."

The association of Catholic citizens of Munich have presented an address to the King of Bavaria, denouncing the Papal dogma and upholding Dr. Dollinger. They bring up again the joint protests of the German bishops in the Council, and they insist that the dogma imperils the State and causes general anxiety to Catholics who regard the free development of the State as a progress of humanity. And speaking of the former practice of Pontiffs in deposing rulers and releasing subjects from their allegiance, and of the recent edict from Rome against the constitution of a neighboring State, they declare that "the rights and liberties secured by the constitution to the citizen appear to the leading circles of the Papal hierarchy simply condemnable errors." And the German bishops who protested against the dogma at Rome, are earnestly asking their flocks to accept the new doctrine of separation of Church and State, thus avoiding those broils which otherwise must incessantly creep into the Church. The Austrian Government has also announced itself in favor of abolishing the Concordat with Rome, and the Reichsrath has opened the discussion of the infallibility dogma in its relation to and influence upon the Empire. It is an ominous change. The Church is being rapidly pushed out of the State in Europe, while here Orthodoxy is striving to bring it in.

The Woman Suffrage Question in Massachusetts.

In the Senate, on Tuesday last, Mr. Adams, of Quincy, reported against woman suffrage; but a minority of the committee reported a resolve amending the constitution, granting the prayer of the petitioners. This action of the majority is to be regretted; for, whatever their individual opinions may be, no possible harm could accrue from a discussion of the subject in the Senate. While English statesmen acknowledge woman's rights, it is a little singular that Massachusetts, which prates so much of liberty and equality, should place her heel upon woman suffrage.

"The Influence of Christianity upon Civilization."

We learn from the Washington Daily Morning Chronicle that quite a number of the citizens of that city attentively listened to a lecture, at Harmon Hall, by the celebrated scholar, Mr. B. F. Underwood, as previously announced, upon the subject of "The Influence of Christianity upon Civilization." He presented his audience with a mass of historical facts which he said led to the conclusion that Christianity, so called, while containing many moral precepts, had been practically detrimental to the progress of civilization in all ages wherever its influence had been dominant. He alluded at length to the early civilization of the world, in Greece and Rome particularly, before the advent of Christianity, to show that the moral and intellectual faculties of man had attained a very high degree of development long before Christianity had its origin, and entirely independent of its influence; that Christianity sprang up during the most brilliant period of what is known as the Augustan era, and that, too, among the Jews, who were at that time among the most ignorant and immoral class of that brilliant age; that the doctrines of the Jews, the chosen people of God, who were the forerunners of Christianity, had been as detrimental to the advancement of that peculiar people, both morally and intellectually, as to Christianity afterward.

The lecturer then traced the rise and progress of Christianity in the Roman empire, in an endeavor to show that its influence tended to drag down the pagan civilization of that empire until it exhibited itself as one of the prime causes that culminated in what is known as the dark ages. He then proceeded to explain that the revival of civilization was due primarily to the rapid rise and spread of the doctrines of Mahomet, whose disciples cultivated and restored to a large degree the arts and sciences, which the followers of Christianity had made every effort to discourage and destroy.

The speaker then traced the gradual introduction of civilization from the Saracens into Christian Europe, against the determined opposition of the Christian church; the rise and development of free thought; the causes which produced the reformation, and its expansion, down to the present era; and presented a vast amount of facts to show the persistent opposition of Christianity at every step. He then went on to illustrate his proposition that, at the present time, the most civilized nations of the earth were the most liberal in the realms of thought; that at least two out of three of the adherents of the Christian churches of the day discard the doctrines of miracles and what he termed the absurd dogmas of Christianity, and adhere to the church mainly to avoid the bigotry of the ignorant.

What is the Cause?

It is with deep mortification that we witness the disposition so openly manifested among mediums and lecturers to speak disparagingly one of another, as if Spiritualism were to make headway in the world by pursuing the same selfish methods that have finally wrecked the vitality of the creeds. We allude to this visibly growing evil with pain, and regret even more to discover its appearance in several of the spiritual papers. It ought not to exist. Those who are conscious of feeling at all hard toward others, should test the love-principle which they profess to possess, by resolving at once to change about and practice only a spirit of forgiveness and forgiveness, let the case be what it may. We are not set up as judges over one another. If those who are addicted to this habit are determined to take no pains to correct it, knowing it to be a vice, if it is anything, they had better make up their minds to go over to the church forthwith, where carping and condemnation are the rule, and not the exception. The Orthodox fold has abundance of room to contain not only the lambs, but the wolves, too, and there is where morose, jealous, fault-finding natures, that snap at others as if they would devour them, rightly belong. Each to his own. Genuine Spiritualists are bound by their profession to show a larger liberality in every sense than the creeds; but it excites the most unsatisfactory reflections that so many who march under the broad banner of Spiritualism suppose they can be allowed to have a troop of evil passions at their heels.

Orthodox Bigots at Work.

Rev. Charles G. Ames, a liberal Unitarian minister, was nominated Superintendent of Schools in San Jose, Cal., and defeated by Orthodox votes, on the ground that he was a Unitarian. He published a spicy letter after his defeat, which contains many pertinent truths. Among other things, Mr. Ames says: "You doubtless share the fear that American liberty must sometime risk its life in a conflict with Romanism. Is there no ground for the additional fear that Protestants, who now and then would cover the Protestant spirit to shape their political action, may weaken their own grand position as defenders of the principles of liberty? Must not every local instance of intolerance close our mouths for all effective protest against intolerance? Every such instance becomes all the more surely a precedent, if successful. What if we sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind? What if some day the echo of whispered injustice comes back in a clap of thunder?"

It is this same spirit of bigotry and intolerance that seeks to amend the Constitution in order to gain more power to crush out the religious liberty of the people.

Good.

Dean Clark, one of the most earnest souls in the lecturing field, concludes his "notes" to the American Spiritualist in the following felicitous language:

"The Great Fountain has not dried up since the one 'with jets of new meaning' threw a little spray over the eyes intent upon 'the signs of the times,' that had seen 'the windows of heaven opened,' and reasonably expected a flood that would cover the whole earth—but it continues to pour out its purifying waters upon hill and valley, mountain and prairie, island and continent, and we trust it will continue while trillions souls need the 'waters of eternal life,' and until the earth is cleansed of all its impurity, and no longer needs to be 'baptized with the holy ghost and with fire.' With unwavering trust in a continuous influx from on high, let us sow the seed which angels will water, while 'God giveth the measure,' till none shall hunger for their 'daily bread.'"

A Suggestion.

I believe there are more people who cannot reason correctly, than there are who cannot reason correctly. When the logical ability is weak, the person is prone to lean on others, ready to cite precedent, and quote authority. With such, where authority is the end of the argument, Mr. Herndon's letter on the religious sentiments of Abraham Lincoln must have weight, and make a useful tract. Mr. Herndon was Mr. Lincoln's law partner. He corrects the pernicious falsehood with which "Holland's Life of Lincoln" condemns its author, and mars the fair face of history. This letter appeared in the Chicago Tribune over a year ago.

A. S. H.

Spiritualism in New Orleans, La.

NEW ORLEANS, April 30, 1871.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Gentlemen: I take pleasure in informing you that Spiritualism has received a new impetus since Mr. J. M. Peebles came to lecture in our city. He has commanded fine houses and created a deep interest in favor of the new philosophy. Many of our best citizens have attended, and we are loth to let him go away. Individuals have come fifty miles distant, and even from Mobile, to listen to his lectures.

To give you an idea of the interest awakened, I will mention that he brought the subject of the Children's Progressive Lyceum before the meeting, and four men signed \$50 each—\$200—toward raising the necessary equipments—five hundred dollars will be raised without any difficulty.

The Davenportes were with us last winter, several nights. The phenomena through them were astonishing. Spirits were manifested. Mr. Peebles ought to have followed their séances immediately, explaining the manifestations and showing the beauties of this great truth.

Mrs. Ferris has also been with us, doing much good.

To gladly greet the weekly appearance of the Banner of Light, I procure mine from the news depot.

Respectfully yours,

E. J. SMITH, M. D.

It is truly encouraging to note the steady and increasing spread of the spiritual philosophy in the Southern States. This beautiful portion of our beloved country will yet be blessed by the ennobling and soul-cheering truths which Spiritualism teaches. More of the best exponents of this philosophy should be invited thither. Such a speaker as Thomas Gales Forster (himself a Southerner) would do an immense amount of good, were he to make a lecturing tour through the Southern States. He is already invited to visit Louisville, Ky., and we hope our friends in other States will invite him to extend his trip Southward.

Mr. Read's Mediumship.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal, in reply to a correspondent who made inquiries in regard to the reliability of Mr. Read as a medium, says just what we fully endorse. We quote:

"We are inclined to the opinion that he is one of the best mediums for physical manifestations in the field. We are also inclined to believe that he is a little vain in his boasts. But what of this? Read is true to his own organism, which he may, perchance, brag, but in its making up he certainly had no voice. Read is a medium. Mediums are not made to order; they are developed by an unseen power. If our spirit-friends can afford to develop and use them, they should arrive at the point of development, which are inherent in their nature, and engrained there before they were born? He may, if he choose, go before the public announcing simply the phenomena that are manifested through him, and let the witnesses determine the cause, and by so doing may escape much persecution. Read never, to our knowledge, denies being a spirit medium. He like every other medium, has to run the gauntlet of public criticism outside of the simple question of mediumship. In one breath he is accused of being a great boaster, and perhaps truthfully; in the next, he is complained of because he does not boast of being a medium! We have this advice to give our readers: whenever you have a chance to do so, go and witness the phenomena manifested through his mediumship. Scrutinize carefully, but with a spirit of kindness, and you will be richly compensated for your time. We hope to see him in this city soon. Many are anxiously waiting for him. Physical manifestations are rapidly on the increase, and are doing more to convert skeptics than all other phases of mediumship combined."

A "Waif" from the "City of Boston."

The sad fate of this noble vessel—which, after months of agonized suspense on the part of those having friends on board, was given up at last as lost—seems to have light additional to that which we have already given through our Message Department—from the spirit of Patrick Power (passenger) of Halifax—thrown upon it by the following paragraph, which is now going the rounds of the daily press:

"The following is a copy of a paper picked up on the shore at Shediac, on the southeast coast of New Brunswick, and telegraphed to this city yesterday:

"March 21, 1870—City of Boston—Ship sinking; over half full now. Good-bye, all. Look after my boy."

Be gone in two hours. (Signed) THOMSON.

The original paper is in the hands of a Catholic priest at Shediac, who sent the above dispatch to his brother, a member of the bar in Boston. A copy was also sent to the agent of the Inman line. The name signed to the paper appears in the list of passengers by the City of Boston. This ill-fated steamship, it will be remembered, sailed from Halifax in March, 1870, and was never heard from afterward."

Free Meetings in Music Hall.

The proposition made at the closing lecture on Spiritualism of the course just terminated in Music Hall, this city, to throw the doors open free to the public on the resumption of the meetings next Fall, meets with general approval, and the subscription paper is receiving additions daily. But the friends of the movement should not slacken their efforts until a sufficient sum has been subscribed to defray the expenses. There are many who would gladly help on this good work, if reminded that their assistance is needed.

Good Luck.

Bro. A. A. Wheelock, (in the American Spiritualist), in reply to a letter from Mrs. H. F. M. Brown on educational matters, winds up his sensible remarks in this wise:

"We have held a council with ourselves, and determined to have a liberal, spiritual Lyceum Reform School in Ohio in less than two years from this date. Friends of the cause, will you help?"

Agitate, Bro. Wheelock, Mrs. Brown, and all other devout souls who have the good of humanity at heart, and your soul-aspirations will bear fruit at the appointed time.

Victor Hugo as a Prophet.

A correspondent of the Daily Advertiser, writing from London, under date of Sept. 1st, 1870, says: "The reader will possibly not have forgotten the chapter on the future of Paris which Victor Hugo wrote three years ago for an elaborate work on the French capital, to which the principal authors and artists of France contributed. In the twentieth century there is to be an extraordinary nation—illustrious, rich, thoughtful and pacific. It is to have the 'soft gravity of an eldest son.'"

New Orleans.

Our friends in the Crescent City have been treated to a course of lectures elucidating the spiritual philosophy, from J. M. Peebles. The cause is evidently gaining ground in the South. George Ellis, a first class bookseller, No. 7 Old Levee street, keeps for sale a good assortment of spiritual and reform books. It would be well for spiritual lecturers in the South to mention this fact. Each week the Banner of Light is sold on his counter. From all parts of the South we hear of a growing interest in the spiritual philosophy.

Lawrence, Mass.

The Spiritualists of Lawrence continue to hold regular meetings on Sunday at Webster's Hall. Mrs. Abbie W. Tanner, of Vermont, and N. S. Greenleaf, of Lowell, have both recently spoken there. Mrs. Tanner renews her engagement there May 28th. Her discourses and poems are very much liked.

The notice which appeared in these columns, that we should keep for sale the beautiful engraving, "The Guardian Angel," was premature. It will be sold only by canvassers.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. Emma Hardingle will lecture in Boston during October, and will be happy to form other engagements in Massachusetts and its vicinity during the coming winter months. Address (prepaid) till August, 6 Vassall Terrace, Kensington, W. London, England.

Dean Clark speaks the last two Sundays in May at Stoneham, Mass. He would like to make engagements for June. Address care of Banner of Light office.

J. M. Peebles lectures in Baltimore, Md., during May.

Moses Hull is lecturing in Dayton, Ohio, during this month.

Geo. M. Ramsay, M. D., has announced his intention to lecture a portion of his time on the spiritual philosophy. He is a strong man, and societies would do well to engage his services at once. His address is 73 McDougal street, New York.

Miss Nellie L. Davis lectures in Plympton (not Plymouth) May 21st; in New Bedford, May 28th; in Bradford, Me., through June. Societies in Maine desiring her services can address her in June, care of J. W. Herliok, Bradford, Me. Her permanent address is P. O. Box 823, care of A. P. Lake, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson is lecturing in Terre Haute, Ind.

Dr. E. E. Perkins is at Kansas City, ready to answer calls to lecture.

Prof. William Denton will speak in North Bridgewater Sunday, May 21st, at five o'clock P. M. He speaks at East Abington same day, at two o'clock P. M.

J. R. Francis lectures at Crosby's Music Hall, Chicago, each Sunday evening during the month of May, on subjects of thrilling interest.

Mrs. Nellie Brigham is lecturing in Philadelphia this month. Her lectures are very acceptable.

Mrs. Clara A. Field speaks in Lowell, May 14th; in Manchester, N. H., May 21st and 28th.

New Pamphlets.

THE CLAIMS OF SPIRITUALISM: embracing the Experience of an Investigator. By a Medical Man. Boston: William White & Co. This pamphlet of sixty-eight pages contains many interesting facts in support of the Spiritual Philosophy.

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES, AND THE ANTIQUITY AND ORIGIN OF MAN; with Notes and References. By George F. Kittredge. Boston: Wm. White & Co. This is a pamphlet of thirty-six pages. The subject-matter it contains was delivered before the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences March 11th, 1870. The subject is one of particular interest at this time, while the press is discussing the Darwinian theory, pro and con.

ABSTRACT OF COLEMAN ON THE PENTATEUCH: to which is appended an Essay on the Nation and Country of the Jews. This work, in pamphlet form of 48 pages, is a comprehensive summary of Bishop Colenso's argument, proving that the Pentateuch is not historically true; that it was composed by several writers, the earliest of whom lived in the time of Samuel, etc. Will be sent to any address, on receipt of price, by Wm. White & Co.

THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING: or, God in the Constitution. By Moses Hull. Baltimore: Cosmopolitan Publishing Co. This little pamphlet of 23 pages contains an ingenious interpretation of the symbols of the book of Daniel and the Apocalypse, together with an argument against recognizing God, Christianity and the Sabbath in our national character. This "documentary evidence" should be circulated far and wide.

Kansas City, Mo.

Our friend C. G. Foster in a private note says: The interest manifested in Spiritualism in our city has been very greatly increased by the course of lectures to which we were treated during the winter months, and I hope that next season we shall be able to attract a still greater number of first class lecturers to our young and rapidly growing city. Our latch string is out and ourarder well supplied.

Spiritualist Convention in Boston.

It will be seen by a call in another column that the Massachusetts Association of Spiritualists are to hold a Convention in this city anniversary week, commencing at ten o'clock Thursday forenoon, June 1st. Arrangements are making to have some of our best speakers present.

The Year-Book for 1871.

This work contains much valuable reading, and should be in the library of every Spiritualist. The reader is referred to the advertisement in another column for price, etc.

The Psychopathic Institution.

MESSRS. EDITORS—It is gratifying to receive the numerous expressions of approval from various quarters, in response to the suggestions concerning this humane scheme. Friends differ, however, as to the best plan for raising the necessary funds. Thus far subscriptions have been relied upon. I learn by letter from Mr. Putnam, that three persons from distant points had sent their names to him, stating the sums which they felt able and willing to subscribe. Another suggestion came to him from Mr. Ghorist, of Franklin, N. H., viz.: that I should address the people on the subject, expressing his own sympathy and willingness to lend a helping hand. It is an interesting fact that the same suggestion was given me from the spirit of the late Dr. Luther V. Bell, who was for twenty years Superintendent of the McLean Asylum. This was unsought, and came through Mrs. Conant during an interview held for another purpose. Dr. Bell was my friend and fellow-laborer in a common cause in this life. He had the courage and candor to introduce the subject of Spiritualism by resolution at one of the meetings of the Association of Superintendents of American Institutions for the Insane. He saw the necessity of such a movement while in earthly life, and proposed a correspondence on the general subject.

It is now nearly twenty-six years since I made the first public appeal in behalf of the insane, in an address delivered in the Presbyterian church at Jacksonville, Ill. For three years previously I had toiled alone for the same end. The result was the establishment of the State Institution at that place.

If it is thought advisable to elaborate the plan more fully in that way, I will respond to invitations for the purpose, within a reasonable distance, sent to the care of the "Banner of Light." It would give an opportunity for answers to questions which spontaneously arise, and satisfy the people as to the need, the merits of the plan, and its practicability.

Fraternally yours, EDW. MEAD.

Anniversary week in Boston this year will begin on Monday, the 29th inst. It always includes the last Wednesday of the month.

Message Department.

EACH Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 153 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday Afternoons. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.

Mrs. Conant receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

Donations of flowers for our Circle-Room are solicited. The questions answered at these Seances 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 sums have been received, for which the friends have our warmest thanks:

H. P. Clark, \$5.00; M. S. Giles, \$5.00; S. Bates, \$5.00; A. F. Field, \$5.00; R. D. M., \$5.00; 112 Mr. C., \$5.00; R. M. Hildon, \$5.00.

Invocation.

Father Almighty, thou Saviour and Safeguard of every world and every soul, to thee we pray. Upon the frailty of human life, we implore thy blessing. We ask that we may stand in such a near relationship to truth, that it may be understood by us, and when understood, may we find strength within ourselves to project it forth into the lives of those who have it not. We ask that ministering angels of love and mercy and justice may be added to our ranks, who shall go forth into the earth-life, ministering unto the needs of the sick and the afflicted, and those who are bowed down by the cares and sorrows of this life; who know not the way to the other life; who see nothing but darkness; who believe in no hereafter; who recognize thee as a God filled with vengeance, that will execute judgments without mercy upon them. Oh give us more of thine angels who will work for those whose minds are shrouded by the superstitions of the earth-life, around whose souls are clustered the falsehoods of a false religion. And oh, we ask thee, Great Spirit of Truth, that we may ever be ready, ever be joyous to do thy will and work in thy way, and minister unto those who have need of our ministrations; and thus shall we gain thy kingdom, and lay up for ourselves treasures in the celestial life, where moth and rust cannot corrupt, and where no thieves can break through and steal. Amen.

Jan. 19.

Questions and Answers.

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

Q.—How came the seventh day to be changed to the first day of the week? or, in other words, what is the cause of the altering of the original Sabbath day?

ANS.—We are told in the Christian's Sacred Book that Jesus the Christ rose from the dead on the first day of the week; and from that day thenceforth all Christendom hallowed that day as its Sabbath.

Q.—Granting that the Old Testament was superseded by the New, is it not natural to suppose that the Sabbath commandment will also be superseded?

A.—Your correspondent has offered a supposition which has no place in existence—if you have correctly rendered it.

CHAIRMAN.—I have read it precisely as written.

A.—The Old Testament still lives and exerts just as powerful an influence as it ever did. The old law is still in action, although Jesus gave a new one. Christendom has put this new law into old bottles, and as yet the bottles have not been broken. That this is an evident fact, each one can convince himself by looking abroad through the Christian world.

Q.—At a former seance it was said that the principle of gambling or lotteries was a violation of moral law. What is the penalty?

A.—The penalty is to each individual according to the natural and spiritual organization of the individual. He who is so organized as to believe it absolutely right, for him there is no punishment, because to him it is right; but to the one who is in doubt, who takes a step in this direction with fear and trembling, there is a penalty, and what is it? Is it a hell hereafter? No. Is it the condemnation of the Judge of the earth? Yes, that part of that Judge that lives in the human soul. It says to the soul, "Inasmuch as you were in doubt concerning right, you should have stood still, and waited for instruction. As you did not, your feet are in the quagmire, and you can only be extricated by the exertions of your own soul."

Whatever an individual does that becomes, by virtue of reflection, a sin against the moral law of that soul, the soul receives condemnation and punishment for, not at some far-off time, but immediately. The punishment and condemnation follow closely upon the heels of the commission of the crime.

Q.—If there is no personal God, can there be any profanity or blasphemy as now understood?

A.—No, not as now understood, because all the blasphemy and profanity which is in your midst to-day, is exercised toward a personal God, toward no other God. It is begotten of the idea of a personal God, belongs to a personal God, is a part of the belief in a personal God; therefore to sweep away all idea of a personal God would be to sweep away not merely profane words, but the idea with which they have been invested, that they are profane, that they are uttered against God.

Q.—How does the habit of profane swearing affect the spiritual condition of one who indulges in it?

A.—It lowers them in the moral scale, in the sight of those who are more moral than themselves, and in the view which their own souls take of the matter; therefore it is wrong. It is a result of unrepentance. When you are ripened fruit upon the tree of life, you will cease to be profane; but in all probability some of you will not until that time.

Q.—Does the custom of taking an oath by witnesses in courts of justice have a bad influence upon individuals and society? If so, in what respect?

A.—It gives the idea to some individuals that swearing is legitimate—that it is right—God-ordained. But the Spirit of Truth, through the humble Teacher who walked the earth eighteen hundred years ago, said, "Swear not at all"—most emphatic command—"neither by heaven, for it is God's footstool; neither by earth, for it is his throne." "Swear not at all," says the Spirit of Truth. He who follows Truth, is a believer in Jesus Christ, a doer of his works, cannot swear. If he does, he is not of him. The

Quakers teach you a most excellent lesson in this respect.

Q.—Should children of all ages be required to render implicit obedience to their parents, regardless of unjust commands and cruel treatment?

A.—No, certainly not; emphatically, No! There are some children who have a far higher idea of what is right than their parents have; who are capable of becoming moral teachers to their parents. Parents are often spiritually, morally and intellectually ignorant, and they seek to bend the wills of their children to their ignorant wills. This is wrong. I know that a certain record has it, "Children, obey your parents;" but a little further on it says, "in the Lord." What does that mean? To my mind it means, when your parents desire you to do what is right. How shall a child know what is right? I would sooner trust the intuition of childhood than of mature age as to what was right.

Jan. 19.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—I have been requested by the President of this spiritual seance to solicit penny donations to purchase goods for the Fair in aid of the Children's Lyceum or Sabbath school. We solicit this small donation, first, because the Lyceum has need of aid; and again, because it is a channel through which you can, each one of you, do a vast amount of good. These little ones are to follow you upon the stage of life; and as is their education in spiritual things in youth, so will their thoughts be in after life. The education which they receive at the Lyceum becomes as many seeds sown in their young hearts that will produce fruit in the hereafter, which will become a healing power among the nations. Therefore it is your duty to do all in your power to sustain the Lyceum, believing that whatever you do in this, as in all other good directions, tends to enhance the value of your estates in the higher life. What we ask is small; but a penny from each will purchase a valuable book for the Lyceum—something which may be turned to account in paying the Lyceum debts. A hundred of your pennies will make one dollar. Although we ask but one penny, you are at liberty to give as many more as you please; but one is all that is solicited. They can be left upon the table, and our medium will take charge of them, and we will see that the Lyceum fund receives them.

Jan. 19.

Matthew Hogan.

I was sick two years before the blessed angel of death came to relieve me. My name was Matthew Hogan. I died of consumption. I got a lung fever, and I never got all over it. It settled on me, and I have a consumption; and when I was sick, I used to see people that were dead. They used to come to me, and talk to me, and tell me a great many things that were good to help me—that is, so that I should not suffer so much; and I told the priest about it, and at first he tried to put me off about it. It was all the result of my sickness, and did not amount to anything at all. But one time when I went to confession—there came along a spirit with me, and he was so close to me, I saw him so plainly, that I told the priest; and he said, "Let him tell you his name." Well, he told me his name; and then the priest wanted to question him, and all the questions were answered. And then the spirit told me what he was to the priest; he was his brother. And then he told the priest that if he had given him truth, he must acknowledge it to me. The priest said nothing for awhile. He crossed himself, and he said prayers, and he did not acknowledge it at all; and I was going away, and the spirit stop me, and say I got something, whether he have been told truth or a lie. Then he said, "Well, it is all true—it is all true; but you are not to say anything about it away from me." Well, I did not say anything about it; but I have thought a great deal about it since I have come here.

I know very well that there can be a great deal of good come by the Catholic church fathers doing their duty, and I come back to tell him to do his. He knows very well what the truth is, and he must give it to those who come to him asking for truth. And his brother tells me to say that, if he refuses, trouble will come upon him in ways that he do not look for it. [Trouble?] Yes, sir; because he stands in the house of the Lord, and he is shutting the door on those who have a right to come in, and he must not do it. If he does, he will get turned out himself.

My coming here is only a warning—that is all; and to Father Riley—yes, a warning. [He is of this city, is he not?] He is, then; yes, sir.

Jan. 19.

William Tebbits.

I died of ship-fever, in the island of Jamaica. My name—William Tebbits, of Bristol, Me. I have been gone fourteen years—fourteen years this last fall. [Since you left the body?] Since I left the body. An old friend of mine—Captain John Hodges—is anxious to know if this Spiritualism is true, and he has kindly thought of me, and in his heart wished if it was true that I would come back and give him some proof that I had come; and he suggested that I should tell him from here what was the last thing that occurred between him and myself in earth-life. Well, it was this: We were both in port at Antwerp; I invited him on board my ship, and we took a glass of wine together. We never met on earth afterward, or on shipboard, except as I have met him while I was a spirit, outside of the body, and have not been recognized, of course, by him. [You call upon him frequently, do you?] Occasionally. [This took place, I think, about eighteen months before my death. Now, if I can do anything further to aid him in his journey toward spiritual truth, I should be very glad to, and should be very glad, also, to receive as kindly a call from others who are nearer and dearer to me than himself.]

Jan. 19.

Jennie Johnson.

I have come again to send a message to my mother. I am Jennie Johnson, of New York. I want to tell mother that we children, where we live now, had a Christmas tree on Christmas, and we all had nice things, and we come here and we found folks who are very good to us here in earth-life. We come through mediums. And I want mother to know that I have everything nice now—things that I used to want dreadfully when I was here, and could not get; and mother will have them when she comes to live with me. And I am very happy, only when I see mother have such hard times. I promised mother I would come just as often as I could, and I asked Mr. Parker, and he said, "Yes, my dear." And mother will be so happy, looking forward to what is coming. [Did she get your second message?] Yes, she got it, and she told me to thank you so much for it, and how happy it made her—that all her poverty vanished away, and she had a present heaven. And so, you see, I want to come just as often as I can. [You are welcome.] And I want her to know how I am getting along here, and I am studying and growing, and we are never sick here, and everybody is so kind.

Jan. 19.

You will print my name right away, and then mother will be counting the weeks till it (the message) comes, but she will be so happy thinking of it, sir. Good day, sir.

Seance conducted by Father Henry Fitz James; letters answered by William Berry.

Invocation.

Lead us nearer, oh God, to thee; for we would be delivered from the wilderness of doubts and fears from which arises the miasma which obscures the clear sky of Truth. We would stand apart, our Father and our Mother, from that darkness which clusters around the soul by reason of ignorance—we would rise superior to it; and we would impart of what we gain from thee to those who would know more of thee and of themselves. Thus our prayer day by day shall be, "Nearer, oh God, to thee—nearer to thee." Amen.

Jan. 23.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—What is memory?

ANS.—An attribute of the soul belonging to eternity.

Q.—Is not the spirit permeating all matter the same? and is not that of the horse or dog the same as that of man? the different degrees of intelligence depending solely upon the physical structure of the brain, and hence the individual immortality of the one coequal with the other?

A.—That position is in the main correct; and since individually we are all of us non-immortal, we can claim no more in this respect than the horse, the dog, or any of the lower animals—any of the lower creations of life. I say, as individuals we are all of us non-immortal. I mean by that, that the external representation which is to outward sense the man or the woman, the horse or the dog, is not immortal. It is constantly changing states, changing forms, and parting with the individuality it has to-day, for something better adapted for to-morrow. But as souls, whether belonging to the human race or to the races below the human, we are all of us immortal.

Q.—Is the location of the spirit-spheres correct, as given by a certain author, seen clairvoyantly by him—the second sphere being about sixty miles from the earth, forming a broad circle of one hundred and eighty degrees in width each side of the equator, and the third sphere another circle extending beyond the moon, giving an immense area large enough for all the spirits that ever have inhabited the planet or ever will inhabit it for time to come, and furthermore, is the entrance to those spheres, through the opening at the North Pole, on a strong, magnetic current that bears the spirit upward and onward until it reaches the altitude of those vast ethereal fields—the home of happy spirits?

A.—Is that correct? No; it is not correct—not even in the smallest part. The spirit-world proper is not a belt but a sphere corresponding in appearance externally to the earth, and growing as the earth grows, becoming more and more ethereal as the earth becomes more and more spiritual. As science, art and nature advance here upon the material planet, all the spiritual science and nature of the spiritual planet advances correspondingly.

Q.—Is it a sin for poor persons employed by rich people to take of their possessions and appropriate to their own use in small quantities, when their necessities demand the same, and the owners are never the wiser or poorer?

A.—Since I do not define sin according to the usual definition of the term, so far as that word is concerned, I shall answer no; but it is a sin of a different kind, and one which will bring its own condemnation and its own punishment upon the soul that commits it. Evil is just as sure to follow such an act as day is to follow night in this sphere of life. And if any one of you doubt it, try the experiment and see; but you try it at a great cost.

Q.—What is the effect of instantaneous death upon the spirit?

A.—Well, if there should be such a death, we might be able to determine what the effect would be; but since there never has been one, and, in all human probability, never will be one, of course we have nothing to draw an inference from.

Jan. 23.

Fred Somerby.

How do you do? [How do you do? You have the advantage of me.] That is not strange; for I have ascended out of sight, and, if the old adage is true, out of mind. I know you very well when here, but perhaps you do not remember me—Fred Somerby. [I do remember you very well.] I see you have some of my crude productions hanging here. [Yes; you made that remark to me once in this room. That is your painting over there in the corner, is it not?] Yes; and that marine view. [How do you find the other side?] I find the other side so much better than this that I would not want to come back, even if I had the very best advantages the world can afford. That is encouraging to those who travel over the same road; but I hope none of you will travel physically over the same road I did to reach this new life. The last part of my stay here is almost a blank. [Were you quite unconscious of it?] Not entirely. Looking back upon the past, memory occasionally arouses herself, but only occasionally. A sad case to be in.

In looking around after I came to clear consciousness on this side, I met with our old friend, Mr. Berry. He invited me here, and has kindly initiated me into the "modus operandi" of return, assuring me I should be all the better for it; and as he was pretty well posted in the matter while here, and has certainly learned a good deal since he has come to the spirit-world, I shall trust to him, and shall believe that I shall be the better for coming.

I want my friends to understand, first, that I am saved—sound of mind—and that we are told here, in this life, that there never was an insane spirit; that the difficulty lies in the machine through which they are called to express themselves. So, you see, having laid off that, I am all right, and ready for work—ready to do anything I can to help a poor body along. Good-day. Fifty-six years here.

Jan. 23.

Hannah Pierce.

I am Hannah Pierce; I lived in Dorchester. [In this State?] Yes; this is Boston, isn't it? [Yes.] I said if this is true—this Spiritualism which I did not believe when here—I will come back. I find it is true, and so I have come back. I lived here nearly ninety years, but I think I have learned more within the few months I have lived in the spirit-world than I learned in all the time I was on the earth. I am satisfied with my condition, am happy, and satisfied with what was done with that which I left. Good day, sir.

Jan. 23.

Deborah Smith.

What a blessed thing it is that we do not have to live here forever! [Did you not desire it when on earth?] Yes; I hated to go, because I did not know what there was after death. I tried to be a

Christian, but Christianity don't tell us anything about what is after death; so I did not know; but I had faith that it would be well with me, so I was not very much concerned about it. But now, since I have got free from the body, I feel like coming back to tell everybody what a beautiful place the spirit-world is, and to cease to cling to earth, and be afraid to leave it.

I died in the poor-house in Elliot, Maine. I know something of what poverty means, and how hard it is to be dependent upon the cold charity of this world, and the contrast is so great where I am—it is so great that I believe I am supremely happy. [Do you find yourself rich there?] Richer than I ever expected to be.

My name was Deborah Smith; I was eighty-one years old when I died, which was a year ago. There was one old lady there who used to tell me about this spiritual business; she learned about it before she came in there; she believed it with all her soul; and when I was sick I told her if it was true I would come back. Her name is Mary Mallonee; and I told her if it was true I would come back. She has somebody who occasionally brings her a paper or a spiritual book, and she reads on them for months when she gets them. And she told me if I would come she knew her friends would see it and let her know it, and it would make her so happy; and I want to tell her that such poor unfortunates as she and I were will be compensated in the other life. Oh! I am so well paid for all I suffered here—so well paid for it! Now you see I know how to appreciate the good things I get—I know how to appreciate freedom—freedom from poverty and all those cramping conditions that make you feel as though you were not human.

I am all the happier for what I suffered here. She is right in her faith. I have seen her son; he is a beautiful spirit, and he will do everything he can to help her while she remains on the earth—that won't be a great while—and she will be very glad to hear it. She is longing to go—longing to go. [Is she very old?] Yes, she is most eighty.

Jan. 23.

Sarah Thompson.

I half Indian, half white—Indian mother, white father. His name, William Thompson; mother's name, Mahalia; my name, Sarah. Live here thirteen years. Indian mother want to hear from Sarah. [Does your Indian mother know of this way of return?] Yes; white father, he what you call atheist. When me to die ask Indian mother to set light on my grave, so it would not be dark. White father he take to strong drink, and he strike Indian mother, and say she not do it, it be all nonsense. But when the dark come he take light, go set in the window, so it shine on the grave. His heart grow soft, and he forget his cross words, and go set light in the window. Indian mother she not know he set light in window, so me come to tell her, and to tell her it is all light where I live now, and when she done here and ready to go over Sarah will meet her, and it will be all bright, and we have plenty there. Sarah tell her father so sure as he ever strike Indian mother again he will repeat it so sorely that he will never forget it; so he had better not do it.

Indian mother, she medium. Sarah she tell her letter be here, and when it coming. She will go buy paper and read; she can read. Live in Oldtown; die in Oldtown. [In Maine?] Yes; I have fever—hot—cry here—happy there.

Jan. 23.

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

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, Jan. 24.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Jonathan Wild, of Boston, to his grandson; George W. Cobb, of Waterville, Me., to his mother; Rosalind Davis, of Chicago, to her sister.

Wednesday, Jan. 25.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Agnes Ellis, of St. Augustine, Fla., to her brother in New York; Mattie, to "Little Raven"; Simon Barnard, to his wife.

Monday, Jan. 30.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Mary Ann Conroy, of New York, to her father, in Ohio; Jonathan Wild, of Boston, to his grandson; George W. Cobb, of Waterville, Me., to his mother; Rosalind Davis, of Chicago, to her sister.

Thursday, Jan. 4.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother.

Friday, Jan. 5.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother.

Saturday, Jan. 6.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother.

Sunday, Jan. 7.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother.

Monday, Jan. 8.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother.

Tuesday, Jan. 9.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother.

Wednesday, Jan. 10.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother.

Thursday, Jan. 11.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother.

Friday, Jan. 12.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother.

Saturday, Jan. 13.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother.

Sunday, Jan. 14.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother.

Monday, Jan. 15.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother.

Tuesday, Jan. 16.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother.

Wednesday, Jan. 17.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother.

Thursday, Jan. 18.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother.

Friday, Jan. 19.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother.

Saturday, Jan. 20.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother.

Sunday, Jan. 21.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother.

Monday, Jan. 22.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother.

Tuesday, Jan. 23.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother.

Wednesday, Jan. 24.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother.

Thursday, Jan. 25.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother.

Friday, Jan. 26.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother.

Saturday, Jan. 27.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother.

Sunday, Jan. 28.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother.

Monday, Jan. 29.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother; John McAlpine, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to his brother.

and was in answer to a sermon preached a few Sundays ago by the Rev. Dr. Dargay, in Brooklyn, N. Y., in favor of moderate drinking. Mr. Thompson handled the subject in a masterly manner; his eloquence was fervid, and his delivery perfect. Oh that we had a few more such lecturers! Oh that more of our Spiritualist lecturers would give us so many reasons for this subject! They might do a vast amount of good. We have several very earnest workers in the temperance cause here in Cincinnati. There are ministers of Orthodox churches who can see no good done out of the church. They say, "You may be all right, but we do not approve of the way you work. The drunkard may come into the temperance division through the doors of the church, but we do not want him brought into the church through the doors of a temperance society; it is not giving the glory to God or the church." Now, as a total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks is certainly one of the most important and needful reforms of the times, I think that we, as Spiritualists, should be foremost in the reform, and should urge this on our people as a stern necessity. I wish that thousands instead of the few hundreds could have heard that address yesterday. How feelingly he advocated the cause of the poor inebriate; how tearfully and with trembling earnestness he besought the moderate drinker, for his brother's sake, to abstain from the use of the wine-cup, and to be strong in behalf of the weak, to banish the wine-cup from their homes and tables.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

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

Mr. C. W. L. G. G. G.

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Warren Chase, Corresponding Editor.

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SPIRITUALISTS.

It is a well known fact, not only in St. Louis but in other large cities of our country, that many of the wealthy and popular men have satisfied themselves, mainly by phenomena, of the fact of spirit-life and intercourse, and have thereby released themselves from all bondage to superstition and power, all participation in sectarian ceremonies, family altars and religious restrictions. They go to the church and theatre with about the same feelings, and to a dance or prayer-meeting, enjoying the former more than the latter, and with no feelings of religious obligation in the latter. They usually contribute liberally to the building and support of churches, making little or no distinction between the sects, unless some of their families interfere for some one to which they are attached. But thus far they pay little or nothing for the support of meetings, erection of halls or other necessities for the extension of the more rational cause of Spiritualism. There is a reason for this course or abuse of liberality on the part of those who know it is not right, and often pay with a protest and resolve not to do it again, and yet go on in the same course, while even if they promise to assist the cause of Spiritualism, forget or neglect it without any compunctions of conscience. This reason is the social power of the churches, which, by uniting, have ostracized Spiritualism—vilified, ridiculed and scandalized it till not only the weak-kneed but many of the "strong minded" have run under the Christian banner for protection; and while these rich and popular brethren feel released from all moral and religious obligations to all churches, and have formed none to Spiritualism, they are still subject to this social tyranny, and if not personally bound, are bound by some part of their families, usually the young and weak minded, who are easily wrought upon by the learned, fashionable, scheming preachers. If all who are real believers in Spiritualism in any one of our large cities would unite and act together, they could have the best society in all the place, and be entirely independent of all the churches, and have it even at less cost than they now get their social positions. The religious tie is broken and thoroughly dissolved, but the social is yet binding, and is the only hope of the churches, and that now depends on keeping Spiritualism unpopular, and its advocates ostracized in fashionable society, and in this they could not succeed were they not partially supported by Spiritualists themselves, who are not less but more given to abuse of each other than Christians are.

There will be a great change and rapid progress when this social bondage is broken, and not much before, since the support of the wealthy can only be obtained thereby; and when this comes we shall have halls and speakers and society, and have our papers supported and literature extended as they never yet have been.

A wealthy man who recently died in this city, left part of his estate to several churches, including among them a Methodist and a Roman Catholic, thus embracing the extremes, which abuse each other; but he had not reached Spiritualism, which should have had the larger share, and perhaps would had it not been outlawed by Christianity. We do not expect to stay in the body till the great social change takes place, but we are sure it will come before long, and then the workers in this cause will be rewarded for their and our labors in the noblest cause that ever engaged the attention of men and women.

IS IT ALL RIGHT?

It seems by the papers that ex Governor Jewell, of Connecticut, did not have votes enough to elect him without legislative aid, although his political party were largely (or sufficiently) in the ascendancy. Some people attribute this to a lack of support among Spiritualists, Jews and Liberals, on account of his aid given to the movement to put a Christian recognition of God into the constitution, which we understand him to say he is not in favor of doing. However this may be, if he signed a call for a convention for that purpose, it looks more like it than it does like a defence of free speech merely. Far away as we are, we do not know which was the better or safer man of the candidates, nor which we should have voted for had we been a voter in the State; and we did not send our scrap and note to the Banner to influence voters against him, but only to put our friends on guard, hoping they would look closely into the matter, and see that we are not trapped by the church party, and caught before we are aware of danger.

Out here in the West, we are on the lookout, and are well aware that only by eternal vigilance can liberty be preserved. Last fall the voters of Missouri set aside the candidate for governor who signed the call for a similar convention, although the party to which he belonged was largely in the ascendancy, and the people elected one of the same party; and recently, the city of St. Louis defeated a zealous church-member (and a great and good man) for mayor, when the figures and past votes show that his political party are in a majority. We do not know that he had given aid or comfort to the movement to put a recognition of his God into the constitution; but we are sure many people feared his bondage to a church might influence him to favor religious schemes, to the injury of religious liberty. The people are wary, and well they may be, on this subject; and we hope the political party, whichever it be, that advocates most and best the interests of our country on all other questions, will be careful not to overlook the danger of running under religious tyranny.

SCHOOLS IN ST. LOUIS.

The Golden Age pays the following just tribute to our schools in St. Louis, which have also been highly complimented in other quarters for their freedom from Bible reading, secured by the union of Catholic with spiritual and liberal influences, but probably with different motives—the Catholics probably thinking to first vote the Protestant Bible out by the aid of Liberals, and then by the aid of Protestants get the school money divided among the sects, but succeeding in the first there is no chance for the second, and probably no chance for getting the Bible back, as the system works so well without it.

"St. Louis is to be congratulated on her educational success. She has solved the school problem, so far as the Bible question is concerned, in the truly American way, by completely secularizing her education. By dropping the Bible out of the schools she has effectively disarmed the majority of those who are opposed to our public school system, and defeated those who resorted to every possible expedient to divide the public funds

among sectarian schools. Of course there are a plenty of Protestants who join with the Catholics in denouncing the schools as 'godless'; there are a plenty of Protestants who consider nothing as Christian which is not labeled as such and would not recognize Christ himself were he to come around them without a halo around his head, and would sooner the public should sink than that their sect should suffer the least infringement of its supposed prerogatives. But happily the majority are fast opening their eyes to broader and truer views of religious as well as public policy; and in St. Louis, though the Democrats carried most of the wards in the late elections, the Board of Education is Republican. The city also has a public school library of 20,000 volumes, with an admirably arranged reading-room for the use of her school-teachers and pupils."

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

We were refreshed in memory and encouraged in hope by spending last evening in Mercantile Library Large Hall, witnessing the panoramic exhibition of the Mount Vernon Band of Hope before a very large audience, invited to raise means to enlarge their own hall. The society is a juvenile temperance society, and the most prosperous one in the city, and occupies the hall in which our meetings have been held during the winter. The exhibition was a perfect success, and highly complimentary to the children and managers, and promising for the cause that needs it so much in St. Louis.

We have also just read a copy of an article by Rev. D. B. Turney, in the National Prohibitionist, in which he very truly says what we have been iterating and reiterating for ten years at least, viz: that if we stop the sale of the beverage it will prove a futile success, unless we crush the manufacture at the same time. It also gives the following items:

"Sixty thousand lives are annually destroyed by intemperance in the United States. One hundred thousand men and women are yearly sent to prison in consequence of strong drink."

Twenty thousand children are yearly sent to the poor-house for the same reason.

Three hundred murders are another of the yearly fruits of intemperance.

Four hundred suicides follow in this fearful catalogue of crimes.

Two hundred thousand orphans are bequeathed each year to public and private charity.

Two hundred millions of dollars are yearly expended to produce this shocking amount of crime and misery, and as much more is lost in time wasted from the same cause. Is it not time to do that which produces of temperance in our country? Can we be human if we hesitate to lend our aid to such a cause?"

We also extract the following from the letter of a friend in Texas that has just reached us:

Linden, Davis Co., Texas, April 20, 1871.

I am glad to see you advocating the prohibition of the sale and manufacture of liquor, and I think that the temperance people everywhere ought to do Congress with petitions for this purpose. In the April number of 'The Laws of Life,' I find the following truthful words, in an article by Glen C. Jones, on the 'Effects of Alcoholic Liquors on those who use them in moderation only':

"Temperance men and women are greatly exalted at the prevalence of drink, and they are as people. To understand, comprehend, and so be competent to remedy the evil, they need to know that its direct and most fatal aspects are not seen at the lowest point of degradation to which it subjects its victims. The moderate use of ardent spirits ruins and destroys more health, brings to premature death more persons, blights more prospects, paralyzes more genius, induces more unhappiness and destroys more character by far than its excessive use does. It saps and mines, instead of besieging and storming the fortress of life. It kills like the pestilence that walketh in darkness, instead of like the destruction that wasteth at noonday. Its effects are less obvious in the processes of accomplishment, but none the less sure or obvious in conclusion. Moderate drinking of ardent spirits is evil, and only evil, in every view that one can take of it, and should, by every man and woman who prize their own health, be at once and forever totally abandoned." Let the friends of temperance raise and push forward the good cause until the infernal traffic in liquor shall be stopped.

Fraternally yours, ALEX. KING.

ANOTHER OF THE NOBLE PIONEERS GONE.

L. B. Brown, of High Point, Monticau Co., Mo., and formerly of Michigan, and at one time editorially connected with the Present Age, left his body at his prairie home with his wife and five children on the 20th of December, and went to live with the angels, of whom he so often wrote sweet snatches of poetry. He was fifty-six years of age, and well known and highly esteemed by a large circle of friends in Michigan, which State he left for Missouri to gain better health, and seemed to have gained it until he was suddenly stricken down with congestive chill. Our friends in Milwaukee, Wis., as well as in Michigan, will remember our brother as one of the able and early pioneers who took active part in bringing the New Philosophy before the people; and especially will he be remembered for the beautiful poems which so frequently appeared in print, and which are still to be found and admired among the gems of thought and beauty; but nowhere will he be so missed and mourned as by his loved and loving family of wife, three sons and two daughters, the youngest fourteen years of age, known long ago to us as bright, healthy and happy souls of much promise. May he with the angels bless them still.

EGYPT, IN ILLINOIS.

Our worthy friend, T. S. Given, proprietor of the Western Guardian, published in Olney, Ill., gives us a sharp hit for our note on the needed conversions of Southern Illinois, and whips in the south part of Missouri, and compares Illinois with Missouri at large. We admit all he says, and have said as much of Southern Missouri before; and we are well aware that Illinois ranks Missouri in all respects except in a great city, since Chicago has to give place to St. Louis. We are glad, too, to find a friend to help us recommend Egypt, as we have so often done with our tongue and pen both. We, too, have a home among its hills, and a son and daughter living within its limits, and confess our preference of country rests nowhere else. After saying all this, we think our friend will allow us to recommend missionaries to convert the people out of ignorance, whiskey-drinking and tobacco-chewing, and all such kinds of bad habits, so that our favorite section of the West may compare more favorably with Missouri, and even with New England, the famous land of steady habits. We are glad to learn that the fruit crop of Southern Illinois is yet promising for this season where it has been a partial failure for several years.

LECTURES IN ST. LOUIS.

Our winter course of lectures in St. Louis closed their six months' term with April, but from the interest manifested, and expressions of the friends at the close, it is evident they will be soon renewed, and we hope under more favorable auspices. We took up the subject single-handed, but with the pecuniary aid of a few friends, and apathy or opposition of those who had let the old Society die, and who had not yet administered on its estate, and with the aid of these few we have had regular meetings, free to all, twice every Sunday for six months, and close with a deeper and

stronger interest than we began. We should not now close them were it not for deferred engagements out of the city, which require our absence for a few weeks, and when these are fulfilled arrangements will be made for the renewal of lectures in the city. We have satisfied our friends that regular speaking by the same speaker can be made a success as well as by constant changing, although with smaller audiences, yet with deeper interest and as good results.

Spiritualism in Troy, N. Y.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I have just closed an exceedingly agreeable sojourn of a month in this city, where I have been speaking for five Sundays to increasing audiences of thinkers, among the most advanced and respectful, that I have ever met; and I should be unjust both to the Trojans and myself, should I fail to give some expression to sentiments engendered by this visit.

Without intending to detract from any, it is but justice to say I know of no place in the United States where the Spiritualists seem more united or the cause generally in a better condition. A sound intellectual spiritualism predominates in the association. Brotherly and sisterly kindness is perceptible throughout all their social movements. A greater freedom from personal jealousies and animosities I have never known. An abiding love of humanity and an earnest seeking after "the truest truth" at all times, seem to actuate the entire membership of the society. Their earnestness, too, exhibits itself in practical Spiritualism wherever opportunity is afforded for expression. The external direction of the cause in Troy is under the supervision and control alone of the Lyceum, and has been for a number of years. The Lyceum consists of one hundred and twenty members—officers and children. Besides employing speakers ten months of the year, they subscribe for one hundred copies of the Lyceum Banner, and have organized other methods of expenditure for the benefit of the needy, as regards material as well as intellectual and spiritual demands. For instance: within the membership of the Lyceum they have an organization termed "The Moral Police," the members of which are constantly engaged in looking after and supplying the material wants of children in the Lyceum whose parents or guardians are unable to supply them with appropriate apparel. This organization is aided by another, termed the "Ladies' Society." These two societies meet, two afternoons of each week, for the purpose of arranging as to funds, determining in regard to purchases, and executing with busy and benevolent hands the necessary sewing. In the evenings, after the occupations of the day have closed, the gentlemen are punctual in attendance at these meetings, and cheerfully contribute their share in the general beneficence. After business, the evenings generally close with pleasurable amusements of some kind—music, dancing, etc. But not until the business of the meetings has been completed are these indulgences permitted; for the men, women and children among the Troy Spiritualists seem fully to realize the force of the poetical couplet:

"I dreamed, and thought that life was beauty;

I woke, and found that life was duty."

During my engagement in Troy, the Methodist Conference for that section held its annual session. Among other trials for conduct deemed unministerial, was one truly indicative of the animus of the Orthodox fraternity. A learned and liberal gentleman, a member of the Conference, was put upon trial for inculcating liberal views touching humanity and its destinies! A Committee set upon his case, and reported him "guilty of promoting liberal Christianity," and recommended that "he be reprimanded by the Bishop." The Bishop administered a reprimand, with the injunction that hereafter his views should be expressed in such language "that his hearers might fully understand what he meant!" If the minister reprimanded is, as I am informed he is, a liberal minded and cultivated gentleman, it is to be hoped he will follow the Bishop's advice. Is not the fact that in this age of free thought a gentleman is to be condemned for preaching liberal Christianity, a sad commentary upon the nature of modern theological teachings? No wonder the poet exclaims:

"Dread Theology—

That peopled earth with demons, hell with men,

And heaven with slaves!"

But I fear I shall overreach the proper limit allowed to your correspondents, and must therefore close by another brief reference to the Troy Spiritualists. Benjamin Starbuck is the Conductor of the Lyceum, and Miss Libbie McCoy, the Guardian. But in an association where all are workers—where there is less of mere personal ambition than I have witnessed generally, and less approximation toward Lilliputian perversity, it might be ludicrous to mention any names than those of the immediate officers; and I consequently desist. The whole body of Spiritualists in Troy seem to be fully in earnest. To those of us whose vocation keeps us moving year after year throughout the country in advocacy of a cause we so ardently love, such local conditions as those I have adverted to are truly heart-cheering. And such conditions will healthfully tend to fasten upon the minds of communities the great truth we are laboring to inculcate—that Spiritualism is admirably adapted to all the conditions of time, as well as a beautiful guide-book, telling of the pathway in the future, arched with galaxies and paved with suns, through which the soul shall pass to still increasing beatitudes.

I know not what good I may have been the means of effecting in Troy; but I do know that my visit among the Trojans has done me more good than I know how to express.

Fraternally yours,

THOMAS GALES FORTSTER.

May 1st, 1871.

Passed to Spirit-Life:

From Troy, N. Y., April 23, Jehu Hatfield, aged 65 years. Mr. Hatfield was prepared for the change, and regarded the approach of the heavenly messenger with calmness. Even Joy in his last hours he seemed to enjoy the constant presence of the angels. "I know where I am going," was his answer to a clergyman who called in to converse with him. "All is clear and bright." To a friend he said: "I am in the spirit-land; my body is with you. Frequent expressions of our sympathy to him the evening before he departed. He was a Methodist, and found the creed too narrow for his expanding soul, and he was for about twelve years a firm believer in the Christian religion, and was beloved by all who knew him. Though poor in worldly goods, he was rich in spiritual wealth. The Lyceum attended his funeral in a body, escorting the remains to the Unitarian church, where he was laid to rest. The funeral discourse was delivered by Mr. Thomas Gales Fortster, and was one of those comforting, soul-stirring efforts for which Bro. Fortster is so eminent. Even a faint description of it is totally beyond the power of the writer; he can only say that, following in imagination the beautiful imagery and description of the glorious beyond, as I vividly eloquence the speaker rose step by step the radiant pathway of the spheres, it seemed as though we could almost see the shining faces of the departed beaming upon us across the narrow stream."

From Candor, N. Y., on the afternoon of April 19th, Alex. Sedler, only child of William and Emma S. Dalton, aged 18 months.

There came to us a spirit band,

And glided over little feet and down;

And bore it to that summer-land,

T'ploom in Eden's bowers. D.

(Notices sent in for insertion in this department will be charged at the rate of twenty cents per line for every line exceeding ten lines. Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously.)

"It's forty years, my old friend John, since we were boys together." "Is it? Well, do not speak so loud; there's that young widow in the next room."

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"THE FOUNTAIN:"

With Jets of New Meanings."

We have just published the fourth edition, which fact is enough to show the popularity of the work, and the effect exerted by the "impressions" and principles of the "Fountain" may be inferred by the following brief extracts from correspondents and

Notices of the Press.

Even the young and illiterate, it would seem, need have no difficulty in comprehending the sublime and beautiful truths presented by the gifted author.—Haverhill Tri-Weekly Publisher.

It is deep and thoughtful in its character and elevating in its tendency.—Fenelonist, Washington, D. C.

We have been reading "The Fountain," A. J. Davis's new book, and am surprised and puzzled.—L. S., in Banner of Light.

It covers a wide range of topics, and does not claim to be exhaustive, but rather suggestive in its treatment of them.—North Carolina.

It is profusely illustrated in a manner to render it attractive to children, while the quaint conceits and similitudes will make it new and pleasing to many grown-up readers.—Commonwealth, Boston.

There are good thoughts in "The Fountain," and the pictorial illustrations which accompany them cannot fail to enforce their correctness upon the mind of the reader.—Investigator, Boston.

Mr. Davis is a searching critic of the old-time creeds and theological dogmas, and the points out very clearly in this volume the deleterious effects upon individual character and upon society, of merely emotional and spasmodic Spiritualism. National Standard, New York.

"The Fountain" is a grand book as Mr. Davis has written, and is better adapted to the average intellect than any of his other writings.—Dr. S. W. L., in Banner of Light.

The impulsive vigor with which Mr. Davis uproots popular prejudices, inside as well as outside of Spiritualism, is as commendable as it is needed.—The Present Age, Chicago.

There is a new and original view of Spiritualism here, valuable as containing the present view of Spiritualism here, by its greatest exponent.—American Bookkeeper's Guide, New York.

We have just read with much interest and gratification Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis's latest work, "The Fountain: With Jets of New Meanings." In this volume we have Mr. Davis's views on the subject of Spiritualism. He has here advanced the most searching and faithful rebuke of its absurdities, perversions and mischievous delusions that has yet been given to the world.—The Liberator, New York.

Some persons think it a sign that Mr. Davis is going back on Spiritualism to have his books commended by the religious for which it is recommended. In fact, I esteem it a complete panacea for all female complaints. O. O. I desire to get the medicine as low as possible, on account of many unable to pay, and I wish to benefit the suffering poor, as well as the more opulent.—D. C. D., M. D., New-York, N. Y.

"I have used but one package, but my health is so much improved that I have recommended it to another lady, who is using it with beneficial results. I think it very valuable medicine, and wish every sick woman had it. Please send six packages."—Mrs. C. M. S., Minnesota.

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WHAT THEY THINK

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