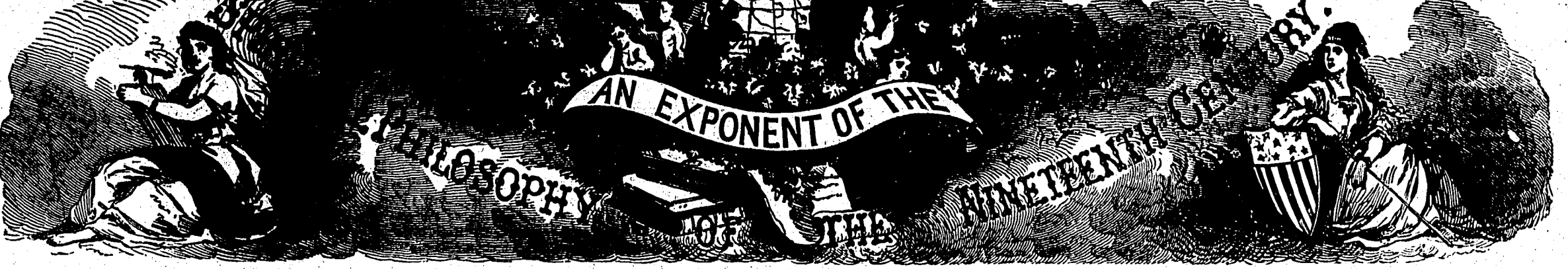


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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TRIBUTE TO ALICE CARY.

BY CORA L. V. TAPPAN.

Because the broken lyre-string hath no sound,
The faded rose distills no dewy gem,
Because in stranded shells no pearls are found,
The shattered casket holds no diadem,
We will not weep!
But the lily-bell,
In the dewy dell,
Chimes a mournful knell.

Because the autumn leaf grows brown and sere,
And summer splendors crimson to dull gray,
Because the spring returns but once a year,
And purple fruitage crowns the bloom of May,
We will not weep!
But the violet,
With blue eyes still wet,
Must thy loss regret.

Because the lowly creeping worm can die,
And be forgotten, in the mould and rust,
While, iris-winged, upspringing the butterfly,
To feed on honey-dew instead of dust,
We will not weep!
But the buds of spring
Must their flowers bring,
On thy bed to fling.

Because the shattered shell prisons no bird,
We look in vain for last year's dear delight;
Above our heads the rustling wings are heard—
The skylark singeth sweetest out of sight—
We will not weep!
When the night is still,
Sings the whippoorwill,
With mournfullest trill.

Happy were they who dwell apace thy heart,
Baptized and blest by friendship pure as thine;
Who drank thy love's clear waters whence they start,
From fountains that flow near the spirits' shrine.
We will not weep!
In the willow vale,
The lone nightingale
Will thy flight bewail.

Thy songs fly after thee like white-winged doves,
Clearing the higher air where thou dost roam;
Then, slow returning, like thine early loves,
Within the hearts that bless thee find a home.
We will not weep!
But in Love's pure urn
The heart-fires will burn,
For thy sweetest return.

Now is thy harp attuned to sweeter lays
Than ever thou couldst chant in human speech;
To symphonies of rapture, sounds of praise,
We strive in vain with earthly sense to reach.
We will not weep!
For a lily white
Swings downward to-night,
To chime thy delight.

Thy kindred poets greet thee with a song
Olympus and Parnassus never won.
Drink—drink the glad nepenthe, and grow strong!
We follow thee when earth's dark night is done—
We will not weep!
For an asphodel
Floatheth earthward to tell
It is well—'tis well!

IN MEMORY OF THOMAS T. GREEN- WOOD.

BY W. W. THOMPSON.

Thou hast gone, we sadly miss thee,
Dearest brother—cherished friend!
Life's sharp sorrows all are over—
Life's stern cares are at an end.
May thy slumbers o'er be peaceful,
And untroubled be thy rest
In that home among the loved ones—
In that land supremely blest.

Still in memory's glass we see thee
As thou wert in days gone by,
When another was in trouble,
And thy words and deeds of kindness
Made full many a heart rejoice,
Giving hope to spirits stricken—
Opening ears to wisdom's voice.

Oh, we knew not how to prize thee
When with us thou journeyedst here;
We but only knew we loved thee
As a friend most kind and dear.
But, as called by change to sever
All the ties of kindred love,
Thou hast gone, our hearts shall ever
Bless thee in thy home above.

Oh, we miss thee from our circle,
And yet, wherefore should we sigh?
Unto thee to live was sickness,
But 'twas happiness to die.
Fraught with joy must be that meeting
With the loved thou long'st to see,
When thy fragile body perished,
And thy deathless soul was free!

May we, O'er like thee, be ready
When we too are called to go;
Glad to greet the ransoming hour—
Glad to quit this world below.
Speeding on to join our loved ones
Where full sorrow is no more,
We shall meet, not part forever
On a bright, celestial shore.

Soon, dear brother, we will join thee
In that radiant world of light,
Where within one happy circle
Will each cherished soul unite;
There no'er cometh woe nor sorrow—
Pain to rack the troubled breast—
For, Life's tollsomen journey ended,
Each shall find the promised rest.

"That you believe you have a call to preach is all very well as far as it goes," said an old doctor of divinity to a theological student; "but," he added, "we must wait and see whether people think they have a call to hear you."

Literary Department.

Translated from the German.

DR. BERNARD'S COMPACT.

"Dear Madame Bernard! how she loved to talk about her son and extol his many virtues! 'He was the most skillful doctor in all Germany,' she would say, 'and he was charitable and good as well.'"

He was the physician of the poor, and consequently was very poor himself. He would rise at daybreak to visit his patients, scores of whom could not afford to pay him a fee; and he was continually restoring health and strength to others, all the while utterly regardless of his own.

Poorer and yet poorer they had become—this widow and her good son, and now need was upon their hearth, and actually staring them in the face. The widow murmured not, but looked trustfully into Paul's eyes, and breathed a whispered blessing on his name.

One morning he went out with the expectation of receiving some money—a mere trifle, and he returned home without a single coin. His mother, who was far from strong, needed nourishing food and wine, and he had not the means of procuring her either one or the other. Paul was in utter despair.

While he was sitting with his face buried in his hands, his best friend, Karl, presented himself, and bade the doctor a "Good day."

"I am come to invite you to join myself and some friends in a little merry-making," said Karl.

"I?"

"Yes, you, my dear fellow."

"Still, as ever, devoted to your pleasures!"

"Of course; though, to confess the truth, I often find them fatiguing. But what would you have me do? It is true that I am of a great and noble family; the Counts of Steinberg have ever held a most exalted rank; but what of that? Rank alone does not constitute a man's happiness."

"But you are living such a useless life, Karl!" Paul observed; "away from your friends, too!"

"Heaven has taken my mother away from me, else I should be a very different man. I could have wished to dwell always with my father and my sister—I love them very dearly—but I could not brook my father's authority."

"I understand; and it is he, perchance, who, by too strongly insisting on your prudence and wisdom, has hunted you into a wholly different course?"

"Yes, something of that sort, my friend," returned the other with a deep sigh. "Yet there was a still graver matter—one affecting my darling sister, Marguerite, and which some day I may relate to you. I am a student, but I shall never become a physician—never! I lack application; yet something one must apply oneself to, you know."

"Persevere, then, and the science which it is mine to follow shall give you secrets which are reserved for the industrious alone to become acquainted with."

"Well, we will talk upon that subject some other day; I have no time to do so now," Karl rejoined. "We have selected for our fête the 'Maid' upon the Meer; there we will feast and smoke and sing, and over our sparkling draughts, praise our own Fatherland. Come!"

"Thou art a careless fellow, Karl. No, go and enjoy thyself, and leave me here," the young doctor replied, looking around at the old walls of his dwelling, which dwelling had been bequeathed to him by his father. Those walls were neither rich nor smiling, but they afforded his mother and himself shelter, and, amidst all their poverty, happy were the hours which they passed together beneath them.

"Ah, Paul, thou art too good!" his companion cried, with a burst of honest emotion. "I reverence thee, for thou dost merit my reverence, and the love of all the world beside. I have influence, and doubt not but I will gather round thee a host of excellent friends—people who will appreciate thee for thy worth, and who will understand thee thoroughly; to begin with, the Count de Steinberg and his daughter, my pretty sister. Oh, I have talked of thee to her so frequently that I am beginning to fear that she will grow weary of hearing thy name."

The young doctor smiled faintly, and his friend gaily rattled on.

"But, as yet, she has shown no signs of the kind, for it is she who now always speaks to me of Paul Bernard, the learned and great physician."

Here Paul started. He thought he heard some one at the street door, so he rose to open it, when he discovered a bill fixed on the outside of it.

"Oh, this is the saddest stroke of all!" he exclaimed, and, staggering backward, he leaned against the wall.

"What is it?" Karl asked, rushing to the door, and reading the bill affixed to it. "A bill announcing the sale of this house!" cried he. "What on earth does it mean, Paul?"

"It means that I have not paid my taxes," he returned, wringing his hands with quiet despair.

"Ah, my dear friend!"

"Ay, Karl; I am indeed to be pitied, since I cannot preserve to my dear mother a shelter for her declining years."

"And you, who have worked so diligently—who are so learned and clever!"

"Clever! And what do my labors and my skill bring to me?" Paul impatiently broke forth.

"Why am I not rich, to prove what you assert? Ah, why, indeed! I will tell you. There is in Munich a physician, named Bospach, who, whilst I have been laboring early and late, has published cures which he never performed. Wherever I go, that man reaps the harvest. The rewards which I, for the last five years, have earned, Bospach has received a hundred-fold. The city was



THE VISION APPEARS TO PAUL BERNARD.

threatened by an epidemic—I was summoned to the hospital, to be driven thence by the charlatan, Bospach, that he might receive thanks, honors, praises, and rewards for the lives which I, under Heaven, had saved. So, you perceive, while this man is celebrated, I am unknown to the city which gave me birth; while he dashes along in his carriage, to kill the wealthy, whose heirs most gladly and liberally repay him, I make my way on foot, to snatch from death poor creatures, who can only recompense me with their gratitude and their blessings. Even now, this Doctor Bospach is erecting for himself a palace; while I, in bitter need, must lose this, the home of my ancestors, the shelter for my mother's head!"

"Ten thousand curses! Well, keep up a brave heart, friend Paul," rejoined Karl. "Ere to-morrow these arrears of taxes must be paid. I have no money at this moment; but I have an idea, which shall bring me some. But Madame Bernard must not see this," he added, impetuously tearing the bill from the portal, twisting it up, and flinging it aside.

"No, no, Karl," the young physician answered. "It is my place to act, and I will leave no effort unattempted."

At this instant, Madame Bernard appeared.

"What, my son, are you going out again?" she asked, seeing the door wide open.

"Yes, my beloved mother," Paul returned, affectionately. "Business must be attended to, you know; but wait patiently, and remember me only with kindness until I return."

And with those words, spoken excitedly, the young doctor and Karl hurried out and disappeared, one going one way, the other another.

Madame went to the door and looked after her son, wondering whether he was going so hurriedly, and in such seeming agitation. She wished she could recall or follow him.

With a sigh, she watched until he was lost to her view. She was just about to close the door, when her kinsman, old Herr Peckmann, appeared on his threshold.

She retreated, in amazement.

"What! you are surprised to see me?" said the wealthy citizen at once, and without ceremony, making his way into the house.

"I am, indeed, Herr Peckmann!" she coldly rejoined.

"Nay, Madame Bernard; call me uncle, unless you have ceased to remember that you are my niece."

"Away!" she cried indignantly. "What seek you under my poor roof?—you who, by your cruel machinations, and for your own aggrandizement, caused our only relatives to disinherit my dear son!"

"Ah, nobody is perfect," he responded very calmly; "I, no more than the rest of mankind. But the notice has not yet been posted," he observed, pointing to the door with his stick.

"Notice! I do not comprehend you."

"And yet the matter is simple enough, madame. Your son not having paid his taxes, this house will be sold to-morrow," Herr Peckmann said, in a heartless manner.

The widow uttered not a sound, but sank into a chair.

"Oho! I perceive," pursued the citizen, going to the door, which was still extended wide. "Exactly; it has been up, but is now torn down. See where it is. Pick it up, Catherine; your back is younger than mine."

Madame started from her chair, snatched up the paper, and examined it tremblingly. "And you were aware of this cruel blow—you, who could so easily have averted it—and are come to rejoice over our misfortunes?"

"Rejoice! Tush! what nonsense. This boy owes for taxes a hundred florins; I have brought him that amount."

Madame Bernard looked at the man in contempt.

"Most generous of men!" she exclaimed.

"Ah, to be sure, you say truly, niece. He who

bringeth money to him who hath none, is decidedly a generous man."

"Enjoy your own opinion, and allow me to enjoy mine. All you look upon as your own is rightfully the property of my son, Paul Bernard."

"Quite correct, Catherine, since Paul is my sole heir," Herr Peckmann replied in the calmest and coldest of syllables. "But I have not the slightest desire to force my money upon you. If you have a wish that this house should be sold, why, I can have no objection," he added, making toward the street door as he spoke.

"Stay! stay!" she cried, almost driven distracted with her own feelings and the man's glib words. "Paul is absent—but—"

"Well, seek him, then, seek him instantly!" rejoined the old man. "Say your uncle—your loving uncle would see him."

Just as poor Madame was about to reply that she knew not where to find her son, the figure of a gentleman filled up the doorway. "Have the goodness to let Doctor Bernard know that Baron Lienstein would speak to him," the stranger said to the widow in a dictatorial manner.

Scarcely had he finished speaking the above, when another male figure stood on the threshold. The new-comer acknowledged the Baron with a bow, then addressed Madame:

"Kindly make known to your son, Madame Bernard, that he is visited by his celebrated brother."

"Doctor Bospach," put in the Baron with sarcasm.

"He would not have required my name to recognize me," was the other one's lofty reply.

The widow invited the gentlemen to enter the house; and, after placing them chairs, she left them and went in quest of her son.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Baron, seeing Herr Peckmann, "here is our good townsman here!"

"Quite charmed to meet you, Baron," returned the old man.

"Pleased to see you, my dear patient," added Doctor Bospach.

"A strange meeting this, gentlemen," the nobleman remarked, "three such men as we are! Noble, indicating himself, 'wealthy,' pointing to Peckmann, and '—looking at Bospach."

"Celebrated, Baron," was the Doctor's reply.

"Ay, celebrated, if you please—here in the dwelling of a poor fellow whom generally we pass without the slightest recognition."

"Oh, pardon me, Baron, but he's a brother physician," Bospach returned.

"And my nephew, Baron," put in Peckmann.

"A nephew who interests you but very little; for he is miserably poor," said the Baron, with a shrug; "a brother whom you should hate, Bospach, for it is said, and I believe it, that he is wondrously clever."

Bospach winced; he did not like to hear Paul Bernard praised.

"And how's your patient, Doctor, the Count de Steinberg?" Herr Peckmann inquired.

"Tolerably well; however, you must not be astonished to hear to-morrow, or on the day following, that he has fallen seriously ill. You see, the peculiar organization of the human frame causes the principal and most vital functions to engage in an incessant struggle with the morbid and contradictory influences, which generally and essentially, and oftentimes actually, yield before the powerful enemy; and that's why the Count is always in danger."

The Baron curled his lips scornfully, and Peckmann looked full of awe.

"The Count in danger!—always, did you say, Doctor?" exclaimed the former.

"Yes, Baron."

"You must cure him, then."

"But how, Baron?"

"Cease to attend him," was the other's brief but cutting reply.

Bospach opened his mouth, ready with a retort, but, altering his mind, he prudently remained silent.

"I believe you are interested in the Count's health," the Baron continued, turning and addressing the old man.

"I am—a little," was his answer.

"Say considerably, Herr Peckmann," the Baron said. Then, turning to Bospach, he continued, "I will tell you, Doctor, wherefore he is so, and increase your importance by showing you what immense affairs you hold in your hands. I had a father, Doctor, who died—although never a patient of yours. He lived merrily, and his constant companions were the Count de Steinberg and Herr Peckmann. Well, Doctor, these three—"

"But really, Baron," interrupted the old man, uneasily, "there is no necessity at all to—"

"On the contrary, there is great necessity; it will amuse. Well, Doctor, these three imagined and executed a contract, by which the first who died left, to be divided between the two others, a very large sum of money; but by the terms of the said contract, he of the two others who next should die, was bound to leave his share to the survivor. What occurs now? Why, that Herr Peckmann would rather he should be the survivor, and not the Count de Steinberg? Is not such a desire on the part of a friend almost incredible?"

"Perhaps, Baron, you'd think it natural that I myself should wish to die first?" the old man snarled.

"Assuredly not; and therefore, to my thinking, you should be quite pleased that the Count's physician is the celebrated Doctor Bospach. But, to change the subject, gentlemen; wherefore are we three here—for no good, I fancy?"

"Pon my word, Baron—"

"Amiable Herr Peckmann, you cannot agree with me, eh? For myself, I freely avow that I am come hither to purchase Doctor Bernard; and it is to put him into evil service, since I wish to take him into mine."

"Really, my dear Baron, I don't comprehend you," said Bospach; it pleases you to say that you are wicked, and—"

"Do not seek to make me pass for an idiot. I have called myself wicked because I am so, and because I desire that all should know it."

At this juncture the door opened, and Paul Bernard showed himself. He was looking the picture of despair. He started in great surprise when he perceived the apartment occupied by visitors.

Bospach was the first to speak.

"Doctor Bernard, I have not, perhaps, the honor to be personally known to you."

"I know you well, Doctor Bospach; and you, likewise, Herr Peckmann," Paul answered, stiffly. Then, turning toward the Baron, he added, "But this gentleman I do not know."

"Baron Everard Lienstein," the Baron returned, with a slight inclination of his head.

Paul started, and looked at the speaker with marked attention.

"You, at least, know my name, I see," pursued the nobleman. "Well, Doctor, it happens that we have each of us a request to make, or a bargain to propose to you. I hardly know which to call it. Who shall speak first, gentlemen?"

"Yourself, Baron," answered Bospach: "to every rank, every honor."

"Thanks! As what I have to say is exceedingly simple, I shall be very brief. I am rich, and I am irritable, violent and quarrelsome; and, to hide nothing from you, it is my passion to destroy—to occasionally break men's legs, or arms, or backs. For my own part, I place but little faith in medical science—or, rather, I have no need of it; it is sufficient that I know myself to be very cool, stern and implacable, and that I feel certain I shall live to a ripe old age. I wish, then, to attach a physician to my house, who shall charge himself, at my pleasure, with—how shall I express it?—with the reparation of the people whom, within or without, I shall have injured. If you accept, I shall, in the first place, pay all your debts; then I will give you three thousand florins a year. A handsome offer, is it not?"

Paul tried to answer, but, overpowered by his emotions, he turned away, and threw himself into a chair.

"Well, you make me no reply?" the Baron added.

"Let him not do so until he has heard me," said Bospach, with considerable importance. "Are you listening, young man?"

"Oh, yes; pray go on!" Paul rejoined, resolutely controlling his feelings.

"I am establishing an emporium of medicine of colossal magnitude," Bospach went on, in a boastful tone. "I shall place about a hundred thousand florins in the business. As it would be quite impossible that I myself could attend to so gigantic a concern, I purpose placing at the head of it a man at once learned and industrious, and I have thought of you. In return, I will guarantee a comfortable living for yourself and for your mother, especially if she will attend to the shop. Now, what say you?"

"Say!" laughed Paul, bitterly; "I shall never be able to express to you the gratitude I feel, therefore I will not attempt to do so. But my uncle—what, in his goodness, has he to propose to me?"

"I am growing old," whined the old man; "Doctor Bospach is my physician, but he never saves me from a single fit of indigestion. I desire, then, that you should reside with me, to watch over and take care of me day and night. But the great business of your life must be my health; you must live only for me."

"And my mother—what of her?" asked Paul, with difficulty restraining his indignation. "Good Herr Bospach thought of her."

"Oh, your mother does not concern me!" rejoined the selfish, horrible old man. "Now, listen! It will be to your interest to make me live a long time. Either you are skillful, or you are not. If you are, you could make me live until I am a hundred years old. Then I would leave you everything—you understand, everything?"

At this instant Paul seized hold of Peckmann's stick, grasped it with both hands, and suddenly broke it. Then he threw the stick-door wide. "Go—off of you!" he said, hoarse with suppressed anger. "I am in my own house, gentlemen, and would not abuse the rights I give. Go, then—go!"

"But our proposals, young man!" said the Baron.

"Go, I say—go!" cried Paul.

"Herr Baron, I am one of those who never pardon. Good day," returned the Baron, between his set teeth. And he went his ways.

"Doctor Bernard, you will end your existence in a ditch," Bonapach remarked. And he likewise went his ways.

"Paul, you are a bad son, and a good-for-nothing nephew!" Herr Peckmann mumbled. And he, like the other two, went his ways.

The young Doctor, rid of his visitors, now closed the door, and, being alone, gave full vent to all his feelings.

After his indignation and anger had in some degree subsided, he began to review his painful position. He had not broken his fast during the whole of that day, and he had not a florin in the world. What was he to do?

He was seated in a chair, with his elbows resting on his knees, his face bowed upon his hands, when the door suddenly opened, and Karl showed his radiant features.

"The good fellow had brought with him a basket of provisions, a bottle of wine, the receipt of the taxes, and ten florins."

"And now, Doctor Paul, come with me to the 'Mermaid' on the Iser," said Karl, dragging his friend out of the house, and leaving the widow, who had just returned home, lost in surprise and gratitude.

Amongst the visitors at the "Mermaid" on the Iser were the Baron Lienstein, the Count de Steinberg, and Marguerite, his fair daughter, whom the wicked Baron was seeking to win for his wife. But Marguerite would not listen to his suit, although it—for secret reasons of his own—was favored by her father. On this particular day, Marguerite had behaved more coldly than ever to the Baron, and her father reproved her for her conduct, and urged her to look more kindly on her admirer.

"Your prejudices against the Baron quite afflict me," he observed, as he walked about the gardens of the "Mermaid" with his daughter, the noble lover lingering somewhat in the rear.

"Pardon me, father, but I never can love him; his presence ever fills me with an undefined terror."

"But my honor is engaged to him. I have promised that you shall be his wife."

"But why, father, have you promised?" the maiden asked, timidly.

"Ah, my child!" the father half groaned.

"See, see! yonder is Karl, coming this way," Marguerite said, quite joyfully, as she pointed down the avenue before them.

"Enter, then, the house!" returned the Count.

"I will presently rejoin you, Baron, will you conduct my daughter?" he added, as that gentleman drew near.

"Willingly" was the reply. "Will the Fraulein deign to take the arm of one who has been unable to obtain from her a smile?" the Baron continued, presenting his arm to Marguerite, who shudderingly took it, and was then led away.

Karl approached and recognized his father.

"I heard you were here, Karl, and I came purposely to meet you," the Count said, taking his son's hand, and wringing it warmly.

"How proud and glad I am to see you, father!"

"Yes, I am here to confess to you, Karl, that I have been rather too severe with you, and to beg you to return to your home."

"I will do so with joy, father, if you will promise me that the Baron Lienstein shall not be the husband of my sister Marguerite."

"I cannot promise that, Karl," was the Count's dejected rejoinder.

"Then I cannot return, father, to behold the sacrifice of my sister!" answered Karl.

"Farewell, Karl," said the Count.

"Farewell, father!"

And thus the two men separated, each going his own way.

In a distant part of the gardens the students were assembled, making merry to their hearts' content. Paul Bernard had been drinking deeply, endeavoring to drown all thought of his poverty and his troubles. In vain did his friend Karl try to check his imprudence, entreating him to drink no more; Paul's glass was filled again and again, and drained as quickly as it was filled. He said that he had sworn to be drunk, and so he would be.

By-and-by he could drink no more; he sank into a chair, spread his arms upon the table in front of him, laid his head upon them, and fell into a profound and unhealthy slumber.

His companions then left him, intending to return to him when he should have slept off the effects of his too liberal libations.

For a full hour Paul's senses lay steeped in utter forgetfulness; at the expiration of that time he opened his eyes to behold Marguerite bending over him. He started up suddenly, and stared at her in bewilderment.

"What are you?" he demanded. "A woman! oh, how beautiful you are!" he continued, seizing her hand before she could escape from him.

"I came here to look for Karl, Doctor Bernard," she cried in affright. "Oh, let me go! let me go!" and, breaking from him, she rushed away.

Paul rubbed his hot eyes, and, reeling backwards, dropped once more into his seat, where he again fell fast asleep.

When he next awoke night had arrived, and the bright moonlight was shining in his face and gilding the rippling river flowing at his feet.

His first recollection was of Marguerite (to whom he was a stranger)—of the sweet visage he had seen peering down upon him.

He thought he had been dreaming; but he could not banish the vision from his mind. He sat, with his gaze across the river, lost in contemplation of that vision.

What is it that he now beholds advancing toward him from the horizon? At first it is a white spot, like a lone sail upon the broad ocean; now a figure—a female figure in a boat, without either sail or boatman. Nearer and yet nearer the little vessel approaches. The figure is standing at its bow, with her head erect, her eyes fixed, and with her folded arms, retreating on her shoulders a long white mantle.

The young Doctor rises from his seat. Never before has he experienced what now he feels in the presence of that sombre bark and that pale woman who advances—still advances.

At length the boat nears the shore, and the figure moves slowly, and with a gliding motion, steps ashore and makes toward the young Doctor, the very roots of whose hair are beginning to move with terror.

The boat now sinks and disappears beneath the waters.

At last the figure pauses before him, her long,

snowy robes hanging like a cloud around her, encompassing her head and neck like a frame.

"Paul Bernard!" spoke she.

"I am here! Who calls me? who art thou?" he gasped in great fear. "Speak! who art thou? I know thee not!"

"We have met before, Paul Bernard; but this is the first time it has been given to you to behold me," she answered, in low, distinct, but mournful syllables.

"I understand thee not. Once more, who art thou?"

"I am the Death Spirit."

"Say, rather, the Life Spirit, for thou art a woman!" Paul answered; and taking her hand, he was about to raise it to his lips, when its marble coldness chilled him, and he let it drop in shuddering terror.

"I have spoken truly; I am the Death Spirit."

"Then is my hour come?"

"No. I regret it, perhaps; but I have no more right to quench an existence than I have the right to quicken it. I only obey," she said, solemnly raising her eyes.

"What want you with me, then?"

"Paul Bernard," she went on, in lighter tones than before, "I am fully aware that those whom you save you cannot make immortal, and that, finally, they all must belong to me. But your science damages the order indicated; and when, on my arrival, I encounter you, I am compelled to return later; and when one has so much to do, one becomes tired. You understand?"

He listened as if in a dream. He felt as if he were being held by some potent charm—a power unknown, supreme. The voice of the stranger attracted and fascinated him. Even now he fancied that her hand was fanning his hot cheeks.

He no longer doubted. But, then, wherefore was she here?

"Come you to make some compact with my skill? Come you to ask me to abandon those whom I may have the power to save?" Paul demanded, earnestly.

"Yes," she replied.

"Go, go; I will not consent."

"Wherefore?" inquired the Spirit, mildly.

"Because I am the Apostle of Life; and you are Death, whom I abhor."

"Abhor!" echoed the Spirit. "Regard me—I am not so terrible as I am depicted; and assuredly I am not evil. If I am misunderstood on this side of the grave, on the other I am blessed. Ah! you are bold, indeed, to refuse that which I require of you—I, who, in exchange, could give you all that you desire, and, first, glory!"

"I will not be tempted."

"Glory and fortune?"

"I will not—I say, I will not."

"Fortune and love?"

"Love!" repeated Paul, starting.

"Yes; for that young maiden whom you saw an hour or two ago, exists. If you were wealthy and renowned, she might yet be yours; for she would love you—loves you already!"

"That young maiden—loved by her!" exclaimed Paul. "I refuse. I will not."

"You have still your mother," said the Spirit, with emphasis—"your mother, who, to-morrow, may be compelled to extend toward passers-by a soliciting hand, and have to bow before a cold refusal. And then, in her turn, she will invoke me, and I shall come. And that time I shall call myself Hunger."

Paul uttered a cry of anguish. "Oh, no more—no more!" he exclaimed. "I accept. Speak—speak quickly!"

The Spirit now answered in her former calm and solemn tones.

"Listen, Paul Bernard," said she. "When any patient should yield, my presence will warn you of it. If, then, my arm weighs upon him, my finger points to him, or my breath chills him, leave him, then, to me."

"Yes; I swear it!" Paul answered, almost beside himself. "I will obey. I will abandon him! Hunger! she—my mother!"

"She will be my hostage," replied the Spirit. "I quit you now, Paul Bernard. Remember our compact!" And as she spoke, she glided away from him.

"Stay—stay; it is an infamous compact! Return—listen to me!"

But the Spirit had disappeared—had melted into air.

[To be concluded in our next.]

THE ANGELUS.

BY BRET HARTE.

Bells of the past, whose long forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tingling the sober twilight of the present
With color of romance.

I hear you call, and see the sun descending
On rock, and wave, and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices blending
Circle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation
No blight or mildew falls;
Nor force unreal, nor lust nor low ambition,
Tastes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long voices receding,
I touch the further past—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,
The white Presidio,
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see old Portia's cross uplifting,
Above the setting sun;
And, past the headland, northward, slowly drifting
The freighted galleon.

Oh solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old;
Oh tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold!

Your voices break and falter in the darkness—
Break, falter and are still;
And veiled and mystic, like the host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill!

Advice to Girls.

Somebody gives the following advice to girls. It is worth volumes of fiction and sentimentalism. Men who are worth having, want women for wives. A bundle of gewgaws, bound with string of flats and quivers, sprinkled with cologne and set in a carmine saucer—this is no help for a man who expects to raise a family of boys on bread and meat. The piano and lace frames are good in their place, and so are ribbons, frills, and the like; but you cannot make a dinner of the former nor a bed-blanket of the latter—and, awful as such an idea may seem to you, both dinner and bed-blankets are necessary to domestic happiness. Life has its realities as well as its fancies; but you make it all decorations, remembering the tassels and curtains, but forgetting the bedstead. Suppose a man of good sense, and, of course, good prospects, to be looking for a wife—what chance have you to be chosen? You may cap him, or you may trap him; but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you? Render yourself worth catching, and you need no shrewd mother or brother to help you to find a market.

A clever repartee is attributed to the member from Mormondom in the new Congress. A brother member asked him how many wives he had. "Enough to keep me from running after other people's," he promptly replied.

A fault concealed is but little better than one indulged in.

Free Thought.

ELDER KNAPP AND HIS CALIFORNIA DEVIL.

A TRUE VISION.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—I have been reading Elder Knapp's statement to a Boston audience of his experience with what he calls the devil's demonstrations at the house of Thomas Hook, at Stockton, Cal. Without any desire to contradict the Elder, or to say that he has misstated or omitted any important fact concerning the affair, I will, briefly as possible, relate what was stated to me by Mr. Hook in person. I have known Mr. Hook for about sixteen years, and Mrs. Hook when she was Mrs. Greenfield. I also had some acquaintance with Mr. Greenfield in his lifetime.

A short time after these demonstrations had ceased, I met Mr. Hook in the city of Stockton, and, by his solicitation, I went to his residence to hear his story of the affair and to see the result of the demonstrations. He showed me a box of broken dishes, vases and spittoons, that he said had been dashed from shelves, tables, etc., and broken as I saw them. After the water sprinkling on the bed of the child had ceased, the little girl (medium, an adopted daughter of the family) saw two men in her room, and described them so accurately that Mrs. Hook at once recognized her former husband, Mr. Greenfield, and Mr. Hook a deceased uncle, neither of whom had the child ever seen in their lifetime. Each of them gave his name, which confirmed them in the belief that the girl really saw what she pretended to see. Mr. Hook was then sheriff of San Joaquin County, and Mr. Gates spoken of by the Elder was clerk of the county. On being questioned, these spirits stated to these gentlemen that an indictment for the crime of murder against a prominent man of the county would be stolen unless it was removed from the files of the clerk's office. It was so removed; and in a few evenings after, the office was broken into, and the entire files of indictments were rummaged and scattered over the office. So much for the Elder's devil. Several other things were done concerning that affair, but not worth relating here.

When the Elder arrived, he was invited to the house of Mrs. Hook (who was a member of the Baptist church). The Elder proclaimed, with confident air, that it was the devil making the disturbance, and he could lay him by prayer; but before the Elder had fairly got up steam, things began to fly about the house, and keep up such a clatter that the Elder soon weakened; and, just as he was on the eve of winding up, a spittoon started (without hands) from an adjoining room, and landed on the floor close to the Elder, and flew into several pieces. This was too much for the Elder. He cut short the "Amen," and left the house in hot haste. So much for the Elder's success in laying the devil!

Many strange things happened at the house of these parties that I cannot relate. I may mention one or two singular occurrences: one was the carrying by unseen hands, in open daylight, a large, heavy platter of beef from the well-house into the front yard, a distance of twenty paces, and then dropping it. At another time—and I think Elder Knapp was present—when the table being set with dishes, knives and forks, etc., the plates commenced to slide along on the table and hop up on to each other, and cups and saucers followed suit, until all the dishes were closely piled on the centre of the table. The corners of the tablecloth were then gathered up, as if by the human hand, and brought together, and the whole carried out of the house on the veranda and dropped.

Mr. Greenfield, the deceased husband of Mrs. Hook, was for a good many years a Baptist preacher; but, from some cause, he became dissatisfied or disgusted with the profession, and retired from the pulpit. Mrs. Hook related to me the conduct of the reputed spirit of Mr. Greenfield, who, it appears, was the principal actor in smashing things about the house, and who was a man of violent temper, and what occurred during these demonstrations was exactly characteristic of him when in anger. These exhibitions of temper were common while he was a preacher of the gospel. This is one of Elder Knapp's devils. What a compliment to his deceased brother!

I do not know that I violate the confidence of Mrs. H. by stating these last-mentioned facts, as she freely and voluntarily made the statement here related. Nor would I slander the deceased; but, on the contrary, I will state that he was much respected in Stockton, and was understood to be a good, moral man, and at one time a justice of the peace. I state the facts as related to me by one who knew him best, to show how silly is the devilish conjecture of the Elder. If he really did turn devil at death, the Elder will find him a congenial companion when he gets over the river; for who so loves to roll the word "devil" under his tongue, as a sweet morsel, as this same Elder—who so familiar with the "devilish" doings of "the devil" as Elder Knapp? Did he ever speak in public ten minutes without referring in some way to his old companion and wayfaring traveler? He says "the devil had an eye on him, and knew he was coming to California." Certainly; and did not the Elder send him ahead as a missionary to open the way for his "hell-fire" and "devil's" doctrine?—and did not the Elder make use of this story in his own way, all over the State, to scare children, women and soft-headed men? There can be no doubt of the intimacy of the Elder and the "old deceiver," since they go hand in hand; and in part consideration of the old fellow's services, he makes him more powerful than the Almighty, and tickles his vanity by making his hearers believe that he is omnipotent and omnipresent, and can influence man where God and the powers of heaven have no earthly show.

R. B. H.

San José, Cal., April 4, 1871.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH SCIENCE?

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—If scientific men fail to investigate and show to the world the cause of a rap upon a table as loud as if made with a hammer, in answer to questions, what shall we think of them and their scientific pretensions? It seems the time has almost come when science should solve this question, and show to an inquiring world the cause of this phenomenon, or back out of the field of scientific research and own itself vanquished. Here is an ordinary pine table; three persons form a circle, laying the palms of their hands upon it. A question is asked: "Are there any spirits present who once lived upon the earth?" Instantly three loud and distinct raps are heard on the table. Then other questions are asked and answered instantly—three raps signifying yes, two raps no. Then the question is asked: "Can the spirits lift the table?" Three raps answer in the affirmative, and the table commences to rise without the aid of human power. These are simple demonstrations, and can be witnessed any hour of the day. Will scientific minds come to our aid, and prove that it

is not the power of spirits? There are thousands waiting anxiously to have their minds set at rest on this simple question. Leaving all other forms of phenomena out of the question, let the world know how that rap is produced without human agency.

H. L. BARTER.

Milwaukee, Wis.

REV. MR. CUDWORTH CRITICISED.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—I read with great pleasure and satisfaction the lecture on Spiritualism, by Rev. Warren H. Cudworth, delivered in Music Hall, Jan. 26th, 1871. While I admire his independent, outspoken frankness, my highest esteem for truth and candor was intensified by the liberality of sentiment and talent so willingly bestowed on so deservingly and important a subject, practically answering the question, "Have any of the rulers or Pharisees believed on him?"

Spiritualism is no longer infidel; but Phariseism (old theology) is added to it. True fidelity is to advocate and maintain all truth, natural and revealed; while infidelity is an inversion of it, dogmatically adhering to a false theory, forgetting that "the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy"—a light shining ahead in the path of eternal progression.

When a locomotive becomes stationary on the track for want of that intelligence and motive power that once vitalized it with all its strength, power and beauty, it becomes motionless, and its adherents are pleased to bestow on it the order of infallibility—death. But this does not impede the element of life which still animates the world. By the light of "the testimony of Jesus" a new track is laid, and on it, with new machinery, Spiritualism, with full-fledged train of living souls, heretics all, goes speeding by, regardless of the sign, "Stop here!" And so long as it is energized with the elements of eternal life, it will proceed. Ecc. ix. 4: "For to him that is joined to all the living, there is hope; for a live dog is better than a dead lion." Strength without life is nothing.

Spiritualism has discovered many errors and truths, not the least among which is the real mission of Jesus, who was the medium for Christ, the dual spiritual principle. But yet there is an old phraseology upon which has been lavished so much veneration that the most discriminating have failed to discover or (better) correct. The compound name, Jesus-Christ, is applied to the individual Jesus, the definition of which is "saviour or deliverer"; while the word Christ signifies "anointed," baptized into—"Except Christ be in you, formed in you," etc., etc. It would be considered a subversion of language to apply the term or appellation to another individual, as Peter Christ, John Christ, Paul Christ, etc.; yet, if we look at the mists of custom, we find the analogy complete.

The first man Adam is of the earth, earthly; the last man Adam is the Lord from heaven. Here both man and Adam are used as synonymous terms for a race, a principle or element, implying both male and female. "Male and female created he them, and blessed them, and called their name Adam in the day when they were created."

I make neither criticism nor assertion, but simply inquiry, and, for brevity's sake, cite only a few from the many passages which clearly make the distinction between the man "Jesus" and "the Christ." From the words of Jesus and the record of the Evangelists, we almost invariably find the qualifications of distinction definitely used, viz: the Christ—that Christ is Christ, and which is, etc. Understanding this, they used language which conveyed the correct meaning and distinction. "Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ"—that is, Jesus embodied—the Christ, as will appear hereafter. The passage that would seem to approximate nearest to affixing that dual name to Jesus is the following: Luke ii. 11—"For unto you is born this day a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." The indefinite article is applied to Saviour, signifying any one, or many, while the definite article the and which is refer to Christ.

"His name shall be called Jesus, because he shall save his people from their sins." "He was the first-born among many brethren." All are born or become Saviours, who, like him, by obedience to the Christ-spirit, become anointed thereafter.

Paul fell into this error of confounding the dual Christ-element with the name of a person; and having once been entwined with religious sentiments, has descended from generation to generation, in consequence of which too much is bestowed on and expected of Jesus "the first-born," while the innumerable family who follow trust wholly to their Elder Brother for what they themselves are as legitimate heirs to as he. More—yes, infinitely more importance is attached to this one expression, and the false meaning it conveys, than is or can be fully known till the spiritual understanding is enlightened and the real value of correct teaching realized.

Jesus was the culmination of physical perfection under the discipline of the Jewish physiological law, which was necessary to a favorable development as a medium for the Christ-spirit; and it is evident that all along through his childhood and youth he was under the guidance and tuition of that spirit, learning obedience to its silent teaching by what he suffered when disobedient to it. Thus "he grew in favor with God and man." Christ, "the Lord from heaven," need not grow in "favor with God," (and received few favors from man when fully manifested through Jesus to the world) it was the fruits of obedience to that holy anointing manifested through him that won the favors. Man always loves good fruits, though he would destroy the tree that bears them.

After the protracted temptation of this young man, the concentration of prophecy, and promise of the long-expected and hoped-for deliverer—on that exceeding high mountain of selfish ambition of prospective power and glory a crown awaiting him—a coronation by acclamation by a more than willing people—I say, after this final conflict between self and Christ, where the triumph was complete, the surrender unconditional—it was then he became both Lord and Christ—here he yielded up his own life—death and the grave were swallowed up in this complete victory! This is the death and crucifixion to which the physical death bears no comparison.

Thus the great central idea, the promised Redeemer of the Jews from foreign power, lost his life of worldly ambition, to find that life which is eternal.

Then to take the humble attitude for humanity, truth and purity, to teach a spiritual philosophy, which the world were ill-prepared to understand—a sure mark for scoffs, ridicule, persecution and physical death—figures fail to compute the degree of moral courage necessary to such a decision.

Jesus, like us, was human; he was not by nature angelic, "but of the seed of Abraham;" but through obedience to divine teaching, for which he was a medium, he became "one with the Father," and prayed that his disciples might also "be one with the Father, even as he was one."

Leaving the question open: Was "Mary the mother of Jesus Christ?"—Christ the anointed,

the last man ADAM, the Lord from heaven, the quickening spirit?"

"Then do not call him God while all can scan Page after page that prove him not a man; But rather call him by his chosen name: The 'Son of Man,' who chose to higher aim: Yet let us seek in all that 'good and great' life noble life of love to imitate him. And though he was a man of favored birth—A mortal lighthouse on this darkened earth—Yet he, like other men, was once a boy. A helpless babe—his parents' hope and joy. Which is the path that angels all have trod. While we through Christ with them are sons of God."

The expression referred to is of so frequent occurrence, and is so habitually used without much thought, and is of so vital importance, that I have felt freedom to pen these remarks for the Banner. Jesus was a Saviour and embodied Christ. Let us be one with him; he will not object.

ELIJAH MYRICK.

POWER OF THE PRESS.

I have been travelling over the State considerably this winter, and generally find the Banner of Light and Religious-Philosophical Journal in the homes of Spiritualists. As a proof of the power of the press, I will only say that I hear those two papers cursed by credulists, and admired by believers in Spiritualism, in this manner: One party says, "They are doing more to unsettle the faith of the people in Orthodoxy now-a-days, than all the lecturers we have," the other party says, "I don't know what I should do without the Banner or Journal (as the case may be); they are both meat and drink."

Our cause prospers in spite of opposition, and some who profess to be grounded in Orthodoxy are getting "shaky," and do want to know if Spiritualism is true. HARRIET E. POPE.

Morrison, Minn., April 18th, 1871.

MRS. CORA L. V. TAPPAN'S LECTURE.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Being one of many appreciative listeners to the words of eloquence and truth that fell from the lips of Mrs. Tappan on the morning of Sunday last, I endeavored, for my own satisfaction, on leaving the room, to note down a few of the thoughts presented, and, so far as memory served, in the language used on the occasion.

On reading these few lines to a friend, it was suggested others might be interested in them, and some, perhaps, be thereby strengthened to bear more firmly and patiently their earthly trials.

As none know better than yourselves, Messrs. Editors, that a few trenchant thoughts from an inspirational source strike deeper into the heart and life than volumes of old theology, perhaps you may deem this sketch, brief and imperfect as it is, worthy a corner in your interesting and valuable journal.

In referring to the church ceremonies and observances of the period of the year now just passing, it was remarked, substantially, that it was the season when the whole Christian world had been excited and rejoicing in the thought of a Saviour resurrected. And it was well; but by the Christian world the occasion thus celebrated was, it is feared, but faintly comprehended in its fullest spiritual significance; for the spiritual was lost in the ceremonial, the shadow displacing the substance, thus failing to reach practically the life of mankind.

I say to you, if there is one among you who has put away evil and learned to do well, he is resurrected.

If there is one among you who has fought with and overcome some evil propensity, disposition or habit that has borne his spirit down in the past, he is resurrected.

If there is one among you who has learned to bear his cross better to-day than he could have borne it yesterday, he is resurrected.

If there are those among you who have overcome the fear and the dread of death, they are resurrected, and have already entered upon the heavenly life.

In alluding to the inestimable privilege enjoyed by Spiritualists of the "open vision" into the spirit-land, and that in view of the promised blessings awaiting us there, some might be tempted to hasten thither their steps, it was in substance remarked:

If there are any among you who are ready to exclaim, "Oh, that I could now lay off this weary, overtaxed, aching body, and join the dear ones beyond, where is no more pain or sorrow or weariness!" let such remember, if they thus jump the river of death, they have not, therefore, fulfilled their mission here, have not accomplished all that belongs to this life; and thus leaving earth duties unperformed, they realize not the brightness of the spirit-world, but, being shrouded in the darkness and gloom they carry with them, they are not gainers but losers by going thus prematurely to spirit-life. Bear, therefore, your appointed burden; meet your labors, your duties, and, if need be, your trials, with a cheerful, uncomplaining spirit, remembering thus only can you live here or hereafter the true spiritual life. Begin, then, that spiritual life here and now. Live up to your high calling; and if you cannot, each one of you, move the world around you in your direction, you may give light to some one dark, groveling soul, and raise it to the light by your word of wisdom fitly spoken, and thus you may find, daily and hourly, that the sacred trust committed to you in your earth-life is being faithfully fulfilled, and you grow daily better prepared to pass on to the continuous duties of the life beyond.

Well may we say "continuous," for what in truth is man? His spirit is coexistent with the Spirit of the Universe. He is indeed greater and higher than the planetary system above and around us; for, may we not say to the stars, "You sing because you must—we sing because we choose to?"

I give you, Messrs. Editors, some faint idea of a discourse rich in beauty of language, truth of sentiment and felicity of illustration throughout, regretting very sincerely a stenographic report of the entire lecture

Banner Correspondence.

Westward Ho!

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Again I greet you from the West. When I last wrote you, Eastward journeying was my intention, but the weather, as I then announced, being so little the spirit-tossed itinerant knows of the continuously-recurring changes and disappointments which the endless chain of Time rapidly brings to the door of one's consciousness. Circumstances seemed to make it necessary that my steps be turned Westward.

After a pleasant visit and rest at home of a few days, I again took up my "line of march." A pleasant season with the Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Chicago, which exhibited fine evidences of healthy status; an evening with the "spirits" at a séance of Henry Bastian, who, by the way, manifested true signs of honesty and genuine mediumship; pleasant calls and interchange of civilities, etc., with the editors of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, the publisher of the *Lyceum Banner*, and some other friends in Chicago—I started out for another season of itinerant labors via Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R.R. But I must not dwell on the details of my journey, for I have a long and arduous trip before me. I "carried a day" with Brother and Sister Wheelock, of the *American Spiritualist*, at Cleveland, Ohio. Pressed as they are with "business," these earnest, practical and efficient workers ever extend good words, kind greetings and generous hospitality to the honest earthly laborer in our angel-directed cause. Brother W. is well known as one of our most efficient workers; his "better half" is a most efficient advocate of "Woman's Rights" and equality. She "preaches sermons" by practically exhibiting woman's qualification thereunto—by practical work in departments usually left to men. Be careful, Bro. W., in your efforts to wear the badge of "largeness of soul" and "broadness of vision."

My first work west of Chicago strangely brings me face to face with a branch of Mormonism. Plano, Ill., is situated on the line of the aforesaid railroad, about sixty miles from Chicago. Here is the headquarters of the "True Latter-Day Saints"—the Joe Smith branch of so-called Mormons. Joseph Smith, the "prophet" and founder of Mormonism—"not the Brigham Young polygamist," however—resides here. He is the recognized "Visible Head" of the Church of the "True Latter-Day Saints," the editor of "The True Latter-Day Saints' Herald," a thirty-two page semi-monthly periodical—and of "The Mormon" a "satirical" and "humorous" paper. This "Joe" Smith I would judge to be about forty years of age; is a genial, generous, whole-souled, liberal and gentlemanly man. He and this "branch" of Mormonism disavow the polygamy, and deny that the founder of Mormonism inculcated the idea. They claim that it is purely a Brighamiteish stain upon "true Mormonism."

M. H. Forscutt, assistant editor of these papers, secretary of the "Branch," and an elder of the church, is a cultured, refined and liberal gentleman. Indeed, I might justly say as much of the several elders of that church I have met here. No less than five of these elders, said to be among their "biggest" and "best," were present at the session—a recent graduate of the Iowa State University—attended my lecture yesterday afternoon, and about two-thirds of my audiences were adherents of their faith. These elders had the manliness to state their objections, in a candid way, to my various points and deductions. They say: "It is true we are seeking for truth, and we will use it." They do not skulk behind the pulpit-fortress, and they denounce all who do not agree with them. They took much pains to assist me in getting good audiences; proclaimed my appointment in their meeting, and decidedly indicated their desire that their auditors should attend the lectures in large numbers. They are respectable (?) Orthodox. The Congregational clergyman—Rev. Mr. Hurd, of Chicago—refused, and did not read my notice, which lay upon his desk. Of the action of the Methodist minister—Rev. Mr. Washburn—I am not advised. He did attend my first lecture, on Wednesday evening, 19th inst.

I attended "services" at Latter-Day Saints' Church Sunday morning. The "visible head" conducted the services, and gave a practical and good sermon. His text was from a passage in First Epistle of Peter; very little of his discourse but that Spiritualists could endorse. Some doctrinal points of course he could not accept. In point of ability, the discourse would compare favorably with the average of sermons and lectures of the various denominations, our own speakers included. The form of service was about that of the Congregational church.

Perhaps my report may seem "so favorable" that you might think that Spiritualists (that we not such among us?) might think that Latter-Day Saints had "patted me on the back," and caused ecstatic and spasmodic "puffing." But, dear readers of the *Banner*, I am not a rolling puff-ball, hence not "liable" to smoke with every friendly squeeze of a "greenback-lined" hand, or side after a fine horse, etc. I believe in practicality. I "give" the "gentlemen" their "due." I would certainly favor, if any class—the weak, abused, vilified, and practically liberal, of whatever faith or denomination. After a short tarry here, filling a healing engagement, and perhaps more lectures, which I hear is generally desired upon the part of my auditors, I will be on my way to the next place, and that "all work" and "nigardly pay" makes one exceedingly "unpleasant"—I go forward to Southern Illinois and Indiana. The Spiritualists are not numerous here nor wealthy. John H. Hollister and lady, Marcus Steward, Mrs. N. Steward, and John W. Smith and lady are of the faith.

Float out grandly as ever, dear old *Banner*, at the masthead of independent thought and true principles, and may thy folds broaden, lengthen and brighten in the sunlight of higher inspirations, increasing breezes of truth and clearer reflections of angelic love and divine impartiality and justice. DR. J. K. BAILEY.
Plano, Ill., April 23, 1871.

Speakers' and Mass Convention.
In my notice of the Convention to be held in Decatur, Ill., published in the *Banner of Light*, April 8th, I mention that our prophets and seers say that Christians will not permit the peaceful triumph of mediums and scientists, but will declare a war against them to prevent it. The question very naturally arises: what can we do to prepare for it? To this I will give you the following information from these prophets and our spirit-advisers. The answers, in short, have been as follows:

1st. You must establish society on a true worldly basis, to supply the material wants of your bodies, according to the best known principles of the science of living. This will make the supply equal to the demand, and enough more to insure satisfactory progress. Call upon scientific persons on the material plane to say how this can best be done, how people should organize associations to most surely accomplish these purposes. If the answers are various and conflicting, the greatest wisdom should be exercised in selecting plans of organizations to meet the demands of society now and to show how society should be. If scientists refuse to give new rules of life and living, you must proceed with the same caution, and select according to the best knowledge attainable. Let all see to it that your financial and worldly affairs are conducted on the most secure and solid basis known to man.

2d. If you wish to establish the order and love of the angels of heaven among the people of earth, you must get your spiritual advice from the spirits of heaven, then use your highest reason to interpret their advice; do not follow it rashly, but with caution and wisdom. The Greek and Roman nations were built up by the advice of oracles and augurs, or spirits. But they did not follow their advice heedlessly and carelessly, but with the utmost caution, to get at the true interpretation, and they established the highest civilization known to the ancients by these means. As soon as the Christians got control of these nations, they, by the advice of the Christian priesthood, ruled by their infallible God, reduced these nations to the lowest grade of barbarism and ignorance, so that they were soon made the subjects of the Pagan and Mohammedan powers, and by the advice of Christians, every indulgence was granted to the rulers, to enable the priests to have power to continue the God, and the only way to make suitable to degrade the people sufficiently to make the dark ages and continue them.

If any persons wish to calculate the comparative value of ancient Spiritualism and Christianity,

they have only to read the religious history of the rise and fall of the Roman Empire, and continue that history for a thousand years after. Then if they wish to know the comparative value of the modern sciences and of Christianity, they have only to compare their results for the last century only as there is often a conflict of opinion between persons engaged in studying the material sciences and the modern spiritual ones, and it is quite as often that the scientist is confounded as it is that the medium is found in error; it is reasonable to conclude that they will unite their powers in peace to overcome the evils of society.

The scientist does not fear the medium any more than the medium does the scientist; each in their own sphere is strongest when they reason together. The one wants worldly wisdom; the other spiritual wisdom; and when these elements are combined, they will form an earthly power in society that no other combination can overcome, either by peace or war, because they are truths, warring against errors. All that is wanted is to have sufficient numbers of persons combined to keep the field open, so that truth and error may have an equal chance to contend for the mastery. It should be distinctly understood that if people do not like social truths, social truths do not like them. Science and Spiritualism are the working-people's friends, and it is as difficult to organize them to put down social errors, as it is for workers to organize so as to overcome their oppressors. But the Speakers' Association is attempting to do this important work.

Milwaukee, Wis., 1871. H. S. BROWN, M. D.

Suggestive.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—For years I have steadily been impressed with the idea that great good would result to your interests—and to the higher interests of Spiritualism, by your advertising the *Banner of Light* in many of the popular papers throughout the country. That we all may have an opportunity to lay up treasures, by giving the bread of life to those around us, I propose to Spiritualists in every considerable village or city, to form themselves into a committee of the whole, and raise (by a trifling subscription from each) a small fund, with which to advertise properly the *Banner of Light*. Why, I verily believe that not more than one quarter or third of all the papers that are ever read, or that any community have ever heard of the paper, and much less of its great power and popularity. Advertise the paper, get the great subject of spirit intercourse before the people, speak of the Message Department and of the convincing testimony that the departed do return, and, above all, prove to the world that we are not only a power, but are boldly honest in declaring their power.

Just so long as Spiritualists allow their timidity and conservatism to keep them in the background, just so long will ignorance and superstition cry humbug, the devil, infidelity and foolishness. For one am willing to take the bull by the horns, you propose, and for one will act.

If we can lay our hands on the paper published for one month in the local column, then pass a month, and renew, &c., we can turn all reading eyes to desire a sight of the paper. And again, when the paper is looked upon, as I think it will be if properly advertised—there will be a demand for it, which will do us all good to contemplate.

Make the call upon the believers, and lay out your course, and I believe all good and true Spiritualists will delight to assist you and the cause of the angels around us. S. L. WALKER.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y., March 22, 1871.

Connecticut.

PUNAM.—Sarah M. Kingsley, April 20th, writes as follows: I write to let the *Banner* readers know how the good cause is prospering in our little village. Though apparently making little progress, we are gaining in real strength, and love of the philosophy and religion of Spiritualism.

We owe much of our prosperity to the untiring labors among the sick and afflicted, of Mr. and Mrs. William Keith, who, though having been residents here but a few years, have gained an extensive and successful practice. Mr. K. is a clairvoyant, is second to none, but is admitted by those who have tested his powers to be one of the very best in the country. She describes disease with unerring accuracy, and prescribes by holding a lock of hair, as well as by presence. She has at all times been faithful to the trust reposed in her by the angels and earth's children. We love her as a woman, noble and true, and most highly do we appreciate the gigantic work she and her good husband have done for us, proving, by practical demonstrations, the powers of the unseen world, as many have been cured by them whom the doctors had given up to die.

A new interest has lately been created by the fine, stirring lectures of Mrs. Juliette Yeaw and the wonderful healing powers of Mr. Samuel Chase, a citizen of one of our adjoining towns, who is doing the wonders of a Newton. He has possessed this gift for some time, exercising it in a quiet way. But some time ago he came to our rooms here, and on Friday and Saturday of each week has healed those who came to him from surrounding towns. Crowds of people have been to receive his help, and the wonders performed through him are arousing the sleepers.

The second Sunday of April Mrs. S. E. Warner, of Cordova, Mass., gave a series of lectures through this month. We have also engaged her for July; H. P. Fairfield for May; Mrs. C. Fannie Allen for June.

We consider Mrs. Warner equal to any speaker who has ever been among us, and many decide she is the most efficient one. She makes us feel that we have got to live the truths of Spiritualism. Her lectures are logical, philosophical, and thoroughly practical.

She not only labors with us on the platform, but meets with us in social gatherings, and our numerous spirit-friends through her identify themselves. She urges upon us the obligations we are under to support and sustain the cause of Spiritualism. We find in her a true friend and sister—one who loves her work and does it well.

She desires to engage May and June in New England, and as near here as possible.

We advise the friends to secure her labors if possible. She will answer calls to lecture evenings, house agents, and give general discourses. Address box 377, Putnam, Conn.

Illinois.

AURORA.—M. M. P. writes: Please allow me to ask, through the columns of your most excellent paper, What are mediums and speakers traveling through the country for? Is it for the purpose of educating the minds of the people to understand the laws of life and nature, and to prove the immortality of the soul? or is it the "almighty dollar" that is uppermost? If it is to educate the mind to see and know that mind improves, expands, and continues to live on through countless ages, then we should be glad to have as shall satisfy those they come in contact with? Why are they so afraid of giving private tests without extra pay? Are they not entertained free of charge, and cannot they do as much or more good by giving in private satisfactory tests? I think they may do more, for you cannot get a person to accept any new theory unless you can convince the mind that such a thing exists, and how can you better convince them than by giving them actual tests? But when skeptics see that the pay is uppermost in the mind of said expounder, do you suppose you can reach their minds? No, I do not believe a word of it. I have been this tried on many occasions, and have been convinced, and I know the effect. It seems to me that if mediums would think less of pay and more of the good they may do, the pay would naturally come as a consequence from hearts overflowing with gratitude for truths thus taught and proved by actual tests given. It has been said here by thinking minds, "Give us the tests, we have heard enough of theory." There is it right for test mediums to charge such a price that none but the wealthy can receive satisfactory tests? Some Spiritualists go against church aristocracy, claiming to teach something better, and I ask, how much in advance of the churches is this? Do members of churches charge when they pray with sinners? I fear they would not gain many converts if they did? If our lectures cost less, so that the poor could attend, then the work would spread more rapidly, for it is not the wealthy that are most liberal either in mind or purse. I am aware it needs money to carry on a great work, but where money is the end, and a great desire to benefit and promulgate a truth, then I think they fail in both.

I am spending my time and money, and feel fully paid when I can see the cause progressing. All cannot work without pay, neither do I advow-

cast it; only if they thought less of pay and more of the good they could do the cause, prosperity would surely follow. What did the great Master Medium say? "Take neither scrip, &c. Go ye and do likewise."

Texas.

SAN ANTONIO.—Carl E. Kreische writes, April 14th: "Mr. Frank White, the model and accomplished spiritual lecturer, on his circuit plowing tour touched San Antonio, Texas—the first lecturer of the kind who ever came this way. He gave five lectures here—commencing them on the 31st of March last—to a tolerable, appreciating audience. Perhaps the people, according to our population, did not attend these meetings as largely in number, and did not contribute as liberally to the support of the lecturer as they do on other occasions and for more inferior purposes; yet those who attended are put largely to self-thinking. The spiritual forces he so ably handles, and none of the spiritually ignorant opposers are able to refute. Mr. White devotes his time, his energies and his high intelligence so freely and willingly as to awaken perceptive minds."

Indiana.

KENDALLVILLE.—Geo. W. Carpenter, M. D., says: I have read the *Banner of Light* some, and like its tone, and now wish to try it regularly for a time. There are a few Spiritualists here, but no organization. We hold a few circles, and have some manifestations, but of a trivial character. The theories of the free-religionists or liberal thinkers are more congenial to our views than old Orthodox dogmas. We are glad to think that God is not the barbarous Jehovah of the Jews and Christians, but is the God of the universe, and that we are all his children. We can say to you, God speed you in spreading the truth; give us the evidence you can from the spirit-world—it does us good, it brings hope and brightness to the soul.

Maine.

BIDDEFORD.—H. E. writes April 25: Mrs. E. T. Booth, of Milford, N. H., has been lecturing here for a short time, and as in other places has won many friends, and left an impression for good which will not soon be effaced. Mrs. Booth belongs to the higher order of Spiritualists, who are not satisfied with present attainments, but are constantly reaching for something higher. She is a lady of refinement, and a good speaker; she is also a good test medium. We can cheerfully recommend her to all who wish for sound doctrine and pure morality. She is engaged here for August.

Ohio.

CINCINNATI.—H. D. Thomas writes: Mrs. Mary Landson Strong lectured for the Society of Spiritualists of this city during the month of March. She found great favor with the people here through her modest bearing, yet truly sociable nature. Mrs. Strong is an inspirational speaker, and the ease and profusion of language through which she expresses her views, hold her audience spell-bound. She is a rare exponent of the spiritual philosophy, and is highly instructive. Societies would do well to engage her. Her address is 75 Jefferson street, Dayton, O.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Opinions of the Press.

"THE VOICES," by Warren Sumner Barlow. Boston: William White & Co., *Banner of Light* Office.

These Voices are respectfully dedicated "To those who have ears to hear." There are three numbers: "The Voice of Nature," "The Voice of the People," and "The Voice of Superstition." All speaking in poetical numbers of different measures—some of the rhymes excellent. "The Voice of Nature" illustrates the attributes of God from a view of the vast domain of matter and mind, from the smallest atom in creation to the mightiest suns and systems that decorate the universe, and from the lowest creature-instinct up to the loftiest telegraphic intelligence. All things, great and small, are objects of the Divine care, all are adapted to their peculiar spheres, and all live and move and fulfill their being in obedience to the laws of the "Visible" and "Invisible" worlds. "The Voice of the People" is a treatise on "the individuality of matter and mind, fraternal charity and love." It proclaims the infinite variety that abounds in the countless forms of water and mind in the realms of Nature, and the unity of design that everywhere prevails. "The Voice of Superstition" professes to set forth "the conflict that man's supposed existence between the Maker and an imaginary evil being." (God never changes. His holy plans are never deranged. "Creeds have debased our common sense," and stultified all our nobler conceptions of Deity. We are no longer, therefore, to bow to the delusive and infallible dicta of designing priests. We are to have the authority of the church speaking in confessions of faith to the winds. Reason is to be our only true guide in all our inquiries into the profound, our only pole star in all our aspirations after a knowledge of the sublime. Good, Good, Good! "Go forth, my little book," &c., &c., &c. St. Stephens (N. B.) Courier.

DEATH AND THE AFTER-LIFE. Eight evening lectures on the Summer-Land. By Andrew Jackson Davis. Photographically reported by Robert S. Moore. Third enlarged edition. Boston: William White & Co., 1871. pp. 210.

The spiritual philosophy has many believers, and Mr. Davis has many admirers. He is a man of a high order of mind, and his lectures are of a high order of power, either normally or abnormally, as he claims, in a remarkable degree. We are not yet prepared to cast aside our belief in or reverence for biblical truth, and accept the naked statements of Mr. Davis, my dear and strange as they are, as the basis of our faith and the guide of our life. We have read the greater portion of his writings, and this also, with interest. He is a dreamer of the first magnitude, and yet we can never discard our reason, our logic, our settled faith in the revelations of the Bible, for the dreams of the prince of dreamers himself. Because words are beautiful and pictures attractive, it does not follow that their words or their pictures are true. We question no person's faith; we only state our own, and, in stating that, express our decided disbelief in Mr. Davis's as a prophet of the truth.—*Providence Press*.

THE INRECONCILABLE RECORD; or Genesis and Geology. By WILLIAM DENTON. For sale by Wm. White & Co., 123 Washington street, Boston.

This book is one of Prof. Denton's happiest efforts. He is a man peculiarly adapted to the production of such a work. A man of profound scientific knowledge, and a author of a work on Geology, he cannot be accused of being prejudiced on that side, to the performance of such a task, and as he is master of Hebrew and a thorough, critical scholar, he is fully competent to deal with the biblical questions which present themselves. The work is one of the most telling blows that has ever been administered to the falling cause of such theories. The author has met his supporters on their own ground, and fought them with their own weapons. His acquaintance with both sides of the question has given him every advantage over his opponents, who, as a rule, almost without exception, are as ignorant of science as most scientific men are of Hebrew. Neither has Prof. Denton failed to make the best use of his vantage-ground, but he has most unmercifully, though truthfully, exposed the gross popular fallacy that there is any possible rational mode of harmonizing the account of the creation given in Genesis, with the universally believed story which is written in such indelible characters upon the eternal rocks. We advise everybody to read this work.—*Washington Iconoclast*.

THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN; or, Out of the Darkness into the Light, is the title of a story written by J. William Van Name, and published by William White & Co. It is a story of struggles, trials, and triumphs, and is a story of a man who is found in a belief in and acceptance of Spiritualism. By those interested in that subject, the book will be read with pleasure.—*Boston Journal*.

Why is a grain of sand in the eye like a school-master's cane? Because it hurts the pupil.

CONSIDERATIONS.

Prayer and fasting will drive out the devil; too much will bring him back.

Take nothing of matter but material. Render love and service to every one, and receive again with interest.

After a while, there will be no sleep; we shall see a succession of pleasing dreams; we shall perform a succession of pleasing actions; this is heaven. Good is rhythm; action and rest in certain sequence.

Mind in rest is matter; matter in motion is mind. The more earthy salts are sedative, and belong to the earthly animals. Potassium is a creator of mundane impulses; less volatile is sodium—less favorable to solar activity.

Every plant possesses specific magnetic virtues; the grape acts upon the capillaries. The object of intellect should be to quicken sense and live nearer to Nature; to find paths for force—not to force paths.

Prayer is a mood—not words multiplied. Do not lean too long on any stick. Be solid and fluid centrally and exteriorly; exogenous and endogenous. Stand on death; be acenogenous. Be hard-headed and soft-headed, hard-hearted and soft-headed. Resemble the vine; be a flexion.

Draw strength from evil to conquer evil. Never conceal the best. Never waste yourself. A good purpose identified with self becomes certainty; therefore, never give yourself to anything but good will.

Never expect rest until you have accomplished your highest ideal; then expect death. Those who earnestly and sincerely desire good shall become clairvoyant; good is simply insight and selection.

Lesser goods are always attracted to higher goods; thus the higher goods are fed. Force out of its path is like a locomotive off its track—weakness, inertia.

He who would govern must restrain himself. Good is old and common; do not fast because you cannot have the first-fruits. Do not object to a pattern simply because it has been seen.

Nuts and cherries are compounds of endogenous and aerogens; their functions are hardening and elevating. Cherries are more solvent than nuts. Boys should not destroy last year's birds' nests. It is not right to tear down a house simply because the owner is absent.

When a philosopher sleeps, he puts his staff between his knees; when a necromancer sleeps, he puts his wand between his knees; when a witch sleeps, she puts her broomstick between her knees; each rests on a symbol of occupation. Sleep is a flight; thus it is that witches have been accused of flying through the air on broomsticks.

The play of "Ingomar" teaches the mutual affection of Soul and Nature. The song, "The Wearing of the Green," is the pathetic protest of Nature against oppression, misdirected force. "The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground." Happily, the law of the shamrock is more powerful than social law.

By drawing deductions from amusement, you may make play work; by forgetting work, you may make it play. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Rammetus is also the apple; apple-blossoms fragrant and five-leafed are cousins of the daffodils, buttercups and anemones.

If one wand is insufficient, the wise magician will use two. Hence the French proverb, "Le diable boit deux." "The devil on two sticks." Magic is the art of rejecting evil simply by accepting good.

If you insulate yourself from Nature, your own magnetism will kill you. Wear cotton or some vegetable tissue next the skin; the body thus becomes a conductor of terrestrial magnetism, and congestions are prevented.

Diamonds are made of moonshine; this is probably the reason why the Easterns call them moonstones. Restraining force, the finest gauze is not too fine for this purpose.

Evil is not understood; evil is a certain good. A decoction of *arbor vitæ* leaves is a good sudorific; will relieve the toothache; arrests the destructive action of butyric acid on the tissues; makes the butterfly; caterpillars feed on ligneous substances.

To cure the rheumatism, wear nothing but vegetable clothing; eat plenty of laxative vegetable food and sweets; drink rain-water; avoid stimulants; eat apples.

Life is a perpetual struggle to render self subjective to Nature. The agencies are countless. Kings and aristocrats are those noble beings who trust in God; by-and-by every one will be a king.

Serfs have little faith. For canker in the mouth, scurvy, and some kinds of toothache, chew the grey lichens which grow on oak-bark mosses.

What to do next—the next best. GEO. RUSSELL POWERS.
Kingston, Mass., 1871.

To the Spiritualists of New York.

Believing the plan of Mass Conventions, conducted as they have been by missionaries in Michigan and Wisconsin, a means whereby more minds can be reached, and a greater good wrought out by the same force employed, than by ordinary methods, we hope, in resuming missionary labor with the return of more genial weather, to devote a good proportion of the summer to this object. Bro. George W. Taylor, of Collins, has consented to accompany us wherever arrangements are made and a call given for a two-day meeting, and the ability and spiritual culture which he will bring to the task will render such meetings memorable and of wide-spread influence for good, and ought to prove an incentive to more than ordinary effort toward the achievement of this purpose. As is well understood in this part of the State, where he has addressed so many thousands, no speaker is capable of doing a better work, or leaves a more happy and lasting influence over an audience.

We have had many calls from the central and eastern portions of the State which we have been unable to accept, but we shall hope to do so in the near future, and we should like to hear from other localities at once, and particularly from those who desire a grove meeting or County Convention, that the time and order of the same may be arranged and ample notice given. Where halls are not to be had, groves may be, and in the days of sunshine we may hope for even better success under the leafy boughs—

"In the wide air, where the spirit may find room."

Friends, lend us a helping hand! Let us work while we may. Let us unite in an earnest effort to put the cause of Religious Freedom in the Empire State, in the coming half year, further on. We have the means and numbers to render ourselves of immense usefulness, if we but make it

our purpose to shed the light we have into the darkened places in the land. And shall we not do it? Idolatry and superstition still exist. It is an hour of need, if not of peril, and never was the call more urgent that every man should do his duty. A. C. WOODRUFF.
ELIZA C. WOODRUFF.
Fagle Harbor, Orleans County, N. Y.

Convention in Southern Wisconsin.

The Southern Wisconsin Spiritualist Association met in Waukegan, April 8th, opening its morning session at half-past ten o'clock, President B. P. Balcan in the chair. Bro. E. W. Stevens, on call, read the report of the last meeting of the Association. The usual committees were appointed. Mrs. Josie C. Taylor, of Milwaukee, was appointed Secretary, in place of Mrs. Balcan, whose resignation was accepted, and E. W. Stevens as Corresponding Secretary. Meeting adjourned until two p. m.

Afternoon Session.—Opened by choir. Conference commenced with a speech by Dr. Balcan, in which he showed the different causes of infidelity, and the necessity of the churches to meet the demand of the reasoning mind. He believed Spiritualism, with its facts, the only remedy for the peculiar diseases of the age. He was followed by Francis A. Logan, who spoke affecting of his experiences in the church, and of her conversion to Spiritualism, in this her native town, Waukegan. Mrs. Anna C. Taylor, on call, came to give a lecture, spoke a few words of kindly greeting to the Convention. The whole tone of this meeting was that of the kindest fraternal feeling—joy at meeting each other to exchange notes of experience, and to realize that these gatherings were great sources of strength, sympathy and encouragement to those whose missions were to go out alone to battle prejudice, superstition and ignorance. God grant that the fruits of the frequent, for they are like bread for the hungry and heaven-distilling dew to the drooping flower.

Saturday Evening Session.—Conference opened with remarks by H. Stevens, R. H. Todd, E. W. Stevens, E. W. Stevens, Dr. Underhill and others; subject, "Magnetic Laws." This conference was very interesting and practical. All seemed to be impressed with the necessity of more thorough knowledge of the spiritual laws that are in every way demanding attention, with the increase of refining influences, such as the education, development and spiritualization that are peculiar to this age. All concurred in the belief that physical purity was essentially necessary to spiritual purity, and that every person, even though elevated to a word, through his magnetic atmosphere either elevated or degraded those whom he came in contact with; that more thorough knowledge of the spiritual laws, the pleasures of the saloon or gambling, that the magnetism he might absorb, if negative, while in such places, had its degrading and poisoning effects. After the conference Lois Walbrooker took the stand, and read a paper on the subject of the evening; subject, "God manifest in the flesh necessary to the salvation of humanity."

Sunday Morning Session.—Conference commenced with a conference. Mrs. Josie C. Taylor read a paper on the subject of the evening; subject, "The Spiritual Laws." She thought that it was essentially proper, just and pleasant that the opening sessions should be for kindly, fraternal greeting, and the interchange of ideas and opinions, before the Convention adjourned, we not only would have had "a good time," found out what each other thought, but would have done something to help put our ideas into practical working order, thereby forming a practical union of the spiritual laws in the good work, and, above all, to help us to individual growth and action for the salvation of our own souls, as well as the souls of our neighbors. The conference was followed by a lecture from Mrs. Dr. Stevens, on the subject of "The Spiritual Laws." 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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 the 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 all the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

Banner of Light.

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LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT.

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

Fair Play.

The New York Standard is constrained to admit that, think what it may of Spiritualists, it cannot stand by in silence and witness the injustice that is notoriously meted out to them as a body. It confesses that it has "no love" for them; that it does not "dote on mediums"; that it has no desire to "have the spirits of the dead rapped up," but it nevertheless does entertain a great respect for that principle of impartial justice which demands that everybody should have fair play. After running through the whole list of accusations which bigots and intolerant sects so volubly heap up against them, it proceeds to speak out in a manly spirit on this wise: "The Spiritualists, as a body, have a rather hard time. They cannot give a picnic, or a ball, or a public entertainment of any kind, upon the same standing-ground and with the same immunities with which other denominational bodies can. Upon spiritual performances of this kind, reporters consider themselves privileged to swoop down in a body, using all the shafts of their wit, and exhausting their quivers of irony. Even their Sunday stances are not safe from the reportorial barb; and the constant satire is not compensated for by any corresponding amount of fair representation. If the doings and sayings of Spiritualists are to be reported, let them be reported with the same exactness that characterizes an account of a Methodist sermon, or the laying of the cornerstone of a Roman Catholic Church. If the facts are ridiculous, readers will discover it for themselves; or if editorial comment be made, let it be made in a spirit that is not narrow with prejudice nor blind with bigotry. Even Mormonism, with all its unnaturalness, has not had so much virulent satire emptied upon it as has been poured upon the heads of the Spiritualists."

We do not feel moved to express any particular amount of gratitude to the utterers of such sentiments as the above, for the simple reason that it is, as he says himself, a matter of plain justice alone. Spiritualists have actual and absolute rights in the matter, and do not need to go round begging to have them recognized. When fairness is invoked for us, as the Standard invokes it, a good share of the latent meanness which it pretends itself to denounce, is still betrayed by its painstaking protestation that it has no sort of sympathy, if indeed the least respect, for us as a body of believers. It was not called upon to say even that, in a plain attempt to secure fair play by appealing to a common sense of justice. What it or what any other secular journal chooses to think or believe of Spiritualism has nothing to do with the clear, undeniable rights of Spiritualists. We accept so tardily an acknowledgment of the wrong persistently done our class, not in a spirit of gratefulness at all, nor yet with the least disposition to meet such late advances sourly, but as proof of a healthy change that is going on in public sentiment, no matter how started or to what sort of motives referable.

We have long thought, and so have a great many others, that the men and the churches and the journals that have been stopping in their work to bawl with such lustiness for the glory of civilization in these days, and the progress of liberal ideas, would do much better to keep on with their labors and hurry up the actual condition of things which they claim has been compassed already. We have not yet made such tremendous strides that we can afford to rest on our oars and fall to boasting. It will never do to set about that, in fact; but, if we were to do it, certainly it is no time when such appeals as the one just quoted from have to be made, in order to secure the plainest justice from a bigoted and subsidized press, pretending to represent "God and humanity." It is time this disgrace was wiped out. No wonder that some few men and journals begin to realize how much more it hurts them than it does us. Spiritualists have patiently endured it these twenty years, and the light of reason and justice is only at this day breaking. But waiting and working has done no harm; and it has but hardened the fibre of our faith and given us the more strength to go alone.

Female Directors of the Psychopathic Hospital.

Public justice requires that the female element should be incorporated in the governing and advisory boards of benevolent institutions. In school boards, the right of woman to a place has been sometimes generously, or we should rather say justly, recognized; but in the management of asylums, except as a paid subordinate officer, she has had no place. At this day it is unnecessary to argue in favor of her fitness as an adviser or authoritative director. Friends of the new psychopathic hospital, the organization of which we hope to announce at an early day, have already pronounced an opinion in favor of uniting her practical judgment and active benevolence with the sterner administrative qualities of the other sex.

Some of our lady friends have kindly volunteered to solicit subscriptions. They have the heart to feel the need of action in this good cause, and where they put their hands to the work, they possess the skill to accomplish their purpose. Here is a noble field for emulation. Who will send us the longest list?

Woman Suffrage Convention.

We have before given notice that a National Woman Suffrage Convention will be held in New York City on the 11th and 12th of May, under the auspices of a Committee. An earnest appeal to the women of the United States has been issued, signed by Isabella Beecher Hooker, Josephine S. Griffing, Mary B. Bowen, Paulina Wright Davis, Ruth Carr Denison and Susan B. Anthony.

The spirit of Tilton's Golden Age is fourth proof. Not a single typographical error can be found in its columns.

The Davenport Brothers.

The following account of the séances of the Brothers at Americus, Ga., we copy from the *Sumter Republican*:

"These wonderful artists gave to the people of Americus a second performance, on Tuesday night, to a fair audience. The exhibition is not claimed by the Davenports to be supernatural, or through the agency of spiritual power; but they do not tell how the thing is done. Of course not; that would spoil their trade. But, looking at the exhibition as the effect of natural causes, cultivated ingenuity and practiced sleight-of-hand merely, it is no less wonderful and inexplicable by the most sharp and vigilant scrutiny than if ascribed to supra-mundane influences."

The question asked, how are these men able in so short a time—five minutes by the watch—to double their voices, and again, in the twinkling of the eye, almost, to fasten themselves with ropes as before, cannot easily be solved by the spectators. The fact of such tying and untying is patent to all, but the way it is done is still a mystery to the uninitiated."

The feat of throwing instruments about the cabinet, and out at the opening of the door, with such force to reach beyond the platform—men, seated securely, hands and feet to their seats and a person sitting between them; and, without the latter seeing or feeling any movement of the performers, was certainly a demonstrated fact, but the how is not one of the revelations."

The last evening of the tour of Prof. Fay and putting on that of another person, while the Davenports were sitting ten feet distant, on each side, and hold by the persons selected for the purpose, together with the throwing of the instruments in every direction, was shown by the phosphoric light previously placed upon them—was the climax of the marvels. We do not believe that Prof. Fay threw those instruments. His hands were held behind, and his limbs in front, and on a higher plane, entirely than with scaling-wax and stamped, and on examination afterwards no change was observable in the position of Mr. Fay's hands or feet. Some imp of darkness, whether mortal or otherwise, must have done the work so rapidly executed, and not a man tied to his position as was Mr. E. Such is our opinion at least."

For eighteen years have these men been practicing these amazing feats of manipulation. There is no machinery—none of the paraphernalia of the wizard or magician—no wires, no concealed accomplices that have ever been detected. They have performed before crowned heads and inquisitorial and scientific societies, and have never been detected. They have performed before the most skeptical and the most skeptical of the public as much in the dark about it now as ever. Many ascribe the operations of the Brothers to diabolical influences—others think that the *spirits* manifest themselves, such as the hand seen to write on the walls of Belshazzar's palace, as recorded in the Bible—or the transfiguration scene, when Moses and Elias appeared to Christ and his three disciples, Peter, James and John. But to us who are conversant with the various phases of spiritual phenomena, there is no identity between the latter and former. The communications of the mediums, revealing the past, foretelling the future, and giving names, dates and facts recognizable by the recipients, are on a higher plane, entirely than any material or physical phenomena which have been exhibited here."

If the Davenports have accomplished nothing else, they have certainly shown to the world that there is a power to respect the capabilities and powers which the Creator has bestowed upon his rational creatures. They have also confounded the wise in their own conceit, and given us this demonstration that "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

We publish the *Republican's* article entire, that our readers may ascertain all the points connected with the *modus operandi* of the Brothers, as seen from a Southern standpoint. The article says they do not claim that the phenomena exhibited are through the agency of spirit-power, etc., and yet "they do not tell how the thing is done." We are satisfied, as are thousands of people, both in Europe and America, that the Davenport Brothers are mediums through whom spirits manifest in physical life; and we are yet to learn whether or not the boys repudiate the source from whence the power is derived by which they accomplish the wonderful feats exhibited in their presence. And, as seekers after truth, without a single mercenary motive in view, we call upon these mediums to define their position, that Spiritualists may know whether they are influenced by selfish motives in denying, if they do, as is alleged, that they are aided by the spirit-world through the beautiful gift of mediumship which they possess."

While the boys were in England, John King, (as he calls himself), their chief controlling influence, visited us in the early part of an evening, and related many particulars in regard to their séances in Europe—where they were to exhibit that very night, etc., which statement proved to be correct, although, at the time, neither ourselves nor Mrs. Conant (the medium) knew of their whereabouts. Now, if the boys should decline to answer our query, we hope John King will be kind enough to visit our circle and elucidate the facts in the case."

The Case of Mr. Spurrier—The Spiritualists after Dr. Robinson.

The Louisville Daily Commercial informs us that, after the lecture in Welsiger Hall, on Sunday evening, April 23d, by Mr. C. B. Lynn, in response to the objection that Spiritualism unites a man for practical life and individual usefulness, a report in relation to the expulsion of Mr. E. R. Spurrier (who is the President of the Society of Spiritualists in Louisville) from the Second Presbyterian Church was presented from a committee appointed by the Army of Progress, which is an organization composed of Spiritualists, materialists, and some who are members of Orthodox churches. The report made a statement of the case that Mr. Spurrier had not attended the Second Presbyterian Church for a long time; had not entered its doors for three years; had asked to be allowed to withdraw, and been refused; had asked to have counsel at the sessions later, and been refused. He also stated that he (Spurrier) would probably have been allowed to withdraw quietly, had not Dr. Robinson suspected that he sustained the course of a female lecturer on Spiritualism, who, when Dr. Robinson referred to her as the Jezebel of Welsiger Hall, responded by a challenge to compare characters or debate Spiritualism. The report denounced the refusal of the Second Presbyterian Church to allow Mr. Spurrier to withdraw as bigoted and intolerant, and characterized the mode in which his expulsion was announced as unnecessarily malevolent and bitter. The mere announcement, the committee claimed, would have been sufficient, without denouncing all Spiritualists as following a "foolish delusion," and having "blasphemous" and wicked principles and practices."

In conclusion, the report stated the readiness of the spiritual society to debate with the clergyman of any congregation, orally or through the newspapers, the propositions that the Bible sustained Spiritualism; that Spiritualism is more like primitive Christianity than the denominations that assail it; that the lives of Spiritualists will compare favorably with those of the laity or clergy of other churches; and that the effect of Spiritualism on the conscience, heart and daily life of men is better and purer than that of the religious sects that denounce it."

Newspaper Bigots.

A correspondent at Pawtucket informs us that the local paper there—the *Gazette and Chronicle*—has been repeating the slanders of the New York Herald against Spiritualists and Spiritualism, and suggests to the Spiritualists of Rhode Island that they drop all such papers. It is time, we think, to let such toolies to Old Theology know and feel that Spiritualism is a power in the land, that Spiritualists will not submit any longer to such slanders with impunity. Cease patronizing these sheets altogether. When you touch such men's pockets, you touch their souls! It is time that justice accompanied charity."

"The Magic Staff."

A new edition of this fine work, by Andrew Jackson Davis, has just been issued, handsomely bound in extra cloth. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the *Banner of Light* Publishing House.

Music Hall Spiritualist Meetings.

A fine day greeted the large audience assembled to witness the closing exercises, at this hall, of the present course of lectures. After a song from the "Spiritual Harp," Prof. William Denton proceeded in an exhaustive and masterly manner to answer the general objections urged against Spiritualism by its opponents, in the course of which he took occasion to pay a high compliment to the Message Department of the *Banner of Light*, reading therefrom two fables, published March 18th, from two children, "Fannie Stevens" and "Angeline Shepard" respectively, in proof of the naturalness of this communion with the spirits of the departed in an earthly sense. He also incidentally referred in terms of commendation to the Psychopathic Institute proposed by Dr. Mead, for the treatment of the insane on the more scientific principle of mind acting on mind, and hoped it might succeed. The lecture was frequently applauded, and his discourse—which we shall print in full in due time—will serve as an excellent tract for distribution among the general public."

This closes one of the best courses of lectures on the Spiritual Philosophy and kindred subjects that Bostonians have had the privilege of listening to. Arrangements are being made to secure able speakers for the next course, which will begin in October."

At the close of the services the Chairman (Mr. L. B. Wilson) invited the audience to remain a few moments and listen to a proposition to make the meetings free the next season. He then stated that Mr. Gay and a number of other liberal gentlemen were very desirous, on the resumption of these meetings next Fall, that the doors should be thrown open free to the public, adding that these gentlemen were in earnest, and he heartily coincided with them, and saw no good reason why the project would not be successfully carried out. There is in this community a growing interest among the people to become better acquainted with the Spiritual Philosophy, and this spacious hall would undoubtedly be filled each Sunday to hear its truths enunciated from this platform, were it not for the restriction of an admittance fee at the door. Mr. Denton, Mr. Wetherbee and Mr. Gay made strong and pertinent remarks in favor of the proposition."

On motion, a committee of three was appointed to nominate an Executive Committee to take charge of the business pertaining to the meetings, select lecture committee, finance committee, etc., who reported the following names: Daniel Farrar, Phineas E. Gay, L. A. Bigelow, George Hosmer, W. A. Dunklee, George W. Morrill, J. N. M. Clough, John Wetherbee, L. B. Wilson, Mrs. Geo. W. Smith, Mrs. C. E. Jenkins, Mrs. Daniel Farrar, Mrs. John Wood, Mrs. Benj. Dodd, Mrs. Edward Haynes, Miss Addie Fogg."

Several thousand dollars were pledged to aid the good work, and more will be obtained from others not then present, till the required sum of \$5000 is reached."

The friends of the movement feel sure of its success. So far the work has been well done, and speaks volumes for the generosity and devotedness to the cause by the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity."

Rev. Hosea Ballou.

Sunday, April 30th, 1871, was the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Father Ballou, and the event was duly honored by services at the School-street Church, Boston, during the day and evening. The interior of the church was decorated with flowers. Above the pulpit was a mossy tablet, with "God is Love" formed upon its surface in white flowers, and the dates "1771" and "1871" appeared upon either side. Below the motto was a large oil painting of Father Ballou as he appeared in his pulpit during the latter years of his life."

In the morning the Rev. H. I. Cushman, junior pastor, and Rev. Dr. A. A. Miner, senior, gave interesting accounts of the life and work of Father Ballou."

The Sunday school session in the afternoon was conducted with especial reference to the day, and short addresses of a commemorative character were made by the pastors."

In the evening Rev. Drs. L. E. Paige, T. B. Thayer, T. J. Sawyer, the Rev. L. L. Briggs and Rev. T. J. Greenwood, Prof. C. H. Leonard and Rev. W. T. Stowe gave their views concerning the able patron-saint of Universalism."

At the Universalist Church at the Highlands the pastor, the Rev. A. J. Patterson, delivered an interesting discourse upon the "Life, character and influence of Hosea Ballou."

Church Liberty.

DEAR BANNER—I am just now enjoying a very rare season! In this goodly town of Pepperell, Mass., I am being treated—theologically speaking—as people of "my cloth" ought to be treated always, but very rarely are we recognized by a church organization—pastor and people here—a human being, a brother man, within the pale of human "Christian" sympathies, and entitled to some measure of respect as an advocate of what I believe to be truth."

I gave two lectures yesterday, in the Unitarian church in this place, under spirit influence, the pastor, Rev. Mr. Babbidge, kindly yielding his pulpit for the purpose, and most of his congregation attending both afternoon and evening. I wish through your columns to acknowledge the courtesy thus extended, and to express my grateful thanks for the same. If this example of church liberty and justice could be generally followed, it would be a happy day for "Christianity."

Yours for the right and the true,
J. M. ALLEN.

Pepperell, Mass., April 24, 1871.

It is so seldom that the Christian church shows the slightest liberality toward our lecturers, that we put on record with pleasure the above acknowledgment. The Rev. Mr. Carruthers, of Portland, who manifests such a spirit of ostracism to everything that does not tally with his "creed," would do well to imitate the liberality of his brother in the ministry, Rev. Mr. Babbidge, of Pepperell, alluded to so feelingly by Bro. Allen."

Form of Bequest.

We are in receipt of letters from friends in different parts of the country, suggesting that bequests be made to the *Banner of Light*, and also letters containing the agreeable information that several intend to do so, but that the writers do not understand how such a document should be legally worded. We would respectfully suggest that, as the *Banner of Light* Publishing House is not an incorporated institution, those who desire to aid us pecuniarily, by donations of money or otherwise, in order thereby to strengthen us in the maintenance of our great and glorious cause, can do so in the following language:

"I give, devise and bequeath unto William White, Luther Colby and Isaac B. Rich, of Boston, Massachusetts, Publishers, [here insert the description of the property to be willed,] strictly upon trust, that they shall appropriate and expend the same in such way and manner as they shall deem expedient and proper for the promulgation of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and its eternal progression."

We learn from the Louisville Commercial that labor of all kinds is much needed in Murry, Ky.

A Groan from Orthodoxy.

J. J. Carruthers, D. D., pastor of the Second Parish in Portland, preached a sermon, *Fast Day*, on the degeneracy of the times and the forbearance of God to us mortals. One can readily imagine the substance of such an effort of Orthodoxy without our reproducing its points. Of course this pastor knew God's motives and intentions, and, seeing the crying sins everywhere around us, and especially the absurdities and blasphemies of modern Spiritualism, drew his own inferences, and spoke advisedly in God's name. From the speaker's standpoint, how appropriate was his text! David was the author of it: Psalms ciii: 10—"He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities." This ancient king knew his sinful life as we do some of it, and no doubt he felt that he deserved the wrath of God or Uriah's spirit, and the wrath of good men in or out of the body, and he utters the words quoted, and that makes it literally true in its application to us. But we cannot afford to moralize at too much length. We said in our last we would pay our respects to this D. D., and we will now briefly do so."

This discourse must have sounded much better than it reads; for some twelve of the saints (?) who listened to it, they say, "with great pleasure and profit," over their signatures, have requested a copy for publication, and it is before us in the *Daily Press*. After reading it, we think these twelve saints are easily pleased and satisfied with small profits."

History records that a certain medieval ruler had been sent to Syria against his will by the church, which, when persecuting him afterwards, (as the church was apt to do then, and would now if it had the power), made this as one of the charges against him, viz.: for saying "that if Jehovah had ever seen Naples, he would never have selected Palestine for his chosen people." Certainly, no man with an eye to beauty or comfort, who was at all acquainted with God's heritage in general, would make choice of this small, dry, mountainous and desfigured district. So the prince was right; for the God of the Jews was limited in knowledge, according to the record, and the God of Mr. Carruthers and Orthodoxy is an equally irrational conception. Being so poetically, if not literally, who can blame, on the same grounds, people for their tendency to leave the bigoted precincts of Orthodoxy for the more inviting pastures of Liberalism, especially if with the Liberalism the association of a life beyond the grave is included? In a word, (following the style of the persecuted prince just referred to,) if Jehovah had ever seen Naples—that is, if he had had any knowledge of Liberalism, or Channingism, or Parkerism, or better still, (for the greater comprehends the less,) Spiritualism, he would never have selected Orthodoxy for the religion of his peculiar people. We need not say to any thoughtful man, religious or otherwise, that God never did select that wandering tribe of Arabs called the children of Israel as his chosen race, or Syria for a holy land, or Mount Zion for his holy habitation, or Orthodoxy for his true faith, or his believers for his special elect. The whole is assumption, and the mass of sensible men, in the church and outside of it, think so, and follow the dictates of their reason, and not evangelical authority; and the goodly and growing number who feed in the clover pastures of Spiritualism like the feed, and have no relish for Orthodoxy again, however much diluted and improved."

Modern Spiritualism has come into the world, has been here as a fact of note for near a quarter of a century, and in that time has grown to such dimensions that no previous religious movement ever equalled it in the same time. There is hardly a sect that is not affected by it, and more or less imbued with it; its thought shines in the literature of the day, and at every funeral service its feature is borrowed and used by the church for consolation; if omitted and ignored on those trying occasions, and the old style of death and resurrection made conspicuous, the stricken heart revolts at the sham substitute and holds fast to the spiritual idea as all that there is that is rational and consoling to the sorrowing soul. Yet while stealing its thunder in this way, when the occasion suits, it wages war against it as an evil and an offense. A man must be blind who cannot forecast which will go under in the conflict, *Naples or Palestine*, using the illustration we have already quoted."

We are saying more than we intended, but feel that we must add a word or two with especial reference to this D. D.'s remarks on the only interesting subject in his discourse, viz.: Modern Spiritualism, and none the less so because critical and unjust. The subject itself, irrespective of its treatment, is always a decoration in an Orthodox sermon, just as a bunch of natural flowers is, whether on a living body or a dead corpse. It comes crying in this wilderness, which is another name for Orthodoxy, that the Bible is not the special word of God; truth before Scripture always; it says and proves inspiration to be perpetual in its action and world-wide, not confined to Jewry or to the Bible age; it says and proves that the race of Isaahs and Ezekiels is not extinct; in fact, so wide apart are Spiritualism and Orthodoxy, that if one is true the other must be error, and no Spiritualist is afraid of the test."

This D. D., after commenting on sundry evils of our time, says:

"Among the ingredients of that cup of iniquity, which divine forbearance permits us to fill up, is the contention given, by popular sentiment, to certain forms of error under the name of religion; but the direct influence of which goes to eradicate whatever is worthy of the name. These doctrines of demons—for to such an origin may some of them, at least, be confidently ascribed—are permeating the consciences, polluting the hearts, and destroying the souls of many of our people."

We thank him for the admission of the fact, and he also seems to be aware—as every one must be whose eyes are open—of its wide spreading influence. As to "the destroying the souls of many of our people," that is not so clear; when he passes over the river he may find many such "destroyed souls" in high and happy places, and be surprised into saying, "Well, really!" He says also, "Even little children are brought within their influence, and progressive schools of practical ungodliness are open, on the Holy Sabbath, with those opened for conducting the lambs of the flock into the fold of Christ."

"Progressive schools of practical ungodliness." That is lucid, very. And these Lyceums which he refers to are open on the Holy Sabbath, with those that are open by the Orthodox to conduct lambs to Christ. This writer has tried both kinds; the top of his head is sore now, after forty years have passed, from the long sticks with metal ends which so often were tapped on the top of his head to keep him awake in his seat. To compare such with these "progressive schools of ungodliness" (?) and his kind for conducting the lambs to Christ! Why, it is no wonder that children get sick of religion before they grow up, and at this day I look back upon a few years of youthful experience in an Orthodox Sunday school at the North End as both an infliction and an impos-

tion; they are changed some now for the better, thanks to liberal thoughts, not Orthodoxy."

And again, "Absurdities which shock the sensibilities of reason—blasphemies which fill the Christian mind with horror." It is rather amusing to hear an Orthodox minister talk of absurdities; had we time, we could send home a large flock of absurdities to roost with him, and "blasphemies." Woe unto you, scribes, you make long prayers and devour widows' houses. Then he says, "Pretended communications from what is called the spirit-world, which show how little common sense is left to the supposed disembodyed friends of miserable dupes or more miserable knaves."

We have but just quoted where he admits that some of the communications are genuine. Now it is only "pretended communications," showing, he says, how little common sense there is left to the supposed departed, &c. We suppose, then, uncommon sense would be to admit his creed and believe that prayer is better than good deeds, and tracts better for a starving woman than a piece of bread. We are glad for any light that comes from over the border—the more sense in it the better; but it would not be very difficult to pick out some of the divine revelation, (so-called) where both common and uncommon sense would find no place. If this discourse, from which twelve of his "saints" received so much "gratification and profit," has any great claims for common sense, we think the "silly disembodyeds" are up to the standard, and if this Rev. Carruthers passes, the spirits certainly will. "Yet the practical effects of these absurdities are fearful." Undoubtedly; but mankind has stood Orthodox absurdities for a long while without irremediable results. We think we need not fear even a change of evils. The tree of knowledge, brother, is having its effects at last. Hear this: "They are fighting against God. They are doing the work of the evil one, whose active agents, carnate and incarnate, are seeking, like himself, whom they may devour."

"They are fighting against God!" We would go a good way to see that fight. We are inclined to think, 1st, no set of people can fight against God; and 2d, if they could, God would win. If they are doing the work of the "evil one," the question arises: whose work is Orthodoxy doing? A man must be blind indeed who cannot see in the rigid religious school the Pharisees of the time of Christ, who monopolized all the virtues of the community, and were really whited sepulchres; and it does appear to us that the Spiritualists are the rabble that the Nazarene kept company with, who made no long prayers, but had the fellowship but not the curses of the Master. Then he says: "Let us recognize their true character." That is, the true character of the Spiritualists and their absurdities. There this divine (?) stops. We would like to have had their true character recognized by him; but he paused. Let us do it for him: They are a thoughtful body of people; they are not generally sanctimonious; hence, in Orthodox eyes, they are not religious; they have seen so much sham and pretence among the religious body politic that they are inclined to associate sanctity and hypocrisy as synonymous expressions. This is unfortunate; but who is to blame for it? Certainly the saints, (?) for claiming to be pious, and not only hot living up to their profession, but turning out some of the worst characters possible, when we were looking for choice model Christians. But for human sympathizers, for a disposition to see in the unfortunate and the fallen the friend and the brother, for seeing, as Jesus did, that he is not the sinner who commits the sin, but he is who causes the darkness, they pity, but never neglect those whose frailties are apparent—the unwashed morally. The under and the upper crust of society, in a moral aspect, are nearer together from the fact that modern Spiritualism has come into the world. People have been slow to learn that a sinner is as dear to God as a saint; and those who recognize the true character of this "fearful evil" will certainly rejoice in its increase, even if Orthodoxy is drowned in its rising tide.

Religious Plug-Uglies.

"What there is in the editorial function that completely changes the fibre of a man's thought and the quality of his spirit surpasses our comprehension. But the fact is often painfully patent. For instance, Rev. Gilbert Haven, the man, is as genial, hopeful, happy and kindly a one as we could wish to meet, with a charity as broad as it is hearty, a spirit as sweet as a bed of violets, and a humor as easy as a rare. Indeed, he is one of the jolliest Christians who ever believed in the wholesale damnation of his fellow-beings, and it is hard to convince strangers that he is not a thorough-going Universalist, whose faith has got into his face, and shed its sunshine into his smile and his cheer and his tones. The sight of him is as refreshing as a June morning, and his ringing laugh is better than the music of many a church choir. But Gilbert Haven, the editor, is a different character. The moment he gets upon the editorial tripod, he undergoes a complete metamorphosis, and a sour, surly, more querulous and more pugilistic 'we' it would be hard to find. Zion's Herald is smart, and makes smart. It bristles with polemic and dogmatic and hard and narrow as its sectarianism is intense and shriveling. Its temper is as frigid and forbidding as the frost of a November night. It is a sort of religious plug-ugly or evangelical shoulder-bitter, which, pious people watch with the same sort of interest as they follow the movements of a prize-fighter. How is it that such a genial, generous Christian undergoes such a total transformation the moment he steps into the editorial chair and puts on the official mask? Has he a double nature, so that there are two men in one body answering to one name?—or, in his editorial character, is he merely the medium through which the spirit of sectarianism utters its unseemly spleen? The phenomena have a psychological interest worthy the investigation of the Princeton philosophers."

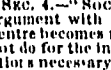
The above is from "The Golden Age." The question it raises and the phenomenon it draws attention to are worthy of consideration. But perhaps Bro. Tilton is not correct in his diagnosis. It may not be the editorial function that transforms a genial, hopeful, happy and kindly man into a sour, surly, querulous and pugilistic plug-ugly; for many an editor is bright, and radiates sunshine wherever his paper goes. Bro. Haven, besides being an editor, is an evangelical clergyman. He has been inoculated with the clerical virus. His mental constitution has thereby become diseased. Thence comes the hard and narrow dogmatism, the intense and shriveling sectarianism that characterize him and nearly all the self-styled religious newspapers conducted by clergymen. Andrew Jackson Davis, in his *Nature's Divine Revelations*, pp. 699-700, has clearly delineated the corrupting and degrading tendencies of the clerical office. Its stifling and distorting influence is very often apparent on its unfortunate victims, even after they have entered upon other vocations.

Sackett's Harbor Celebration.

We have received an extended account of the twenty-third anniversary of the advent of modern Spiritualism, held at Sackett's Harbor, N. Y.; but we omit its publication because the MSS. are not properly prepared for the press, and we have not the time to revise the report. The celebration took place at Dr. D. S. Kimball's, where it has been observed the last six years. Spirits spoke through entranced media; Mrs. M. S. Kimball saw and described spirits, and gave very satisfactory tests; and the meeting closed with an entertaining address by Dr. Kimball."

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