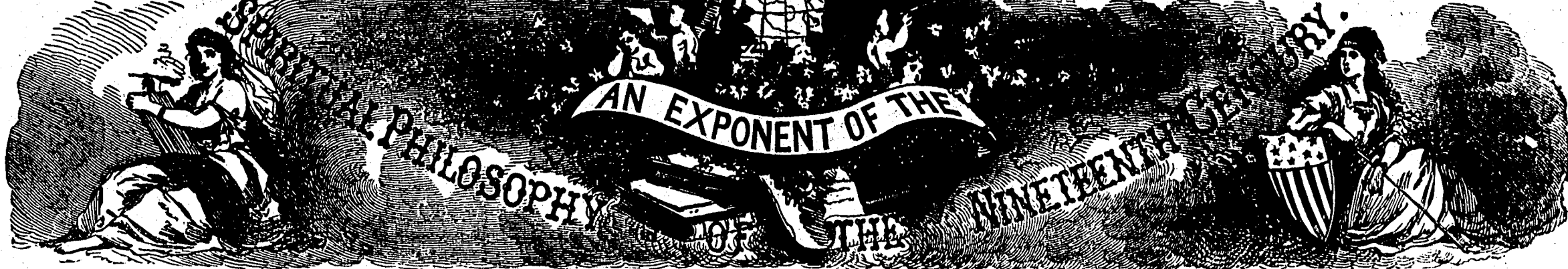


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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SPIRITE:

A FANTASTIC TALE.

Translated from the French of Théophile Gautier,
expressly for the Banner of Light,
By an English Authoress.

CHAPTER III.

The singular phrase of the Baron de Feré, and the sudden exit of the diplomatist after having pronounced it, occupied the imagination of Guy. Whilst he returned to the Faubourg St. Germain, borne along by the rapid trot of Grymalkin, to whom the north wind made the idea of a return to his stable peculiarly agreeable, although he had no need of the excitement, being an animal of fine blood.

"What the deuce did he mean by his solemn enigmas, uttered in the tone of a mystagogue?" thought Guy, as he allowed Jack to take off, piece by piece, his habiliments. "He is a man of polish, cutting as an English razor; and his manners have the most exquisite precision, but are cold enough to make the wind at the North pole seem tepid. That he wished to jest with me is impossible. People do not sport with Guy de Malivert, even if brave as the Swede with the white eyelids; and, besides, where would be the salt of the pleasantry? He was not jesting, I am sure, for he went away with the air of a man who wished to say more. Bahl! wherefore should I puzzle myself about these whims? I shall see him to-morrow at the club, and then he will be more explicit. I will go to bed and try to sleep, whether the spirits have their eyes on me or not."

He went to bed, but sleep did not come as he hoped, although he called to his aid the most soporific pamphlets, and read them with extreme attention. In spite of himself, he listened to the lightest noise—the click of his watch before striking, the crackling of the sparks among the clinders, the contractions of the wood-work from the heat, the dropping of the oil in the lamp. The unexpected fall of a book or a journal from his bed to the floor made him start, so great was the tension of his nerves, as much as a detonation of firearms. His hearing was overexcited to such a degree that he could distinguish the pulsations of his arteries and the beatings of his heart. But, amid all these confused murmurs, he could distinguish nothing which resembled a sigh.

His eyes, which he shut from time to time, in the hope of inducing sleep, soon reopened, and he scrutinized the corners of the room with a curiosity that was not without apprehension. Guy desired earnestly to see something, yet he dreaded to see his wishes accomplished. Sometimes his dilated pupils fancied vague forms in the corners of the apartment which the light of the shaded lamp did not reach. The folds of the curtains took the aspect of feminine vestments, and seemed to palpitate as if agitated by the movement of a body. Corn-flowers, luminous points, butterflies, waving nets and small insects danced, buzzed, grew larger, repeated themselves before his weary eyes, without his being able to discern anything distinctly.

Agitated more than can be described, and feeling, though he neither heard nor saw anything, the presence of the unknown in the room, he rose, threw on a wrapper of camel's hair, which he had brought from Cairo, put a few pieces of wood on the fire, and seated himself near the chimney-place, in a great arm-chair, more conducive to sleep than a bed disarranged by feverish wakefulness. Near the chair, he saw on the carpet a crumpled paper, which he picked up. It was the letter which he had written to Madame d'Ymbereourt under that mysterious impulse for which he could not yet give a reason. He picked it up, unfolded it, and remarked, on examining it with care, that the character of the writing did not quite resemble his own. One might have said that an impatient hand, which was not able to restrain itself, in a *fac simile*, to follow the model exactly, had mixed with the original letters some foundation and hairstrokes of its own. The writing was more elegant, more light, more feminine.

Whilst noting these details, Guy thought of the "Golden Scorpions" of Edgar Poe, and of the marvelous sagacity with which William Legrand found the sense of the letter in cipher, in which Captain Kidd designated in an enigmatical manner the precise place of the cave in which he had placed his treasure. He wished he possessed that profound intuition which supplies breaks in the sense in a way so bold and so just, and renews the tissue of interrupted relations. But Legrand himself, with the aid of Auguste Dupin, of the "Stolen Letter," would not humanly have divined the secret power which caused the handwriting to deviate from its ordinary shape.

Meanwhile, Guy ended by falling asleep in that heavy and oppressed slumber which follows a restless night, and which the approach of dawn usually brings.

He awoke when Jack entered to relight the fire and to assist him to dress. Guy was chilly and uncomfortable. He yawned, stretched and shook himself, showered cold water over his head; and, reanimated by these tonic ablutions, he recovered possession of his full senses. Morning, with grey eyes, as Shakespeare calls her, descending, not from the green slope of the hills, but from the white roofs, glided into his apartment, of which Jack had opened the shutters and blinds, and gave to everything an air of reality which made the chimeras of the night disappear. Nothing is more reassuring than the light of the sun, even though it be a pale, winter's day sun, like that which penetrated through the branching foliage traced by the frost on his window-panes.

Having returned to his habitual mode of thought, Malivert was astonished at the agitated night that he had passed, and said, "I did not

think that I was so nervous." Then he broke the band of the journals which they had just brought up, cast a glance on the *Feuilletons*, read "Divers Facts," took up again the volume of *Evangeline* which he had left the evening before, and smoked a cigar; and these various occupations having amused him till eleven o'clock, he dressed to take a little exercise. He proposed to go and breakfast at the Café Bignon. A morning frost had hardened the snow of the night, and in crossing the Tuilleries, Malivert admired the mythological statues powdered white, and the great chestnuts, all covered with silvery plush. He breakfasted well and daintily, like a man who wishes to repair the fatigues of a night's watching, and he conversed gaily with some joyous companions, the very flower of Parisian wit and skepticism, and who had adopted for their device the Greek maxim, "Remember not to believe." Still, at their too broad pleasantries Guy smiled with a constrained air. He did not abandon himself entirely to the paradoxes of incredulity or the farragoes of cynicism. The phrase of the Baron of Feré—"The spirits have their eyes on you"—came to his mind involuntarily, and it seemed to him that there was ever behind him a witness, of a mysterious nature. He rose, saluted the waiters, and went to take some turns on that boulevard where there passes in a single hour more wit than there circulates in an entire year in all the rest of the globe; and, finding it almost deserted on account of the cold and the hour, he mechanically turned the corner of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. He was soon before the house of Madame d'Ymbereourt. As he was going to pull the handle of the bell, he thought he heard a breath at his ear, whispering low but clearly, "Do not enter." He turned quickly, and saw no one.

"Ah! positively, I am becoming mad! I have hallucinations in broad daylight now. Shall I obey, or not?"

In the abrupt movement that he had made in turning round, his hand, placed on the handle, had pulled it. The spring had acted, and the bell was struck. The door opened, and the porter, standing in front of his lodge, looked at Guy hesitating on the threshold. He entered, although he had no desire to do so, after the supernatural incident which had just occurred; and he was received by Madame d'Ymbereourt in the little yellow drawing-room where she received morning visitors, the color of which was particularly unpleasant to Guy.

"Is not yellow the right cosmetic for brunettes?" replied the Countess, to Malivert, who more than once had taken leave to beg the change of this odious color.

Madame d'Ymbereourt was dressed in a petticoat of black silk, with a jacket of a bright color, laced, embroidered and loaded with more jet and braid than ever was worn on her baquette by a *maja* going to a *serio* or a bullfight. The Countess, although a woman of fashion, was wrong in allowing her *modiste* to execute upon her all sort of wondrous experiments, which are only worn by those dolls with heart-shaped mouths and pink cheeks, in the engravings of some fashion magazine.

Contrary to her wont, Madame wore a serious look. A shade of vexation obscured the radiance of her brow, and the corners of her lips were slightly depressed.

One of her good friends had just quitted her, and had asked, with the feigned *bonhomme* of women on such occasions, what epoch was fixed for her marriage with Guy.

The Countess blushed, stammered, and replied, vaguely, that it would take place soon; for Guy, whom the world gave her for a husband, had never asked her hand, nor even made a formal declaration of love, which Madame d'Ymbereourt attributed to timidity and respect, and also to a sentiment of uncertainty which a young man experiences at the moment of quitting a bachelor's life. But she firmly believed that he would pronounce it one day or other, and already she regarded herself so securely his wife that she had arranged in her head some changes in her house that the presence of a husband would render necessary. "This shall be the drawing-room, this the study, and this the smoking-room for Guy," she had many times said to herself, measuring with her eye certain rooms in her house.

Although not entirely to his taste, Guy could not help allowing that she was correctly beautiful, enjoyed an unspotted reputation, and possessed a considerable fortune. He had permitted himself, without any attraction, to glide into a habit of visiting in this house, as any man with empty heart might have done in a place where a more amiable reception awaited him than in any other. He returned thither because at the end of some days of absence a note of invitation forced him to reappear. Besides, why should he not go thither? Madame d'Ymbereourt kept good society, and he met there, on certain days, friends whom it would have been more trouble to find elsewhere in the whirl of Parisian life.

"You look slightly suffering, Madame; have you passed a bad night from the demons of green tea?"

"Oh, no. I put in so much cream that it had no strength; and then, I am the Mithridates of tea—it does not affect me. It is not that—I am vexed."

"Perhaps my visit is inopportune, and disarranges some of your plans? In that case I will withdraw, and it will be as if I had not found you at home, and had left my card for you with the porter."

"You do not inconvenience me in the least, and you know that I always see you with pleasure. Your visits—I ought, perhaps, not to say it—seem rare, although they appear too frequent to others."

"Are you not free, without vexing relations, without a *chaperone* aunt, working tapestry in the window? Oh! Nature has freed you from that thicket of disagreeable beings who so beset the steps of a pretty woman. You can receive whom you wish, for you depend on no one."

"That is true; I depend on no one, but I depend on every one. A woman is never emancipated, even if a widow and mistress of her own actions. A police of disinterested people watch her, and notice her affairs. So, my dear Guy, you compromise me."

"I I compromise you!" cried Malivert, with a sincerity of surprise which proved a degree of modesty very rare in a man of twenty-eight, handsome, dressed from Renard's, and having his pantaloon from England. "Why me, rather than d'Averac, Beaumont, Yanowske and Feré, who are here very assiduously?"

"I cannot tell you," replied the Countess. "Perhaps you are dangerous without knowing it; or the world has recognized in you a power that you yourself ignore. The name of none of these gentlemen that you have cited has been mentioned; they find it quite natural that they should come to my Wednesday, and make me visits of five or six hours long when we return from the Lake, and come to pay their respects in my box at the opera; but these things, innocent in themselves, take a serious meaning, it appears, when done by you."

"I am, notwithstanding, the most guileless man in the world; no one has ever said a word against me. I do not wear a blue frock coat, like Werther, nor a slashed doublet, like Don Juan. I am never seen playing the guitar under a balcony, and I do not go to race courses in a break with little laddies in flaming dresses; and in the *soirées* I never introduce sentimental subjects before pretty women, to show off the purity and delicacy of my heart. They never see me in an attitude leaning against a column, with my hand in my vest, staring silently, with a gloomy, fatal air, on a pale beauty with long curls, like the Klity Bell of Alfred de Vigny. Have I rings on my fingers with hair in them, and a sashet round my neck with Parma violets, given by her. Search my most secret drawers and you will find neither brown nor blonde portraits, nor bundles of letters all perfumed and tied up with blue ribbon or a caoutchouc band, nor embroidered slippers, nor lace mask, nor any of those trifles of which love-making men compose their secret museum. Frankly, have I the air of a man of gallantry?"

"You are very modest," replied Madame d'Ymbereourt, "or you put on innocence at pleasure; but, unhappily, every one is not of your opinion. They find subject of gossip in the attentions you pay me, though, for my part, I see no harm in them."

"Ah, well, then," returned Malivert, "I will put longer space between my visits; I will only come once a fortnight, or every month; and then I can take a journey. Where shall I go? I know Spain, Italy, Germany, Russia. What if I were to go to Greece? Not to have seen Athens, the Acropolis and the Parthenon is a crime. One might go by way of Marseilles, or embark at Trieste on one of the steamers of the Austrian Lloyd Company. One touches at Corfu. One sees in passing, *Ithaca soli occidente bene obsecuntur*, well exposed to the setting sun, now as in the time of Homer. One penetrates into the Gulf of Lepanto. One traverses the Isthmus, to see what remains of this Corinth, which is not accessible to every one. Another boat takes you, in a few hours, to the Piræus. Beaumont has told me all this. He set out, romantically mad; he received a stroke on the head, and he will not bear a word spoken about cathedrals. He is a rigid classic now. He believes that since the Greeks, humanity has fallen back into a state of barbarism, and that our pretended civilizations are only variations of a state of decay."

Madame d'Ymbereourt was only tolerably flattered by this geographical enthusiasm, and she found Malivert only too docile in respect to her reputation. His tender care of her character, carried even to a flight, did not satisfy her.

"Who asks you to go to Greece?" said she to Guy. "Besides," added she with a slight blush and an almost imperceptible trembling of the voice, "is there not a far more simple mode to silence all these slanders than to go to Greece and leave one's friends, and risk life in a country where nothing is sure, if one must believe 'The King of the Mountains' of Monsieur About?"

Fearing to have said a phrase of too clear meaning, the Countess felt a deeper blush suffuse itself over her face and neck. Her rapid breathing made the jet ornaments of her jacket rise and clash. Taking courage, she raised on Malivert eyes which feeling rendered really beautiful. Madame d'Ymbereourt loved Guy, her too silent adorer, as much as a woman of her nature could love anything. The mode, at once *négligée* and correct, in which he put on his cravat pleased her, and, with that profound feminine logic of which it puzzles the profoundest philosopher to follow the inductions, she had inferred from this knot that Malivert possessed all the qualities requisite to make an excellent husband. Only this future husband went toward the altar with a very slow step, and did not seem in haste to light the torches of Hymen.

Guy understood perfectly what the lady wished to convey, but more than ever he feared to engage himself by any imprudent phrase. He answered, "Without doubt, without doubt; but the journey cuts all short, and on my return we can see what will be best to do."

At this vague and cold response the Countess had a feeling of displeasure, and bit her lips. Guy, much embarrassed, kept silence, and the situation was distressing when the page entered and made a diversion by announcing "The Baron de Feré."

CHAPTER IV.

Seeing the Swedish baron enter, Malivert could not hinder himself from a light sigh of relief. Never had visit been so opportune. He turned toward M. de Feré with a look of gratitude. Without this interruption it would have been necessary for Guy to have replied categorically to Madame d'Ymbereourt, and nothing was more

repugnant to his feelings than these precise explanations; he liked better to be free than promised, and, even in indifferent things, he was careful never to engage himself. The look that the lady cast on the Baron had not the same impress of benevolence as that of Guy, and, if the manners of polite life did not teach dissimulation, one might have read in that glance a mixture of reproach, impatience and anger. The appearance of the unwelcome visitor destroyed an opportunity which might not be repeated for a long time and which it was difficult for her to contrive, for certainly Guy would not seek, nay, would even carefully avoid it. Although in this case he would have shown decision and courage, he would have a certain apprehension of an event which would determine his life in one way or the other. All kinds of bonds or obligations inspired him with a feeling of mistrust, and it might almost be that, urged by some secret instinct, he tried to keep himself free for some ulterior event.

After the exchange of some formalities, vague chords by which conversation is prolonged, as one ascertains the key before executing a piece of music, the Baron glided, by one of those skillful dissolutions which bring you step by step, from the Fall of Nineveh to the triumph of Gladiateur and an æsthetic and transcendental dissertation on the most abstruse operas of Wagner.

Madame d'Ymbereourt, although playing well and as one of the best pupils of Hertz, understood nothing of music so mysterious and complicated as that of the master whose Tannhäuser has raised amongst us storms so violent. To the enthusiastic analysis of the Baron she replied from time to time, adding some stitches to a piece of embroidery that she had taken from a basket standing near the arm-chair in which she usually sat, by those banal objections that they never fail to make to new music—and that they addressed to Rossini as well as to Wagner—such as want of rhythm, absence of melody, obscurity, too much brass instrumentation, deafening noise, and, in short, material impossibility of execution.

"Here is a dissertation, very learned for me, as I am only a poor ignoramus, moved by what appears to me beautiful, admiring Beethoven, and even Verdi, although that is not the fashion in these days."

Having said these words, Guy de Malivert rose to take leave; Madame d'Ymbereourt, whose hand he shook in the English manner, gave him a look which seemed to say "Stay" as clearly as the reserve of a woman of the world permitted, and this look followed him to the door with a shade of sorrow which would doubtless have touched him if he had perceived it; but his attention was occupied by the imperiously tranquil physiognomy of the Swede, which seemed to say, "Do not expose yourself anew to the danger from which I have just rescued you."

When he was in the street, he thought, not without a kind of terror, of the supernatural warning which he had received not to enter the house, and of the visit of the Baron de Feré, which coincided in so singular a manner with his disobedience to this mysterious advice. The Baron seemed to have been sent as a support by those secret powers, the presence of which he felt vaguely around him. Malivert, without being systematically incredulous or skeptical, had not, however, easy belief, and he had never lent faith to the researches of magnetizers or the revelations of the Spiritualists. He felt even a sort of repulsion for them, and refused to see the celebrated Home, who for a time occupied the attention of all Paris. A little time ago he lived a careless, bachelor life, in good humor with himself and the world, where he did not make a contemptible figure; he was comprised in the circle of visible things, and he cared little whether or not this planet dragged round within her atmosphere a people animated and invisible. However, he could not prevent himself from confessing that the conditions of his life were changed; a new element, without his having called it, had introduced itself into his life, hitherto so peaceable, and from which he had studiously banished all likely sources of trouble. Still, it was a little thing, a feeble sign, like the echo of an Æolian harp, a substitution of thoughts in a letter mechanically written, three words whispered in the ear, the meeting with a Swedish baron with a solemn air; but it was evident that some spirit went around him *querens quem deoret*, as says the Bible in its eternal wisdom.

Musing in this manner, Guy had reached the round point in the Champs Elysées, without having intended to choose either one side or the other. His body had carried him thither, and he had allowed it to do so. There were very few people there—some rare specimens of obduracy, who, for the sake of health, take exercise in all weather, and who break holes in the ice of rivers in order to bathe, and return from the Bois de Boulogne with blue noses and purple cheeks, mounted on horses with leathern caps to protect their knees in probable falls on the slippery roads.

Two or three amongst them saluted Guy with a friendly nod, who received, although on foot, a gracious smile from one of the celebrities of the outside world, displaying in an open carriage a wealth of furs conquered from Russia.

"As I form the public to-day, they contend for my vote," thought Malivert. "Cora would not have addressed such a gracious bow in summer. But for what have I come here? It is not the season to go to dinner under the tunnel, and I am in no humor for folly. However, as Rabalais says, it is the hour for thinking of the repairs below the nose. There is the sun setting behind the Arc de l'Etoile."

Soon the gas, which was being lighted, traced from the Place de la Concorde to the Arch those two magical lines of fire which astonish strangers who enter the city at night by this triumphal road. Guy halted a couple, and told the driver to take him to Rue de Choiseul, where the club to which he belonged was situated.

Leaving his paletot in the hands of the servants standing in the ante-chamber, he turned over the

book in which the names of the guests of the day were inscribed, and saw with pleasure that the Baron de Feré was of the number. He wrote his underneath, and then crossed the billiard-room, (where the marker waited with a melancholy face until some of the gentlemen should take it into their hands to play,) and several other halls, high and spacious, furnished with every luxurious comfort of modern days, kept in an equal temperature by a powerful calorifère, which, however, did not supersede enormous billots of wood burning away into bright clinders in large fireplaces ornamented with monumental dogs.

Some four or five of the members filled on the divans, or leaned on their elbows over the great green table of the reading-room, running carelessly over the newspapers and reviews, arranged in a methodical order that was constantly disturbed and as constantly renewed. Two or three were despatching their epistles of love or business on the club-paper.

The dinner hour approached, and the guests conversed until the steward should announce that dinner was on the table. Guy began to fear that the Baron de Feré was not coming, but as they were going into the dining-room, he arrived and took his place beside the Count. The dinner, served with great profusion of plate, glass and silver chafing-dishes, was delicate, and each drank what he preferred—some claret, some champagne, and others pale ale, according to his fancy or habit. Some, with angelized taste, asked for a glass of sherry or port, which tall lacqueys, in short breeches, brought ceremoniously on chased silver salvers, bearing the initials of the club. Each followed his own whims, without regarding his neighbors, for at the club every one is at home.

Contrary to custom, Guy did little justice to the dinner. Half the viands remained untouched on his plate, and his bottle of Chateau Margaux was emptied very slowly.

"There is no need to address to you the reproach that the white angel made to Swedenborg: 'Thou eatest too much.' You are, this evening, of exemplary sobriety, and one might believe that you are trying to become spiritual by fasting," remarked the Baron to Guy.

"I do not know whether a few monthfuls more or less would separate the soul from matter, and render more diaphanous the veils which separate the visible from the invisible, but I do not feel much appetite. Certain circumstances that you appear not to ignore, have, I confess, since yesterday, not a little astonished me, and thrown me into a reverie which is not habitual with me. In my normal condition I am not absent at table, but to-day other thoughts rule me in spite of myself. Have you any plans for the evening, Baron? If you have nothing useful or agreeable to do I would propose to you, after coffee, to smoke a few cigars in company, in the small music-room, where we shall not be disturbed unless a fantasy takes one of these gentlemen to rattle the piano, which is not probable. Our musicians are all absent this evening, at the repetition of the new opera."

The Baron acquiesced politely in the proposition of Malivert, and he answered courteously that he could not find a better manner of employing the time. The two gentlemen then established themselves on the divan, and occupied themselves at first in blowing regular clouds of smoke from some excellent cigars from *La Vuelta de Abajo*, and each occupied in musing, as he did so, on the curious conversation which could be distant. After some observations on the quality of the cigars which they were smoking, on the preference that one ought to give to the white over the brown dress, the Swede himself started the conversation that Malivert turned to begin.

"I have, first, an apology to make for the advice which I presumed to offer you the other evening, at Madame d'Ymbereourt's. You had not made me a confidant, and it was an indiscretion on my part to enter into your thoughts without your having opened them to me. I would not have done so—for it is not my nature to quit my part of man of the world for that of magician—if I had not a lively interest in your welfare, and if I had not recognized, by signs perceptible only to adepts, that you had recently received a visit from a spirit; or, at least, that the invisible world sought to put itself in communication with you."

Guy assured him that he had not surprised him in the least, and that, in a position so new to him, he was very happy to have met a guide, who seemed to him an *ex-courant* of supernatural things, and whose serious character was perfectly known to him.

"You are well aware," replied the Baron, with a slight inclination of the head as an acknowledgment, "that I do not easily depart from this habit of reserve; but you have, perhaps, seen enough to convince you that all does not flash or stop with our senses, and I do not fear that, if our conversations tend to these mysterious subjects, you will take me for a visionary or an *illuminé*. My position puts me above the supposition of charlatanism, and, besides, I only allow my exterior life to be known by the world. I do not ask you what has happened, but I see that they occupy themselves with you without the sphere which habitually encloses our common life."

"Yes," said Guy, "I have something indefinable which floats around me, and I think I shall not commit a breach of faith to the spirits with whom you are better acquainted than I, by relating in detail what you have already felt by your extra human intuition." And Guy informed the Baron de Feré of the events which had marked the preceding evening.

The Swedish Baron listened with profound attention, twisting the end of his pale golden moustache, but manifested no surprise. He kept silence an instant and appeared to reflect profoundly, then, as if this phrase abridged a whole chain of thought, he said suddenly: "Monsieur de Malivert, has a young girl ever died for love of you?"

"Neither young girl nor young woman that I know of, at least; I have not the stupidity to think that I could inspire such despair. My loves

—if one may thus name fancies of a moment—have been very peaceful, very little romantic, as easily untied as tied, and in order to avoid pathetic scenes, of which I have a horror, I have always allowed myself to be forsaken, my self-love willingly making this sacrifice to my repose. Thus I do not believe that I have left behind me any inconsolable Ariadne. In Parian mythology, the arrival of Bacchus regularly preceded the departure of Theseus. Besides, I must confess what will give you a low idea of my powers of affection. I have never felt for any one this exclusive, overwhelming, intense passion of which everybody speaks, without perhaps having experienced it. No being has ever inspired me with the idea of attaching myself by indissoluble bonds, or has made me dream of projects of a double existence mingled in one, and of those flights to the azure paradise of light and freshness which Love, they say, can form in a cottage or a garret.

"That does not say, my dear Guy, that you are not capable of passion; there are many sorts of love, and without doubt you are reserved there, where the lot of souls is decided, to the highest destinies. But there is yet time; the consent of the will alone gives the spirits power over us. You are on the threshold of an illimitable world, profound, mysterious, full of illusions and of darkness, where good and bad influences combat, which it is useful to know how to distinguish. Wonders and terrors are seen there to trouble the human reason. No one comes back from this depth without keeping on his brow a paleness which is never effaced. The eye of the body does not contemplate with impunity what is reserved for the eye of the soul; these journeys out of our sphere cause inexpressible lassitude, and inspire at the same time despairing nostalgia. Stop on this dreadful boundary, do not pass from one world to the other, and do not answer to the appeal which seeks to attract you out of the life of the senses. Evocations are safe in the circle which they trace around them, and the spirits cannot cross the bounds. Let reality be for you this circle; do not go out of it, for then your power comes. You see that, for a biographer, I am not eager to make proselytes."

"Have I then to fear?" said Malliver, "perilous adventures in this invisible world which surrounds us, and whose presence is only revealed to a small number of the privileged?"

"No," replied the Baron; "nothing appreciable for human eyes will happen to you, but your soul will remain deeply and forever disturbed."

"Is the spirit that does me the honor of caring for me of a dangerous nature?"

"It is a spirit of sympathy, of benevolence, of love. I met her in the midst of light, but heaven has its vortex like earth. Think of the shepherd who was amorous of a star."

"But the phrase which you said to me at Madame d'Yvercourt's seemed to warn me against all earthly engagements."

"I was bound to do so," replied the Baron; "you must be warned to remain free, in case you replied to the manifestations of the spirit; but since you have not done so yet, remember that you still belong to yourself; perhaps you would do better to marry and to continue your habitual life."

"And to marry Madame d'Yvercourt, for example," returned Guy with an ironical smile.

"And why not?" said the Swede; "she is young and beautiful, she loves you, and I read in her eyes a real sorrow for your refusal. It would not be impossible that a soul might come to her."

"It is a risk that I would rather not run. Do not try, my dear Baron, through a solicitude that I well understand, to keep me in every-day life. I am more unloosed from it than you would suppose. I have regulated my physical life in an agreeable and convenient fashion, that does not presuppose sensuality on my part. But it is perfectly indifferent to me. I have found no more suitable to appear careless and gay, than to affect romantic melancholy in bad taste; but it does not therefore follow that the world as it is charms me, or contents me. It is true I do not speak in company of pretentious women, of heart and passion, of the ideal, but I have kept my soul aloof and pure, free from all vulgar worship, in the expectation of the unknown deity."

Whilst Malliver spoke thus, with more fire than men of the world show in what they say, the eyes of the Baron de Feré sparkled, and his physiognomy took an expression of enthusiasm that he usually concealed under a mask of frozen indifference. He was pleased to see Guy resist the prosaic temptation and maintain the spiritual will.

"Since you are decided, my dear Guy, return to your house; without doubt, you will receive some new communications. I shall remain, for I gained a hundred louis last evening from Aversac. I owe him his revenge."

"The repetition of the opera must be finished. I hear our friends returning, humming in their falsest voices the airs that they have not remembered."

"Escape, for this charivari will put you out of tune."

Guy gave the Baron a hearty grasp of the hand and entered his carriage, which was waiting for him at the door of the club.

[To be continued in our next.]

"DRUNK FOR A WEEK."

BY R. W. EASTBROOK.

"Tom!" and the tones of the master's voice came sharp to the listening ear; "Where is the woman who does this work?"

Said Tom, with a shrug, "I fear she's at home."

"Well, scratch her name from off the books: Get somebody in that's well."

These women are always in trouble, I think; And Tom—about Timothy Snell; When he gets over that last week's spree And comes to his senses, send him to me.

"It's a week to-day since he's shown his face, But he's got his eyes to sow; And I'll give him a hint on the evil of drink, And let the whole thing go."

Tim's a good fellow—he'll steady at last; Who wants young men to grow old too fast?"

So, "drunk for a week" is a young man's joke, And sick for a day is a sin; The woman who faints is sent out to the dogs, And the fellow who drinks is kept in.

And why? Oh! that is a riddle confessed— The answer I'd give—but it's never been guessed.

WHY SOUP IS WHOLESOME.—The "London Food Journal" says: "Physiologically, soup has a great value for those who hurry to and from their meals, as it allows an interval of comparative rest to the fainting stomach before the more substantial beef and mutton is attacked; rest before solid food being as important as rest after it. Let a hungry or weary merchant or lawyer rush 'in medias res'—plunge boldly into roast beef, and what is the result? The defeat is often as precipitate as was the attack. When the body is weary the stomach must be identified with it, and cannot therefore stand the shock of some ill-masticated, half-pound weight of beef. But if a small plateful of light soup be gently insinuated into the system, nourishment will soon be introduced, and strength will follow to receive more substantial material."

Free Thought.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE "CHURCH OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION."

BY LOIS WAINBROOKER.

DEAR BANNER—It is a long time since I have taken my pen to write an article for your pages; not because I have lost my interest in the work, but because of poor health. For the year past, I have hardly lectured enough to pay my traveling expenses, and as to writing, the very thought of it has been a task. Still, I have not been idle, and the year has not been wasted. I have sold what books I could, but not half as many as though I had had more strength to present their claims.

By the way, if one-twentieth of what is told to me in reference to the value of my books was told to the public through your columns, it would greatly enhance their sale.

"I have read Alice Vale twice, and intend to read it again I find something new every time." "Helen Harlow's 'Vow' is the best thing I have ever read, it is so full of strength for women." "Mrs. Wainbrooker, you are not wise if you intend to write stories for a living."

"Why?"

"You concentrate too much; there is matter enough in 'Alice Vale' for half-a-dozen ordinary novels; there is not a waste page nor a waste line in it."

"Your books are going all through the place; even the Orthodox like them, and especially Helen Harlow's 'Vow'." These and similar expressions are constantly greeting me, and are an encouragement; but I sometimes feel that if the friends would only say these things where they would reach the people, then not only myself and the publishers, but the people, would be benefited. And they would if they could only realize how hard it is for an unknown writer in an unpopular cause to get the ears and eyes of the great reading public.

I do not mean that unmerited praise should be given, but that merited praise should be given where it will do the most good, and if not merited, it should not be given at all. I presume they think that I will fight her way through anyhow. Well, I intend to, but sometimes a conveyance runs faster, and I can draw a larger load if the wheels are greased occasionally.

One more suggestion upon this point. Booksellers and train boys will not furnish a supply unless there is a demand. Let every Spiritualist who travels upon the cars ask the train boy for William White & Co.'s publications; let them do this every time that books are presented to them on the train. Let this be followed up faithfully, and I will venture to say that it would increase the sale of our books one-fourth, if not one-half, in less than two years.

"As wise as serpents and as harmless as doves."

So much for blowing my own trumpet and that of others in like business; and now in reference to the past year, I again say that the time has not been lost—that I have seen and felt that which has taught me valuable lessons, and the prospects are that I shall be able to do a pretty good autumn's work, that is, if I do not get too anxious and commence too soon. But when I take up the Banner of Light and the rest of our papers and see what others are doing, I must confess that I can hardly keep still.

I see evidences of this everywhere; scientific papers are beginning to talk of a "new force," and other papers speak more respectfully. And I see also a danger right here, to wit, weary souls who have battled long so pleased with church concessions, that they are ready to yield the lines into church hands. Friends, don't do this; be careful; what if they are willing to hold your flag? They will never hold it as high as the old one; the blood stained banner will still float at masthead.

CHURCH PROGRESS.

Not long since I heard an enthusiast who rejoices in church progress, (as we all should and do when it keeps its proper place; but when it attempts to take the lead it is as if the hind wheel of a wagon took the place of the forward one—the vehicle is pretty apt to run backwards, or at least very awkwardly,) talking of the same as if it was going to make our burdens less, our path easier; but a clear-headed one who was present replied:

"I think you are mistaken; the churches will acknowledge just enough to satisfy the Christian Spiritualists, and these half-fledged ones will nestle quietly back to swell the ranks of church power, while those who really see the length and breadth of the movement will have to fight the battle alone."

Now this is my view of the subject. Many a prominent man and woman, leaders in the realm of church progressive thought, accept the facts of spirit-communion, but claim that the most of those of the present day are such as are forbidden in the Bible. Now such concessions are not of much value to me; there is no yielding of Bible authority by the person who asks among nations. It retains the old hold, and leaning upon its progressive, makes us low with them as they worship. No, no; I prefer that they should stay where they are till they can leave their idols behind; it would be much better than for them to be brought forward for us to clothe.

In proof of this, let me relate the result of such Christian progress in a town that I will not of. Once it was a centre of Spiritualism, and there is no place in the country, of its size, that has so many Spiritualists as it has to-day; but where are they? Swallowed up—the most of them—by Christian progress. The church of the

CHRISTIAN UNION

has absorbed them instead of their absorbing from the church; the hind wheel has got ahead. Now suppose we examine the basis of this church—the articles of association:

"We, the subscribers, do hereby associate ourselves together, taking our place in the brotherhood of the church of Christ, on the following basis:

- 1st. In the exercise of the freedom of the individual conscience, independently of traditional and conventional interpretations of Divine Truth, we acknowledge the sole authority for our faith and practice, as Christians, to be the revealed word of God; that according to unnumbered the sweet simplicity of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

2d. Our purpose is, with sincere and fervent trust in God's helping, to strive after a growing likeness to Christ, who is the divine original of the Christian character; and to love the love wherewith he hath loved us, that our fellow men also be brought to accept him as their inspiration to Christian manhood, and in the maintenance of the public preaching of the Gospel, with all other Christian activities, to promote the interests of Christianity and the diffusion of pure religion, as taught and lived by the Saviour of men.

3d. Therefore, recognizing the right of private judgment and the sacredness of individual conscience, we require no assent to any further doctrinal statement, welcoming all who, by the acceptance of this basis, by the Christian life and its fraternal cooperation, desire to associate themselves with us in the advancement of the Kingdom of God."

Ah, indeed! and what further assent do they need? The Bible is irrelevant, but no less really, recognized as God's revealed word, Jesus acknowledged, to be our "Lord" and the Saviour of men; his divinity asserted, that he is called the "Divine Original of the Christian Character."

The parade about the freedom of the individual conscience is simply dust. The Mormon could join this church of the Christian Union, and could believe in polygamy, but he could not live it; and the Mormon is as conscientious, and a far more consistent belief with practice. Do I believe in Mormonism? No; but I should have a right to believe it, according to the basis of this Christian Union; for, in the "revealed Word of God," the man after God's own heart had a plurality of wives.

"Ah! but the Bible is not named at all," says one. "The revealed Word of God is truth wherever found. The truth is found in the sacred writings of the ancients, the so-called heathen; therefore the above declaration does not make a specialty of the Christian's Bible."

Dust again. It is true that language can be differently construed, and it is also true that the commonly accepted meaning of a term is the one understood, the one that would be recognized in a court of law, unless a different meaning is expressly indicated, which is not the case in the above.

By the term "Divine Truth," people understand the Bible to be spoken of. It is the generally accepted meaning of the phrase; and repudiating "traditional and conventional interpretations of the Bible, making the 'revealed Word of God' the sole authority of our faith and practice," is just what the followers of Campbell and other more recent sects claim; and we have no greater Bible bigot. Yes; the Bible is recognized as the revealed Word of God, and Jesus as our Lord, by the Spiritualists who have joined the Church of the Christian Union—just the very recognition that Christians claim in their proposed amendment to the constitution of our government—just the basis sought for a union of Church and State. And what have they gained? Reputation at the expense of liberty.

They claim to seek to promote "pure religion as taught and lived by the Saviour of men"—an indirect acceptance of vicarious atonement, still believing that, for the sake of principle, he made himself of no reputation; and they will spend their "bottom dollar" on the Christ whose name

was Jesus, who lived eighteen hundred years ago, and have nothing left for the Christ of to-day, whose names may be James, Moses, Mattie, etc., etc. Polite Orthodox men step in and reap the harvest that our faithful workers have sown, while the latter must gather by the wayside, as they go, with weary brains and bleeding hearts, to sow still other fields.

"Oh, but they are really

SPIRITUALISTS.

They preach such good spiritual discourses; I don't wish for better."

Well, if they are Spiritualists and will not say so, will not cast their lot in with ours, they are hypocritical cowards; and it is poor encouragement for our faithful workers, when Spiritualists pay a premium on cowardice. If they are not Spiritualists, and are only pretending, for the sake of your support, then they are hypocritical rascals, and deserve unmitigated contempt.

But enough for the present. In my next, I will speak of some of the causes leading to the above results.

Charles City, Iowa.

RE-INCARNATION, OR PRE-EXISTENCE OF THE SOUL, AS TAUGHT BY THE NAZARENE.

BY W. H. KINO.

The doctrine of the pre-existence of the soul was as distinctly taught by Jesus Christ, as any tenet of the church; and not only by him, but many of the ancient prophets have declared its truth. I propose to consider some few of the Bible texts, in order to more fully prove the position assumed in my former letter.

The descriptions of John the Baptist, in the Old Testament, are various and striking. That by Isaiah is direct, (chap. xl. 3.) "The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert, a highway for our God." Also in Malachi iv. 5, "Behold, I will send you Elijah, the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord." The voice that was heard by the sons and daughters of earth, was no doubt the voice of Elias's soul eternal, proclaiming that at the proper time and season it would take upon itself the form of John the Baptist, to dispose the hearts of men for the reception of the teachings of the Nazarene. That these declarations were made of John, we have the testimony of Christ himself, in the 11th chapter of Matt. 13-15 verses, "For all the prophets and the law prophesied until John. And if ye will receive it, this is Elias, which was to come." Mark what follows, 15th verse: "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." The Nazarene knew well that very few had ears to hear this doctrine. Even the church, at this late day, cannot hear it, for the want of ears to hear, and hearts to understand.

Again, as Christ and his disciples were coming down from the Mount, after the transfiguration, the disciples questioned among themselves about the strange things seen and heard; and reviewing what they had seen by their former education, (as many of us do at this day,) were at a loss to understand. They naturally turned for information to their Teacher: (Matt. xvii. 10-13.) "And a few of them asked him, saying, Why then sayest thou that Elias must first come? And Jesus answered and said unto them, Elias truly shall first come and restore all things: But I say unto you, that Elias is come already, and they know him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed. Likewise shall also the Son of Man suffer of them. Then the disciples understood that he spake unto them of John the Baptist." Can any one doubt this declaration of Christ? Did he mean what he said? Would he have permitted his disciples to have been deceived concerning so important a point as this, in the doctrine he had come to teach? Again, in John iii. 13, we read, "No man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man which is in heaven."

Much more could be cited from the Bible to show that Jesus and the prophets fully endorsed the doctrine of the re-incarnation or pre-existence of the soul, but I will not take any more of your valuable space with these quotations. All laws governing matter are unchangeable; that is, if a law at one time would produce a certain result, the same law would always result the same, as often as the demand was made and conditions supplied. For instance, the law that enabled Samuel of old to talk with Saul, through the organization of the woman having a familiar spirit—or the medium of Endor, would enable him to speak at this present time. Many other instances could be cited from the Bible, to prove that spirits did often speak, to mortals in the past; and the thoughts given by those spirits in the old time, the church now declares to us of this day, are the infallible words of God. I ask her to produce the proof of her statements. Assertions are not arguments.

But let us pass to the subject under consideration. If there is a law in Nature that would permit the soul eternal of Elijah or Elias to take on a human form, and call that form John the Baptist, this law, like all of Nature's laws, being infinite or eternal, must be unchangeable; and, as was said in a former letter, "like must produce like in all of Nature's manifestations." If the soul eternal of John the Baptist and Elias was one and the same—which cannot be questioned by those who are willing to take the positive declarations of Jesus—then this same soul eternal could manifest as a Moses or Abraham, if demands were made upon it. Again, if the soul eternal can have more than one human form, why not an indefinite number? If the soul eternal of Elias could lay aside the soul mortal or spirit-form of John at will, which he had collected in matter, and appear clothed in the soul mortal of Elias, which was matter, or it could not have been seen by the disciples, may it not take on matter at will whenever conditions can be produced so that the law governing matter in this direction can be operated? Certainly it can. And if it can be done more than once, it can an indefinite number of times.

Now if the soul of Elias can do this, then any other soul can, for all souls must be equal in their divine character, (I mean by this, equal in purity and goodness,) and each knows all it can desire to know. That there may be a difference in the strength of souls I do not question. This would not make them purer or better, but stronger to endure. This difference in the strength of souls we see manifested every day. The strong and powerful soul, in selecting its work for the good of the planet, takes the condition of the beggar or street-sweeper, for it has strength of soul to endure these inharmonious conditions. The gross matter it takes on requires refining as much as any that is more refined. Thus is manifested the strong and powerful soul in all the varied forms of human life, from the beggar and criminal, in all the various grades, down to the president in his chair or the king on a throne. This, you may say, is reversing every theory man has of greatness, to which I assent, and for this reason: The soul eternal of the man of wealth could not endure, for the want of strength, the inharmonious conditions of poverty, nor the king the lower condition of the subject. For the want of strength of soul, it could not stay in its human casket. The soul of the man of wealth must be surrounded with affluence, in order to attract and hold it in the human. The soul of the king must stay the sceptre for the like reason. Thus, through all of human life's varied manifestations, all fill the sphere which the soul designed when it took on matter, and hence I arrive at the conclusion that there can be no mistake in Nature—all things are as was designed from the beginning.

South Norwalk, Conn., July 25th, 1871.

CHARITY THE TRUE NEED OF SPIRITUALISM.

Does Spiritualism satisfy the religious wants of the present age? Are Spiritualists to hold themselves aloof from all sects by a Pharisaic feeling of superiority? In presenting these questions, my desire is not to disparage freedom of thought, or circumscribe a limit within whose narrow bounds we are to eternally radiate, but rather to find some mode of organization, which, though making us more enlightened with regard to the laws of the spiritual universe, will also lead us to comprehend our spiritual relations with each other, and bring us nearer to a realization of neighborly love. With a sincere desire to refrain from fault-finding, I am compelled by the deep interest felt in Spiritualism to assert the great want of order, the looseness of action, and the preponderance of selfishness among the majority of professed Spiritualists.

We are led to hope that Spiritualism, if properly interpreted and faithfully lived up to, can satisfy the cravings of our highest aspirations. We need organization, order, forbearance with each other; a choking out of the tares of selfish discord and hideous greed, and a watering of the seed of our philosophy from the fount of a broader humanity. Let us ever remember that only as we perform uses true to Nature's laws, will our lives be crowned with true success, and our souls be attuned in harmony with a progressive eternality. Then let us band together in a reciprocal atmosphere of good will, and though maintaining full freedom of thought

as a God-given right, use that freedom with necessary moral restraints; reflecting on our societies an example which all may safely follow, and from which can flow no evil. Terror's triumphs are short-lived and fruitless; but truth's victories are eternal and prolific.

St. Louis, Mo.

GROVE MEETINGS.

I have become thoroughly convinced that no available instrumentalities can effect so much for our cause as grove meetings, as millions can be reached in this way who are not accessible through any other channel. There are but few of the cities and towns in any part of the country, where a hall or church or any kind of a building suitable for holding meetings in can be obtained, while nearly all of them furnish facilities for holding grove meetings. Hence I suggest that arrangements be made for establishing a general system of grove meetings for the summer of 1872 throughout the country. I proposed early in the season to join the speakers in Indiana, in carrying out such an arrangement in this State during the past summer, but most of them seemed to prefer a more lucrative employment.

K. GRAVES.

For the Banner of Light. THOUGHTS ON THE RELATION OF TRUTH TO ORGANISM. (From a manuscript poem.)

BY E. H. PLACE.

By inward forces harnessed into law,
From earth the plant its life life clothed draw;
Or, doth decay anticipate the year,
The cause is nature, and the cure is near.
Inanimate Nature—this do all approve—
Hath no disease but Nature may remove.
From soil and tree to animals ascend,
By the same rule all creatures grow and bend;
Swift instinct cures, while grace-impelling man
Kills in attempt to cobble Nature's plan.
The human frame, that masterpiece of God,
The wondrous nurling of the fruiting soil,
Sound doctors prove a native balm possesses,
To heal all hurts and conquer all distresses.
Thus do we trace, through matter's wide domain,
Coördinate cure with each malignant pain.
Does not direct the argument in whole
To plagues of heart, to maladies of soul?
For all of human frailty, and the sin,
The "eaving grace" is natural and within;
Or He who wrought the mooring chain of law
One link did drop—or left it with a flaw!

That soon the earth were palling in despair,
Withheld the vital forces of the air;
That lands full rich were richness all in vain,
Devoid the quick'ning sunshine and the rain,
Prove only this—That Nature's waiting seeds
Require conditions matched to varied needs.
If grains part wall and moisture to the light,
So germs of thought—so seed of grander might;
If these wait, fruitless, for the early shower,
In the soil these find fortune's favoring hour.
Measure the steps of music's heavenly art,
From rustic flut to seraph-fired Mozart;
Mark the slow time, as pipes of whistling reed
The trumpet and harp and dulcimer succeed;
March on, till all the jingling clans of Tone,
From farthest edge of music's fervid zone,
In grand convocation gather, blend and roll
Where the great organ wraps the listening soul!
Thus grows the brain, proud organ of the mind,
From rude to rare, from grovelling to refined.
Lo! Avon's bard, Verulam's lord profound,
Where brutish men once burrowed in the ground;
Beau Brummel, dressed to modes of rare conceit,
Where wolf-rhins once wore Fashion's garb complete.
Hear polished Greece, who taught the world of yore
The builder's art, the thinker's marvellous lore,
Own her descent from tribes that thanked the god,
If asks but drop their acorns on the sod.
Lo! she whose prowess held a world in awe,
Charmed by her speech, instructed by her law,
Imperial Rome, no prouder than the rest,
In story owns the wolf-dog's nursing breast.
Thus history teaches the transforming grace
Of Nature's method with our rising race.

Nearness to Nature makes the Godlike sage;
Her glooming distance the barbarian rage;
The space unstarred grows brightly less, as we
Mark, as it tells, the soul's grand march and way.
We bridge the gulf between the high and low,
On limbs of firm what we feel or know.
Dimly or clear the landscape beauty lies,
As Nature's hand hath touched the straining eyes;
Far scenes and orbs transported are to view,
As art may form the crystal medium true.
Hence, more refined the soul's clay-built look-out,
Nearer the view of truths camped all about;
And all that makes the lowly nature such,
Is but reverse of why the sage so much.
Not broken pipes to music's art belong;
First mend your organ, and you mend your song.
Improving tastes adorn not art, but grow
The soul of Nature, through fair art, to know.
Principles live eternal as their source,
And fill the mind as lake the river-course.
Ere eyes behold the landscape's melting glow,
Transforming Nature bustled with the show;
So truth shone brightly in her own great world,
Ere man arrived to catch the scene unfurled.
Hence, high and low, the fair and foul, but wait
On circumstance of changing place and state.
What man accepts of truth, or less or more,
Is gauged by measure of what holds the store.
No ho-ho-ho here a forced fruition brings;
Men grow to truths as children grow to things.
The largest vessel bounteous heaven doth fill,
While the mere tottling pots their brimming fill.
Oh, marvellous law I who, full, seek yet the more,
The vessel broadens with the growing store;
But who seek not, or waste the mated measure,
It dwindles level to the lessening treasure.

Boston, Aug., 1871.

AIR.—A recent analysis of air, made by the New York Health Board, discloses the following interesting facts:

"The proportion of carbonic acid gas ranges as high as seven parts in a thousand. When two parts of carbonic acid gas are present in any room; there is no feeling of closeness or vicious air, but that is the limit of healthful proportion. One hundred persons would in two hours vitiate one thousand cubic feet of air to the dangerous proportion of one per cent. Every gas jet produces as much carbonic acid gas as five persons. In a public school he found children inhaling an atmosphere in which there were from three to four parts of carbonic acid gas. In the theatres he found the thermometer ranging from eighty-five to ninety-five degrees, and the observation was generally made in the centre of the pit. What would it be in the gallery, where the hot air from the whole house came rolling up? An examination of dust found on the corners of the seats disclosed the fact that it was principally composed of vegetable matter, which, after being consumed by animals, and passing from their bodies, was taken up by the feet of pedestrians and carried into the theatre, where, beyond a doubt, was to an extent inhaled by the audience."

A SENSIBLE IDEA ABOUT VISITING.—The French gentry are adopting the plan of inviting guests by series to their chateaux; and each invitation sets forth the exact length of time the guest is expected to stay, as well as the day he is to come. Not a bad plan either. A family may be very glad to see a friend on a given day, and to entertain that friend for a given time; and yet it might be very annoying and inconvenient to have that visitor at another time, or to have his visit prolonged. It is the unexpectedness and length of visits which vex and fret families more than anything else. The ease with which people can now get about is producing such a rage for visiting that hospitable families are really in danger of being worn out and rendered utterly wretched, if not actually impoverished by the swarms of friends who find it convenient and pleasant to make these hospitable houses their temporary

homes while engaged in their own business or pleasure. No considerate, well-bred person will ever presume to make a friend's house a stopping-place, even for a day, without having first ascertained whether such a course would be convenient and agreeable to that friend, and should never overstay the time designated, except on the most urgent invitation.

Spiritual Phenomena.

SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHY.

A. B. Justice, of Philadelphia, Pa., informs us that while on a recent visit to Indianapolis, Ind., he called at the rooms of Mr. Doherty—known there as the "spirit-photographer"—and, as a result of a sitting, obtained a portrait of himself, together with the outline of a child's face to him unknown. Desirous of satisfying himself beyond doubt of the truth of this phase of mediumship, as far as the testimony of disinterested persons was concerned, our correspondent visited Mr. Fowler, a resident of the city, who had stated under oath, that he produced the same result on one occasion—preparing the plate and developing the picture himself—Mr. Doherty only placing his hand upon the outside of the camera. He confirmed his statement, and exhibited the picture. Mr. Fowler is not a Spiritualist, as I understand; is in the photographic business himself, has no interest whatever in Mr. Doherty's establishment, stands high as a man in the community, as was testified to by the papers publishing the account, and only tried the experiment at the solicitation of a friend.

Mr. D., our correspondent informs us, has thrown open his rooms in the most liberal manner for the investigation of those interested. His father has offered to give five thousand dollars to a benevolent object if any trick can be proved by those inquiring into this phenomenon. Mr. Doherty is described as being a "medium-sized young man, with a good eye, and face that has an honest expression." He was originally a carriage-maker, and could do much better, peculiarly at that business, but he yielded to the instructions given him at a developing circle which he has attended, and has adopted the work assigned him. He has been, in general, very successful in his procuring of spirit-likenesses for those sitting before the camera.

Mr. Justice further says: "I met, at a neighboring town, a lady who is reputed to have a still more remarkable phase of development. By holding pieces of tin in her hand, at times, faces appear photographed on them. Sometimes these appearances present themselves on her arms—faces which are recognized, by those who see them, as likenesses of departed friends. I did not see them, but was informed concerning the matter by persons deemed credible witnesses by those who were acquainted with them."

ANOTHER CASE IN NEW YORK STATE.

We have received from A. H. Morse, of Parish, an account of his recent experience in the gallery of a spirit photographer. He entered the operating room and had several pictures taken, after which he felt impressed to sit for a spirit picture. He accordingly sat three times. On the plate of the first, the well developed likeness of a girl, (appearing about two or three years old) was discernible; on the second was a young woman, standing in front of the sitter—his face being entirely obscured by her. She held a bouquet of flowers in her hand. When the picture was developed, the flowers were colored. He watched the artist during the whole process, and has entire confidence in his honesty.

A VISIT TO W. H. MUMLER.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Believing your motto to be "Line upon line and precept upon precept," as relates to those demonstrable truths which underlie and enforce belief in the philosophy of Spiritualism; and having, during my recent visit to Boston, applied to W. H. Mumler, 170 West Springfield street, for a "spirit photograph," I will, with your permission, present your readers with a brief statement of the result.

On reaching his residence, I stated to Mr. Mumler my desire to sit for a spirit picture; and in due course of time he moved out from against the wall of the parlor in which we were, a light frame, supporting a white muslin screen; then wheeled out from the wall and adjusted his camera, remarking that he sat his customers thus in the parlor, lest any one might suppose he had negatives or reflectors concealed, to produce the desired result, as might be suspected by some, if he had his fixtures permanently located in a room, after the manner of ordinary photographers.

I took a seat in front of the instrument, and immediately the screen at my side shook and rattled as if vigorously disturbed by a human hand; yet Mr. Mumler and myself were the only visible persons in the room. The plate was then exposed, and the picture taken exactly in the usual manner; yet it presented, standing at my back, with the left arm extending across and resting upon my breast, a very correct likeness of my father, who passed on to spirit-life twenty-six years ago, and of whom we had no form of picture. The countenance represented in the photograph has been recognized at sight by a number of his old acquaintances—among whom is the physician who attended my father in his last illness—as an excellent likeness of him.

Thus is added another of those incontrovertible evidences that our friends can return from the "other shore," bringing us the knowledge of their heavenly home and of their undying sympathy for the children of mortality.

DR. W. N. HAMBLETON.
McConsville, O., Aug. 23, 1871.

MYSTERIOUS PICTURE ON A CAIRO, (ILL.) HANDKERCHIEF.

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

It is quoted 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 the various shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
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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.

The Mountford Articles.

The editor of the Religious Magazine, having been taken to task by some of the readers of that monthly, for permitting the publication of the series of articles on Spiritualism from the pen of Mr. William Mountford, undertakes to vindicate himself in the September number, and in the course of his defense makes many points that are of striking interest to all such as have manifested an interest in the articles themselves. He calls them "able, earnest, conscientiously written articles," and thinks their purpose must have been misunderstood by those of his readers who now complain of their admission to his pages. He charges them with forcing upon him the alternative of a belief in the alleged facts of modern Spiritualism, or of giving up all that is miraculous in the Scriptures. But he views the articles of Mr. Mountford very differently. Mr. Mountford—*he repeats*—"is speaking of the philosophy which underlies all religious belief, and he says that the philosophy which throws Spiritualism outside the pale of human inquiry, as being in itself utterly incredible, no matter what evidence may be brought to sustain it, strikes at the foundation of our belief in all spiritual revelations and manifestations—even such as we find in the New Testament." This is the head and front of Mr. Mountford's offending.

And "in this," says the editor, Rev. Dr. Morison, "we believe he is right." And he adds, with great cogency of reasoning, "If, reasoning in the abstract, from the nature of things, we conclude that there can be no communication between us and spiritual beings now, then, on precisely the same grounds, we conclude that there never could have been any such communication." Pretty well for a leading Unitarian magazine of Boston. Dr. Morison is by no means ready to place their moral significance and the external and internal evidence on which they rest on the same level—speaking of the alleged facts of Spiritualism and the Christian miracles. But he repels the assumption by which Spiritualism is cast aside without examination, because it is supposed to lay claim to a sort of communication with the spiritual world, which is in itself utterly incredible. If it is incredible now, he holds it to have been incredible always. "And this," says he, "is the consistent reasoning of those scientific men (take notice, Harvard Professors and British Association!) who deny the Christian miracles. They assume that, in the nature of things, all such communications are incredible, and, therefore, any alleged revelation from God, such as is related in the New Testament, must be rejected at once. He holds this as perfectly suicidal for Christians; and he declares that 'it is against this inconsistent and unreasonable mode of treating the subject by Christian writers that Mr. Mountford has been using all the force of his logic, the keenness of his wit, and the power of his genius.' The question is not, in the editor's view, whether the phenomena of Spiritualism are true, but whether the philosophy which rejects them without investigation, or the assumption of their incredibility, is the true philosophy. Is it utterly incredible, he asks, that man should under any circumstances have communication with an unseen spiritual world? He regards this as the real question at issue in the discussions which Mr. Mountford has been carrying on in his magazine with such great ability—and a more important question he does not think it possible to present to the human mind. Because 'in it is involved the possibility of any revelation from God to man.' If the material world requires of scientific men they must patiently investigate facts in order to arrive at a knowledge of its laws, much more is it necessary in the spiritual realm. But the material philosophers want people off from there, telling them it is forbidden ground, and assuring them every report from that quarter is incredible. 'Facts, facts,' adds the editor, 'are what we want, in the realm of spirit not less than of matter. And how are we to get at facts except by searching for them with unprejudiced minds?' He allows that Mr. Mountford is a believer in Spiritualism, but he insists that in his articles published in the magazine he has not been dealing with the peculiarities of Spiritualism, but with principles of philosophy which apply to all religious investigations, and to phenomena which, whether facts or not, have been more or less believed in, in all ages, by wise and great men, 'which are similar to some things recorded in the Scriptures, and which cannot be repudiated as in themselves utterly incredible without striking a blow at all revealed religion.' A letter from Mr. Mountford in relation to these carping of disbelievers and bigots accompanies the article, and it speaks the real nature of the author of those gifted articles throughout.

The One Hundred!

A week or two since, our friend and subscriber, Edward Edmondson, resolved that he would procure, if possible, one hundred new subscribers to the Banner of Light. He set about the work in earnest, canvassed his town, and soon obtained that number, with the subscription money, and forwarded names and money to our office. That voluntary act is worth more to our brother than all the worldly wealth hoarded up by John Jacob Astor, for he will be the means of helping to spiritually enlighten hundreds of his fellow citizens who otherwise might not, in this life, have obtained the important knowledge in regard to the future life they now will be induced to seek for, and seeking will surely find. We tender sincere thanks to our co-laborer in the cause of truth and human elevation, and trust he will be rewarded in this life as well as in the other.

Elder F. W. Evans has arrived home from England, where he created an unusual interest among the English people, where he was well received and his addresses listened to with marked and respectful attention.

The Plymouth (Mass.) Convention.

As will be seen by the call in another column, the Massachusetts State Spiritualist Association holds a two days' meeting at this place, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 23d and 24th. The following note from L. L. Ballard, President of the Plymouth Spiritualist Society, explains the nature and arrangements of the occasion. We have received information that tickets passing the holder from Boston to Plymouth, over the Old Colony Railroad, Saturday, and back again on Monday, can be purchased for \$1.25—or about the price of fare one way. Mr. Ballard says:

"I hope all those who take the Banner of Light have seen the notice of our forthcoming State Convention. It is hoped there will be a grand turnout of all Spiritualists, and that this will be one of the largest gatherings ever held in the State. There is no reason why it should not be. The Plymouth friends will do their best to entertain all, as well as they can. The President of the Association—Edwin Wilder—in conjunction with the Plymouth Committee, has made arrangements with the hotels for the accommodation of those who come here, at one dollar per day. Saturday will be devoted mostly to the Lyceum. It is hoped that a number of these organizations will be present, as a general invitation is given to all. The East Abington Lyceum, with two hundred members and a band of music, have voted to come. Why cannot the Boston, Charlestown and Cambridgeport Lyceums unite, procure a band of music, come down and make old Plymouth ring; and thus let the other Societies see the generation that is coming up? The Chelsea friends thought, sometime ago, of coming to Plymouth with a band. Why not take this chance, and help make the Convention a grand success?"

Aid for our Message Department.

A year ago, an aged patron of ours sent three dollars for his subscription, and one dollar to assist in keeping up the series of Public Free Circles, which are sustained by heavy expense to us, for the benefit of such investigators from the skeptical public as may choose to take the trouble to attend them. At that time, our correspondent said he should send a like sum yearly, and earnestly called on others to follow his example, which is certainly one worthy the consideration of all having the interest of the cause at heart. True to his announcement, we have received from him the following letter and amount:

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Enclosed is an order for four dollars—three for the Banner of Light, and one for the benefit of the Message Department. One year ago I sent you four dollars for the same purpose, with a promise that I would do the same this year; and now I redeem that promise. If I am old, you may expect the same another year; but my advanced age diminishes me not to flatter myself that I am long for this life, as I was born in the year 1790, near Boston.

I take great pleasure in the Message Department, especially as I expect to be in the spirit-world not long hence. The doors of the church here on earth. Notwithstanding my advanced age, in consideration of the assurance of enjoying the society of those in the spirit-world I so much admire and love, I never enjoyed life better. I cannot close without adding what I said to you a year ago: that I do not believe in God of my power and goodness ever suspended the destiny of the whole human race, for all time to come, on the act of a mere child.

Wishing a long life for the Banner in all its departments, I remain,
A lover of progress, C. WOOD.
Jefferson, Ashland Co., O., Sept. 4, 1871.

The Verdict at Revere.

Coroner Forsyth's jury, appointed to inquire into the causes of the late terrible railroad accident at Revere, Mass., having attended to their duty, report as their verdict, that the persons killed came to their deaths "through a collision of trains on the Eastern Railroad, at about twenty minutes past eight o'clock, on the evening of the twenty-sixth day of August, near the railroad depot in said town; and the jurors further find that the direct cause of said collision was the negligence of John S. Nowland, conductor of the Beverly train (upon which said persons were killed), and Asahel S. Brown, engineer of the colliding Pullman train."

The jury further find that "Samuel O. Lunt, station master at Boston, was remiss in duty in not correctly transmitting the order of the superintendent to the engineer of the Pullman train, 'to look out for trains ahead,' thus depriving the engineer of information that might have enabled him to avoid the Beverly train. The more remote but not less certain cause of the disaster was the delay in starting the Beverly train from the station in Boston; said delay being occasioned by a gross inadequacy of rolling stock, necessary for the safe and timely transit of the passengers on said road."

After enumerating the want of telegraphic communication upon the road; the want of "modern appliances for the safety of trains; the risk from fire attending the use of explosive burning fluids; the want of a siding at the Sargent branch, and the entire insufficiency of accommodations" on the line, the verdict concludes as follows: "We, therefore, find the President and Directors of the Eastern Railroad Corporation to a great extent responsible for the loss of life aforesaid."

Louisville, Ky.

The Young Men's Christian Association, of Louisville, recently engaged the notorious Von Vleck to come to Louisville and repeat his tricks in imitation of the physical manifestations, which he has the audacity to call an exposure of Spiritualism. The papers made a great hue and cry against Mrs. Kelgwin, one of the truest women and best physical mediums in the country, because Von Vleck succeeded one evening in making conditions that interrupted her séance.

But the next evening a committee of six—three ladies and three gentlemen—all skeptical in regard to the Spiritual Philosophy, waited upon her and held a séance. The manifestations were of such a satisfactory character that the committee published a long account in the Daily Ledger, vindicating the honesty of the medium, declaring that no imposition was practiced by her. The committee's report closes thus:

"This is not written in the interests of Spiritualism. We are as far removed from belief in that here as before. But is it fair to cry down as a fraud that which can, to some extent, be imitated by a juggler's tricks? The miracles of our Saviour were repeated by jugglers, but does that prove him to have been one of that class?"

Flowers for our Circle Table.

It is a pleasure, both to those in the form and out, who attend the free circles held at the Banner of Light Rooms, to see the rich floral offerings which, from time to time, are sent in by friends of the cause. Our thanks are at this time specially due to Mrs. Needham, Mrs. Davenport, of Dorchester, Mass., and Mrs. E. A. Fessenden, Wilton, N. H., for fine bouquets sent us for the table.

Closing Picnic at Lake Walden Grove.

The revolutions of time have again brought the season of picnics—which every Spiritualist in Boston, and on the line of the various railroads, has learned to look forward to with anticipation, and to take leave of with regret—to a close for 1871. Messrs. Richardson and Dodge gave their last entertainment of this kind on the banks of Lake Walden, Concord, on Tuesday, Sept. 12th, about one thousand persons responding to their published invitation.

The day was one of those beautiful ones which characterize the Indian summer—a pleasant, warm breeze, a softened sunlight, some rustling leaves already fallen from the trees, and a seeming gathering of the charms of Nature (like the birds) for departure to regions where wintry hours draw not nigh. J. H. Richardson's Band furnished music for dancing, and the echoes, softened by distance, reached attractively the ears of those who floated at ease upon the placid bosom of the lake.

The services, morning and afternoon, at the new speakers' stand, were enlivened by music from Mrs. Minnie (Prouty) Stone and Mr. Marsh, a recitation by Mr. James, of Charlestown, and remarks by Dr. A. H. Richardson, Charlestown; P. Greenleaf, A. E. Giles, M. Y. Lincoln, C. M. Huggins, Sidney Howe and Mrs. Carlisle, of Boston; Mrs. Clara A. Field, of Lowell; Mrs. Weatherbee, of Waltham; J. W. Fletcher, of Westford; Mr. Vaughan, and others. At half-past one, between the sessions, Mrs. Carlisle gave a public circle at the stand, whereas several recognized tests of spirit presence were given.

During the day a lady from London, Canada West, was on the grounds, or at the platform, selling the views taken by Mr. S. Wing, No. 257 Washington street, Boston, of the speakers and others at the late camp meeting—the proceeds to go to the benefit of the cause as exhibited through the circulation of the Banner of Light. We desire to return our sincere thanks to her for her disinterested efforts in our behalf.

The utmost quiet prevailed, and though the well-known faces of a detachment of State police were visible, no occasion for their services arose. The hour of five P. M. at last came, and the majority of the satisfied pleasure-seekers turned their faces homeward—some remaining over till half-past six, to enjoy the deepening twilight. Dr. Richardson and Mr. Dodge deserve the thanks of the Spiritualist public for the series of gatherings they have so successfully carried out during the summer, as also does Mr. George H. Buttrick, the Fitchburg L. R.'s agent on the grounds, for his efficient services in making pleasant all visits to his territory.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson.

The local paper at Bloomington, Ill., gives the following notice of a recent address by this lady in that locality:

"That a woman should lecture is nothing new; in fact, it is becoming very common. It is also true that, taken altogether, they succeed quite as well as those who have for a long time monopolized that field of labor and profit. More recently, they are securing admission to the liberal pulpits of the country. The doors of the churches are thrown open to them, and they minister in sacred things, sometimes to good acceptance and to edification. The pulpit of the Free Congregational Church was occupied yesterday, morning and evening, by Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, of Chicago. The attendance was large. The speaker is a plain, unpretentious woman, but her lectures, natural eloquence, and the direct manner in which she enforces the obligations of the people to obey the demands of love, justice, mercy and purity, reach the heart and conscience of her hearers. Her freedom from anathema toward those who differ from her, and the charity to her opponents, contribute to the usefulness of her lectures. Charity among radicals is a commendable virtue."

Theology Taken in Hand.

Rev. Dr. T. B. Taylor's new book, "Old Theology Turned Upside Down or Right Side Up," is as destructive to the dogmas as a lighted firebrand would be to a bundle of straw. Since the Reverend Doctor has had his senses opened to the truths and beauties of the Spiritual Philosophy, he has been a powerful instrument for its diffusion among the large audiences that have gathered to hear him preach. He soon found that the more Spiritualism he preached, the more satisfaction he gave. This so disturbed the church leaders that every effort was made to hush him up. Failing in that, the crushing-out plan was adopted, which also failed. Now Mr. Taylor has one of the largest congregations in the West, whom he feeds on the spiritual truths and developments of the New Dispensation, instead of the dry husks of a dead theology.

Sunday Evening Meetings.

Mrs. S. A. Floyd, who now lectures in John A. Andrew Hall, Chauncy street, in the afternoon, will also speak in the same hall in the evening, at 7 o'clock. This is a good move, and the hall will no doubt be filled at the evening session. The circle in the forenoon, as well as the lecture in the afternoon, has heretofore been well attended, and created an increased interest in the Spiritual Philosophy. Mr. Carter, the Treasurer and prime mover of the meetings in the above hall, is deserving of credit for his earnest devotion to the cause of Spiritualism.

The Psychopathic Institute.

Dr. Edward Mead arrived in this city last week, for the purpose of making renewed efforts for the establishment of a Psychopathic Institute for the cure of mental diseases, in this city or vicinity. Thousands see the necessity of such an institution; but if they would only take some united action in regard to the matter, one would be in operation in a very few weeks. Dr. Mead has already had applications enough to fill one at once. We hope something will be done besides talking.

The Meetings in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Thos. Gales Forster opened the course of Thursday evening lectures on the philosophy of Spiritualism in Temperance Hall, corner of 2d and 4th streets, Williamsburg District, Sept. 14th. He is to speak there each Thursday evening during September, to be followed by Moses Hall in October, and Emma Hardinge in November. With this array of talent, the course cannot but prove a success.

A Good Idea.

We have received from the Boston Lyceum Bureau—a secular institution—the announcement that Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten has placed her lecture business in its hands. Parties interested will therefore address their correspondence accordingly. Lyceums and literary societies would be greatly benefited by diffusing the liberal element into their courses of lectures.

Howlett Hill, N. Y.

The Spiritualists of Howlett Hill, Onondaga, N. Y., and vicinity, will hold a meeting at the Universalist Church, the 24th of September. Service in the morning to commence at half-past ten o'clock; in the afternoon at two o'clock. Warren Woolson is to be the speaker.

Lord Palmerston and the Queen.

The following is by the editor of the Springfield Republican of Sept. 23, 1871, in reference to the communication of Lord Palmerston, in the Banner of Light of July 15th, 1871:

"VICTORIA'S DISEASE.—Neither high living, with scant exercise, nor inherent diabolism, has molded the character of Queen Victoria into its present peevishness and peevishness. No, 'tis remorse. The Banner of Light, whose only paid correspondence is the spiritualist, has sent its special ghostly reporter to interview Lord Palmerston, and that posthumous old statesman has peached upon his royal mistress. The Queen is a royal Borgia, and she and the plant Lord cooked Albert's little goose for him. It is not probable that Palmerston will appear in a court of justice, or even consent to appear in his new character on the old parliamentary ground to bear witness against England's monarch, though he has not committed himself on that point. Victoria, according to every British dispatch, is 'ill again,' and probably she will soon leave us to find a warm reception in the world where Albert has come to a denouement. The affair will appear in the Banner's columns by spiritual cable."

The Springfield Republican of Sept. 7th, 1871, contains the following:

VICTORIA AND SPIRITUALISM VINDICATED.

To the Editor of the Republican:

My attention has been called to your paper of Saturday last, in which it is asserted that the Queen of England is a royal Borgia, and that she was, with Lord Palmerston, engaged in precipitating the departure of her husband into the other world, where, you intimate, she will meet with a warm reception. I cannot suppose that you would do injustice to the Queen, and therefore assume that you must have totally misunderstood the communication from Palmerston, in the Banner, to which you refer in not very complimentary terms. Instead of its being true that Victoria and any other public with the poisoning of Prince Albert, of which others were strongly suspected at the time of his death, it was her belief then, and has been since, that this was done by those who feared and hated him for his influence over her, and consequent powerful interference with their aristocratic, conservative notions of government. Lord Palmerston's communication in the Banner, made through the slightest agency on the part of the conductors of that paper, points directly to this conclusion; and one of his reasons for coming is that he may do justice to the Queen, and show why she has continued to mourn, and kept herself so much aloof from the parties who are supposed to be in sympathy with Palmerston's action.

Whatever you may at present believe, or choose to say in regard to Spiritualism and the millions of intelligent, reflecting, honest people who have faith that their friends can return after the change we call death, and make themselves known to us, you will hereafter find that all that has been said about it is mainly true; and that, among others, Queen Victoria has been in constant communication with her husband, and has known, as I have, from the same source, the fact that his death was a violent one, and caused by those about him, who were with good reason jealous of his power behind the throne.

I could, if it were necessary, fill whole volumes with facts in my own experience, which commenced nearly forty years since; first, with the case of the girl Jane Rider, who came from Springfield to be treated by Dr. Woodward at the hospital in Worcester, where at that time I resided. In 1835, at Gardner, Mass., I became acquainted with another case, and in 1839 I read the book entitled Facts in Animal Magnetism, by Chauncy Hare Townshend, an English clergyman, who commenced with the intention of proving the thing a delusion, and ended by writing a most interesting book proving it true. Subsequently I witnessed experiments in Boston, by Dr. Robert Collyer, and also became convinced of them by Prof. Poyen and others. In 1840 I became acquainted with Mrs. Jordan, a successful clairvoyant and healer, who a few years later saved the life and restored the health of one of my children, whose case had been pronounced hopeless.

I have had constant proof of the power of those in the other world to return to us with information and advice, from that time to the present, and no longer ago than yesterday, had at my dinner-table the wife of a notary public in this city, who has long been a medium and given proof after proof to her friends, though never in public or for pay; and I have known many, and assure you, that instead of being a subject for scorn and derision, it is one you cannot afford to neglect. My own connection with it has been rather in the direction of relieving physical pain and healing disease, though not exclusively so, for I have had much aid in the investigation of moral, social and political questions in which I have been interested, and am fully satisfied that not only can Dr. Channing, Theodore Parker, and others like them, come to us, but that, under favorable circumstances, (not always available,) they can manifest themselves in a way not to be mistaken. My own father, who died five years since, came a few months after, without my solicitation, and made a communication, precisely as Palmerston has done, through Mrs. Conant, and not only repeated language used by him and myself many years before, and unknown to other parties, but he admitted that his views of the future life when here were entirely erroneous, and that mine are substantially correct.

But I need not multiply instances, as I could almost without limit, from my personal experience, and I will only express the hope in closing, that you, and all other conductors of influential public journals, will give the subject a careful consideration, and find, as I am sure you will, much truth, where you have supposed all was error.
Boston, Sept. 5th, 1871. DAVID WILDER.

The Federati of Italy.

Dr. G. L. Ditson's new and very interesting work continues to be well received. The Baltimore Crucible, speaking of The Federati, says:

"The name of G. L. Ditson, M. D., is enough to warrant a treat to those who read this book. Mr. Ditson never wrote anything that was not readable. This book especially, being a combination of truth and fiction, should be carefully read. Our philosophy is so interwoven through its pages that a Spiritualist, though he may not believe much to his credit, cannot help being interested in it on account of its philosophy, while a novel reader would be interested in it on account of the thrilling sensations that run through its pages. Such persons might by this means become interested in the philosophy which has done so much for Spiritualism. Any one not thoroughly convinced that justice follows every one, and though she may be slow, yet,

'Ever the right comes uppermost,
And over is justice done.'
should read this book. Wm. White & Co. have it wholesale and retail."

The Richmond Daily Evening State Journal says: "This is a very readable and entertaining book, by an author already well known in his Circassia, Para Papers on France, Crimea, etc."

"Poems of Progress."

This new volume of poetic effusions from the eloquent pen of Lizzie Doten, who has so long held the first place in the ranks of the spiritualist bards, will be issued on Monday, Sept. 18th, by William White & Co., Boston. Those who desire to have their faith in humanity rekindled, and to hold communion with the angels while they peruse their thoughts—transcribed, as they have been, first upon the sensitive brain of the author, and then upon the printed page—will do well to purchase this book, and acquaint themselves with its living inspirations.

Hymenaeal.

K. Graves, Richmond, Ind., writes: "Having been duly commissioned by the State Association of Indiana to 'preach the New Gospel, solemnize marriages and attend funerals,' I hereby announce to all love-stricken candidates for matrimony that, if they will present themselves in propria persona, I will tie a Gordian knot that will reach beyond the grave, and that the grave can never dissolve."

Religion and Spiritualism.

Many very honest people shrink from Spiritualism because they think, as it is opposed to creeds and dogmas as taught by the churches, that it is opposed to religion. Therein they do greatly err. Religion, and the mode of manifesting it, are as distinct and different as a man's clothes are from his body. It is a principle inherent in man, God-given, and independent of all human created forms and creeds. It is the aspiration of the human soul for something higher, holier, wiser and better than his present condition, whatever that may be; and its exercise is as essential to his spiritual growth, well-being and happiness as food and sleep are for the body. The difference between Spiritualists and Churchmen is not as to the value and importance of religion, but as to what religion is, the best method of promoting its growth in the soul, and the forms, or no forms, essential to its exercise. Spiritualists reject all creeds and forms, as not only not essential, but actually detrimental, to the growth of true religion in the soul; while, on the other hand, very many of the church adherents seem, judging from their acts toward their fellow-men and women, to rely exclusively on the strict observance of certain forms, ceremonies and professions of belief, that will not bear the test of reason—that highest, best gift of God to man. And what will not be superstition, and not religion; consequently the creditless are but little in advance of the sensualist who tries to feed a child of heaven with the gross husks of earth, or the unhappy drunkard who tries to drown the cries in his soul with whiskey. J. MCR.

Music Hall Free Spiritual Meetings.

One week only before the commencement of the fifth year of these meetings in this hall, when the doors will be thrown open free to the public. The lectures will commence Sunday afternoon, October 1st, with Mrs. Emma Hardinge, to be followed by other able speakers. An excellent choir is also engaged.

Seats will be reserved for subscribers, and checks for the same are now being delivered by the treasurer, L. B. Wilson, at 153 Washington street, to whom all subscriptions are to be paid in full. Be sure and call for checks before the first of October. Others who wish to help sustain these meetings free, can do so by calling as above, and also select a reserved seat. Choice seats remain unsold for free. Do not delay, but call at once, as the committee are anxious to know how far they will be sustained in extending the meetings free.

Moses Hall at Elliot Hall, Boston.

On Friday evening, Sept. 8th, Sunday afternoon, 10th, and Monday evening, 11th, this well-known apostle of the new dispensation lectured at the above-named hall, his remarks being followed in each instance by descriptions of spirits present by J. Jefferson Riley, a young Roman Catholic boy, who promises to become a remarkable medium. Mr. Hall spoke Sunday afternoon on "The Gods of the Bible," and continued the consideration of the subject by a lecture entitled "The Devils of the Bible" on Monday evening. Of the latter discourse, we shall print a brief synopsis hereafter. The audiences on all three occasions filled the hall, and exhibited a high degree of appreciation—the tests given by Master Riley being acknowledged generally.

Forster's Lectures in New York.

A correspondent (G. C. B.) writing from New York, Sept. 8th, says: "Thomas Gales Forster's lectures have been well attended here. He launches out in broad daylight, and is one of the best exponents of our philosophy in the field, telling upon his audience in language not to be misunderstood, drawing at the same time from the churches some of the best minds. I only wish he were permanently located, as the work to be done in New York is of a colossal nature."

A. J. Davis's Home for Sale.

It will be seen by an advertisement in another column, that A. J. and Mary F. Davis offer their beautiful residence in Orange, N. J., for sale. It will be a good bargain for the purchaser. From its fine locality and convenient distance from New York City, we imagine it will not long remain in the market.

Aid to the Ashley Society.

We acknowledge the receipt of \$1.00 from A. A. Hedges, of Westfield, Mass., as a donation to the Ashley (O.) Spiritualists, to help them rebuild their hall, which was recently set on fire and destroyed. We shall be happy to receive further donations for the same purpose.

Milford, Mass.

Spiritualist meetings are held in this place in the Town Hall, on the first and third Sundays of each month, afternoon and evening. Mrs. Emma Hardinge speaks there Sept. 17th, and O. Fannie Allyn, Oct. 1st and 15th.

New Publications.

The large sales that have attended "THE VOICE OF PRAYER," by Sumner Barlow, author of "The Yeloes," makes it necessary to issue another edition, which is about to appear in an elegant and superior dress from the popular press of Carleton. We have before commended the spirit of this stirring poem, and said that it spoke plain truth for the present hour. If there are many abuses that have found a footing in the social state which our trenchant poet does not overlook, we confess they have occupied our attention in our interest and respect of the book. Its sales ought to multiply rapidly all over the country.

"LULLABY; or, Did She Do Right?" is the title of a story by Martha Farquharson, author of "Elsie Dimore," "Old Fashioned Boy," and other tales. Published by William B. Evans & Co., Philadelphia.

A comic-serious collection of verses, by the reform speaker, W. W. Broom, called "FLUFFY FLAPS—SENSIBLE GOOSE," etc., is issued in coverless form, and is the very suggestion of independence and courage. It abounds with hits, rasps, sentiment, humor and dash, and the author is cordially endorsed by Wendell Phillips.

Loring publishes in handsome, if not imposing, form, the "LIFE OF JEFFERSON S. BARKING, Member from Cranberry Centre." It purports to have been written by himself, and carries as its preface a full length portrait of the imitable Warren, of the Museum, in that character. All those who have seen—and who, pray, has not—the personification of Jefferson Scattering Barkings, Esq., Member from Cranberry Centre, by Wm. Warren, will want this full, authentic and infinitely irrefragable life of him from the author's hand. It is inimitable, and exactly in the vein of that distinguished man.

A truly capital idea, and we wonder it was never thought of before, is "THE PRINCIPAL FAMILY REGISTER of Husband, Wife and Children." Adapted to recording in a clear, brief and intelligible manner the name, birthplace, date of nativity, etc., etc., of every member of the family, having also suitable leaves for the insertion of their photographs. The design is by A. H. Platt, M. D., while the execution—which is of an superior and sumptuous—by George Maclean, No. 3 School street, Boston. It seems to us that nothing could be devised more fit and complete for perpetuating the entire history of a family, to its minutest records. The book is an ornament to a centre table, and agents ought to make handsome profits from its sales in every family.

Poland is the only country in which more scientific works than novels were issued last year.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

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 alist Conventions in New York, Connecticut and
 Vermont; Poem—"The Six Hundred;" List of
 Spiritualist Meetings. Fourth and Fifth: Editorial
 matters, items, etc. Sixth: Message Depart-
 ment. Seventh: Advertisements. Eighth: "Editor-
 ial Correspondence," by Warren Chase; "West-
 ern Localities," by Cephas B. Smith; "Thoughts by
 the Way," by Laura Cuppy Lynde, etc., etc.

Read "Social Evils: their Causes and
 Cure," by Mrs. Maria M. King, wherein the social
 status is treated on, and methods of reform con-
 sidered; "Diet," "Woman's Rights," "Marriage
 and Divorce," "Prison Discipline," etc., etc., are
 here treated in an able and exhaustive manner.

Repentance without amendment is like contin-
 ual pumping in a ship, without stopping the leaks.
 —Palmer.

The American Institute, fortieth annual exhibi-
 tion, opened in New York, Sept. 7th, and will
 close Nov. 14th.

Backgammon—a lady's pannel!

When I see the elaborate study and ingenuity
 displayed by women in the pursuit of trifles, I feel
 no doubt of their capacity for the most herculean
 undertakings.—Julia Ward Howe.

M. Milleson, the spirit-artist for life-sized por-
 traits, will be in Monroe, Monroe Co., Mich., dur-
 ing September.

A girl nine years of age arrived at a town in
 Central Iowa recently, having traveled unpro-
 tected all the way from Western Kansas, and
 bringing with her two sisters—one an infant,
 which she carried in her arms, and the other
 three years old. Her parents had emigrated to
 Kansas, and had both died there, and she deter-
 mined to return to Iowa.

Mere matter of form—fitting a dress.

MODERN EDUCATION.—"You are now sixteen
 years old," said a fond and fashionable mother to
 her eldest daughter; "you are engaged to be
 married, and have not a freckle on your face. I
 am sure I have done my duty."

A little boy having broken his rocking-horse
 the day it was bought, his mother began to rebuke
 him, and box his ears. He silenced her by in-
 quiring, "What is the use of a horse till it's broke?"

The best thing out—out of debt.

Swedenborg says that sex is a permanent fact
 in human nature. Men are men, and women are
 women, in the highest heaven as here on earth.

"Where's your filial gratitude, you naughty
 boy? What would you have been without your
 kind father and mother?" "I suppose as how I'd
 been an orphan, sir."

Four New England colleges are now open to
 women: Bates, at Lewiston, Me.; Colby, at Wa-
 terbury, Me.; Vermont University, at Burlington,
 Vt., and Wesleyan College, at Middletown, Conn.

Theodore Tilton, who ought to know, says the
 church does not any more truly represent religion
 than a college does, or a hospital, or a courthouse,
 or a library, or a market.

There is no great and no small
 To the soul that maketh all;
 And where it cometh, all things are;
 And it cometh everywhere.—Emerson.

WHERE ARE THE MISSIONARIES?—A New
 York paper, after making this inquiry, well re-
 marks: "Better let the heathen slide for the pres-
 ent, and attend to the home trade in social de-
 moralization and general wickedness. Scarcely
 one crime or one horror is announced, it is
 'telegraphed' into another, and so it goes on from
 one day to another, without end to the chapter."

One thousand ladies lately attended a great Re-
 publican campaign meeting in Stockton, Califor-
 nia! If women may go to political meetings, why
 not to the polls?

It is expected that between two hundred and
 three hundred women will attend the next term
 of the Michigan University. Of the thirty in at-
 tendance at the last session, not one failed.

THE DEATH OF SUMMER.
 By the lengthening twilight hours;
 By the chill and fragrant showers;
 By the flowers pale and faded;
 By the leaves with rusted shades;
 By the gray and clouded morn;
 By the drooping ears of corn;
 By the meadows overgrown;
 With the spider's wavy thread;
 By the soft and shadowy sky;
 By the thousand tears that lie
 Every weeping bough beneath—
 Summer, we perceive thy death!

"Shall Spiritualists have a Creed?" is consid-
 ered in an earnest manner in a lecture by Mrs.
 Maria M. King, published by William White &
 Co. Read it!

NEURALGIA AND HEADACHE.—A valuable
 discovery in medicine has been made by Mr.
 Barney, of the city of New York, for the imme-
 diate relief and permanent cure of those distressing
 and universal complaints, which have heretofore
 baffled the skill of eminent physicians. One of
 our prominent speakers, Mr. Thomas Gates For-
 ester, says, "I have suffered for many years with
 neuralgia, and have been very much benefited by
 the use of this medicine. I therefore cheerfully
 recommend it to others." This specific can be ob-
 tained from the proprietor only. See his adver-
 tisement.

The grasshoppers cleaned out three hundred
 acres of grain and garden land near Fort Berthold,
 Dakota, in eight hours.

BANNER OF LIGHT.—This is the acknowledged
 organ of the Spiritualists of America, and the old-
 est paper of the kind published in this country.
 It is a large eight page paper, neatly printed, and
 gives indications that it is well sustained. If Spiritu-
 alism is "dying out," as some say, this paper
 does not show it. It is published at Boston, at \$3
 per year. It will be sent on trial three months
 for seventy-five cents.—Democratic Statesman,
 Austin, Texas.

REMOVAL.—Messrs. S. A. & W. H. Hudson,
 merchant tailors, have removed to No. 5 Temple
 Place, corner of Tremont street. They are first-
 class workmen and artists in their line, and their
 goods are of the choicest kind. They deal justly
 and fairly by their customers.

Spiritualist Lyceums and Lectures.

Boston.—Eliot Hall.—Sunday morning, Sept. 10th,
 the Children's Progressive Lyceum met at the usual hour,
 and services were gone through with, including music by
 Alice Oayvan, a recitation by Lizzie Thompson, and a dialogue
 by Misses Ella Kittredge and Bertha Lovejoy. George A. Bacon
 made some remarks appropriate to the occasion, and also
 referred to the coming Spiritualist conventions—the National
 at Troy, N. Y., and the State at Plymouth, Mass. The
 grand banner march—music by Mrs. Annie (Cayvan) Barlow
 —was then gone through with. A good number of spec-
 tators were present. Closed with singing—music by Miss
 Emma Vessenden.

A meeting of the leaders and officers was held at the con-
 clusion of the exercises, in the lesser hall, for the election of
 delegates to the National Convention, and to take action
 whereby to increase the interest in the Lyceum, both among
 scholars and outside friends.

Religio-Philosophical Club.—Abby N. Burnham, Secretary,
 reports that "on the evening of Sunday, Sept. 10th, the So-
 ciety met—about thirty in attendance—to consider the ques-
 tion: 'Is there evidence that diseased action of mind or body
 is liable to be induced by spiritual mediumship?' Question
 opened by Dr. Dewey, of Providence, followed by H. S. Wil-
 liams, Geo. A. Bacon, Dr. Webster, Messrs. Battles and Nor-
 ton, and the writer."

John A. Andrew Hall.—The regular exercises were held
 at this place on the 10th inst. Mrs. Sarah A. Floyd speaking
 in the afternoon. She also lectured and answered questions
 at Eliot Hall, in the evening of the same day. Hereafter
 Mrs. Floyd will lecture in John A. Andrew Hall Sunday
 evenings also, at 7½ o'clock.

Temple Hall.—J. H. Blackford, Secretary of the Boyston-
 street Spiritualist Association, makes—Sept. 11th—the fol-
 lowing encouraging report: "Large, intelligent and harmo-
 nious audiences continue to attend the meetings at our hall
 —Mrs. Bowditch, as usual, giving the highest satisfaction
 through her numerous tests of spirit power. Sunday morn-
 ing, Sept. 10th, Hattie Wilson occupied the platform, to the
 general acceptance of those attending. In the afternoon,
 Thos. E. Moon, the President, was made the recipient of a
 splendid ring and a sum of money—presentation speech by
 J. McGrille, to which the President made an appropriate
 reply."

CHARLES TOWN.—The following are the newly-elected offi-
 cers of the Children's Progressive Lyceum for the current
 year: Dr. C. O. York, Conductor; Charles E. Bancroft, As-
 sistant Conductor and Secretary; Mrs. Sarah E. Cutler,
 Treasurer; Miss Carrie F. Cutler, Guardian. Members of the
 Executive Committee: Mr. John Nichols, Mr. H. B. George
 Dr. C. O. York.

MANLYON AND HURON.—F. D. Edwards informs us that
 "Prof. Wm. Denton spoke in Berry's Hall, Marlboro', last
 Sunday, Sept. 10th, and in Horton Hall, Hudson, in the even-
 ing. The subject at Marlboro' was, 'The Rights of the La-
 borer.' Five hundred people listened with the utmost atten-
 tion, and signified their approval at the close by applause.
 We have larger and more intelligent audiences when Denton
 speaks, than at any other place of worship in the towns. He
 comes again in January."

Rev. S. T. Aldrich, lately a Universalist minister, will
 speak in Berry's Hall, Marlboro', next Sunday afternoon,
 Sept. 17th, to be followed the Sunday after by Rev. William
 Brunton, formerly a Unitarian minister of England.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. Emma Harding speaks in Milford, Mass.,
 Sept. 17th.

B. F. Underwood is lecturing in Oregon. The
 Salem Mercury speaks of his lectures in compli-
 mentary terms.

Mrs. Katie B. Robinson ("White Feather") is
 on a visit here from Philadelphia. She is an ex-
 cellent test medium, as many in this vicinity can
 testify. At present she is stopping with Mr. E. T.
 Noble, in Charlestown, No. 1 Albion Court, corner
 of Main street.

Mrs. A. W. Tanner is lecturing in Portland, Me.,
 with good success. The Monitor says: "In her
 manners, graceful and easy, in her language, clear,
 elevated and strong; we have seldom listened to
 more eloquent, finished and instructive discourses.
 At the close of each, a poem was improvised, of
 rare beauty and merit."

Spiritualist Convention in Plymouth, Mass.

The Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists will
 meet in Convention at Davis Hall, Plymouth, Mass., on Sat-
 urday and Sunday, Sept. 23rd and 24th insts.
 The Children's Progressive Lyceum at East Abington, with
 brass band, will make Plymouth on the regular train, Sunday.
 The Plymouth Lyceum will meet and escort them from the
 depot to the movement on Plymouth Rock and elsewhere,
 and thence to the hall, where the Convention will assemble.
 An exhibition before the Plymouth friends and State As-
 sociation, after which they will partake of a collation in the
 hall of the Plymouth Lyceum.
 All who feel an interest in children and the Lyceum move-
 ment are earnestly invited to be present and contribute as
 best they may toward providing refreshments for the Ly-
 ceums, and assist in making this day for the children one long
 to be remembered.
 Saturday evening, Sunday and evening will be devoted to
 the general interest of the Association, and the cause in
 which it is engaged.
 Able speakers and earnest workers have kindly consented
 to be present and address the Convention.
 The O. C. & S. R. It will not run a special train on Sunday;
 consequently, except on tickets on the regular train, good
 for Saturday and Monday, will be furnished to all persons de-
 siring to attend the Convention, as follows: From Boston
 and return, \$1.25; Harrison Square, Newport and Atlantic
 each \$1.10; Wollaston and Quincy, \$1.00; Braintree, 95 cents;
 South Weymouth, 90 cents; Stoughton, \$1.10; North Bridge-
 water, \$1.10; Bridgewater, 85 cents; East Bridgewater, 75
 cents; South Weymouth, 80 cents; North Abington, 70 cents;
 Abington, 65 cents; South Abington, 60 cents; North Han-
 ton, 55 cents; Hanton, 50 cents; Haverhill, 45 cents; Plympton, 35
 cents; Kingston, 25 cents; Middleboro', 90 cents.
 Return tickets will be furnished by the Secretary, at the
 hall, to all persons attending the Convention.
 Arrangements have been made with the landlords of the
 principal hotels to entertain all who may desire to attend
 the meeting, for \$1.00 per day.
 EDWIN WILDER, 2d, President.

Married:

Sept. 9th, by Rev. Henry Lummis, Charles E. Hill and Eliza
 A. Boardman, all of Natick, Mass.

BUSINESS MATTERS.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers
 sealed letters, at 361 Fifth avenue, New York.
 Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps. Jyl.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. Flint,
 105 East 12th street, New York. Terms \$2 and 3
 stamps. Money refunded when not answered.
 S9.

FOR SALE CHEAP.—A second-hand side-saddle,
 Also a second-hand large hard-wood circular table.
 Apply to WM. WHITE & CO., Booksellers, 168
 Washington street, Boston, up stairs.

BARNEY'S SPECIFIC FOR NEURALGIA AND
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 cure. Price, \$1.00; a sample sent to try its efficacy
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 ceive attention. N. B.—"I take pleasure in re-
 commending BARNEY'S SPECIFIC."—Thos. Gates
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 C. WOODHULL is now ready.
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 al Books. Has for sale Mystic Water from David's
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 sequent insertions.
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 J. 23-1w

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 vate residences for circles evenings, in Boston and vicinity.
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MRS. JENNIE W. DANFORTH,
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HENRY C. LULL, Business, Test and Circle
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 They destroy tape and all other worms of the human sys-
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EVERY

FREE-THINKER,

EVERY

REFORMER,

SHOULD HAVE A COPY OF IT.

Every Lover of the

BEAUTIF

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Banner of Light we claim to be spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of...

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

Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes Mrs. J. Avery, Mrs. J. Brown, Mrs. J. Clark, etc.

Donations for Sending the Banner Free to the Poor.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes M. L., Mrs. J. Brown, etc.

Invocation. Oh thou Eternal God, who flammest over our heads and flowerest under our feet, who art the life of every living thing, we come to thee this hour, not to beseech thee to bestow any more upon us than that we already have, but to ask thee to quicken our perceptions, that we may understand what we have, and be able to be blessed by it.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have queries, Mr. Chairman, I am ready to hear them.

Q.—Will the Intelligence please inform us why it is that, upon the return of our spirit-friends, they manifest, through the medium, so many symptoms of the pain they endured during their last sickness?

A.—It is but the expression or manifestation of a natural law—the law of psychology; and it comes about in this way: the returning spirit, upon its conjunction with matter again, first thinks of its suffering during the moments that it was last conjoined to matter. That becomes, for the time being, an intense thought. It is almost impossible to shut it out. Some spirits are able to do it, but very few are; and the result is, the entire physical being of the medium is psychologized, and feels the pains and distresses that were incident to the dying hours of the communicating spirit.

Q.—Will this always be so upon their return to us?—or does it only occur during their first manifestations?

A.—Sometimes it occurs during many manifestations, but generally does not extend over two or three.

Q.—I have been a reader of the Banner for several years, and the whole tendency has been to render my idea of the spirit-world a very disagreeable one—so much so that I have had to discontinue the reading of it. It teaches that we go to the spirit-world not to enjoy any continued happiness, but it is to be terminated by another death.

A.—Since these séances have been inaugurated for the giving of truth, truth must be given, however unpleasant it may appear. Spiritualism does not purpose to foster any wrong spiritual ideas, if you have them. If it deals with them at all, it will root them out, if possible, and give you true ideas concerning the spirit-world. Those old mythical notions of eternal happiness or eternal misery after death, this age, with its intelligence and the spiritual influx from the spirit-world, proposes to destroy, because those notions have sent millions to the spirit-world who, when there, have been disappointed—were in ignorance, and knew not what to expect, since all their notions of life in the spirit-world have been untrue. They do not know but they are being imposed upon at the present time; so they distrust the life they are in, and are rendered miserable in consequence. But with those who come to us enlightened, it is quite different. They do not expect that infinite happiness which they may have expected under the old theological notions, neither do they look for infinite misery. They expect something similar to what this world has offered them, only something better; and they are not disappointed. We are not sorry, good brother, that you are disappointed, for it shows us that there is a power at work within your soul that will save it—that will, doubtless, ere you pass on to the higher life, bring truths to you which shall overthrow all your skepticism, and wipe out all your clouds—which shall hang for you a drop-veil between the two worlds that you will be satisfied with; for we never knew a soul to be agitated as yours seems to be, upon this point, without good results.

Q.—(From the audience.) I, too, have been a reader of the Banner of Light, but I get no such idea from it. I get just the opposite. Why is this?

A.—It is because your spiritual organization is adapted to receive and appropriate what is therein contained. It is different with him.

Q.—This change in the spirit-world similar to the death we go through in passing from this world—is it painful?

A.—No; it is not. It is simply a transition, and such a quiet, harmonious, natural and beautiful transition that the soul never rebels against it; for it instinctively knows that it is to benefit itself that the transition comes. It instinctively feels that when that hour has arrived which shall call it higher, it will enjoy more. It will be robbed of nothing, and it will gain much more than it already has. Here you do not know of the fact. Here, by a law of your nature, you cling to Nature. It is right that you should. But there is also a rebellion between the Angel of Death and of Nature; through that physical suffering, the soul may gain an experience that it has need of with matter, that it may learn of the power of matter over itself, and of how the law acts through matter upon itself. It can learn this

only by experience. Some souls have need to have the experience repeated many, many times; and so they return to earth and take on earthly matter again, that it may pass out through the process of death, and become still further enlightened by experience. But in the higher life it is different. The transition is only beautiful, and one that is looked forward to with pleasure and not with pain. It is not that separation from friends that it becomes here, and no one objects to the transition taking place with one of his friends. And why? Because they know it is the highest good of that dear one, and that there is no separation between them. Communication can be perfect—thoroughly so; for the two souls do not recognize that one has gone higher, and the other remains a grade lower. May 18.

Sambo.

Massa, I was a heap ignorant here; but the angels, they come to me, Massa. They tell me many things. I did n't know about it, but I believe it; and old Massa Brown—Simon Brown—he live down in Georgia—he is my master—he get me in his office, and make me go sleep and tell him things. And then I could write him things; and Massa, I not know how to write, but I write him things about the spirit-world, and he not know what to make of it. Said, very strange, and he get me there every day, and I go through all that, and he not make up his mind what it was; and I get sick. I not take my liberty when Massa Lincoln free all the slaves. I choose to stay with my own Massa. He good to me; I like to stay, and he like to have me; so I stay. Well, I got the fever, and I die; and Massa Brown, he could n't see me, he aise he 'frail he catch the fever. [Did n't he visit you?] No; 'cause he 'frail he catch the fever, and the doctor would n't let him come; but he send word to me all the time, and I have good care taken of me. He send word to me, "Sambo, if it be true the people what we dead can come back, you come back."

He get one of your papers twice. He read 'em, and he thinks that's like what I get through Sambo. He not know what to make of it. So he said, "If it be true, you come back, and you come there, where they come, and you send me some word." So I come. Mission gentleman here he say I, just as good as anybody. I come. I tell Massa Brown I was medium, and I live just as long as I ought to live, and die just the right time, and am better off than ever I was here. I had pretty good time here, but have better time now, and I hope he will look into this thing. It is something what will be more benefit to him than anything else in this world, and I want him to look into it. And Miss Susan, little Miss Susan, his daughter who died when she small, she wants him to. She will come and tell him all about it, good deal more than I can. I do n't know how old I was, Massa. May 18.

Moses.

(This spirit hesitated, and made several attempts to speak that were unintelligible.) I expect to meet— [To meet some one here?] Yes. [You do not find him?] No. He say to me in Beyrout, Syria, "Come here when you go." My name, Moses, a Moslem. I live in Beyrout, Syria. I come to meet him—and he not here. [Did he promise he would be here?] Yes. He give me eggs—to seal. That was the way the Moslems do. [Was it Dr. Mayo Smith you expected to see?] Yes, yes. May 18.

Henry J. Raymond.

I am glad to find a free platform, even if it is for post-mortem souls, where the negro and the Moslem can come alike, where ignorance and wisdom, where old age and childhood can come. I hope before this century goes out, all the platforms in the land will be free, not only for the living, but for the dead. The time is fast hastening when they whom the living call dead will be able to so clearly represent themselves here to your physical senses that death will be no longer death—that they who are dead will be no longer out of sight, for you can see them and hear them, and you will allow them then to stand upon your platforms, and they will preach God's gospel to you. I have been called, at the urgent request of many of my friends in New York, who desire to know if it is indeed true that I am engaged in running the editorial department of a "daily" in the spirit-world. They cannot realize it, they say. Give us some evidence of it. Well, what if I send a copy of one of the dailies down to them, would they understand it? would they realize it any better? Perhaps so. I am going to try to do it. I see in the minds of your audience that they wish to know if I am going to send a tangible copy. Yes, if I send any at all, for it would be useless to do anything else. They want to know if that article was from me that appears in the book entitled "Strange Visitors?" Yes, every word of it, and there's more coming, but no more to-day. Henry J. Raymond. May 18.

Edith Walters.

My name is Edith Walters. I was ten years old, and I died of fever. I lived in Cherry Valley, New York State. I suppose my father won't like it to have me come, but I must come to my mother. I used to live in New York City. I don't know why my father took me away from my mother, but he did. I lived with a lady after that in Cherry Valley, and I never saw my mother afterwards, and she do n't know that I am dead. I come to tell her. Tell mother I was taken pretty good care of, but I was never happy there. I was homesick all the time, and I'm glad I've come, because if I could n't be with her I do n't want to be anywhere. I don't know why my father took me away, but he did. I think it was a awful. But I shall go and stay with my mother now, for they told me I could go right and find her when I go away from here. I have been dead two weeks, and I want mother to know if I could have helped it. I should n't have stayed away from her. But I could n't help it. I could n't go. I did n't know which way to go to find her. I thought if ever I lived to grow up that I should. I kept thinking, too, perhaps I'd be taken back to her. [Were you taken there to be educated?] Oh, no; I could have been educated just as well in New York City. Oh, no, I do n't think much of the schools there. Oh, no, it was n't that. My father was mad with mother somehow, I do n't know how. He gave me good clothes, but I did n't care anything about them. I rather have my mother. But I want her to know I shall come to her now, and he can't take me away any more. I do n't like him for doing it at all. I do n't want anything to say to him. [You must try to forgive him.] No, I shan't. I always feel cross when I think about it. No, sir, I shan't forgive him, because it was n't right. I do n't believe it was. My mother was a beautiful woman, and I guess I know. I do n't believe it was right to take me away from her; I was all she had. I shan't think well of him, nor I shan't forgive him. I do n't want to do it, and I do n't think anybody wants me to very much. He used to ask if I did n't love him. I told him no, I did n't. He took me away from my mother, and I did n't love him, and I say so now. I ain't changed any. He felt awfully when I died—

wished he had n't done it, I guess, then. He no business to. Good-by, sir. May 18.

Séance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by L. Judd Pardee.

Invocation.

Oh thou who art all of goodness, and all of power, and all of truth, thou to whom every soul pays homage, whether at the shrine of Confucius or Christ, to thee we pray, asking that we may so live in harmony with thy law that greater power may be given us, that greater truth may be expressed to the world because we have lived. We ask that our return to earth may be a blessing, and not a curse. And we ask that thy truth may come from the east and roll on to the west, even as the sun pours in the glorious day through the eastern windows of heaven and rolls on to the west, but unlike it, may thy truth never set, but be an ever-present joy to those who dwell in the darkness of human life. Amen. May 22.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—Are not the actions of men, at the time performed, independent of any consideration of religious creeds?

A.—It is a self-evident fact that that is not always the case. It is also a self-evident fact that it is sometimes the case.

Q.—Can the spirits present see this audience the same as if here in the body?

A.—The most of them can. Some of them cannot. Those who come into rapport with the medium can see the audience as well as you can. With those who cannot, it is otherwise.

Q.—Action and reaction, the positive and negative, are the forces by which all things are governed, are they not?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Light is an elementary principle, is it not?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Darkness is the absence of that principle, is it not?

A.—There is no absolute darkness, anywhere.

Q.—Heat is an elementary principle, is it not?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Cold is the absence of heat, is it not?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Knowledge is absolute, and belief is negative, or the want of knowledge, is it not?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Are there, then, any methods by which we can absolutely know anything?

A.—Oh, yes; but they come to the individual only by personal experience, in their acts, in the parts of life or being that they have performed. No one can know concerning anything, except they have been in harmonious rapport with that thing. You can know nothing of death till you have passed through it. You can know nothing of joy till you have been joyous. You can know nothing of sorrow till you have been sorrowful.

Q.—Are there any theological schools in the spirit-world?

A.—No, not in a theological sense. There are institutions of learning, many of them, in the spirit-world. There are no theological schools that I am acquainted with.

Q.—I am so constituted that I want some reliable, absolute method of knowing—a starting point for right, so that I can go ahead and be sure that I am right. The world seems to be almost entirely governed by belief, supposition, conjecture. I want the positive.

A.—Which you cannot have while you are a portion of unripe fruit on the tree of life. When you shall become ripe, you shall attain unto all the perfection it is possible for the human soul to reach; you shall know then, because then you will have passed through all the lower conditions; you will have experienced enough of life to give a sufficient knowledge whereby you can look down and smile upon an ignorant world in triumph. You ask to know the right. I answer there can be no absolute right to growing souls. What is right to you to-day, may not be to-morrow. You are growing; you are constantly learning the old; you can have no absolute standard of right, only for the moment. A wise provision has been made for every soul that sees the ladder of righteousness in a different way from all others. There is no general standard of right that is safe for any one to patronize. But there is a shrine set up in every soul, and there the soul should worship, and only there.

Q.—Then we are aloft in theological mysticism without anything demonstrably true, as in the science and arts, where we can bring together elements again and again, always with the same results, without mistake.

A.—Whatever experience has taught you to be true, to be based upon a principle that is enduring, that may become as an anchor to your soul, even though you are aloft, and it will prevent you and every other soul from going astray or being injured by the sharp rocks of wrong or evil that jut out along the coast of being.

Q.—I see that the controlling influence here uses very freely that word, belief. In our courts, in the lowest courts even, it is inadmissible. Witnesses are not allowed to testify to what they believe, only to what they know.

A.—Yes, what their senses have experienced, they have a right to testify to, because the court receives nothing else. It does not receive anything upon faith or belief, and that is right. It shows that human law has made an endeavor, at least, to ground itself upon divine justice.

Q.—Then you give human law the preference over human theology?

A.—I do, because one is a matter of faith, the other is a matter of observation and study.

Q.—Then you acknowledge A. J. Davis to be correct, when he says there is too much believed, not enough known?

A.—No, not necessarily. The soul is so constituted that it must either believe or disbelieve. That is in accordance with the law of its life, of its being, of its transition condition here in this life. It is here only temporarily. It sees things darkly here. It is in the mist. The law is concealed. The forces of Nature are unseen. You only see the manifestations thereof. But you try to peer beyond the crust—many of you are successful. Then your senses are brought into rapport with life, and you become observers of facts. It certainly would be better if the world knew more and believed less. But as long as it cannot know more, the belief will help it toward knowledge. May 22.

Andrew Strong.

I have some relatives in Liverpool who are very anxious to believe that the dead can return and communicate, and I endeavored to make some manifestations to them there, but I could not do it very well, because I did not have the right kind of material to work with. So they told me about this place, and said if I would come here and tell where I was born, and when, and my name, and such facts, and speak of coming to them, they should never doubt any more. Well, we will see. My name was Andrew Strong. I was the son of Capt. William A. and Elizabeth Strong. I was born the second day of August, 1824, on the passage from New York to Liverpool, when we

were within two days' sail of Liverpool. So says my father's log-book.

They did n't ask for any news of the other life; they never inquired what I was doing, nor how long I had been gone, which is just about twenty months. I did not die with them. I never made any great stops there. I led a sort of roving life, and the captain of us all called me aloft from California here in this country. They have heard that I was engaged in no very respectable business during the American civil war, which was a lie. I took no part in the war, and never was in the business which I have been reported to be in, either during the war or at any other time; and, even if I had, to my mind it would have been more respectable than gin-relling. I would rather be a pirate on the high seas than stand behind a bar and deal out poison. I consider the pirate as the most respectable of the two. If they do n't like my talk they need n't call for me again. Good day, sir. May 22.

Mary Elizabeth Waterhouse.

I have been gone eighteen years this present month. I was fifty-two years old at that time. I died in Portland, Me., of consumption. My name, Mary Elizabeth Waterhouse. I come to my daughter, who is somewhere in this city, and in trouble. She has prayed that God would send his angels, and I come to assure her that the darkness will soon be over and the day will soon come. I want her to be hopeful, and try to be patient till October next. Then her condition will change for the better, and she will feel that it is all best that she has passed through this darkness.

Her Uncle William has received her letter, and there is an answer on the way to her with money enough to assist her to go along till this dark hour has rolled away. I want her to rely upon God and the angel-world, though they do not do what seems to be right to her. Trust, oh, trust, my child, in the blessed Power that governs all things, and never say again there is no God, there is no justice. May 22.

Anna Williams.

Mother wants to know where I live. I live with a lady that wanted me when I came, and she is very kind to me, and I have everything I want. My name was Anna Williams. I lived in Wells Court, Boston. I died in February, 1871. I want to talk to her. I was a colored girl. Tell mother I will come to her if I can. May 22.

Séance conducted by Whan See; letters answered by Anna Cora Wilson.

Invocation.

Our Father Wisdom and Our Mother Love, thou who speaketh to us through the beauty of these fair blossoms (alluding to flowers on the table), through the sunshine, through the shadow, through the voice of the thunder, through all things and in all places, we praise thee. We ask no blessings from thee, oh, thou Spirit of Wisdom and Love, more than thou hast already bestowed. We look abroad in Nature, and we behold that thou hast provided the soul with everything it needs for its comfort, for its pleasure, for its advancement, and all things become steps in the ladder of progress over which the soul passes in its ascension to thee. We praise thee, oh Loving Spirit, for the power which our souls possess to perceive thee in Nature. We thank thee that we can hear thee through the hum of the bee, the singing of the wild bird, in the eloquence of the sage and the prattling of childhood. We are glad, Great Spirit, that thou hast so constituted our souls that we can everywhere find an altar whereunto we may worship. And forever may our souls appreciate thy loving kindness. May we never forget, oh, Great Spirit of Life, that thou art nigh unto us and that thou art our Savior; that thou art with the sinner as well as the saint, and whether we pray for them or not, thou wilt be their Saviour; thou wilt finally lead them to thee, and overcome all the evil of their natures. For this and for all thy blessings, we thank thee, oh, our God. May 23.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—(From the audience.) Why are undeveloped spirits permitted to control an innocent child?

A.—Because, doubtless, there are conditions surrounding the child that invite such control, that attract such a class of influences. It is no more out of the order of Nature than it would be for the child to have the small pox, the measles or the scarlet fever. It is not because the lovely soul of the child attracts the influences. By no means. These spirits do not communicate through the soul of the child, but through the body physical and the body spiritual. If they are properly chemically conditioned to admit of such influences, in all probability they will come. When the law governing spiritual manifestations shall be better understood, you will cease to hold up your hands in holy horror because this or that happens to your media, but you will see the cause, and, seeing it, if it is possible to remove it, you will endeavor to do so. But now, while you are ignorant, you doubtless do the very worst things you could do, and that is to war against these influences. They are stronger than you are, and if you meet them with evil they will continue to meet you with evil, and the body physical and spiritual of the child medium will suffer.

Q.—Then you think that corporal punishment would be useless to the child that is governed by bad habits?

A.—That depends upon circumstances. Sometimes a child is given to what you call bad habits, not by any outside spiritual interference, but because it has been so educated. Perhaps its ancestral surroundings have not been what they should be, and they are in that unhappy, inharmonious condition that determines that they shall do what you do not desire them to do. There are some conditions under which a proper amount of physical correction is not only necessary but extremely beneficial. But the majority of cases do not need such. I have yet to see a child that cannot be restrained and brought into a good and proper course by the power of love combined with firmness.

Q.—Are not most of those acts committed by children, that we term evil, the result of inheritance from ignorant parents?

A.—Certainly, nearly all.

Q.—Can mortals be controlled by spirits out of the form against their will?

A.—Certainly they can.

Q.—Is it not generally more injurious for the medium to resist the influences than to give up to them?

A.—It is always more injurious. There are no exceptions to this rule. Many a grave has been filled in consequence of resisting these unseen and unknown influences. It is better to suffer them to come, and overcome their evil with your good. The better you are, and the kinder you are to them, the sooner you can overcome their evil, and make them your firm friends and the benefactors of the world.

Q.—Do not spirits sometimes control mediums without any will on their part to do so?

A.—Yes, they are often attracted to your mediums and drawn within their sphere against their will, and find themselves in possession when they had no idea of doing so. This is often the case, and quite as often the case with unhappy spirits as with the more fortunate.

Q.—When received and assisted by a more developed medium, does it not result in elevating them spiritually and mentally?

A.—It certainly does.

Q.—How is one to determine what is and what is not spirit control?

A.—It is not, under all circumstances, possible to determine this. The more acquainted you are with the subtle laws of life, the better able you will be to determine. But the most of you are thoroughly ignorant, and blind to the realities of life. You go stumbling along as if this was the only real life you were ever to enjoy. You make yourselves acquainted with the things of this life on the surface as best you may, but with the real life of things you do not deal. You know scarcely anything about the inner. Educate yourselves concerning the subtle forces of Nature; then you will be better able to determine when foreign spirits have control of media, and when it is otherwise.

Q.—Can we learn anything of the laws of life save by experience?

A.—No; observation, if carried far enough, will lead to experience, and these are the teachers in the temple of life that are always at your side; none need be without them. May 23.

Joseph Lyon.

This process of returning is not very comfortable. It carries one back so forcibly to the conditions through which he has passed in sorrow and suffering, that it seems to me it might be more properly called the gate of hell than the gate of heaven. One of my friends, who is a believer in this spiritual philosophy, told me about a year before I met the change of death, that if it ever was my good fortune to return after death, making communication as I do to-day, I should feel as if I had passed through the gate of heaven. It isn't so, James; it isn't so. It is the gate of hell—beg your pardon—for it thrusts upon us not only the remembrance of physical suffering, but the reality thereof; and, what is worse, the realization of what brought that suffering upon us, and we seem to see, in highly-colored vision, the forked tongue of slander at the citadel of our life, claiming admission.

All that my friend told me with reference to the spirit-world and its reality, with reference to my finding Nature there—trees, flowers, land, water, mountains and valleys, and art in buildings, and all such as we enjoy here—is true, and more than true. But this process of return is fearful. [Is this your first attempt?] Yes, and unless I change my mind, will be my last. [After you have returned two or three times this suffering will cease.] Yes; but unless I have greater incentive than I possess to return, I think I shall steer clear of the suffering. Not that I love those who were my friends here any less, or shall do any the less to aid them in their passage through life, but because I am a coward to suffering. Joseph Lyon, of Boston. Good day. May 23.

John Doherty.

[How do you do?] I am very well. The gentleman that came for me was after bringing all his old pains with him. I took very good care to leave mine behind. I was told before I came that by a powerful exercise of the will I could defend myself and the medium against any ill-feelings that you get from the death, which was cholera. So I said, "I won't have the feeling at all." And I haven't got it—not a bit, sir. My name was John Doherty, and I lived in Boston, and I got a brother James, and I want to make him a little better if I can. He has got a disease about him for the liking of rum, and he has got a will as good as mine; and if he will only exercise it, and swear to his soul by the holy virgin that he will drink no more, he can stick to it. But if he don't, it will be a pretty hard master, and by-and-by it will send him further into the gutter than ever, and he will come on this side in a disagreeable way, and I will be ashamed of him—yes, sir, I will be ashamed of him. And provided he gets absolution here, it will avail him nothing at all on our side. But now let him exercise the will he has got, and say he won't do it, and I know he will stick to it; because, if he brings his will up to it, he can do as he will just as well as I can, for he has got the same will. Good day, sir. May 23.

Séance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by Edward F. Walker.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

- Thursday, May 25.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Marie Koelle, to the Sisters of Charity, Boston; Edward Fox, to Mrs. L. H. Wilson, Commack, N. Y.
- Monday, May 28.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Sidney Whiting, of Franklin, to friends; Ren. Ingalls, of California, to his son; Emma Treacy, of New York City.
- Thursday, June 1.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Capt. E. A. Strong, of West Newbury, Mass.; John Riley, of Boston; Mary Seale, of Townsend; Alice Appleton, of Scranton, Penn., to her mother.
- Monday, June 5.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Mary Wier, of Nantucket; George D. Premier, of New York; her grandfather Tabbs, San Francisco, Cal.; Henry C. Wright.
- Thursday, June 8.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Orosius, Mary Evelyn, D. W. of Eastport, Me., to friends; Patrick Morton, to his mother.
- Monday, June 12.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Thomas Bacon, to William G. Haskell, of Galesburg, Ill.; Thomas DeWolf, of Canada, to his son; John Melville, of New Orleans, to Capt. William H. Stanton.
- Monday, June 19.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Polly Merriam; Johann Joice; Adolph Snyder, to his father.
- Thursday, June 15.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Mary Evelyn, John G. of Auburn, N. Y.; Baron Von Humboldt; Minnie Laurie, of Dayton, O., to her mother; John Harvey, of Brattleboro, Vt., to friends.
- Thursday, June 16.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; William Hanford, by his brother Philip Hanford; Isaac Simmons, of Kansas; Joseph A. Thompson, to his mother; Mary Anne Hubbard, to her brother.
- Monday, June 19.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Elizabeth Webster, to her daughter; David Spencer, to his relatives; Alexander Stone, of New York, of warlike Miss, to her mother.
- Thursday, June 22.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Robert Bragg, of Hamilton, Canada West, to his family; Mary Cobbett, of Bath, Me., to her mother; Maggie Werner, to her uncle; Janus Brutus Hoach.
- Thursday, June 23.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Henrietta Frances Leach, of Kingston, Mass., to her parents; John Barnard, to his brother; Margaret Fuller Ossoli; Eben Francis of Boston.
- Monday, June 26.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; (a spirit controlled, but refused to give his name) Sophy, wife of Samuel Hawthorne; John Hatfield, of Troy, N. Y.
- Tuesday, June 27.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Mrs. Smith, of Elliot, Massachusetts, to Mr. Q.—Samuel Bowen, of Providence, R. I.; Adèle Stuart, to her sister; Emma Phillips; Alice Cook, died in New York City.
- Monday, Sept. 4.—Invocation; Opening Address; Questions and Answers; Hester Francham, of Wickford, Germany; Clement L. Vallandigham, to a friend; Nettie Powers, of Dayton, O., to her mother; George S. Stevens, of Cincinnati, O., to her sister.
- Tuesday, Sept. 5.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Zolbi Adams, to his son; Alexander Gunn, of Chelmsford, Mass., to his daughter; "Little Cent," to her sister; Emma Nickas; Capt. Frank Dale, to his brother Sarg. Gen. Dale.
- Thursday, Sept. 7.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Rev. Ezra S. Gannett; Abner Harland, of Frankfurt Germany, to his mother; Edwin M. Stanton; Emma Sturges, wife of Captain Alexander Sturges; Hannah Adams, to friends in England.

Vermont Annual Convention.

The Annual Convention of the Vermont State Spiritualist Association will be held at Middlebury, on the 22d, 23d and 24th of September. Board at the Addison House, \$1.25 per day. Free return tickets will be furnished on the Rutland railroad, and twenty-five persons on the Central Division will receive the same on that line.

Prof. William Denton is engaged to be in attendance on the 22d and 23d. We expect that he and other speakers will state our principles and duties plainly and efficiently to the people. All interested in the progress of man we send greeting, and hope to meet them at that time to do all in our power to problems for the elevation of the race.

By order of the Committee. V. T. STODOLSKY, President.

