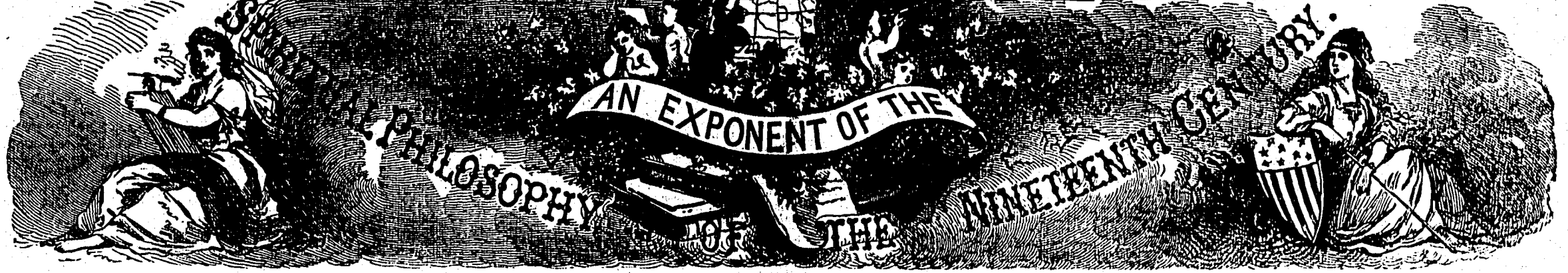


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXX.

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Literary Department.

SPIRITE: A FANTASTIC TALE.

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

CHAPTER XI.

I entered as a novice into the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, in spite of the remonstrances and supplications of my parents, which affected me but did not shake my courage. However firm be the resolution with which one is armed, the last separation is terrible. At the end of a long corridor a grating marks the division between the world and the cloister. The family may accompany her no further than this threshold, for all human ties profane the virgin devoted to God. After the last embraces, of which sad, veiled figures await the end with an unmoved air, the folding door opens just enough to allow the novice to enter, whom the arms of a spectre seem to drag within, and it falls to again with an iron sound which reverberates in the passages with a hollow noise like distant thunder. The sound given out by the lid of a coffin being closed is not more lugubrious and strikes not more painfully on the heart. I felt myself turn pale, and a freezing chill seized me. I had just made my first step out of the world's life, henceforth closed for me. I penetrated into those cold regions where the passions are stamped out, where the remembrances are effaced, where the rumors of the events of the times never reach. There nothing exists but the thought of God. That suffices to fill the frightful void, and the silence that reigns in these places is as deep as that of the tomb. I can speak because I am dead.

My piety, although devoted and fervent, was not carried to mystical exaltation. It was a human motive, rather than an imperious vocation, which led me to seek peace in the shadow of the cloister. I was a shipwrecked soul, stranded upon an unknown shoal, and my life-drama, invisible to all, had a tragic termination. At first I experienced, in the life of a devotee, what they call aridities, fatigues, returns toward the world, the last temptations of the Spirit of Evil, who wishes to regain his prey, but soon this tumult was appeased. The habit of prayer and religious practices, the regularity of the services and the monotony of a rule are calculated to subdue the rebellion of body and soul in those whose thoughts too often turn toward earth. Your image lived still in my heart, but I succeeded in loving you only in God.

The Convent of the Sisters of Mercy is not one of those romantic cloisters which the worldly imagination suitable to give shelter to a despairing heart. No arched arcades, no columns festooned with ivy, no rays of moonlight breaking through a tracery of stone and falling on the inscription of a tomb, no chapel in diamond windows, no clustered pillars—none of those things that form so fine an effect in a diorama. The religiosity which seeks to sustain its Christianity by its picturesque and poetical side, would find there nothing like the descriptions of Chateaubriand. The building is modern, and offers not the least corner in which to lodge a legend. Nothing there amuses the eyes; no ornament, no fantasy of art, nor painting, nor sculpture; only dry, harsh lines. A white light, like a winter's day, illumines those long passages, with the wainscot opening at regular intervals for the doors of the cells, and floored with shining boards. Everywhere a gloomy severity, careless of the beautiful, and not thinking of clothing idea with form. This mean architecture has the advantage of not distracting the souls that ought to be swallowed up in the contemplation of God. On the high windows bars of iron were crossed, and the blue or gray sky was all that could be seen through them. One lives in a fortress raised against the assaults of the world. Solidity is all that a cloister needs; beauty would be superfluous.

The chapel itself is only half given up to the service of the faithful. A great iron grate reaching from the ground to the roof interposes like a barricade between the church and the part reserved for the nuns—some stalls of dark oak, brightened by rubbing down each side. Toward the middle are placed three seats for the superior and her two assistants. It is there that the sisters come, to hear the service, with their veils down, in long black dresses with a broad stripe of white cloth. In this atmosphere of ecstasy and incense, where the trembling lights of tapers shed a pale ray on the prostrate worshippers, my soul seemed to spread its wings and stretch more and more toward the regions of ether. The roof of the chapel was covered with azure and gold, and, in a part of its blue heaven, it seemed that smiling angels looked down from a luminous cloud and made signs to me to come up to them. I perceived no longer the bad taste of the lustre and the poverty of the paintings framed in black wood.

The time for pronouncing my vows approached. They surrounded me with those flattering encouragements, those delicate attentions, those mystic caresses and those hopes of perfect felicity that they lavish in convents on the young novices about to consummate the sacrifice and to devote themselves to the Lord. I had no need of this support. I could walk to the altar with a firm step. Excepting the tenderness of my parents, nothing remained in the world to cause me a regret, forced to renounce you, as I believed; therefore my resolution remained unchanged.

My trials terminated; the solemn day arrived. The convent, usually so peaceful, was animated by a sort of restrained agitation. The nuns went and came in the corridors, forgetful of that ghost-like step enjoined by the rule, for the taking the

veil is a great occasion. A new sheep is going to be added to the flock, and all the fold is moved. The worldly toilet that the novice wears for the last time is a subject of curiosity, of joy and astonishment. They admire with a sort of fear this satin, this lace, these pearls, these jewels, destined to represent the pomps of Satan. Thus decorated, I was conducted to the chapel. The Superior and her assistants were in their places, and the nuns were praying in their stalls. I pronounced the sacramental words which separated me forever from the living, and, as the ritual of the ceremony requires, I pushed away with my foot the rich square of velvet on which I was to kneel; I tore off my necklace and my bracelets, and I hid myself of all decorations in sign of renouncing vanity and luxury. I adjoined feminine coquetry—that was not difficult for me, since I had not the right of pleasing you or of being beautiful for you. Then came the scene, the most dreaded and the most gloomy of this religious drama—the moment when they cut off the hair of the new sister—a vanity henceforth useless. This recalls the dress of a culprit, only here the victim is innocent, or at least purified by repentance. Although I had very sincerely and from the bottom of my heart made the sacrifice of all human attachments, a deadly paleness covered my face when the steel of the scissors entered into my long blonde tresses, which I wore floating over my shoulders. The golden curls fell in thick flakes on the floor of the sacristy where they had led me. I looked fixedly at them as they rained around me. I was cast down and filled with a secret horror. The cold of the metal touching the back of my neck made me start nervously like the touch of an axe. My teeth chattered, and the prayer that I essayed to pronounce died on my lips. Cold damps, like those of death, bathed my temples. My sight failed, and the lamp suspended over the altar of the Virgin seemed to be extinguished in a mist. My knees bent under me, and I had only time to say as I fell forward, stretching out my hands as if to grasp vacancy, "I die!"

They put salts to my nostrils, and when I regained my senses I was as much astonished at the bright light as if I were a phantom coming out of a tomb. I found myself in the arms of the sisters, who supported me with a placid care that showed them accustomed to such swoons. "That is nothing," said the youngest of the sisters, with a compassionate air; "the most difficult part is over; recommend yourself to the protection of the Holy Virgin, and all will be well; the same thing happened to me when I pronounced the vows; it is the last effort of the Adversary."

Two sisters then put on me the black dress of the order, and over it the white stole, and bringing me back to the sacristy, threw over my shorn head the black veil—that symbolical shroud which makes you dead to the world, and only visible to God. A pious legend that I had heard relates that if you ask a favor from heaven under the folds of a pall you will be heard. When the veil enveloped me I implored the Divine Goodness to reveal to you my love after my death, if such a wish had nothing culpable in it. It seemed to me by a sudden flow of joy that my prayer was heard, for that was the secret pain that pierced my heart night and day, like a point of steel concealed under the clothes. I had truly renounced you in this world, but my soul could not consent to keep its secret eternally.

Shall I relate to you my convent life? There day follows day inflexibly alike. Each hour has its prayer, its devotion, its task to fulfill. Life advances with an even step to eternity, happy to see the end draw near. Yet this apparent calm often hides languishing, sadness and agitations. Thought, although subdued by prayer and meditation, often wanders in reverie. The nostalgia of the world seizes you, you regret liberty, family, Nature; you dream of the vast horizon inundated with light, of the prairies starred with flowers, of the hills with their wooded slopes, and the blue smoke that ascends in the evening air, of life, with its movement and joyous noises. One wishes to run, to fly; one envies the bird his wings; one is agitated in the tomb, or when thought clears the high convent walls, it goes back to the cherished scenes of infancy and youth, which revive with wonderful veracity of detail; you arrange useless plans of happiness, forgetful that the irrevocable bolt is forever drawn upon you. The most religious even are exposed to these temptations, to these remembrances, to these mirages that the will repels, that prayer tries to dissipate, but which revive, nevertheless, in the silence and solitude of the cell, between those four white walls whose only decoration is a crucifix in black wood. Your remembrance, dulled at first by the fervors of the earlier times, came back to me more frequently and more tenderly. The regret for missed happiness oppressed my heart, and often tears flowed down my pale cheeks without my being conscious of it. I often wept as I dreamed, and in the morning I found my pillow wet with this bitter dew. In more happy dreams I saw myself on the steps of a villa returning with you from a walk. I was your wife, and from time to time you cast upon me caressing and protecting looks. Every obstacle between us had disappeared. My soul did not consent to these sunny dreams, which I forbid myself indulging like a sin. I confessed, I did penance, I kept awake to pray, and I struggled against sleep in order to withdraw myself from these guilty illusions; still they came back.

This combat undermined my strength, which was not long in yielding. Without being sickly, I had always been delicate. The rude cloister life, with its fasts, its macerations, the fatigue of the night services, the sepulchral cold of the church, the rigors of a long winter, from which the thin stuff dress but ill preserved me; but above all, the struggles of the soul, the alternations of exaltation and dejection, of doubt and fervor, the fear of not being able to give to the Heavenly Bridegroom a heart detached from all

earthly passion, and of incurring celestial vengeance, for they said God is jealous, and will not suffer any division of affection; perhaps also the jealousy that Madame de Lambert inspired—all these causes agitated my frame in a disastrous manner. My skin had taken that dead white that is seen in the waxen models of the altar; my eyes, enlarged by leanness, shone feverishly in their darkened orbits; the veins of my temples were indicated in deep blue lines, and my lips had lost their rosy hue. The violets of death began to flourish there. My hands had become slender, transparent and white as the hands of a statue. Death is not regarded in the convent as in the world; there one sees it arrive with joy; it is the deliverance of the soul, the open gate of heaven, the end of trials and the commencement of blessedness. God takes to himself the agonies of those whom he most loves, and abridges their passage through this vale of tears. Prayers full of hope in their funeral psalmody surround the bed of the dying whom the sacraments purify from all stain of earth, and the light of another world already shines upon them. She is for the sisters an object of envy, and not of terror.

I saw the end approach without fear. I hoped that God would pardon my only love, so chaste, so pure, so involuntary, and which I had tried to forget as soon as it appeared guilty in my eyes, and that he would receive me into his favor. I was soon so weak that I once fainted under my veil, and remained stretched as one dead, with my face to the ground; they respected my motionless state, which they took for ecstasy; then seeing that I did not rise, two nuns bent over me and straightened me up as they would have done a corpse, and with their hands under my arms they recomposed me, or rather carried me back to my cell, that soon I was to quit no more. I remained long hours all dressed on my bed, fingering my rosary with my meagre hands, lost in some vague meditation, and asking if my wish would be accomplished after my death. My strength decreased daily, and the remedies they brought me might diminish my suffering, but did not cure me. I did not wish it, besides, for I had beyond the earthly life a hope that I had long cherished, and of which the possible realization inspired me with a sort of curiosity for what was beyond the tomb. My passage from this world to the other was made in the most peaceful manner. All the bonds of mind and matter were unloosed, one only excepted, a thousand times finer than those gossamer webs that float about in the fine days of autumn, and which alone retained my soul ready to spread its wings for the flight into the infinite. Alternations of light and shade like those intermitting lights thrown by an expiring night-lamp, palpitated before my troubled eyes. The sisters kneeling around murmured prayers, in which I tried to join mentally, and which only reached me as vague and distant murmurings. My deadened senses no longer perceived earthly things, and my intelligence deserting my brain, flew uncertainly in an odd dream between the material world and the world immaterial, belonging no more to one, and not yet being of the other; while my fingers, white as ivory, alternately gathered up and straightened out the folds of the sheet. At last, my death agony commenced, and they laid me out on the ground with a bag of ashes under my head, in order to die in the humble attitude befitting a poor servant of God, restoring her dust to the dust. The air failed me more and more; I was stifled; a feeling of extraordinary anguish took possession of me; the instinct of Nature struggled against destruction, but it soon ceased, and in a feeble sigh my soul passed from my lips.

CHAPTER XII.

Human words cannot render the sensation of a soul which, delivered from its corporeal prison, passes from this life to another, from time into eternity, from the finite to the infinite. My motionless body, already clad in that dead white—the livid of death, was lying on its funeral couch surrounded by the nuns in prayer, and I was as detached as a butterfly from the chrysalis, the empty case, the formless mass which it abandons to open its young wings to the unknown and suddenly revealed light.

To a period of profound darkness had succeeded a dazzling splendor, an enlarged horizon, a disappearance of all limit, of all obstacle, which filled me with an intoxication of delight. The development of new senses made me understand the impenetrable mysteries of thought and the terrestrial organs. Freed from the load of clay which had hitherto weighed me down, I darted with alacrity into the fathomless ether. Distances existed no longer for me, and my simple wish made me present where I desired to be. With a flight more rapid than light, I traced great circles in the azure of space, as if to take possession of immensity, or sailing over the swarms of spirits and essences.

A light like diamond dust formed the atmosphere; each grain of this sparkling air was, I perceived, a soul. They formed these currents, undulations, waves, like that impalpable powder that they spread on tables of harmony to study the vibrations of sound, and these movements caused the splendor of these inundations of light. All the numbers that mathematics could furnish would not give an approximate figure to this overwhelming multitude of souls which compose this light, differing as much from ordinary light as day differs from night.

To the souls already passed through the trials of life since the creation of our world and those of other universes, were joined those expectant virgin souls which awaited their turn to become united to a body on a planet in some system or other. There were enough to people all the universes during millions of years. These souls, although dissimilar in essence and in aspect, according to the world that they were to inhabit, in spite of the infinite variety of type, always recalled the Divine type, and were made after the

image of the Creator. They had, for their constitutive monad, the celestial spark. Some were white as the diamond; others colored like rubies, emeralds, sapphires, topaz and amethyst. For want of other terms that you can understand, I employ these names of gems, vile stones, opaque crystals, of which the most brilliant would only serve as spots on this ground of living splendor.

From time to time there passed a great angel carrying an order from God to the end of the universes. The milky way poured through the heavens a river of suns in fusion. The stars, which I saw in their true size, in their enormity, of which man's imagination can form no idea, sparkled with fierce rays; behind them were depths more and more dizzy. I could have supposed myself enclosed in a prodigious hall filled in the interior with stars. Their splendor was supported by the eyes of my soul. I went and came, ascended and descended, and traversed millions of leagues in a second. I heard the music of the spheres; mysterious numbers, the pivots of the universe, marked the rhythm. I read the open book of this poem of God, which has suns for its letters. Why is it not permitted me to explain some pages? But you live still in lower darkness, and your eyes would be blinded by those heavenly effulgences.

Notwithstanding the ineffable beauty of this spectacle, I had not yet forgotten earth, the poor abode which I had just quitted. My love, the conqueror of death, followed me beyond the tomb, and I saw with divine joy that you loved no person, that your soul was free, and that it might be mine forever. I then knew what I had felt before: we were predestined one for the other. Our souls formed this celestial couple, which, in melting, form an angel; but these two halves of the supreme whole ought, in order to be united in immortal life, to have sought each other whilst in life on earth, to have divined each other, under the veil of flesh, through trials and obstacles. I alone had felt the presence of the sister-soul, and had darted toward it, urged by an instinct that never deceives. With you the perception was confused, and had only sufficed to put you on your guard against all bonds and vulgar loves. You understood that none of these souls were made for you, and, under a cold exterior, you passionately reserved yourself for the highest ideal.

Thanks to the favor which was granted me, I could make you understand this love of which you were ignorant during my life, and I hoped to inspire you with the desire of following me to the sphere which I inhabit. I had no regret. What is the happiest human bond in comparison with the felicity which two souls enjoy in the eternal kies of divine love? Until the last moment my task is bounded by preventing the world engaging you in its ways and leading you forever from me. Marriage binds in both worlds, but you do not love Madame d'Ymbereourt; my quality of spirit permits me to read the heart, and I have nothing to fear on that side; however, you might be weary of waiting for your ideal dream, and, through weariness, indolence, or discouragement, or the need of coming to a conclusion, you might allow yourself to conclude this vulgar union.

Quitting the luminous zones, I lowered myself to the earth, which I saw rolling beneath me in her foggy atmosphere and her bands of clouds. I found you without difficulty, and I was present, an invisible witness, reading your thoughts, and, unknown to you, influencing your life. By my presence, which you did not suspect, I drove away the ideas, the desires, the caprices which might have turned you from the object to which I directed you. I detached your soul little by little from all terrestrial bonds; to keep you closer, I spread over your home a vague enchantment which made you love it. You felt there around you an impalpable and mute caress, and you experienced an inexplicable happiness; it seemed to you, without being able to account for it, that your happiness was enclosed within those walls that I inhabited. It was necessary that I should prepare you by degrees for my apparition, and put myself mysteriously in relation with you; between a spirit and a mortal not initiated, the communications are difficult. A profound abyss separates this world and the other. I had crossed it, but that was not enough; I must render myself sensible to your eyes, which were still bandaged and saw nothing but the material world through the opacity of your organs.

Madame d'Ymbereourt, still pursuing her ideas of marriage, attracted you to her house, and tried to overcome your nonchalance by her attentions. Substituting my will for your thought whilst it slumbered, I made you write that answer in reply to the lady's note in which you betrayed your secret sentiments, and which caused you so much surprise. The idea of the supernatural awoke in you, and, more attentive, you understood that a mysterious power mingled in your life. The sigh that I heaved, when, in spite of the warning, you decided to go out, although feeble and weak as the vibration of an aolian harp, troubled you profoundly, and moved hidden sympathies in your soul. You had guessed in it an accent of feminine suffering. I could not yet manifest myself to you in a more precise way, for you were not sufficiently disengaged from the bonds of matter, and I appeared to the Baron de Ferri—a disciple of Swedenborg, a clairvoyant—to recommend him to say to you that mysterious phrase which might put you on your guard against the perils that surrounded you, and give you the desire to penetrate into the world of spirits, where my love called you. You know the rest. Must I ascend or remain below? shall the shade be more happy than the woman?

Here the impulse ceased which made the pen of Mallvert glide over the paper, and the thought of the young man, suspended by the influence of Spirit, regained possession of his brain. He read what he had just written in a careless manner, and strengthened himself in the resolve to love solely, and to death, this charming being who had

attracted so much for him in her short passage through this world.

"But what will be our relations?" said he. "Will Spirit take me into the regions where she hovers, or will she fly around me, visible to myself alone? Will she answer if I speak to her, and how shall I hear her?"

These questions were not easy to answer, so Mallvert, after having long discussed them in his mind, abandoned them, and remained plunged in a long reverie, out of which Jack aroused him by announcing the Baron de Ferri.

The two friends exchanged a hearty grasp of the hand, and the Swede with the golden moustache threw himself into an arm-chair.

"Guy, I come without ceremony to invite myself to breakfast," said he, stretching out his feet on the fender. "I went out early, and passing your house, the fancy took me to come and make a call almost as early as a luteater."

"You have done rightly, my dear Baron," replied Mallvert, ringing for Jack, to whom he gave orders to bring breakfast for two.

"One might suppose that you had not been in bed," said the Baron, looking at the heap of papers scattered on the table, and the lights burned down to the sockets. "You have worked all night. Will that soon appear? Is it a romance or a poem?"

"It is, perhaps, a poem," returned Guy, "but it is not of my own composition. I have only held the pen under an inspiration superior to my own."

"I understand; Apollo dictated; Homer wrote; these verses are the best."

"This poem, if it is one, is not in verse; it is not a god of mythology who has inspired me with it."

"Pardon me! I forgot that you are romantic, and that before you one must quit Apollo and the Muses, for Chompre's dictionary or the letters of Emille."

"Since you have in a manner been my mystagogue and my initiator in the supernatural, my dear Baron, I have no motive in concealing from you that these sheets which you have taken for copy, as printers say, have been dictated to me this night and the preceding, by the spirit who interests herself in me, and who seems to have known you on earth, for you are named in the recital."

"You have, then, served as a medium, because the relations are not well established between you and the spirit who visits you, but soon you will have no more need of these slow and gross means of communications—your souls will be penetrated by thought and wish, without any exterior sign."

Jack announced that breakfast was ready. Mallvert, quite disturbed by this strange adventure and this good fortune from the spirit-world, scarcely touched what was before him. The Baron de Ferri ate, but with Swedenborgian sobriety, for he who would live in commerce with the spirits ought to attenuate matter as much as possible.

"You have excellent tea there," said the Baron—"green tea with white points, gathered after the first rains of spring, that the mandarins drink, without sugar, by little sallows, in cups surrounded by filigree for fear of burning their fingers. It is the beverage par excellence of thinkers, and the excitement it produces is quite intellectual. Nothing shakes off more thoroughly all human heaviness, or better predisposes for the vision of things that the vulgar do not see. Since you are going to dwell in an immaterial sphere, I recommend you this beverage. But you are not listening, my dear Guy, and I can understand your preoccupation. A situation so new must absorb you."

"Yes, I confess," replied Mallvert, "I am in a sort of intoxication, and I ask myself constantly, 'Am I not a prey to some hallucination?'"

"Drive away such ideas, which will make the spirit fly from you; do not seek to explain the inexplicable, and abandon yourself with faith and absolute submission to the influence which guides you. The least doubt will bring a rupture, and will cause you eternal regrets. A permission rarely accorded unless in heaven souls that have not met in life; profit by it, and show yourself worthy of such a happiness."

"I shall be worthy, believe me, and I will not make Spirit suffer another time the sorrows that, unknowingly, I have inflicted on her whilst on earth. But I now recollect that in the account which she has dictated, this adorable soul has not given me the name by which she was known on earth."

"Do you wish to know it? Go to Peré la Chaise, ascend the hill, and near the chapel you will see a tomb of white marble, on which is carved a cross, lying, and on the cross part a crown of roses with delicate marble leaves, a chef-d'œuvre of a celebrated chisel. Within the medallion formed by the wreath, a short inscription will tell you that of which I am not formally authorized to inform you. The tomb in its mute language will speak in my place, although, in my view, this is but idle curiosity. What import has a terrestrial name, when there is eternal love? But you are not quite detached from human ideas—that is easily understood. It is not long since you put your foot outside the circle formed by common life."

The Baron took leave. Guy dressed, ordered his carriage, and hastened to the best florist to seek a bunch of white lilies. It was in the depth of winter, and it was difficult to find what he wanted, but at Paris the impossible, when one can pay, does not exist. He found it, therefore, and climbed the hill with palpitating heart and humid eyes.

Some flakes of snow, not yet melted, glittered like silver tears on the sombre branches of the yews, cypresses, firs and ivy, and raised in white relief the ornaments of the tombs and the tops and arms of the funeral crosses. The sky was grey and lowering—fit for a cemetery—and a bitter north-east wind whistled through those streets

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Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Cephas B. Lynn lectures in Philadelphia, Pa., during October. He will answer calls to speak in the West and South, during the fall and winter. Our young speakers should receive every encouragement.

Mrs. A. P. Brown will speak in Manchester, N. H., Oct. 21 and 22nd; would like to make further engagements. Address, in care of Henry M. Robinson, of Salem, or Manchester, N. H., till the 31st of October.

Miss J. E. McFarland, test and medical clairvoyant, has left Boston for a few weeks hoping to improve in health. She is now at the house of Capt. Sanders, Woonsocket, R. I., where she would be happy to meet with friends of the cause, and others anxious to receive the light.

Mrs. Clara A. Field, of Lowell, addressed large audiences at Music Hall, New Bedford, on Sunday afternoon and evening, Oct. 8th.

Mrs. Carrie M. Cushman spoke at Everett Hall, Cambridgeport, Sunday, Oct. 1st and 8th. As Mrs. Cushman is stopping at present in Boston (34 Myrtle street) societies not yet provided with, or wanting a sterling, forcible speaker, and one who can be heard by those upon the back seats, will find it to their spiritual if not temporal interest to secure her services without delay in looking further. Though not publicly known in Boston, she has long been identified with Spiritualism and reform. Though not before the public all the time, still she has made a good impression wherever heard.

Prof. William Denton is engaged for a course of five lectures on various topics, at the Town Hall in Dexter, Me., on the evenings of Oct. 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th, and also a special lecture on Sunday the 29th at 2 o'clock; subject, "Does man's spirit live after death, and can it communicate with those in the body? considered in the light of philosophy and science."

J. M. Peebles is lecturing in Louisville, Ky., this month. The Daily Ledger of Oct. 6th contains a synopsis of one of his week evening lectures, and says, "All who came were richly repaid in the very interesting lecture of Mr. Peebles, on a subject but vaguely understood by Americans generally." The Daily Sun also favorably notices the lecture.

Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham is lecturing in Troy this month.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan lectured in Titusville, Pa., Oct. 8th, in the Hebrew Synagogue. The Daily Courier of that city says, "Mrs. Tappan is a woman of rare eloquence, and highly delights all who listen to her, whether they accept all she says or not."

Mrs. Juliette Yeaw lectures in Mendon, October 22d and 23d; in Hudson, November 5th; in North Scituate, January 14th.

Mrs. Lora S. Craig has changed her residence from New Hampshire, to Rock Island, Ill.

Mrs. S. L. Chappelle Polley is going West on a lecturing tour.

Warren Chase will commence a series of lectures on the philosophy of Spiritualism, in St. Louis, the third Sunday in October.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

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—Second Page: "There's Somebody Waiting for Me," by Laura A. Boyce; "The Ministry of Love," by Cephas B. Lynn; Spiritual Phenomena—"The Wonderful Performances at Moravia, N. Y.," from the New York Sun. Third: Same continued; "Acroëtic," by Mrs. Eliza H. Blanchard; Free Thought—"Things as I See them," by Lois Walsbrook; "Who are unreasonable?" "Yes, Let us take Counsel," by W. Sanson; Poem—"To one enfranchised," by Cora Wilburn; "Spiritualism in San Francisco," by Cora Wilburn; "Spiritualism: Obituaries. Fourth and Fifth: "Spiritualistic Jottings," by John Wetherbee, editorials, items, etc. Sixth: "Message Department;" Banner Correspondence from various localities; Calls for Spiritualist Conventions. Seventh: Advertisements. Eighth: "Editorial Correspondence," by Warren Chase; "Wisconsin Pebbles," by J. O. Barrett; "Western Locals," by Cephas B. Lynn.

In this issue of the Banner we give additional accounts of the remarkable spirit manifestations at Moravia, N. Y., from the New York Daily Sun. Last week we gave our own statements of the case, and now we present a narration of facts from the standpoint of the secular press. The facts mentioned by the Sun are not the same as given by us, but are of a far more interesting character.

On a printer—Here rests his form within a case, Dead matter his condition, To be set and re-appear, A new revised edition.

BRIEF—LEGIBLE—PRACTICABLE—USEFUL—See Lindsey's Tachygraphy, a new system of shorthand writing; for sale by William White & Co., 158 Washington street, Boston.

Spurgeon has dropped the "Rev." So has Bro. Peebles.

Charles H. Read, the physical medium, is holding séances at St. Paul, Minn. The Pioneer of Oct. 4, says, "Ingerson Hall was filled to its utmost capacity with the most fashionable audience that has assembled together in St. Paul for years, to witness the Physical Manifestations of Mr. Charles H. Read."

Von Fleck really did good in Louisville, Ky., by his attempted exposure of Spiritualism, under the patronage of the Young Men's Christian Association. The Daily Courier-Journal, Sun and other papers, are publishing in their columns lengthy and authenticated accounts of the genuine manifestations. Thus the truth finds its way to the hearts of the people.

Lippincott, of Philadelphia, will soon issue a volume of poems, entitled "Southern Voices," by Dr. Wm. H. Holcombe, of New Orleans. Southern Voices are songs of brotherhood and peace, designed to cultivate the spirit of reconciliation in all liberal souls.

Damon Y. Kilgore, a lawyer of Philadelphia, proposes a schedule of principles to be the basis of a national reform party. Mr. Kilgore is a radical, and his general views agree substantially with those of the representative radicals of the day. But in addition to woman suffrage, anti-monopoly, prison reform, and other familiar ideas, Mr. Kilgore proposes that public officers should be paid liberal salaries, and that all "fees" shall go into the public treasury.

"In God We Trust" is on the nickels, and it is proposed now to adorn the greenbacks with "I know that My Redeemer Liveth."

Pride is increased by ignorance; those who assume the most are usually those who know the least.

The blood of a healthy, full-grown, average man weighs twenty pounds.

Spiritualist Lyceums and Lectures.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.—Miss Hall.—Free admission.—The fifth series of lectures on the spiritual philosophy commenced in this elegant and spacious hall Sunday afternoon, Oct. 1, and will be continued every Sunday, at 2 1/2 P.M. (excepting Oct. 11 and Feb. 11). Mrs. Emma Hardinge will lecture during October, to be followed by other speakers of known ability, among whom are Prof. Denton, Miss Jennie Lynde, Thomas Hales Foster, Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, and probably Miss Doten and Dr. W. H. Holcombe. Reserved seats for the term, at \$10 each, can be procured of Mr. Lewis B. Wilson, Treasurer, 158 Washington street, or at the hall. Donations are solicited.

Ellet Hall.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 1/2 A. M. Religious Philosophical Club (conference) at 7 P. M. John A. Andrew Hall, corner of Chaucey and Essex streets. Test circle at 10 1/2 A. M. Mrs. Mary Corbitt, medium. Lecture and answering questions at 2 1/2 and 7 P. M., by Mrs. S. A. Floyd.

Temple Hall.—The Boylston-street Spiritualist Association meets regularly at this place (No. 18, up stairs). Circle morning and afternoon; evening, lecture.

Boston.—Ellet Hall.—Songs by Hattie C. Richardson, Maria Adams and Edna S. Dodge, and remarks by Dr. H. F. Gardner diversified and gave interest to the regular services of the Children's Lyceum on Sunday morning, Oct. 8th. The session was well attended and profitable.

A course of dancing parties, for the pecuniary benefit of the Lyceum, will be inaugurated at this hall, Monday evening, Oct. 10th; music under direction of T. M. Carter, its well-known and popular Musical Director.

A school for the teaching of dancing, for the benefit of the Lyceum children and others, will be carried on under charge of officers of the organization, commencing on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 18th; also one for adults, commencing Friday evening, Oct. 20th. Any information desired can be obtained of the Lyceum officers.

John A. Andrew Hall.—A Circle was held Sunday, Oct. 8th, 10 1/2, by Mrs. Hardy, at which many very beautiful tests were given, and were fully recognized by persons in the audience.

In the afternoon a memorial service was conducted by Mrs. S. A. Floyd for our Bro. J. H. Carlisle, who passed to spirit-life during the past week. The services were very beautiful and truthful, fully setting forth the fact enunciated by the spiritual philosophy, that there is no death, but that the spirit of the risen one has left for a time his near and dear friends here, to join those that have passed on before to that blessed land where sorrow and parting are known no more.

The following resolutions were passed:
Resolved, that we, the members of John A. Andrew Hall Society, do offer our sympathy and condolence to the afflicted widow and daughter of our Brother, John H. Carlisle, in their great bereavement. May they be sustained by the thought that their loss is his gain.
Resolved, That the above be read on Sunday, and a copy be sent to the widow.

G. M. Huxford,
T. H. Fryer,
Saml. Carter,
THOMAS BRADFORD, Secretary.

The regular services at 7 P. M. were held by Mrs. S. A. Floyd.

Temple Hall.—Under date of Oct. 9th, J. H. Blackford writes: "At a regular meeting of the Association of Temple Hall, the following gentlemen were elected as officers during the ensuing term: President, Thomas E. Moon; Vice President, J. McGillivray; Secretary, J. H. Blackford; Treasurer, J. Simpson; Ushers, William Brown and N. H. Gray. A good degree of interest is exhibited, as usual, and the meetings are harmonious."

On Sunday, Oct. 1st, Mrs. Bowditch held her last séance at this hall. We learn it is her intention to enter upon a new profession. At the close of the meeting she made her acknowledgments for the kindness and courtesy of the Association.

Mrs. Cushman officiated Oct. 15th.

Chelsea.—Granite Hall.—Emma Hardinge addressed a large audience at this place, Sunday evening, Oct. 8th.

Cambridgeport.—Everett Hall.—The Cambridgeport Lyceum held its regular session, Sunday morning, Oct. 8th. There was a very large attendance of scholars. The interest in this direction seems to be increasing rapidly. The usual exercises were gone through with. Masters George Pearson, George Banister, and Misses Abbie Goss, Ellen Murray, Jennie Pratt and George Martain gave fine recitations.

Mrs. J. M. Cushman lectured in the evening to a large audience. On Sunday evening, Oct. 15th, Mrs. N. J. Willis will speak at Everett Hall (Hyde's Block).

BAIR AXINGTON.—Phoenix Hall.—Lilla H. Shaw, Assistant Guardian, reports that "on Sunday, Oct. 8th, the officers and members of the Children's Progressive Lyceum assembled in goodly numbers, together with some thirty spectators. Our songs and Silver-Chain recitations were taken from the Spiritual Harp. Readings and recitations were submitted by the following: Belle Holbrook, Ellen Groce, Minnie Lowell, Emily Holbrook, J. F. Lowell, Alfred Brown, Louise Porram, Daisy Trumbull, Lanna Shaw, Mr. Lyon, Jennie Deal and Maria Bennett.

The Conductor, F. J. Gurney, then announced that, instead of the usual object lesson, we would listen to a new remark from a member of Fraternity Group, Edwin Wright, who stepped forward and gave us an able declamation on "Alcohol," illustrating it by the actual stimulus in a common black bottle. He earnestly hoped that he could impress it upon the minds of even the smallest, that this was ruling young men and bringing unhappiness to many homes. No one could fail to feel the force of his arguments. The Conductor then announced our coming anniversary exercises, which take place on Tuesday evening, Oct. 10th. Grand and Target Marches now took place. Closed the exercises by singing.

New Publications.

POEMS OR PROLOGUES, by LIZZIE DOTEN.—To refer anew to what all readers by this time know, that Lizzie Doten's "Poems or Prologues" are out, professed, as they deserve to be, with a strikingly faithful likeness of their gifted author, in a measure to come nearer to the reader in spiritual sympathy at once, and establish old and delightful relations on what we may style a "new departure." For there is not one in many, many thousands of those who have heard and read Lizzie Doten, who is not intensely influenced by her high and fine inspirations. She comes to every heart like a friend. Her utterances, in prose or verse, run through the gamut of all soul experiences. Heaven charged her with sacred gifts, which she has as sacredly dispensed, and thus increased. What she says is in itself as beautiful and expressive and inspiring as what she sings. Unrest is quelled and made calm under her magic influence, and the storms of passion, the blindness of desire, and the griefs of sorrow and discouragement are by turns subdued, cured and assuaged under the healing, soothing and guiding influences of her rich and deep nature.

Of the very varied contents of her fresh volume of Poems the columns of the Banner have already advertised all. Most of the pieces are well known to those for whom they have done a timely service. Her fine and subtle humor plays like a pure light over many of her productions, the fruit of a certain class of moods, while in her more serious and reflective strains she betrays a living sympathy for others that utterly refuses to let her enjoy the comparative selfishness of solitary thought and contemplation. It is a positive characteristic of Lizzie Doten and her writings, that her mind is chiefly active through the medium of her sympathies. She speaks because she must, but she must because others are so very much to her happiness. It is certainly both a rare and enviable balance of qualities in a temperament, which all persons might well desire to possess; out of such a combination, creating condition and power together, as it were, we might reasonably expect precisely such ripe and delicious fruit, intellectual and spiritual, and far above the merely literary, as is to be freely plucked and eaten from between the two covers of her book—"The Poems of Progress." When such effects are known to be produced as her poems have notably yielded, the cause of them claims our profoundest regard.

Shall we run over the suggestive titles of these many Poems, as the pianist runs up and down the ivory keys beneath his practiced hands? Her profatory "Declaration of Faith" is a grand opening to them all; "The Chemistry of Character;" "Let Thy Kingdom Come;" "The Spirit of Nature;" "The Rainbow Bridge;" "Rest Thou in Peace;" "Ecce Homo;" "Peter McGuire, or Nature and Grace;" "Hymns of the Angels;" "Gone Home;" "The Cry of the Desolate;" "The Spirit-Mother;" "Face the Sunshine;" "Hester Vaughan;" "The Famed Heart;" "Mr. De Spino;" "Will It Pay?" "My Angel;" "Truth Triumphant;" "Good in All;" "John Edwidge;" "Our Soldiers' Graves;" "Labor and Wait;" "Free Rhyming Robin;" "Gone is Gone, and Dead is Dead;" "The Spirit-Teacher;" "Guardian Angels;" "Nearer to Thee;" "The Good Time Now;" "The Inner Mystery;" and more that must be found by the eager reader and sincere admirer. The structure of her verse is remarkably smooth and harmonious, and its melody becomes such genuine sermons in song. Her ear is quick to detect faulty rhythms, while she possesses a happy faculty of marrying sound to sense. We need not

urge the uncounted friends of Lizzie Doten to make themselves the possessors of a volume which, while bringing such a world of silent good to themselves, is the best and purest token they could have of her beloved presence and elevating influence.

Carleton puts forth an intensely funny brochure, profusely illustrated, entitled, "THE FALL OF MAN; or, The Loves of the Grillas"—a popular scientific lecture upon the Darwinian theory of development by sexual selection. It purports to have been prepared by "a learned Gorilla."

Adams & Co. are out seasonally with their "SPORTS AND GAMES" for all seasons, but particularly for the one just ahead of us.

MASONRY, by Dr. Paulus, is the mysterious title of a most volume published in New York, which purports to contain wonderful prophecies concerning Popery and its impending overthrow and fall, together with predictions relative to America, the end of the world, and the formation of the new earth. Also, predictions concerning the true beginning and future of the New Church, called the New Jerusalem, Twenty-four "magic figures" illustrate the text.

Noyes & Hall have for sale "Brick" Pomroy's "Gondrarr: For the Beautifying of Lives and Homes." Mr. Pomroy has made his mark in this department of writing, and the present book will meet with general welcome.

Loring publishes a novel by Cecil Griffith, entitled, "Victory Drawn," an English story of startling plot and intense characters—the first literary production of a young female writer. The characters tell their own story. The tale was written four years ago, and achieved at home a wide popularity.

Lee & Shepard publish a diamond edition—exceedingly neat, with a fine portrait professed—OF THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS, edited by Rev. Robert A. Wilcox. It is just such an edition of a favorite poet as cannot fail to be popular.

Of the "Upward and Onward Series," from the same publishers, Oliver Optic has just come out with Number Four, called, "ONWARD AND CROSS-TEXT; or, The Sea Swashes of a Sailor." Phil Farrington, the hero of all these stories, appears in the present one as a sailor, and makes a voyage to the coast of Africa. The author carries him through many sorrow trials and temptations, and brings him out on the basis of a brave and elevated manhood at last.

Lee & Shepard continue to manifest their enterprise as publishers in a handsome volume named "The Children's Album of Pretty Pictures with Short Stories," by Uncle John. The twenty-sixth thousand has been now published. Every juvenile in the land will require a copy at once.

The third edition, from the same publishers, of the "Children's Sunday Album," by the author of "A Trap to catch a Sunbeam," with upwards of one hundred and fifty illustrations, proves the popularity of this venture, and it deserves as wide a sale as so excellent a child's book can possibly reach.

The Western Railway Guide, with the whole library of maps, is such a thoroughly efficient handbook that we do not wonder at the extraordinary success with which it meets. Such a guide is of the first necessity in the vastly extended West.

The September number of the NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW, Dr. Edward I. Sears editor, presents the scholarly and studious reader with the following table of contents: The Decline of Poetry; England under the Tudors; The French Tragic Drama—Cornwall; Our Aristocracy as manufactured from the Raw Material; Ancient Africa and its Races; American Colonial Literature; Collegiate and Scholastic Quackery; Male and Female; The "Spillful" National Quarterly and Innocent King Lear Rules; and Notices and Criticisms. This sturdy Review is always fresh, independent, vigorous, and illustrated with broad and thorough scholarship.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW for October is before us, and it contains a vast variety of pleasant and instructive reading matter. There are several illustrated articles, and a great variety of news contributions and domestic matters edited or general reading, including full reports of the proceedings at the last session of the G. L. U. S. It is one of the leading publications of the age.

DENN HOLLOW, by Mrs. Henry Wood. We have noticed this interesting novel in a previous issue. Loring has it for sale.

Quarterly Convention.

The New Hampshire Association of Progressive Spiritualists will meet in Quarterly Convention, at Lyceum Hall, in Manchester, Friday, Nov. 2d, to continue Saturday and Sunday. This Convention is for the benefit of the mediums and Spiritualists of New Hampshire, and all such are earnestly requested to be present, as business of importance will come before the Convention. By order of the Convention. Newbury, N. H., Oct. 9, 1871. BENJAMIN E. HUNN, Sec'y.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

THE SPIRITUAL ANALYST AND SCIENTIFIC RECORD. Published in Boston. Price 20 cents.
THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 80 cents per copy.
HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents.
THE MEDIUM AND DATA. A weekly paper published in London. Price 5 cents.
THE RELIGIOUS-PHILosophical JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by S. B. Jones, Esq. Price 8 cents.
THE PRESENT AGE. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 8 cents.
THE LYCEUM BANNER. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cents.
THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O. Price 6 cents.
THE OCEANIC. Published in Baltimore. Price 5 cents.
THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in New York. Price 20 cents per copy.

BUSINESS MATTERS.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth avenue, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps. 07.

C. H. FOSTER, "Test Medium," No. 16 Twelfth street, between University place and Fifth avenue, New York. 021.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, 105 East 12th street, New York. Terms \$2 and 3 stamps. Money refunded when not answered. 07.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.—A SEALED LETTER, \$1.00 and four stamps. Medical examination by letter, \$1.00. Address, M. K. CARRISSEN, 185 Bank street, Newark, N. J. 2w.021.

FOR SALE CHEAP.—A second-hand wide saddle. Also a second-hand large barrel circular table. Apply to WM. WHITE & CO., Booksellers, 158 Washington street, Boston, up stairs.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

LIBERAL, SPIRITUAL AND REFORM BOOKSTORE.

Western Agency for the sale of the BANNER OF LIGHT, AND ALL

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D. S. CADWALLADER, No. 1005 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa., Keeps constantly for sale the

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BANNER OF LIGHT, And a full supply of the

SPIRITUAL AND REFORM WORKS Published by William White & Co.

LITTLE THINGS.
Of "little things" the earth is made,
All that the eye can see;
Each, by its hundred atoms staid,
Keeps all things where they lie.
The "little drops" the ocean make,
Which each to each adheres,
No ships across its bosom take,
Their course to different spheres.
The "little boys" who need new "clothes,"
Can always find at GEORGE FENNER'S,
Court Point, East End, where shoes complete,
Corner of Beach and Washington street
Oct. 21.—1w

HERMAN SNOW,
318 KEARNEY ST., (Up Stairs), SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
Keeps for sale the
BANNER OF LIGHT,
And a general variety of

Spiritualist and Reform Books, At Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Pens, Finches, Pencils, Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders, Orton's Anti-Tobacco Preparation, Dr. Storck's Nutritive Compound, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. Remittances in U. S. currency and postage stamps received at par. Address, HERMAN SNOW, P. O. Box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

RICHARD ROBERTS, BOOKSELLER, No. 1626 SEVENTH STREET, ABOVE NEW YORK AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C., Keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, And a full supply of the SPIRITUAL AND REFORM WORKS Published by William White & Co.

AUSTRALIAN DEPOT FOR LIBERAL AND REFORM BOOKS, And Agency for the Banner of Light.

W. H. TERRY, No. 96 Russell street, Melbourne, Australia, Has for sale all the works of Spiritualism: Liberal and Reform Works, published by William White & Co., Boston, U. S., may at all times be found there.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion.

SPECIAL NOTICES.—Thirty cents per line for first insertion and twenty-five cents for subsequent insertions.

BUSINESS NOTICES.—Thirty cents per line, each insertion, set in Minion, measured in Agate.

Payment in all cases in advance.

For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Advertisements to be Renewed at Conclusion of the month, to be left at our Office before 10 P. M. on Monday.

GEORGE P. ROWELL & CO., 40 PARK ROW, AND S. M. PETERSON & CO., 21 PARK ROW, Are our authorized Advertising Agents in New York.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

THIS magic control of the POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS, over disease of all kinds, is wonderful beyond all precedent. They do no violence to the system, causing no purging, no nausea, no vomiting, no sweating, no evacuating. The POSITIVE POWDERS cure Rheumatism, Headache, Rheumatism, Pains of all kinds; Hysteria, Dysentery, Vomiting, Diarrhea, Cholera, Worms, all Female Weaknesses and derangements; Fits, Cramps, St. Vitus' Dance, Spasms; all high grades of Fever, Small Pox, Measles, Scarlatina, Erysipelas, all Inflamations, acute or chronic, of the Kidneys, Liver, Lungs, Womb, Bladder, or any other organ of the body; Gout, Rheumatism, Consumption, Rheumatism, Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Nephritis, &c. The NEGATIVE POWDERS cure Paralysis, or Palsy, whether of the muscles or of the senses, as Blindness, Deafness, loss of taste, smell, feeling or motion; all Low Fevers, such as the Typhoid and the Typhus. Both the POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE are recommended in Chills and Fever.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. Sold at 1 Box, 3 Boxes, 6 Boxes, 12 Boxes, 24 Boxes, 48 Boxes, 96 Boxes, 192 Boxes, 384 Boxes, 768 Boxes, 1536 Boxes, 3072 Boxes, 6144 Boxes, 12288 Boxes, 24576 Boxes, 49152 Boxes, 98304 Boxes, 196608 Boxes, 393216 Boxes, 786432 Boxes, 1572864 Boxes, 3145728 Boxes, 6291456 Boxes, 12582912 Boxes, 25165824 Boxes, 50331648 Boxes, 100663296 Boxes, 201326592 Boxes, 402653184 Boxes, 805306368 Boxes, 1610612736 Boxes, 3221225472 Boxes, 6442450944 Boxes, 12884901888 Boxes, 25769803776 Boxes, 51539607552 Boxes, 103079215104 Boxes, 206158430208 Boxes, 412316860416 Boxes, 824633720832 Boxes, 1649267441664 Boxes, 3298534883328 Boxes, 6597069766656 Boxes, 13194139533312 Boxes, 26388279066624 Boxes, 52776558133248 Boxes, 105553116266496 Boxes, 211106232532992 Boxes, 422212465065984 Boxes, 844424930131968 Boxes, 1688849860263936 Boxes, 3377699720527872 Boxes, 6755399441055744 Boxes, 13510798882111488 Boxes, 27021597764222976 Boxes, 54043195528445952 Boxes, 108086391056891904 Boxes, 216172782113783808 Boxes, 432345564227567616 Boxes, 864691128455135232 Boxes, 1729382256910270464 Boxes, 3458764513820540928 Boxes, 6917529027641081856 Boxes, 13835058055282163712 Boxes, 27670116110564327424 Boxes, 55340232221128654848 Boxes, 110680464442257309696 Boxes, 221360928884514619392 Boxes, 442721857769029238784 Boxes, 885443715538058477568 Boxes, 1770887431076116955136 Boxes, 3541774862152233910272 Boxes, 7083549724304467820544 Boxes, 14167099448608935641088 Boxes, 28334198897217871282176 Boxes, 56668397794435742564352 Boxes, 113336795588871485128704 Boxes, 226673591177742970257408 Boxes, 453347182355485940514816 Boxes, 906694364710971881029632 Boxes, 1813388729421943762059264 Boxes, 3626777458843887524118528 Boxes, 7253554917687775048237056 Boxes, 14507109835375550096474112 Boxes, 29014219670751100192948224 Boxes, 58028439341502200385896448 Boxes, 116056878683004400771792896 Boxes, 232113757366008801543585792 Boxes, 464227514732017603087171584 Boxes, 928455029464035206174343168 Boxes, 1856910058928070412348686336 Boxes, 3713820117856140824697372672 Boxes, 7427640235712281649394745344 Boxes, 14855280471424563298789490688 Boxes, 29710560942849126597578981376 Boxes, 59421121885698253195157962752 Boxes, 118842243771396506390315925504 Boxes, 237684487542793012780631851008 Boxes, 475368975085586025561263702016 Boxes, 950737950171172051122527404032 Boxes, 1901475900342344102245054808064 Boxes, 3802951800684688204490109616128 Boxes, 7605903601369376408980219232256 Boxes, 15211807202738752817960438464512 Boxes, 30423614405477505635920876929024 Boxes

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Banner of Light was claimed as spoken by the spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of...

The Banner of Light Free Circles. These Circles are held at No. 154 Washington Street, Room No. 4 (top stairs), on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at all times...

Sealed Letters. Visitors at our Free Circles have the privilege of placing a sealed letter on the table for answer by the spirits. First, write one of two or three questions, signing full name to the same; put them in an envelope, seal it, and address to the spirit with whom communication is desired...

Invocation. Oh Life, beautiful Life, thou dost move through us and around us, we bring thee our good and evil fruits of deeds, asking thy blessing upon the good, and thy pity upon the evil; and for those mortals who dwell in the shadow of time, we ask for patience—that patience which is crowned with faith and supported by hope...

Questions and Answers. CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have questions, Mr. Chairman, I am ready to answer them. QUES.—(From a correspondent.) What is the progression of little wafers who leave this world in an embryo state?

ANS.—Since the soul receives the seal of individuality at conception, it is from that time henceforth and forever a living, individualized soul, and can never lose its individuality—can never take a retrograde step in Nature. This being true, it of necessity becomes an inhabitant of the spirit-world, and is cared for by persons selected by the Infinite, and endowed by Nature with capabilities for taking proper care of such embryonic souls. You may ask: Have they form? Not so far as matter is concerned. These souls are held, preserved, sustained, cared for in the soul-world till a proper opportunity comes, when they are again sent forth through matter, and take upon themselves, perhaps, fully matured forms, and pass through a series of experience incident to matter.

Q.—Is it true that when we sleep our spirits leave the body and visit our friends that have passed on?

A.—Yes, it is true; but more especially true of some persons than of all. The body, during the hours of sleep, is in a negative condition. The will has yielded up the control to the animal functions, and therefore there is nothing to hinder the spirit from going wherever it will, bound, of course, as it must be, to the body, yet it can soar into infinite space; it can roam over distant worlds; it can write upon the tablet of its soul-memory incidents that transpire with it on those journeys. But when the will enters the sensorium and demands the spirit to return, it must return. There is a natural law and a spiritual law governing each individual. The will, so far as the body is concerned, is a result of—of is born of natural law. The spirit is controlled by a spiritual law, and that spiritual law, while the connection is maintained between the spirit and the body, is in conjunction with natural law, and they both act in harmony together.

Q.—Why are we not cognizant of it when awake?

A.—Because the organs of the physical body were not used at the time, therefore no impression was made upon them. All dreams, all visions that are remembered, are remembered as a consequence of the physical organs being used at the time; and when the spirit is in spirit life and using its own spiritual organs, having nothing to do with the material organs, it makes no impression on them, and therefore when the spirit returns to the physical body, it takes up the thread of physical life again in the organs, precisely where it left off when the law ceased to act upon the body.

Q.—Shall we remember it as a part of our spiritual existence, after we leave this body?

A.—You certainly will. Q.—Will scenes in the spirit-world be familiar to us?

A.—They doubtless will. Q.—Will the remembrance of our earth-life seem like a dream, and eventually be forgotten?

A.—Yes. June 19.

Elizabeth Webster. I come here in search of my daughter. She left her home, in Bristol, Maine, twelve years ago, and since that time we have heard from her only once, and that was about three years after she went away. I have been gone about nineteen months. My name was Elizabeth Webster. I know it cannot be all right with my daughter, else we should have heard from her; and I should have found it possible to reach her since my death. [Are you sure she is not on your side of life?] Oh, yes; yes, I am quite sure she is not in the spirit-world; and I am equally sure she is in Boston. I wish her, first of all, to remember the home she left, and the friends who still love her. I wish, if my message reaches her, to find a way by which I can communicate with her, for I have many things to say which may not properly be said here. I never called her anything else but Lida. Her name was Eliza, but they called her Lida. I hope strong angels will guide my message to her. I feel sure it will reach her, but I do not know how. [Do you wish to go to her?] Do I wish it? Of all things in heaven, that the most. [I think you will gain material force enough, by coming here, to be able to go directly to her.] I hope I may be able to. June 19.

David Spencer. I have often wished for the privilege to come back since I left my body, but I want a little more license than you give us here. I want to take a run round, to see how all things have been changed since I left. I have been here nineteen years last March. My name was David Spencer. I saw fifty-two years in this life. What brings me here? Particularly is that one of my relatives is greatly troubled to know whether or no I am not unhappy in the other life by what has been done with what I left. No, I am not. I don't care a straw about it. Here it was of value to me. Now I know how valuable it is. I am not unhappy. On the contrary, I think if I entered

into the matter at all, it would be with a feeling of joyousness that it is going as fast as it can. [Is some one spending it fast?] Yes, and I'm glad of it. Because it is a pretty well accepted fact in our life that they who come to that life leaving a pile behind them here, are the most miserable there, and it takes the longest to resuscitate them—to beat any kind of common sense into them any way. [Were you afflicted in that way?] Yes, I was afflicted in that way, and I've now only just about got clear of the yoke, consequently I am glad. Seeing the millions pass out of the family do not trouble me in the least. If there's anything more they want of me here, I will be glad to come. [I suppose it would have troubled you when you first passed away?] No, not even then, because I saw, as soon as I passed over, what a curse it was. Soon as you come on this side it just clears away quick, I tell you. It frees you of the things that pertain to this life, that give you a sort of comfortable feeling here, but rob you of just so much of what you would otherwise have there. So look out that you do not leave too much here. You can't get any interest from it in the other life—not a bit. June 19.

Alexander Stone. "Will you communicate such intelligence to your son John as shall put him in possession of his lawful rights?" This is the question that brings me here to day. My name was Alexander Stone. No, I will not furnish such information, neither here nor anywhere else, for my son is already in possession of his rights, although he may not think so. Good-day, sir. June 19.

Nettie Wilcox. I want mother to know I don't live with the Saviour—I live with granny. Granny died before I did, and was here all ready for me when I came, and granny says that mother must try to realize that we ain't always a great way off. Sometimes we are close by. Granny is nice. She do not have wrinkles now, and she do not wear glasses, nor walk with a cane, and she do not have rheumatism now, and I don't think mother would know her. She was my mother's grandmother. My name was Nettie Wilcox. I am from Barnstable, Cape Cod. Granny says she will come to mother as soon as she can, and she hopes that my little boat, so well freighted with love, will reach the desired port in safety. I guess it will, because I feel so; and granny she thought so before I came, that if I only had the courage to come, it would be all right. I want mother to know I don't have any sore throats here, and do not have any pains, and it's a glorious place, and she will have to go to school some. [Your mother?] Yes, she will. About some things she will have to go to school to me. [I presume she won't object to doing that.] Well, I don't know; I am afraid she will be ashamed of some things, because she can't answer right, I know she can't. My mother used to teach school, but she will have to go to school to me, and she may as well begin pretty quick, because it will take her a good while to learn some things. I am seven years old; I was six when I died—was only a little more than five. Good-by. June 19.

Séance conducted by Dr. J. B. Ferguson; letters answered by "Cousin Benj." Invocation. Oh thou who art never absent from any one of us, we pray thee to be so consciously near these human hearts this hour, that they shall feel that they are indeed in the presence of their Father and Mother God. We praise thee, oh Beautiful Life, for all thy varied ministrations. We are thankful, oh Merciful Spirit, for thy mercies toward us. We praise thee, oh Soul of Justice, for that justice which thou art perpetually exercising toward thy saint and thy sinner. And we only ask that we may at all times understand thy love, and understand wherefore it is that thou dost sometimes chasten us. May we praise thee in the cloud as in the glory of sunlight. May we ever behold thee as our Father and our Mother, who cannot deal other than justly and mercifully by us. And to thee, oh Spirit of Wisdom, of Love and of Power, be the praise of thy great family forever and forevermore. Amen. June 20.

Questions and Answers. QUES.—Can the spirit who controls the medium give any information concerning the phenomenon exhibited in the person of Louise Lathan, in Belgium, which is called the Stigmata of the Passion? (This term is applied, by Roman Catholic writers, to the marks of the wounds on our Saviour's body, as shown in most pictures of the crucifixion?)

A.—It is a natural event, having taken place under natural law, and is governed and controlled altogether by natural circumstances. But superstition has appropriated what seems to be a revelation from the divine life to itself, and has made it subservient to its purposes. The girl is without doubt a medium, and is acted upon by disembodied spirits, but not for the purpose as claimed by the Roman Church.

Q.—Will the intelligence please tell us if there is any cure for the disease called "hay fever," which attacks people in July and August, often lasting until October, leaving the system very weak and with typhoid symptoms?

A.—There is, if not a cure, a preventive, and medical men determine it thus: that persons who know themselves to be thus annually afflicted should, first of all, avoid moving districts if possible—should abstain from animal food, should bathe daily, and sleep in apartments well ventilated. Medical men say if these precautions are taken there can be no hay fever.

Q.—A. Dodge, of Cambridge, N. Y., asks the following: At a recent sitting, and in answer to a question as to the correctness of A. J. Davis's location of the spirit-spheres of this earth, it was said, "Correct? no; not even in the smallest part." Now it is a matter of deep interest to your questioner, and perhaps many others, where such authorities conflict, to know if the same verdict is applicable generally to the clairvoyant investigations of that author. If so, and regarding that class of subjects as lying more properly in the province of revelation than reason, will the same intelligence please state what published works on that general subject are more reliable?

A.—First, then, we know of no published works that give an absolutely reliable account concerning the location of the spirit-world. A. J. Davis as a seer is quite as correct as his contemporaries. They are fallible—every one of them; therefore they are liable to give a wrong translation of truths that are imparted to them through clairvoyance. If those clairvoyants were always in that state which is best adapted to the exercise of clairvoyance, you might look for absolute reliability; but this is not the case, and for this reason: they are of the earth, earthy. By that I mean they are growing; they are grown fruit upon the tree of life, and therefore you should not look for perfection there.

Q.—And further in this connection. It occurs to your questioner whether the mind of the clairvoyant, by virtue of the connection it still retains

with its body and earth, is not better circumstanced to trace the changes, emanations, reformations, &c., of earthly matter through its refining and resurrecting process in the intermediate realm, than the mind which is completely severed from its body and earth, and depending upon media more or less imperfectly adapted to its use.

A.—I should certainly give the preference to the disembodied spirits, for I know that their facilities are much greater for investigation throughout all the departments of Nature and of mind. Here the clairvoyant is clogged and mystified by earthly conditions; there it is otherwise.

Q.—Can a spirit control more than one medium at once?

A.—Yes; just as many as are at the time susceptible to their control that they may desire to control. June 20.

Robert Bragg. It is now a little more than two years since I died and made an exit from the body. That took place in one of the cells of the State's prison on Centre street, New York City, and there I had been carried for committing some overt act during a fit of delirium tremens.

My name was Robert Bragg. I am from Hamilton, Canada West. I was thirty-six years old. My object in coming here is first to announce my death to my family and friends, and second, to inform them of my comfortable condition—to say that I have passed through a great conflict of regeneration and have come up redeemed. When I first entered the spirit-world I was taken in charge by a band of benevolent spirits, and carried to what they call a moral hospital. I very soon learned that I was under restraint, and that I was not to come out from that place till I had outlived certain evil tendencies that had attached themselves to my spirit in consequence of my earthly organism. I was kindly treated; I was surrounded by everything that love and wisdom could suggest; I was gently but firmly sublimated to the right, and, finally, when I could become master over the evil tendencies of my nature, there was no more restraint put upon me. I could go where I pleased, and so I went out into the great, beautiful spirit-world, and I found friends everywhere; I found teachers everywhere; and I was not labeled as a convict, but better than that, I had gained for myself a crown of laurel, because I had struggled conjointly with this benevolent spirit-lance to escape the evil of my nature; I had won the crown; I laid down the cross; and since that time I have been learning the way back.

I know that my family and friends will be at rest to hear that I am no more of earth; therefore I was anxious to make the trial; and if they desire further assurance, further satisfaction, let them take a journey to New York and inquire into the records, and they will soon learn from a material source. Good day, sir. June 20.

Mary Cobbett. My name was Mary Cobbett. I was born in Bath, Maine, and I died in Manchester, N. H. My disease, they said, was typhoid fever. It is a little more than one year since I died. My mother is troubled because I died out of the church, and without making any profession of religion. Tell her the salvation of the soul does not depend upon any outward profession or confession, but that there is an inward power given to every soul that becomes its Saviour. My mother need not fear. The loving kindness of the great God of Nature is over me as over her. I am safe with God. I trusted this power, and it has not left me; I am not abandoned; I am safe in my Father's house of many mansions, and my dear mother will have to learn many new things when she comes to the spirit-world, and to unlearn many old things. June 20.

Maggie Werner. I came here a little while ago—Maggie Werner—and my uncle has got my message, and he wanted me to come here and tell him if it was my body that he received and buried. It was so burned that it was hard to recognize, but he thought perhaps I might know. Well, it was not my body; he need not feel bad about it, because I don't. I felt glad to know that he tried to find it, and that he thought he did. I am sorry he has asked me, but I always told the truth when I was here. I couldn't tell him it was my body, because it was not. My body was taken away with another one. They didn't belong together at all, but it was supposed they did, because found together. But he need not feel bad. Good-by, sir. June 20.

Junius Brutus Booth. A young aspirant for stage honors has honored me with a call, but says: "I am not a believer in the possibility of spirit return after death." I believe I quote him correctly—"but I am ready to be convinced. Now, if it is possible for you to come from the shadowy world, possible for you to exercise power over mortals, will you seek to exercise a power over my father, influencing him not to oppose me in taking the position I desire to take? He has threatened me in many ways, and I know that his threats mean something more than words; and he, being a believer in the return of spirits, and a devout worshiper at the shrine of Spiritualism, I shall hope, if the philosophy is true, that he may be influenced to look with favor upon the course I have taken."

Well, when Nature points so clearly the way that an individual should take, as she points in this young man's case, I should say it were very unwise to seek to thwart Nature; and I should recommend that the father of the young man would pay some attention to the study of human nature, and to study human nature as it is exhibited through the histrionic art. It won't hurt him. He won't have to step down a single step. He thinks it will step higher than he is at present to do it. It matters not whether the son sinks into oblivion, or whether he rises to the topmost round of the ladder of fame. Nature points the way, in his case, so clearly that to turn aside from it would be an abortion of Nature's desires and designs. Now, then, good parent, let your common sense take the place of your prejudice, and it will be the better for yourself and your son. Junius Brutus Booth, in behalf of one Henry Ward. June 20.

Séance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by C. H. Crowell. Invocation. Our Father and our Mother God, be thou consciously with us while we, through the uncertain mists of time, shall worship thee. And ye ministering angels, who keep watch and ward over humanity, we beseech ye, come nearer and still nearer to human life. Ye who have borne the cross of time, who have suffered and have died—ye surely can know how to minister unto the needs of those who remain. Come, then, and cheer the disconsolate. Come, and give health to the sick. Come, and give strength to the weak. Come,

and give wisdom to the ignorant. Come, and sing ye your song of life, that shall vibrate in human hearts till, finally, the earth shall be redeemed from darkness, and ye shall see the rich fruits of your labors hanging plentifully from the tree of life. Amen. June 22.

Questions and Answers. QUES.—(From a correspondent.) Will you explain why good mediums and good spirits are so contradictory and unreliable in their statements? For instance: A. J. Davis, after passing through varied phases of mediumship, now denounces nine of them in the most unqualified and denunciatory manner in his otherwise excellent work, "The Fountain."

ANS.—This question is a threadbare one. It has been passing round amongst you so long that it is well-nigh worn out; yet still the cry comes. Why is it? Simply because mind and matter are growing, and what is acknowledged as good and right and true to-day, may not, and cannot, perhaps, be acknowledged as good and right and true to-morrow. The same truth, given through different sources, appears to the human mind as an entirely different thing—differing according to the source through which it has been given. Spirits in the body, or out of the body, are perpetually changing places, changing ideas, changing spheres, changing all the relations under which they exist. Therefore, there can be no fixed, unalterable standard of reliability—no, not anywhere. I care not where you go—whether to the lowest hell or the highest heaven—since change is the law everywhere, this phase of law must continue to exist.

Q.—By the same: I have just read "The Philosophy of Creation," by the spirit of Thomas Paine, in which it is said, on page 34, that "in form, stature and size, infants always remain infants," flatly contradicting what N. P. Willis says in "Strange Visitors," page 160, that "parents are surprised and often greatly disappointed to find those whom they had buried as babes grown in spirit-life to mature man and womanhood." Now as this is a question of fact and not of opinion, "Do infants grow in spirit-life?" it seems impossible for two truthful spirits to give contrary answers. And as this subject is of deep interest to all the human family who have been or who ever will be called to mourn for their departed little ones, an explicit answer is respectfully asked for, not only in behalf of anxious parents, but in behalf of the multitude of earnest investigators who are greatly perplexed and mystified by these inconsistencies.

A.—Since the answer I am to give is one which cannot be demonstrated, there will always exist a certain amount of unreliability about it. That infants do grow in stature as in mind, in the spirit-world, is a known fact to your speaker—as absolute as any fact can possibly be. I care not who says to the contrary. I am sure of this fact also: if my brother, Thomas Paine, uttered such an untruth, he was made to do so through the incapacity of the subject through which he rendered the idea. June 22.

Henrietta Frances Leach. I have been gone seven years and most two months. I lived and died in Kingston, Mass. I was thirteen years old. I wish all the folks to know I can come back, and that I am very happy, and that I am a teacher of little children in the spirit-world. I commenced going to school very soon after I got there, and now I am a teacher of little children. I have a good many things to say, but I would not like to say them here, and I wish somebody I know would give me the privilege of asking my brother—Nathan, his name—who is living somewhere in the State of Michigan in America, to seek out the child I left in England—little Mary. She is fourteen years old. He knows well how to seek her out without any direction from me. I wish him to take care of her, remembering that it was my money that placed him where he is, and his fraud that makes my child a pauper to-day. My wish is plain, my talk is plain, and I will expect plain, clever dealing from him in the future. June 22.

Margaret Fuller Ossoli. This question has reached me to-day, and I am here to answer it: Will the spirit of Margaret Fuller Ossoli visit the Banner of Light readers, and tell us whether or no she acknowledges being the author of the essay accredited to her in the book called "Strange Visitors?" First, then, let me ask my interrogator of what use it will be for me to come here or anywhere else giving an answer either in the negative or the affirmative, since it will be a mere assumption, to her mind, of somebody, and that somebody may be somebody besides Margaret Fuller Ossoli. That is the question I desire she should ask herself in all earnestness and in all honesty, and never rest till she has satisfactorily solved it. And now to her question—yes, I acknowledge the essay intact. June 22.

Eben Francis. One of my relatives wants me to come here and state when and where and how I can communicate with him, as he desires to communicate with me upon matters of great importance to himself. I positively refuse to communicate with him at any time or anywhere or on any subject that subject. Eben Francis, of Boston. Good day. June 22.

Séance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by "Cousin Benj." MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED. Monday, June 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; (a spirit controlled, but refused to give his name.) Spirit, wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne; Jehu Hatfield, of Troy, N. Y.; Tuesday, June 27.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Mrs. Smith, of Elliot, Arkansas, to Mr. C.—Samuel Bowen, of Providence, R. I.; Adele Stuart, to her parents; Thursday, June 29.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Charles of Old Gloucester, Mass., to his mother; William Henry, of Fall River, Mass., to his mother; William Thackeray, to Thomas Phillips; Alice Cooper, to her mother; Sunday, Sept. 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Zulu Adams, to his son; Alexander Gunn, of Charleston, Mass., to his daughter; "Little Feet," to her sister; Emma Miska, to Carl Francis; Hale, to his brother; Mrs. Geo. Dale, to her mother; Wednesday, Oct. 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Mary C. Holt, of Fitchburg, to her mother; Mary Perkins, of Warham, Mass., to her children; "Big John," a Shoshone Indian, to a white friend; Thursday, Oct. 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Philip Osborne, of London, Eng., to Philip Osborne in America; Isaac O'Brien, of New Orleans, to friends; Amelia Worcester, to her daughter; Nell Thompson, of Tarrytown, Penn., to Anna W. H. of Boston, to her mother; Friday, Oct. 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Ben. Johnson, of Hingham, Vt.; John Schuch, of East Boston, to Hans Schuch; Joseph Davis, to his father, Jefferson Davis; Alexander Robinson.

Banner Correspondence.

Elder Miles Grant in St. Johnsbury, Vt. EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT.—I had in mind to tell your readers that Elder Grant has been located in several evenings recently in St. Johnsbury. We understand that he has completely exploded Spiritualism—that he laid it bare in all its phases, explained all things, accounted for all things. His demology doctrine is evidently very broad and deep. Doubtless it was a very timely occurrence. The poor deluded ones will no more be beguiled in the eddying whirlpools of the Spiritual Philosophy! If we have heard correctly, we fear the Elder has made a fatal mistake in standing before an audience and declaring that he knew no demology. The Elder has, in our humble judgment, taken ground that does not belong to him. It is a pretty nice thing for any man, in speaking of subjects as weighty as life, death and immortality, to safely qualify his assertions. It will not do to stand too much upon mere assumption. This is a common error with all of us, and we had better abandon it.

The fact is, the Elder does not know that our spirit-friends do not return and communicate with us. He doubtless believes they do not. But when he says he knows they do not, he assumes more knowledge upon this subject than the combined hosts of believers, non-believers and agnostics of the world, who are as well educated, and whose experiences are as great as his. What the people want in this inquiring age, on any subject, Spiritualism included, is not mere assumption, or faith, or belief, but demonstrable facts.

Elder Grant's demology will do for the Hottentots of South Africa, or for the ignorant masses of Peru, but never for enlightened people. For one, we wonder at the Elder's audacity in bringing such doctrine before the public. Can it be he is a monomaniac on this particular theme? The Elder should know that his demology can never stand an equal champion with the science of Crookes, a Huggins or a Harcourt. The Elder has said his say up here, with no one to dispute him, as I am aware of. I doubt not he has done some good, for, probably, many will look into the subject of Spiritualism more critically hereafter, and all by reason of the Elder's recent onslaught. We do not fear investigation; we court it. All we ask is that it shall be done sincerely and honestly; the results we do not fear. F. V. POWERS. St. Johnsbury, Vt., Oct. 1, 1871.

Missouri. CAMERON.—Alonso Crawford writes recently: "As I understand that your columns are open to reasonable criticism, I have gained a brief but, on a point which seems to me (and, no doubt, to many others) to need a little 'airing.' In the Message Department of the Banner, (under the head of 'Questions and Answers,' and claiming to come from Theodore Parker), to the effect that scientists in this world are in great error concerning the size of the planet on which we live. It is probable that perfect exactness has not been attained by our geographers, but to assume that the diameter of the poles is millions of miles, (and the earth a sphere at that) instead of less than eight thousand miles, appears to me to subject his advocates to just ridicule. What would be the opinion of the persons who should assert that the distance from Boston to San Francisco is one hundred thousand miles, and that the actual measurement by competent engineers was only a theory? And yet, such is the substance of the assumptions set forth in the messages referred to, when carried to their legitimate end. I honor the ability of Theodore Parker too highly to believe that he means to give utterance to any such views. That there are large, undiscovered, inhabited regions about the poles, may or may not be true; but concerning those portions of the earth which are subject to actual measurement, I think that spirits in the body are as capable of understanding their magnitude as are spirits out of the body."

Vermont. BRAINTREE.—Barbara Allen in a note to the Banner says: "The Spiritualists in this vicinity held a picnic recently at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Ebbanham Pitts, on Brainerd hill, in their spacious front yard, which was adorned by the most beautiful maple trees. Autumn flowers and waving flags decorated the table, which was laden with choice dainties as well as substantial, for which the noble-hearted women of Vermont are famous. In the morning prayer was offered by 'Blackhawk,' through Mr. J. Rogers, formerly of the 'Creek House,' Bethel, Vermont. Speaking of D. Tarbell—very appropriate for the occasion. Remarks were made by W. Flint and S. Spence. Speaking and the reading of two excellent poems, 'The Angel Side' and 'Progression as Contentment,' by Barbara Allen, followed. After dinner sentiments were read, singing and speaking by Mrs. Manchester. Speeches were made by Mr. Rogers and Mrs. Pratt; remarks by E. Flint and N. Hutchinson, of the 'Snowflake House,' Braintree. A goodly number were present, who were social, cheerful and happy."

California. YREKA.—E. Steele writes, Sept. 29th, as follows: "We have had no lectures since the advent of Mrs. C. M. Stowe among us. She awakened quite a feeling in favor of progress and Spiritualism, but not deep enough to touch the bottom of the pockets; consequently, to her it did not profit much. Mrs. Gordon has lately visited, and her eloquence in favor of Woman Suffrage, with about the same success. These two devoted and talented ladies, who so fearlessly braved the obstacles of an untrod path, ought to have received better pecuniary compensation, but, I fear, our people are too material and kordid."

Should some of our departed friends appear at the Banner Public Circles, and identify themselves as from this immediate neighborhood, it would help the cause and awaken the dormant sensibilities of a worldly community."

Minnesota. MISSIONARY REPORT.—J. L. Potter reports for September as follows: Places visited, Stillwater, Newport, Shakopee, Eden Prairie, Excelsior, Chaska, and Long Lake; number of lectures given, fifteen; number joining association, six; amount received in dues and collections, \$36.70; expenses, \$2.50; which is respectfully submitted to the Spiritualists of Minnesota. Long Lake, Minn., October 1st, 1871.

Pennsylvania. TEST MEDIUM WANTED.—We desire to get a spiritual test medium, for the purpose of establishing circles in this place. Will pay a fair price to one who will come and stay with us awhile. There is undoubtedly a large field open for Spiritualism in this part of the country if we can get a good medium to communicate with. Address, Joseph Bardine, Fallen Timber, Cambria County, Pennsylvania.

Minnesota State Spiritualist Convention. The Fourth Annual Convention of the State Association of Spiritualists of Minnesota, will be held at Faribault, Rice County, Minn., from Oct. 21st, 22nd and 23rd. Delegates will please be sure and notice the following: First Division of St. Paul and Pacific Railroad, delegates will find convention tickets in the hands of the conductors on the trains of whom only they will purchase. On St. Paul and Milwaukee R. R., round trip excursion tickets can be bought at all the offices Oct. 21st and 22nd, at 60 per cent. of full fare both ways. On St. Paul and Sioux Falls R. R., they will purchase round trip excursion tickets Oct. 21st and 22nd, for six days, at half rate. On Lake Superior and Miss. R. R., (Stillwater round trip) will return fare, on certificate of Secretary of Convention. Tickets good till Oct. 24th. Arrangements are being made as cheap as possible, but accommodations can be had at hotels for 75 cents or \$1.00 per day—perkins cheaper. Now, friends, notice carefully the above rules, and come, one and all, and let us have a meeting that will shake old Theology to its very foundation. Everybody is invited to come. HARRIET E. PORK. Cor. and Rec. Sec'y Ass'n. Morrisston, Minn., Sept. 19th, 1871.

Kansas State Convention. A State Convention of the Spiritualists of Kansas will be held in Lawrence, Kan., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 3rd, 4th and 5th of November. Several of our best speakers will be present, and a glorious time is anticipated. Mrs. EMMA STEELE PILLSBURY, President. N. D. HORTON, Secretary.

Yearly Meeting at Richmond, Ind. The Spiritualists, liberals and friends of progress, will hold their nineteenth Yearly Meeting at Lyceum Hall, Richmond, Ind., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 21st, 22nd and 23rd of October. Glean H. Stebbins, and others, will be present. Lecture Exhibition on Saturday evening. Friends of free thought are cordially invited to attend. HANNAH A. EVANS, Secretary.

Mediums in Boston.

DR. J. R. NEWTON,
Practical Physician for Chronic Diseases,
No. 35 HARRISON AVENUE,
(One door north of Beach street.)
BOSTON.

DR. J. R. NEWTON is successful in curing Asthma, effects of Sunstroke, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Weak Eyes, Falling of the Womb and all kinds of chronic diseases. Weak Spines, Ulcers, Loss of Voice, Rheumatism, Hysteria, Hemorrhoids, Pelous, and all kinds of Lameness and Weakness of Limbs. Oct. 7.

ALBERT MORTON, SPIRIT ARTIST.
Portraits of Spirit Friends in Pencil or Crayon.
Persons desiring Pictures must be present.

MRS. ALBERT MORTON.
MEDICAL, Spiritual, and Prophetic Medium. Letters answered, \$2.00. Clairvoyant remedies sent by mail. Analysis of ores. No. 25 Harrison street, Boston, Oct. 7.

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE,
AT NO. 25 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON.
Those requesting examinations by letter will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age. Oct. 7.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM,
MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM.
222 Washington street, Boston. Mrs. Latham is eminently successful in treating Rheumatism, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, and all Bilious Complaints. Parties at a distance examined by a lock of hair. Price \$1.00. Oct. 11.

DR. G. W. KEITH has removed to No. 9 Florence street, 3 doors from Washington street, Boston. All forms of disease treated successfully without medicine. Invalids at a distance cured by magnetized paper, mutual sittings, &c. Send for circular. Oct. 7.

MRS. F. C. DEXTER, Clairvoyant, Business and Test Medium. Examines persons by a lock of hair, health by laying on of hands. Price \$1. 434 Tremont street, corner of Dover street, Boston. Hours 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Sept. 9-15th.

MRS. R. COLLINS, Clairvoyant Physician and Test Medium. Has resumed practice. Examinations by a lock of hair, by person, \$1. 49 East Canal st., Boston. Sept. 30-13th.

MRS. M. CARLISLE, Test, Business and Clairvoyant Physician. Hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. No. 84 Camden street, Boston. 13th-Aug. 5.

MRS. L. W. LITCH, Trance, Test and Healing Medium. 222 Washington street, Boston. Trance Tuesdays and Sunday evenings at 7 o'clock. 4th-Oct. 21.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM.
No. 21 Dix Place (opposite Harvard street). 3rd-Sept. 5.

Miscellaneous.

ALL THE FIRST-CLASS SEWING MACHINES, WHEELER & WILSON, HOWE, ETC., &c.
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A. J. AND M. F. DAVIS offer for sale their house and lot, situated at No. 41 William street, Orange, New Jersey—three minutes from the depot, and will yield in profit \$500 per month, and only one hour from City Hall, New York. The lot is 55 feet front and 110 deep, and at property is now selling here, is worth \$100 per acre. Fruit and shade trees, large evergreen hedge, &c. Dining-room, kitchen and cellar on same level, in a hall basement; two parlors and two bedrooms on second floor; three large (one small) bedrooms on third floor; a good attic, with a comfortable bedroom for a child; a good stable; a good bath; a good place for a physician, or for doing business in New York.

Write or apply to M. F. DAVIS, Orange, N. J. Sept. 23.

THE SPIRIT BRIDE.

This is the name of the beautiful crayon picture which has attracted much marked attention in the last few months. It was drawn by spirit aid through the mediumship of Mr. E. Howe, a Doct. of Belvidere, Mass., a gentleman who had had no instruction in drawing previous to the time the picture commenced using his hand. The picture is a beautiful copy of this fine picture made, which will be forwarded, postage paid, at the following prices: Large size, \$1.00; small size, \$0.50. For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

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OF PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATION OF CHARACTER.
MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish to have their life, or send their photograph or lock of hair, will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition, marked by the hand, and will give a life picture, with prescription therapy, what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful, the physical and mental adaptation of those intending marriage, and hints to the unfortunates married. Full delineation, \$1.00; brief delineation, \$0.50 and two 3-cent stamps. Address, Mrs. A. B. SEVERANCE, 155 Washington street, Boston, Oct. 7.

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The "DELIVERER OF FRANCE." A fine Photograph of this celebrated heroine, representing her clad in armor and choosing her lot in the action.
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33 State street, Room 2d, Boston, Mass.
Gives special attention to Bankruptcy and Divorce causes.
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MY WORM POWDERS are the safest and surest remedy for worms ever discovered. They destroy large and all other worms of the human system. Dose very small and almost tasteless. Price 35 cents per package, or 3 for \$1. by mail. Address JAMES AUGER, 161, Bellefontaine, Ohio. 11th-Sept. 30.

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A WELL-KNOWN CLAIRVOYANT.

INCLOSE \$1.00, lock of hair and handwriting, with sex and age of patient, for clairvoyant examination and prescription. Address RICHARD L. MOORE, care Warren Chase & Co., 614 North 5th street, St. Louis, Mo. 11th-Sept. 11.

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Oct. 7.

CROOKER & CHINA, & GLASS.

For Price List, GUY BROTHERS, 155 Essex street, Salem, Mass. 1st-Sept. 30.

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He has received a supply of Photographs of Mr. William Denton. Cabinet size, 30 cents; postage 4 cents; small size, 25 cents; postage 2 cents.
For sale wholesale and retail by WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

THE MAGNETIC TREATMENT.

SEND TEN CENTS TO DR. ANDREW STONE, Troy, N. Y., and obtain a highly illustrated Book on this new method of vitalizing treatment. Oct. 7.

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