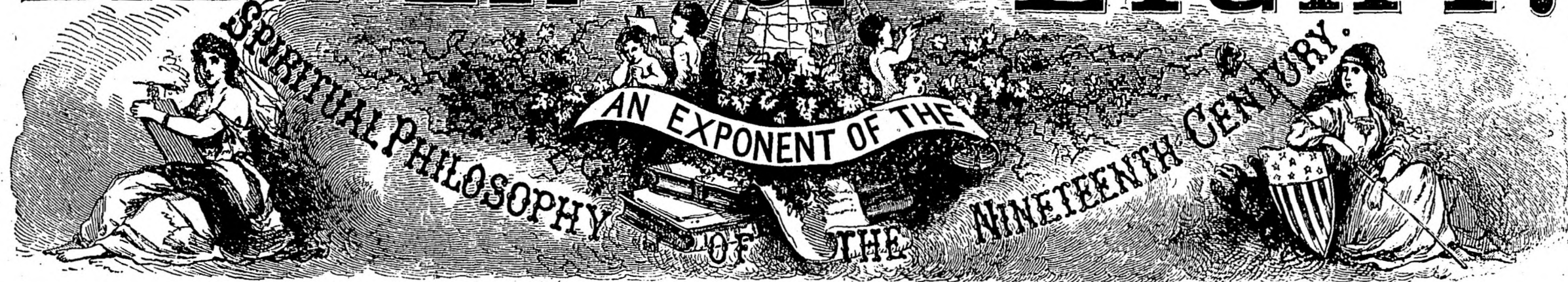


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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For Spirit Message Department see Sixth Page.

LETTERS OF TRAVEL.

NUMBER ONE.

BY J. M. PERBLES.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Since seeing is knowing, why not see the world? why not traverse lands and seas? why not further lift the veil from Isis? why not find and lay the buried treasures of antiquity at the feet of the present? why not literally obey the textual command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature?"

If spirit, as sage and seer have taught, is causation—the spiritual the real—and this, sphere the shadow-world of effects, (and ye believe it is) then that parliament of spirits conceive plans in the heavens to be executed upon earth, is clearly evident. All conscious intelligences must necessarily sympathize. "No man liveth to himself." None of us are wholly our own. Uncontrollable circumstances affect and unseen powers influence us. As mirrors reflect, so mystics, aided by angel ministries, often outline the future. A past vision is now fulfilling. We are on the way again, the journey lying around the world, via the Sandwich Islands, New Zealand, Australia, Japan, China, India, Egypt, Palestine, Central Europe and England, to our native land.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

What a marvelous country, stretching from those commercial cities that dot the Atlantic coast to the wave-washed shores of the Pacific! Considering grandeur of scenery, extent of territory, mineral resources and free institutions, it is worth something to be an American citizen. The distance from our home in Hammon, N. J., to San Francisco, is some 3,500 miles. A week's travel spans the route. Telegraphic wires and iron-belted thoroughfares have quite annihilated time and space. Life is a rush, and progress the key-word of the century.

These prairie-lands fill our national granaries. Peach orchards reeled under their fruitage, and vineyards unveiled to us their purple clusters. Swiftly whirling by corn-fields, they seemed like waving forests. Pleasant things for the palate; beauty for the eye; sunsets for the artist; lands for the tiller; minerals for the miner; wealth for the industrious; enterprises for the ambitious; friends for the worthy; books for the student; and religious enthusiasm for souls, great, free and liberal—these are among the charms of the sunset States.

The "far-West" and the "great American desert" are alike the myths of our geography days. The surging tide of immigration, instead of stopping, as formerly, in Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Iowa and Nebraska, pushes across the once trackless desert, seizes the Rocky Mountains, and secures a foothold in Oregon, Nevada, Utah and California. This is a fast age, its intelligence far exceeding, however, its morality.

ALONG THE ROUTE.

Omaha, on the western bank of the Missouri, numbers nearly twenty thousand. Here George Francis Train made a large portion of his fortune. The old State House, a magnificent building, situated upon the highest point in the city, is to be devoted to educational purposes. A resident Spiritualist told us they had fifteen churches in the city, five daily newspapers, and superior public schools. Spiritualists are divided into clans and cliques, calling for something solid, rather than sensational—for constructors, rather than ruthless iconoclasts.

Pullman's palace sleeping-cars are luxurious. Eating houses are numerous—charges \$1.00 currency. The Platte is a lazy, shallow stream, skirted with light timber. Along this river lies the old emigrant trail, marked by an occasional grove. Pawnee Indians were standing around every station. Retirent, they seemed sad. They are fading away. The embers of their council-fires are gold. Oh, my countrymen, feed them generously, treat them kindly in these their dying days!

NORTH PLATTE CITY.

Accompanying Col. S. F. Tappan, Gens. Sheridan, Sherman, Terry, Harney and other members of the Congressional Indian Commission, westward a few years since, here at North Platte was held the first Peace-council. It was a thrillingly interesting occasion. The Indians flocked in by hundreds. The Brule Sioux Chief, Spotted Tail, made a peace speech. Gen. Sherman cross-examined him. Gen. Harney admitted that he had never known an Indian chief the first to break a treaty. It simply belief in a future conscious identity and in communications from the spirit-world constitutes an individual a Spiritualist, then is Spotted Tail a Spiritualist. So doubtless are all the chiefs and medicine-men of other tribes.

CHEYENNE.

It was Aug. 15th that we reached this city, the capital of Wyoming. It is the most populous town between Omaha and Ogden. The Black Hills in the distance were crowned with snow. The railway cuts each side of Cheyenne show volcanic matter, mixed with marine fossils. A rolling ocean once swept over these plains and mountains. Here are found beautiful moss agates. They are for sale, with rare mineral specimens, at nearly every station. If London is the paradise of books, the West is the elysian-land of geologists and mineralogists.

Wyoming is woman's Eden regained. Suffrage is here guaranteed her as a constitutional right. And yet only about half of the women in Cheyenne use this ballot privilege. Why is it? Are there not far more women than men opposed to universal suffrage? It is not the slanders that need the preaching, Laramie was the first place in the world where a female jury was empaneled.

SIERRA MAN. This is the highest railway point on the Pacific route, named in honor of General Sherman. It is eight thousand two hundred and forty-two feet above the level of the sea. The air here is light, pure and bracing. It is just the place for an astronomical observatory. The mountain-peaks are weird and magnificent; while the general plateau is covered with short grass, sage brush and stunted pines. Desolate as the region seemed, black-birds were chattering upon telegraph wires, swallows were cutting curious angles, and eagles sailed and circled above the mountain heights. Life and activity flame everywhere. The universe is God's House—this earth, one of the smaller apartments. Entering, we found it already furnished. What a carpet!—the emerald grass. What a ceiling!—the frescoed sky. What tapestried pillars!—the granite rocks. What a front door!—the flaming sunrise. What a rear door!—the sunset, through which the day goes down into shadow-lands. What a chandelier!—the sun and stars. What fields for explorations!—the interstellar spaces of infinity. Surely, as the Mohammedan says, "Allah is great and good!"

ECHO CANON.

Still we are rattling, whirling through the grandest of scenery. Oh for an ocean of imagery in which to dip the pen! Echo Canon is entered at the little station of Castle Rock. The elevation is nearly seven thousand feet. Huge sandstone bluffs line the right hand side of the canon. These have been worn and torn by storms, till, in the distance, they present the appearance of old feudal castles. The engine leaves, plunges down the defile, increasing to a gorge, that finally becomes an awful chasm. The perspective produces dizziness. Along the route westward from these castles and snowy ravines are the "Devil's Gate," "Devil's Pulpit," "Devil's Slide," and the "Witches' Cave"—names strictly orthodox. The latter reminded us of a Trojan Baptist minister, who, each winter, is afflicted with an attack of the "witch" mania. The "Troy Progressive Lyceum" has a panacea. There is a "balm in Gilead."

OGDEN.

This is the famous junction of the railways. Here tourists leave the main route for Salt Lake City. Ogden is one thousand and thirty-two miles west of Omaha. It numbers nearly four thousand, a majority of whom are Mormons. Such as have left polygamy "Zion" for Spiritualism are called "apostates." They are quite numerous. Our Spiritualist friends, the Josts and Browns, gave us a delightful "drive" up the canon, mid palisades, towering cliffs and overhanging rocks. Why so many hot springs here? and from whence the perpetual heat? The Spiritualists of Ogden have an organized society. Our lecture was slily attended. A circus in full blast the same evening called most of the citizens. Ring-masters' whips and grinning clowns are more inviting to the masses than spiritual facts or such angel vestures as may be seen at Moravia.

A venerable gentleman in Ogden, once a "Latter-Day Saint," now a devoted Spiritualist, gave us a full account of the inside workings of "Mormonism," even the ceremonies of the "endowments"—washing, anointing with oil, clothing in white linen, and—well; let us pass on. These rites is—paeitish and Phallic are secret. Mr. Brown, formerly of Palmyra, Wis., is President of the Spiritualist Society. His son, George F. Brown, gifted with fine yet undeveloped mediumistic powers, ought to be in the lecture-field. The Western fields, already white for the harvest, call for more reapers. They expect to here locate Dr. E. W. Stevens.

SALT LAKE CITY.

This, with a population of some fifteen or twenty thousand, is claimed to be the "city of refuge," the "Zion of our God." The location is admirable. Each city lot, originally containing an acre and a quarter, blossoms now something like the poet's Eden. Irrigation from a pure mountain stream is the secret of this luxuriant growth. Externally, Salt Lake may be considered the city of crystal streams and fruit orchards. Industry is the rule, rather than the exception, among these Mormons. Let us approve where we can. Successful cooperative or union stores have been formed in nearly all the districts. They are modeled after those in England.

The railway, from Ogden to Salt Lake City, passes along the shores of Salt Lake, the "Dead Sea" of America. The farms, irrigated and well tilled along the route, were burdened with ripened grain, and the orchards loaded with fruit. Such cultivation quite surprised us. The natural scenery around Salt Lake and the Utah valleys is singularly picturesque. Hot springs and mineral springs are found adjacent to the city. Only one mile from the Tabernacle there is a full-flowing, warm sulphur spring; while the twin peaks of the Wasatch Mountains, a few miles distant, are white with perpetual snows. They are eleven thousand feet high.

This "Great Salt Lake," nearly a hundred miles in length, and forty in width, has seven islands, three of which are well adapted for grazing. The Mormon Church owns them. Our all night's excursion upon this body of water will not soon be forgotten. These Salt Lake waters are so excessively briny that seven painful will make one of salt. In 1850, it only required three. This Lake, swarming with minute insect life, has risen from twelve to fifteen feet within a few years. This has freshened its waters. Utah Lake should not be confounded with Salt Lake. The former is a beautiful sheet of fresh water whose outlet is the river Jordan. The Territory abounds in Scriptural names. There are over thirty incorporated cities in Utah, and the mineral wealth is inexhaustible.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PALMYRA SEER.

Visiting Kirtland, Ohio, several years since, to see the old Mormon Temple, a venerable man of patriarchal appearance, once a "Latter-Day Saint," now a Spiritualist, gave us a full account of the personal appearance and many of the mar-

vels of Joseph Smith. His seership was undoubted, and his clairvoyant gifts, at times, marvelous. When in this "superior condition," his visions were as original as weird and witching. Furthermore he conversed daily with spirits and angels.

In a letter written in 1842, by Joseph Smith, to the Chicago Democrat, edited by John Wentworth, this founder of the "Latter-Day Saints" lifts the curtain and gives us a peep at his visional experiences:

"While fervently engaged in supplication, my mind was taken away from the objects with which I was surrounded, and I was conveyed in a heavenly vision, and saw two glorious personages, who exactly resembled each other in features and likeness, surrounded with a brilliant light, which eclipsed the sun at noonday. They told me that all religious denominations were believing in incorrect doctrines, and that none of them was acknowledged of God as his church and kingdom. And I was expressly commanded to 'go not after them.'"

"On the evening of the 21st of September, A. D. 1823, while I was praying, a light like that of day burst into the house and filled the whole room; the appearance produced a shock that affected the whole body; in a moment a personage stood before me surrounded with a glory yet greater than that with which I was already surrounded. This messenger proclaimed himself to be an angel of God, sent to bring the joyful tidings, that the covenant which God made with ancient Israel was at hand to be fulfilled."

"On the 6th of April, 1830, the 'Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints' was first organized in the town of Fayette, Seneca County, State of New York. Some few were called and ordained by the spirit of revelation and prophecy, and began to preach as the spirit gave them utterance, and though weak, yet were they strengthened by the power of God, and many were brought to repentance, were baptized in the water, and were filled with the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands. They saw visions, and prophesied, and were cast out, and the sick healed by the laying on of hands."

"We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church, viz., apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc., and we believe in the same revelations, visions, healings, interpretation of tongues, etc."

How true that all religions originate in spiritual manifestations. Jesus and Mahomet, Swedenborg and Joseph Smith all had visions and saw angels. In this morning-time of Mormonism, polygamy was undreamed of. "Exercises" attach themselves to the thrifty trunk, rather than the tender sapling. A thought right here: If Spiritualism is to be boiled, strained, stewed and simmered down to the mere fact that spirits communicate, why not include the Mormons of Utah among the "eleven millions?" A Spiritualism that expects to fashion the typical forms of the incoming ages must not hesitate to span matter and mind, science and religion—all human interests. The hunter does not shoot deer in the abstract, nor does the physician treat ailments in the abstract. Sensible definitions and practical work are among the demands of the age.

THE MORMON TABERNACLE.

What a nondescript! It is a building 158 by 64, minus a column. Spheroidal-shaped and arched, it holds ten thousand people. The organ is said to equal any in the United States. The music—the Sunday we attended—was heavy, but not harmonious or inspirational. While Elder Andrews was preaching the deacons distributed the "Lord's Supper"—bread and water. This is an improvement on Asian symbols. Water is cheaper than wine, and withal is free from intoxicating influences. This preaching elder dwelt largely upon the persecutions of the saints. They had been "pushed westward like the Indian"—their prophet had been "murdered in Carthage III," their President, Brigham Young, had been "arrested as a criminal," and more afflictions at the hands of the Gentiles awaited them. It was a transitional period with their church. The sermon was pathetic, practical, and not without merit. There were about five thousand present. Polygamy of its own unnaturalness is dying out. The system, considered by itself, has not a redeeming trait. There is less sealing of wives each year. And yet, the church doctrine taught is that the more wives the greater glory to the man; the more children the greater glory to the woman. This appears plausible when the Mormon doctrines are elaborately elucidated. We shall aim to do this in a future letter, giving an account also of our interview with President Young.

SPIRITUALISM IN SALT LAKE.

Seldom have we met a nobler, more self-sacrificing band of Spiritualists. The more enthusiastic of them are converts from Mormonism—men esteemed in the church as elders—and one of them a veritable apostle. Showing their faith by their works, these enterprising souls have erected and furnished a magnificent hall—The Liberal Institute, for sciences, lectures and educational purposes. This devotion to the principles of Spiritualism ought to inspire if not shame many Eastern societies into the necessity of constructing commodious halls for lyceums and lectures. Among the devoted workers here are W. S. Godbe, E. L. T. Harrison and others. These gentlemen conducted the Utah Magazine, to the great discomfort of President Young and those who considered him quite infallible. One of the startling declarations of the President was this: "It is my right to dictate to the church in all things, either temporal or spiritual—even to the ribbons the women wear." If opposed in his dictatorship, he substitutes hard names for sound logic, and long strings of abusive epithets for words of reason. The volutey paw can suddenly and easily change to the lacerating claw.

While Mr. Harrison was yet in the church of the Latter-Day Saints, he wrote thus, touching the marvels attending the itinerating elders and speakers in the Mormon fraternity:

"When Joseph Smith inaugurated our church, nearly forty years ago, he burst upon the world as a revelation of spiritual power. The main peculiarity of our system was, that we asserted the necessity of close and constant intercommunication between this and the heavenly worlds."

"Abroad among the nations," we had plentiful corroboration that this theory was no idle dream, but a solid fact. Wholesale spiritual manifestations did there attend us. Our sick were

then, healed by the hundred. During the great cholera year in England, among about thirty thousand Latter-Day Saints, scarcely one succumbed to the disease. We were rich in spiritual manifestations; we felt angelic presence, even if unseen; we lived in an atmosphere that made us feel every day very near to God and the heavenly world."

In this city we met Peter West and Fannie T. Young. Both had lectured to good acceptance. Invited, we delivered two addresses to large and attentive audiences. It was our further privilege to be the guest of Senator Fitch and lady. Our indebtedness to the Salt Lake Spiritualists and liberals for personal kindnesses will long be remembered.

CALIFORNIA.

What changes!—what a marvellous growth in this young city during the past twelve years! Then, too, we were an invalid—now strong and young, at least in spirit. Our lectures have been delivered in the Mercantile Library to audiences large, intelligent and critical. Oh! there are royal souls on these Pacific shores! The Spiritualist society is well-officed, Mr. Kendrick being just the man for presiding officer. The future looks fair and bright. The Progressive Lyceum's rich talent is doing finely. Dr. E. C. Dunn instructed and drilled the officers and pupils on Sunday last, to the satisfaction of everybody. He is to accompany me—thanks to the good angels—around the world.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown arriving here in May, is still detained by the sickness of a friend. Delivering already fourteen lectures in the city, and adding in the organization of the Lyceum, she will continue to lecture until she starts for her home in San Diego. Mrs. Brown is popular, and deservedly so, all along this coast.

Mrs. Belle A. Chamberlain, a trance speaker of Eureka, is doing a good and noble work. None "know her but to praise." She is at present speaking in Sacramento.

Mrs. A. C. Stowe continues to heal and lecture, and do the needed work of an evangelist generally. She is at present in the mountains.

Dr. Morrill has done and continues to do effective work for the truth. He is a sincere and conscientious man. Keep him in the harness.

Herman Snow, one of God's true and faithful souls, has a choice assortment of liberal and Spiritualist books at 319 Kearney street. This is the head-center of liberalism in the city, and the only liberal bookstore worthy the name upon the Pacific slope. It should be largely patronized.

Friend Snow attends funerals and weddings, laboring constantly for the diffusion and upbuilding of the truth. Mrs. Snow, truly a "helpmeet," takes an active part in the woman's suffrage movement—a cause that must ultimately win, because based on equity and justice.

S. J. Finney, though much absorbed in matters pertaining to legislation, continues the same brave defender of equal rights and broad humanitarian principles. True, he has criticised the loose literature, the imposture and the money-catching charlatanisms sometimes fastened to Spiritualism; but never has he ignored those divine principles underlying the Harmonial Philosophy. In a letter to us, dated Sept. 1st, he writes, among other things, this:

"I hear that I am reported, in the East, as having thrown spiritual science overboard. Well, the stars are not all dead yet!"

At the close of our recent lecture course in this city, the Society passed, among other resolutions, one inviting us to revisit San Francisco early as possible, lecturing in the city and adjoining localities for the term of six months or a year. Such generous appreciations are the sunbeams that brighten the pathway of life. This Pacific coast—the whole moral world—is rich in great, full-blossomed souls.

During our brief stay, though invited in other directions, we have remained the "guest" of Mr. and Mrs. Victor B. Post, whom the angels long since named "Peace" and "Harmony." Our memory of old friends is excellent. Beautiful are such friendships—budding on earth, they bloom in heaven.

To-morrow, the 11th, we embark upon the steamer "Idaho." The passage to Australia, with a fair sea, requires about thirty-five days—possibly forty. We shall jump aboard light-hearted, throwing backward kind thoughts and good will to all. The following tender lines, written by Edward Pollock, the young and gifted Californian poet, seem appropriate:

There's something in the "parting hour"
Will call the warmest heart;
Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,
Do not all to part.
But this I've seen—and many a pang
Has pressed it on my mind
The one who goes on my mind
That those he leaves behind.
No matter what the journey be,
Adventurous, dangerous, far,
To the wild west or bleak frontier,
To solitude or war,
Still something cheers the heart that dars
In all of human kind,
And they who go are happier
Than those they leave behind.
Have you a friend—a comrade dear—
An old and valued friend?
Be sure your term of sweet discourse
At length will have an end;
And when you part—as part you will—
Oh, take it not to mind.
If he who goes is hapless
Than you who leaves behind!
God will it so—and so it is;
The pilgrims on their way,
Though weak and worn, more cheerful are
Than all the rest who stay.
And when, at last, poor man, subdued,
Lies down, to death resigned,
May he not still be happier far
Than those he leaves behind?
Than you who leaves behind!

San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 10th, 1872.

At Guise, France, lives a M. Godin, who has built what he calls a "Social Palace." It covers eighteen acres of ground, and is a miniature city. Its government is wholly in the hands of twenty-four persons—twelve men elected by the women and twelve women elected by the men. Prizes have been substituted for punishments, and are said to be equally efficacious in restraining crime. All of the inhabitants work, and all of them are happy. M. Godin has invested \$400,000 in the enterprise, and derives from it a yearly income of \$15,000. The institution is said to have been in successful existence for some years.

THE HARMONIAL CYCLOPEDIA:

A Repository of Useful Knowledge Concerning Things and Ideas.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

Prepared expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

ARTICLE IV.

Athenium.—A spiritual temple in Greece, to which the spiritually minded went to establish communication with the invisible universe. The presiding divinity of the sanctuary was called "Athena," a beautiful and accomplished goddess, no more mythological than is the reputed author of the ten commandments. But persons with artistic, literary and scientific tastes and attractions, have appropriated the term (Athenium) to designate an associative club or organization. So that, in modern times, people associate with the sacred name agreeable thoughts of a high school, college, or university. This is well; and it will be still better for mankind, when, with the word "Church," people associate grateful recollections of mental freedom, free moral culture, scientific knowledge, and free discussion.

Arabula.—An intelligent spiritual presence; the inextinguishable light of intuition; the innermost latent wisdom of the human mind; the impersonal reason; the uncomprehended self-consciousness in every human breast; the private manifestation of the Father-and-Mother Spirit in each human heart; the eternal Christ of the spirit; every man's everlasting Redeemer; the inwrought Emmanuel, infinite in goodness, unbounded in love; the essential Life and governing Law of man's immortal spirit; the possession of which makes man spiritually the son of God, constructed in the image and likeness—in a finite degree, a representation and miniature of the elements and attributes of the Infinite.

Christ.—Another name for Arabula. But, unfortunately, this sacred title has been by theologians associated with the name and teachings of a person; so much so, in truth, that now it is next to impossible to separate them in the memories and institutions of Christians.

Jesus is the name of a person; Christ, of an eternal principle. Christ is the Arabula in the great heart of the world—living, loving, inspiring, working, approving, punishing—starting with each person at birth and accompanying him, under all circumstances, all through this life and through all the life that is to come. This Christ is no idealism; no foreign mythical divinity; but is the *everlasting presence*, from which no man can hope to escape now or hereafter. He, or rather *It*, (the Principle), is the Christ of the people; making his advent first, or second, or for the thousandth time, when you perform a just, a holy, a loving, an unselfish deed.

What a day it will be on earth when Truth takes precedence of personal or institutional authority! The Church says: "Your Redeemer is a person, even the Son of God; and you must believe on him, or be damned!" But God's own pure Reason, which always speaks through unprejudiced souls, says: "Nay, nay—I tell you, nay. The Truth shall make you free; for Truth, and not a person, is your Saviour."

A person lived eighteen hundred and seventy-two years ago. All progress, all civilization, all the human good in Christendom, is attributed to him! Now look at our civilization. First, the State; *this* is built upon force. Second, the Church; *that* supports the State. Third, Society; *that* supports both State and Church. Now, where is the Golden Rule? Here is the answer: It is preached by ministers as an impracticable principle, which we ought to practice; while what we really do practice and endorse, is—love and good will to our friends; force and destruction upon our enemies; heaven for those who believe what we believe; and eternal sufferings for the great majority of mankind.

Look around further. Instead of unity of spirit in the bonds of peace; instead of human homes being warmed by the beams of the millennial sun of righteousness, after waiting and working, and after unceasing prayer on the part of believers, for these eighteen hundred and seventy-two years; instead of peace on earth and good will among men; instead of this, which should be, you find yourselves surrounded by quarrelling bigots and implacable sectarians; the masses of the people cold and insensible to spiritual realities; faith in supernaturalism, in the miraculous scheme of salvation, superseding the necessity of good works; the universal adoption of the superiority of man's authority to woman's in laws and governments; the unbroken antagonism between the impoverished millions who incessantly labor with their muscles and the few hundreds of monopolizing capitalists who occasionally labor with their brains; the unmitigated of governments, based upon the army and navy, by great revenues derived from taxing the productions of neighboring nations, and especially by immense sums realized from rum and tobacco!

And still we are asked to believe that a person, not the Truth, is "the Saviour of mankind!" Asked to believe, and threatened with a punishment consisting of eternal misery if we do not believe that Jesus, instead of Christ, is the true and only redeemer for the human race!

Is it not clear to a demonstration that mankind's reliance upon personal saviours and theological attorneys—employed to stand between their affections and faculties and the Fountain of all Truth—has been the chief cause of this widespread religious sectarianism, and the reason why the race, in their laws and institutions, is yet so far from an era of universal justice, peace, love and happiness?

Cents and Sense.—One of the penalties of being a philosopher, of the fault-finding and critical school, is the alarming probability of becoming unwise (i. e., a fool) by perceiving and describing too easily the folly and senselessness of others. The amiable, tender and benevolent sentiments of the philosopher contrast, like a flower garden in

Banner Correspondence.

Michigan.

BATTLE CREEK, M. Mills, under date of Sept. 15th, writes the following:

BROWNVILLE, N.E., Sept. 12th, 1872. PROF. MILLSON:—Dear Sir:—Through the Banner of Light of the 1st ult., I notice your name mentioned as a "Spirit Artist." Can you give me a likeness of an infant nephew who died some weeks ago, without any record of his features, save memory? If so, give me instructions, &c.; if not, please give me the name of some one who can.

Respectfully, &c., WILSON E. MAJORS.

Messrs. Editors:—As the above letter is one of hundreds I am constantly receiving, and contains questions that thousands desire answered, I request the liberty of asking that you insert this correspondence in the Banner of Light.

Every spirit that comes to the inhabitants of earth for the purpose of recognition, must find some one or more human bodies from which to obtain material to build up or mold a face and body like the one left at death; this substance is composed of the exhalations that are continually going off from every animate body, whether man or animal, on the earth, and is known by the name of *magnum*. Consequently no spirit can produce a portrait through any process of spirit art that will be recognized by the earth friends, unless the requisite elements can be obtained from some one in earth-life, out of which the model can be made, and from which a copy or portrait may be drawn.

This is the reason why so few people get satisfactory portraits when they send orders to spirit artists at a distance, for there are none so fully capable of furnishing this *magnum* as the near and dear relatives of the spirit sought for; therefore I have long since ceased to take orders from strangers unless I can be permitted to go to their homes, where I can be the midst of the material most favorable for their spirit art, and to present themselves to my spirit and my guides.

It should never be forgotten that neither my guides nor myself ever have seen the earth-face of those we are called upon to copy, and, as a matter of course, the difficult part of the work must, of necessity, be with the spirit called for; and if said spirit succeeds in presenting a perfect model, the portrait will be perfect; if not, the portrait will be defective in just such points as the model is; for, be it further known that this spirit portraiture is the result of fixed laws as absolute as photography; and whatever is presented is copied (when conditions are favorable with the artist's exaltation).

If a portrait be desired of one who has the sanguine nervous temperament in extreme, I must be placed where I am surrounded with people with whom the same preponderates, and so of every combination of temperaments. There is a law underlying temperaments, of which color of hair and eyes, etc., are the external expression, that has never yet been properly made plain, and which must be more fully elucidated before people can understand the process of spirit portraiture. In fact, spirit portraits are simply reproductions of the individual. If you should desire a child with blue eyes, flaxen, curly hair and delicate skin, would you demand the image of parents with black eyes, coarse, black, straight hair and coarse skin? And why? Because the child is the child of the growth, and is made up of the material at the disposal of the parents. So, in exact proportions, are the elements obtained from the human bodies that may be at the disposal of the spirits—and for the time being such human bodies are the parents of such improved models. Here is a grand spiritual law that I hope to be permitted to make plain to the thousands who are hungering for light on this, the most intricate of all spiritual works known to man.

I, for one, have been accused by my stranger patrons of many derelictions of what they thought my duty, in not forwarding them complete fulfillments of orders sent me; but they must be instructed that we spirit artists are groping in the dark to a great extent, even yet, and have not been to blame for the many things we have been accused of. We are only instruments in the hands of outside powers, and can only be negative to said powers, and our guides are in the dark, and experimenting, too; but when the multitude become properly instructed on these workings, they will be more reasonable toward us, and direct their attention to the causes that lie beyond, rather than to complaining of and finding fault with that which is visible.

I would say to Bro. Majors that my terms are five dollars for a trial, and from twenty to one hundred dollars for a satisfactory portrait. I have to take conditions, wherever I go, as I chance to find them; so I guarantee nothing. When all is correct, a portrait will be completed in from two to four hours, life-size, and of the appearance of a superb lithograph, drawn on paper, painted in oil, life-size. Both of these gentlemen have done some wonderful work. H. A. Strout is in Chicago, but I know nothing of his work. Another person is in Detroit, France, and I know he is doing. I know not. These are all the spirit artists that are before the public; but there are several spirit photographers, whose names appear in the Spiritualist press.

As to telling you who can produce the portrait of your angel nephew—that is something impossible. We are all governed by the same laws; and there is but one way left you, and that is to try; if one cannot, some others may succeed, but neither mortal nor spirit can tell you beforehand. Very few spirits can come and give a portrait in less than two years after entering spirit-life; and yet I have one of a lady that was drawn on the ninth day after her spiritual birth. But this I regard as unprecedented. To have any chances of success in your case, I should be most certain if I could be where the mother could be near during the sittings or trials, for the child will of necessity remain near (at times) the mother, in order to obtain that nutriment that the mother's physical body can alone give. For spirits live upon (to a great extent) the *magnum* obtained from physical bodies, and more especially is that true of young children.

Connecticut.

MEETING OF THE STATE ASSOCIATION.—The State Association of Spiritualists held its Annual Meeting at Willimantic, Sept. 7th. Session called to order by D. B. Isham, President.

Miss Annie Tingley favored the audience with a song, by request.

Missionary report was then called for. Miss Hinman, on taking the stand, tendered to the President and Executive Board her resignation as their agent, and proceeded to make a brief review of her four years' missionary work in the State, reporting receipts and expenditures, showing a net profit of \$118.80. Report was accepted.

Treasurer's report was then called for, which was read and accepted.

The next business before the meeting was the election of officers for the ensuing year. The following named persons were elected: President, Miss E. Annie Hinman, West Winsted, Conn.; Vice Presidents, Dr. N. B. Hall, Norwich; L. G. Waters, Stafford; Mrs. Jane L. Blakeslee, Waterbury; Mrs. Maria T. Whitcomb, T. M. Allen, Hartford; Hon. Edwin H. Butler, Killingly; Mrs. Henriette Pond, West Winsted; Secretary and Treasurer, Benjamin Abbott, Waterbury.

The following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, Section 1st of the Constitution reads as follows: "That no men or class of men are entitled to exclusive privileges from the community."

Resolved, That the Legislature of 1871, in enacting a law exempting from taxation the amount of \$5,000 from taxation, have violated the Constitution of the State and forfeited all claims to the support of liberal-minded men of all parties.

Resolved, That we hail with joy the bold steps taken by the Republican Convention in Massachusetts toward the enfranchisement of women, and although we would concede every one free to vote as their own conscience dictates, yet we would recommend that we guard well our constitutional religious liberties by voting for such men and measures as favor the rights of woman.

Resolved, That we hereby reaffirm in resolution our last annual meeting the resolution to the right of woman to vote as citizens of the State under the Constitution of the United States.

Resolved, That Spiritualism has become a fixed faith and fact in the world, numbering its believers by thousands and millions in every clime; and although the philosopher and scientist have promised its exposure or explanation ever since its first advent, nearly a quarter of a century ago, yet none have the key to unlock the mystery or open up the truth without accepting the hypothesis of the Spiritualists.

Resolved, That Spiritualism is superior to modern Christianity, inasmuch as it demonstrates by

facts a future life; whereas Christianity founds its belief on history of a doubtful origin and conflicting interpretation.

Resolved, That we believe in and advocate a moral code, which requires us in all things to "do unto others as we would have them do unto us."

Resolved, That intemperance is caused by antenatal influences. It is recommended that Spiritualists consult their spirit friends and other persons of known wisdom relative to the cure of this great evil, and report at the next meeting of the Association.

Noted. That copies of the above be sent to the Hartford Courant and Times, Waterbury American, Willimantic Journal, and Banner of Light for publication.

Meeting adjourned until half-past seven in the evening, when it was again called to order—Miss Hinman in the chair. Speeches were made by Miss Swasey, Mrs. Latham and I. P. Greenleaf. Miss Annie Tingley discoursed sweet music. Meeting adjourned.

BENJAMIN ABBOTT, Secretary.

New York.

WAVERLY.—O. H. P. Kenney writes, Sept. 10th: Permit me, through the columns of the Banner of Light, to say a word as to the status of Spiritualism in this place. We do not suppose we are the "Hub" of the spiritual universe, yet we have grown to such dimensions that we regard ourselves of sufficient importance to be mentioned in the public prints.

Six years ago there were but two known Spiritualists in this village; now I think we can safely count on one hundred. We have a Society which is working more or less efficiently in the cause of the angels' religion. We have a hall, decently furnished, capable of seating four hundred persons. We have several mediums of different degrees of development, and laboring in different departments of the spiritual field.

M. B. Weaver is a medium of rare excellence. He is a healing medium, and devotes his time and strength exclusively to that work; yet in his medical labors he gives such irresistible tests that almost, if not quite, all his patients become converts to the philosophy and fact of spiritual intercourse. He has performed some of the most remarkable cures on record.

S. H. Howell is a medium for physical and material manifestations; and his cabinet séances are greatly second to those at Moravia; but having been all his life an active business man, he seems unwilling to leave business and devote himself to these wonderful and interesting manifestations. His wife is a medium of many years' standing, and has devoted much of her life to great usefulness in the healing art. There are others, still, of more or less mediumistic powers, but who are, as yet, but partially developed.

My principal design, however, in writing this letter, is to call attention to a class of lectures we have had, and are still having, through one of the most powerful and interesting trance speakers I ever heard of, I gather, Mrs. A. E. Mossop of Sturgis, Mich., formerly of Dayton, O. Learning of her through a gentleman that heard her in her first effort, less than two years ago, we secured her services for the month of April last. She delivered twelve discourses to us, and one in a neighboring village. She commenced with an audience of about seventy-five persons, but at her third lecture we found our hall totally inadequate to the business in hand. We then secured a more commodious hall—capable of seating, comfortably, six hundred—yet that was insufficient to accommodate the audiences that crowded to hear her. Her lectures were such a grand success, that we arranged with her at once to visit us again this month, and she is now filling that engagement. She has delivered four discourses, and the old crowd, recruited by very many new inquirers, is again upon us. What we shall do to accommodate all who are anxious to hear, remains to be determined.

Mrs. Mossop is the most inspiring and captivating speaker I ever heard. Her ideas are adorned with that grand and beautiful imagery which the angels alone can furnish; yet her logic is strong and irresistible. While she charms, she convinces—exults, as she rivets the bonds of conviction beyond the possibility of escape. We regard her as one of our most earnest, devoted and efficient workers.

She goes hence to the city of Albany, where she has an engagement for the month of October. May she receive such consideration and remuneration as her abilities on the one hand, and necessities on the other, seem to demand.

WHY HAVE A CREED IN ORGANIZATION?—If we still hold, with the churches and the past, that a man's belief is of more importance to us than his works; if good, than his holy and reformatory life; if we still respect or despise him according to his belief more than for his life; if we still hold that his belief is our business, more than are his works; if we are still on the plane of intolerance of another's belief; if we cannot endure absolute mental freedom—if all or most of this is true of us; it is proper that we have a creed. If we have reached a plane above this, if we can respect, love and fellowship a man in the free mental freedom, however wide he may differ from us, we need no creed. If he is hearty with us in trying to promote the object for which we organize, it is enough. The abolitionists so organized, and were a strong power. But few Spiritualists, at the most, care to have it understood that they have already stereotyped their belief, and desire to organize to sustain a certain fixed creed. We can hardly respect ourselves in being less free than the free religionists. Nothing short of this can last. I consider myself to have joined—to be a member of every free and the laborers' society, and free religionists' society in the world.

Stochholm, N. Y.

COPENHAGEN.—Mary M. Lincoln, writing September 15th, says: "This village has to-day for almost the first time in its history, been blessed with the presence of a speaker on the Philosophy of Spiritualism. Rev. J. H. Hatter, of Auburn, N. Y., has been with us and addressed a large and appreciative audience at the Union Church. He is a gentleman of rare ability, of pleasing and forcible address, fluent and logical, full of wit and pathos, which excites and retains the attention and sympathy of his hearers in a wonderful degree. Smiles and tears followed in quick succession as in his illimitable manner he related some humorous anecdote or affecting incident. The lecture was a perfect success, and although he spoke an hour and a half, we were all like little Oliver, 'asking for more.' He is ready to speak on Spiritualism, Temperance, and all kindred reforms, and we consider that Society fortunate who secures his services."

St. Charles.—D. P. Kayner, writing recently from this place, says: "The evidence to sustain our glorious philosophy and demonstrate, by indisputable facts, that there is an immortal, world, and that that world is joined to ours, is every day rolling up more fully, and presenting more vividly and convincingly some of the grand truths which flow out from the Infinite."

Not only have we had the albatross raps, the moving of tangible objects, the written communications, 'the sweet sounds of celestial music,' and the 'visions of the seer,' while the Orthodox world has been making itself hoarse with crying 'Devil,' and then asking, (as it began to doubt its own correctness) 'if it be true?'

Not only two weeks since H. A. Strout, the spirit-artist, moved from Palmyra, Mo. (where he has been passing through the stage of development), to this city. Last week I called at his room, when his guides informed me they desired to show me a specimen of his painting under their control. A plain canvas on a stretcher 12x16 inches was placed upon the easel, the room darkened to a dim twilight, and in six minutes and a half from the time he took the brush in hand the first painting of the kind I had ever seen was completed. The outlines and effects all there—the sky with its natural atmosphere, the water, the foliage, with lights and shades harmoniously blended—all conspiring, even then, to make a beautiful picture. Aug. 1st I again visited him, when this painting was again placed upon the easel to receive the finishing touch. This time the finest effects were brought out, and in eleven and a quarter minutes it was finished, the artist in the time writing with the brush the name of Du Cornet in the corner.

Not only does he, under control, produce the most exquisite and harmonious blending of colors to produce natural effects (as in landscape sketches) in a few moments, but he also produces

the most finished and life-like portraits of friends passed on, whether from thought, or as seen in spirit by him. Mr. Strout is able to produce these results in the presence of the largest audiences.

July 21st I lectured morning and evening in the Universalist Church in McHenry, Ill., to full houses and attentive and interested audiences.

The old question of our Orthodox friends has become changed to one more in harmony with the demands of the race. Now, instead of asking, 'What is the state of your soul?' or 'How do you enjoy religion?' the question of to-day is, 'Have you anything new from the world of spirits?'

To answer some of these soul-questions, I gave notice I would stay at Bro. J. W. Smith's over Monday and make clairvoyant examinations. In order to give those interested an opportunity to test its truthfulness. Eighteen positive tests were given without a single failure.

Thus the good work is going on here in the West, and thus the angel-world is demonstrating its nearness through such media as it can find and control, and is longing for every one to live so near its sacred presence that they can commune with each and every individual soul through their own unfolded medium powers; and ours is indeed a glorious world—to help the angels and humanity."

CHICAGO.—COMPLIMENTARY.—Fayette R. Gridley, writing from Chicago under recent date, says: "I have now been a constant subscriber and reader of the Banner of Light, and its predecessors, for more than sixteen years. My attachment for the same may possibly have arisen from long and constant association with it; though I cannot but believe that this attachment arises entirely from the fact that I consider it not only the most brilliant literary 'Light,' but the most masterly revealer of the greatest and most valuable positive philosophy and consoling moral science ever bestowed upon or realized by mortal man, that I have ever had the pleasure of reading. I hope you will not consider it out of place, when I tell you that, four years since, I heard a very eminent literary gentleman of Philadelphia (who makes no profession of belief in modern Spiritualism) say that he considered the Banner of Light the most able literary journal within his knowledge. He said he was not a subscriber for it, but read it regularly every week, and could not think of going without it; and that his literary appetite could not be comfortably satisfied without reading it—all of it—every week."

STOCKTON CONVENTION.—Dear Banner: I want to tell you about the Stockton Convention, which I have just attended. After a dismal steamboat ride in a storm, I arrived at Stockton from Boston about noon, the second day of the meeting. I found the people gathered in a large country church, to the number of some four or five hundred, listening with deepest attention to the remarks of Bro. Wentworth, who was occupying the platform. At the close of the afternoon session, the people gathered about each other, and upon the hospitality of their homes. It seems they do things on a somewhat different plan here in Maine than in some other places, for although there were several hundred people from all parts of the surrounding country, none of them were permitted to go to the hotel by the generous souls, all being well provided for and heartily welcomed at the homes of the friends in the vicinity.

In the evening there was no meeting in the church, and circles were held at several different places, in which I was told many cheering messages were received from the unseen ones to their friends on the mortal plane.

Sunday the church was crowded to overflowing, the day being very pleasant. After a conference, in which many participated, an address was delivered by your correspondent, which closed the exercises of the forenoon. Some of the finest singing I ever listened to was occasioned by the excellent choir doing duty on the occasion. The afternoon services were opened by an interesting experiment given by Mrs. Gould, of Bangor. Her eyes were securely blindfolded by a committee chosen from the audience, in which condition she read from books and letters that were given her by the guests in apparent ease. Address were then made by Mrs. Gould, Mrs. Thompson of Rockland, Mrs. Morse, Mrs. Moore of Ellsworth, and Mr. Wentworth. Others, whose names do not occur to me, occupied the time profitably. In the evening a circle was again held—Mrs. Gould, the medium—was a great success. Many fine tests were given by her, and some Masons, who were present, began to think that their secrets were not so safe as they supposed. Under control, she gave them the signs of their Order without the slightest hesitation. Mrs. Gould is a very successful test medium, and is doing a good work in the part of the State where she resides. The speaking was excellent, and the meeting a success.

In behalf of myself and others from a distance, I wish to publicly tender my sincere thanks to the kind friends who gave us such a genial welcome and generous entertainment in their homes.

A. E. CARPENTER.
Rockland, September 18, 1872.

Mississippi.

COTTON GIN POINT.—A correspondent writes: "Permit me as one of your constant readers, and an earnest inquirer after truth, to suggest a few remarks that are in my path, which I hope you will at some convenient time notice in the Banner of Light. I have for twenty years been a member of the Christian Church, have believed (with an occasional doubt) that the Bible, upon which my faith was founded, was true. The facts of the Bible are nearly all miracles, and the evidence of the truth of those facts is the testimony of those who lived in the dead past; yet the intrinsic and extrinsic evidence with the adaptation of the Bible to the wants of man induced me to receive it as true. Now what I want to know is, is it does the new philosophy, Spiritualism ignore and deny the truth of the Christian scriptures? In other words, can a man be a Spiritualist and a Christian at the same time? If not, and your philosophy is the true one, how am I to get the evidence of the superior claims of the latter? If I can do so I assure you I will gladly receive it. I know it is said that at Boston, New York and Moravia, the evidence can be had; but I am not there, neither am I able to go there; the most that I can do—and expect to do as long as I live and can find money enough—is to take the Banner of Light. There are in this part of the country few Spiritualists—perhaps none who are willing to acknowledge it. I am wedded to my human dogma; the truth is what I want, if it demolishes all the theology ever written by men."

Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS.—J. R. Doty, M. D., writes, Sept. 13: "I take the silent tongue of the pen to speak of the spiritual progress in the sunny South. Some three years ago, while lecturing in New Orleans, I found the Society here very weak, and suggested a course to take to build it up, but only within the last few months they adopted the plan, since which time all seems to be moving on finely. The Society is now in a flourishing condition. They have listened to progressive sentiments from the following speakers: Mr. Cook, Dr. U. R. Milner, Dr. J. R. Walker, Dr. J. R. Doty, Capt. Grant, and last though not least, Geo. W. Kendeal, Vice-President of the Society, a lawyer of Kentucky, who bids fair to become one of our best speakers. He has two daughters who are mediums. The one about twelve years old is a fine physical medium. Spirits live and unite here when the room is light enough to see the ropes. The other daughter, about five years old, is a trance medium, through whom some of the very best tests are given. Three years ago but few copies of the Banner of Light could be found here, but at this time the supply is not equal to the demand; and the sale of spiritual works is on the increase, which shows a general waking up on the subject of Spiritualism."

Missouri.

KANSAS CITY.—Josiah Stahl, writing thence, recently, bears witness to the remarkable mediumistic gifts bestowed by Mrs. Ann Johnson, of that city—she being endowed with clairvoyant and healing powers of a high order, and giving many satisfactory tests of spirit identity. He speaks highly of the medium as an honorable member of society, and recommends her "to the confidence and acquaintance of all worthy people."

Place ever, mortal, thou thy hopes upon the promise given, of blissful immortality to all who love truth's sway; Let reason guide thy every thought—it is thy guide to heaven; Oh, reverence its lessons well—its teachings clear the way.—Raynolds.

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In his chamber, all alone,
Knelling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk, in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision;
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial.
It was Monday and the day,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendor brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian,
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
But as the Monk his Master see;
Did as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind be healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Kneel the Monk, in rapture lost,
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,
Who am I, that thus thou deignest
To reveal thyself to me?
Who am I, that, from the center
Of thy glory, thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then, amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor,
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.

It was now the appointed hour;
When alike, in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the beggars and the lame,
All the blind and the deaf and dumb,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their alms were heaped knee,
Who upon his bended knee,
Wrapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinely self-surrender
Saw the Vision and the Splendor.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration.
Should he go, or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the Vision passed away?
Should he slight his heavenly guest,
Should he slight his heavenly guest,
For a crowd of ragged, beshaven
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the Vision come again?
Would the Vision come again?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear
As if to the outward ear:
"Do thy duty, that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with a longing look intent
On the blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sounds of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by;
Grown familiar with disfavor,
Grown familiar with the sorrow
Of the bread by which men die!
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise;
Like a sacrament divine,
Seemed to them the bread and wine.

In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor—
What they suffer and endure!
What they seek, what we see;
And the inward voice was saying:
"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me!"

Unto me! but had the Vision
Come in his beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have turned away with derision,
Or have listened away with loathing?
Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Toward his cell he hurried back,
And beheld the convent light
Like a supernatural sight,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of his door,
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before.
From its belfry, calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said,
"Hast thou stayed, I must have fed?"

—Atlantic Monthly.

The Rebuilder.

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE AND IMMORTALITY: An Inquiry into the Origin, Composition and Destiny of Man. A lecture delivered before the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, January 3d, 1871; with recent additions. By Loring Moody. Boston: William White & Co., 158 Washington street.

The title of this work suggests its character; and the book itself fully sustains the fitness of its title. The writer claims that purely materialistic scientists, limited and hampered by their conditions of immortality, can never solve the problem of immortality; that the human mind is superior to all the forms of matter which come under its cognition; and hence is not to be judged of by the changeable states to which matter is liable. "Mind," he tells us, "is active power; matter is passive subject." Mind being the dominant force which subjects matter to its own will, is to be judged of by laws and conditions which are peculiarly its own. And here the tests of material science are wholly inapplicable.

Beginning with the negative axiom—"from nothing nothing can come," the author weaves from the facts, operations, and living, thinking, reasoning products of Nature, a compact network of clear, sharp and strong proofs of a living, thinking, reasoning CAUSE, which presides over and operates through all the concerns of the universe. This Cause is God.

In treating of the "descent of man" from the lower animals, the author assumes Mr. Darwin's theory of organic transformations to be utterly faulty and insufficient; and endeavors to supply a new one by which all "chasm" between man and the lower animals shall be bridged over, and all missing "links" be found and put in place. The illustrations on this head are clearly and forcibly stated, and form an original and important contribution to this deeply interesting branch of inquiry.

Matter is regarded as the matrix, in which the Universal Soul is constantly generating all the forms of organic life. "The work of unfolding and ascending formations reaches its ultimate and

fulfillment in man, for all other creatures merge, and lose their beings in him. And into him the elements of immortalized consciousness are woven and completed. * * * Man stands, in an outward organic form, on the threshold of an unending conscious existence, as the only and well-begotten Son of God on this planet—complete in all his capacities and possibilities; needing only experience, discipline and culture, to bring all his powers and capacities into harmony with his own highest good."

Next come the proofs and illustrations of immortality. Nor here, is the reader required to travel over any beaten and dusty road, as the author has avoided saying what has been well enough said by others.

The work is scientific, philosophical, and theological; and yet the writer "has kept aloof from all authorities and revelations except those of nature," and hence it is difficult, if not impossible, to avoid the conclusions which he reaches; he handles his facts and arguments with much skill and ingenuity. It is rarely that one will find so much solid matter for thought packed into so small a compass.

No mere newspaper criticism or review of the work can give the reader an adequate idea of its value. It should be carefully perused, that its good points may be appreciated. For sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore, 158 Washington street, Boston.

Scientific.

COSMOGRAPHY.

A Description of the Universe.

NUMBER TEN.

BY LYSANDER S. RICHARDS.

When the rocks are uplifted or folded over by the earth's contraction or some internal convulsion, fissures or cracks are made, and these openings, when not filled with molten or melted rock, are called trap dikes. Metallic ores fill the place, and hence we find most of the ores running through the rock in veins. The ore is originally disseminated in small grains through rock; but when the fissure is made, the heat evolved generates steam from the moisture about, and melts and forces the ore into the opening which Nature apparently has prepared for it. A large amount of ore, however, lies undisturbed and scattered through the rock in minute grains, as originally formed. The rock in direct contact, or enveloping the ore veins, is called the *gangue*. This is extracted from its bed, separated from the ore upon the spot, except when firmly united. The latter is removed to a crusher, and coarsely crushed, a stream of water turned upon it, the light material washed away, and the heavy ore sinks or remains behind. Ores rarely contain their metals in a pure state, but are generally found combined with various substances; such as sulphur, carbon, oxygen, silica, arsenic, lead, antimony, mercury, etc.

The metals, found native or uncombined are gold, silver, copper, mercury, and a few others not commonly known; but these metals even are most generally obtained in an impure and combined state, and it is the object of the miller or assayer to get rid of the impurities, and thus extract the pure metal. This is not easily accomplished, as the ingredients are chemically combined. Chloride of sodium (common salt) is composed of chlorine and sodium, two separate elements. When thrown together, they do not form a mixture, but a chemical union takes place, and they become one individual substance. The same is true of metals. Lead is usually found chemically combined with sulphuric acid, forming a sulphate of lead, and known as Galena lead ore.

While this combined it is hard and brittle, and of no essential use to man, but by crushing it and depositing the same in a furnace, and heating it, the sulphuric acid is expelled, simply because it is rendered volatile through the action of heat. The acid being thus separated, it escapes in the form of gas, while the lead, being heavy, falls to the bottom, and passes through an outlet of the furnace, commercially pure and uncombined. Iron ore, as generally found, is, in its original state, of no earthly use whatever. It is so disguised with silica, clay and other substances, a novice could scarcely detect the ore. It is, however, when crushed, placed in a heated blast furnace, filled with charcoal, coal and a flux, usually limestone, which dissolves the impurities of the ore, and forms a slag—the carbon of the coal uniting or withdrawing the oxygen, the slag passes out of the furnace at the side, and the iron, being heavier, through an outlet at the bottom. A portion of the carbon of the coal has combined with the iron, and the metal is found to be slightly impure. It is cast iron—hard and brittle—and in order to render it malleable it is placed again in the furnace, and the carbon expelled through the agency of heat; the operation is again repeated, and the mass pressed or pounded before the impurities are entirely removed. Cast iron contains about three or four per cent. of carbon, and if, when burning off the latter element in the production of malleable iron, the manufacturer keeps when about one-half had been expelled, cast steel would be easily obtained, as pure steel contains about one and a half per cent. of carbon. There is in England an establishment that adopts the above-mentioned method in manufacturing steel, but most manufacturers take malleable iron and infuse the one and a half per cent. carbon into it, and generally obtain the best article. Good steel can be tested by applying a drop of nitric acid, (aqua fortis), which attacks the carbon and leaves a spot upon it; poor or bogus steel is not thus affected.

In conclusion, the economy of Nature is perhaps nowhere more wonderfully displayed than in the association of coal deposits, in many places, with iron. This enables the miner to have his furnace for the reduction of the ore close at hand—here a layer of coal and there a bed of iron, and both removed to the furnace with comparative ease. Is this any special indication of divine interference or providence? Why should not Nature accommodate itself? Would it not be more strange if, in every instance, the varieties of matter or force were separated, and never, of themselves, associated for their own good? Nature is not a chance offering, but is made up of the combined existences of the great whole—the combined intelligences of the universe, of which you and I and all things are contributors. A Gods are every one; and for the well being of the great whole every individual intelligence in the universe is responsible.

A farmer, whose crops were full of corn, was accustomed to pray that the wants of the poor and needy might be supplied; but when any one in needy circumstances asked for a little of his corn, he said he had none to spare. One day, after hearing his father pray for the poor and needy, his little son said to him, "Father, I wish I had your corn." "Why, my son, what could you do with it?" asked the father. The child replied, "I would answer your prayers!"

Labors of the body free us from pains of the mind. This is what constitutes the happiness of the poor.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Banner of Light was spoken by the Spirit whose name is at the head of the communication.

MRS. J. H. CONANT.

While in an abnormal condition, and the trances, these Messages indicate that spirits can walk with them the etheric spheres of their earth life in that beyond, whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not accord with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive to be true.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 125 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 1, up stairs, on MONDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY, at 7 o'clock. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at two o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted.

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

Donations of flowers for our Circle Room are solicited.

The questions answered at these Sciences are often propounded by individuals among the audience. These read to the controlling intelligence by the chairman, are sent in by correspondents.

SHOULD LETTERS.—Visitors at our free Circles have the privilege of placing sealed letters on the table for answer by the spirits. First, write on one or two proper questions, addressing the spirit, questioning by his or her full name; then put them in an envelope, seal it, and write your own address on the envelope, and place it in the box.

The Chairman will return the letter to the writer. It should be distinctly understood that the answers to questions propounded by writers must necessarily be brief, the spirit addressed always writing its answers on the envelope containing the question of questions. Questions should not be put for letters for answer upon our circle table expecting lengthy replies, otherwise they will be disappointed.

WILLIAM WHITE, Chairman.

Invocation.

Thou Great Spirit, with whom abide all the issues of life and death, we are here to thank thee for all thy blessings, and to ask thee for more. Believing that thou knowest our needs, it would seem useless that we come to thee through prayer; and yet, through all the scriptures of thy Nature, thou hast taught us to ask for what we need, to put forth the powers of our being for what we would receive. As flowers turn their faces to the sunlight, that they may gather strength and new life, so we turn our faces to thee, Great Spirit, that we may gather of thy wisdom, of thy power, of thy life. Turning our backs upon our own ignorance, we would be baptized with thy wisdom, and leaving behind the shadows of the past, we would walk straightway into the sunshine of the present; and we would understand, Great Spirit, what thou requirest at our hands. We would know thy laws, and obey them. We would read thy volume of life well, and profit thereby. We would become ministering spirits of love to those who are spiritually sick. We would become teachers after thine own divine right, unto those who are spiritually ignorant. We would go down into the hearts of life; to rescue from thence thy sons and thy daughters, in thy name, O Lord, and we would perform all those prayers, many mighty works that the gods in past ages have performed, all in thy name and for thy glory. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—I am ready to listen to your queries, Mr. Chairman.

Q.—(From a correspondent, M. Plantation), a celebrated astronomer at Geneva, Switzerland, has recently calculated the approach of a new comet, which he declares to exceed in size any heretofore known; and that its velocity is prodigious, and its heat intolerable; that its course is directly at our globe, and unless by deflection, it will come in contact with it on or about the 12th of August. Is there a spirit astronomer present who would take pleasure in giving us some information on the subject? If so, what is its size and density? Has it ever approached our hemisphere before? Is its direction toward our planet? and what are the probabilities of its fulfilling Plantation's calculations? Any further information concerning it that you may choose to give would probably interest the public as well as myself.

A.—Persons in our life who are best acquainted with these things, will tell you that this astronomer is entirely mistaken; that this monstrous comet of which he speaks, is the same that put in an appearance among you in 1849; and why he should have exaggerated its proportions, as he must have, is a mystery to them. Time, with its exact circumstances, will prove which is right, the astronomer in our life, or the Swiss astronomer in yours.

Q.—I think it is now believed by astronomers that the asteroids are the fragments of an exploded planet. That which has happened may happen again. Now, if this or any other inhabited globe should be blown to fragments, what effect would such catastrophe have on the spirits who dwell close to, and in the vicinity of the earth?

A.—Since such a catastrophe never did occur, it is not worth while to be looking for such an occurrence. When your astronomers look deeper into the science of astronomy, they will determine that the asteroids are but a cluster of stars that have but recently—in comparison with eternity—emerged from a state of nebula. If it were possible for a planet to explode, there would be no safety in any system—not at any time; but a wise Providence—or God, if you please—has provided against such a disaster, has rendered it an impossibility. It could not be done except by breaking natural law, which never was done, and we do not expect it ever will be.

Q.—It has been stated by astronomers within the past two years that the star San Corona was disappearing from sight, after being receding from the sun or being consumed by fire, and that the star Sirius was also receding from our sight at the rate of twenty-nine and a quarter miles per second. Please give us some information as to these stars, and the cause of the sudden disappearance of the one and the re-appearing of the other, and what effect, if any, their disappearance may have on our planetary system.

A.—These children of the sun, when they attain their majority, pass out of the solar system, beyond its limits, and are called upon to form systems of their own, heavenly families of their own. This is the law; therefore there is nothing miraculous in the fact that Sirius or any other star is receding from the parent sun.

Q.—It is believed by spirit astronomers that the electric disturbances now going on in the sun have any connection with the comets, earthquakes and tornadoes on this planet? And is it not a fact that the terribly destructive earthquakes, volcanoes, tornadoes, and kindred phenomena, so prevalent within the last three years, all over the globe, import a great and important change going on in its history?

A.—The sun, being the ruling power, all of the

planets belonging to its system, must, of necessity, affect each planet according to its own condition. These electrical disturbances which have penetrated through the luminous atmosphere surrounding the sun, and have produced what astronomers are pleased to term "spots on the sun," are really only openings in its luminous atmosphere, showing its dark, opaque body. This is but one of the conditions through which, by reflex action, certain disturbances upon the planets holding a certain position toward the sun must pass. Mars experiences the same nearly the same from the sun that the Earth experiences, because she holds a similar position to the sun that the Earth holds. It is a known scientific fact with astronomers in the spirit-world, that whatever tends to produce disturbances in the centre of your system, or of any system, produces corresponding disturbances with all these lesser worlds. Violent electrical and magnetic action in the sun would call loudly upon the central fire of the Earth and of Mars, and other planets holding a similar position, thus producing earthquakes, and all the various convulsions of Nature that belong to that family.

Q.—(From the audience.) If the sun is an opaque body, is it not inhabited, as well as the Earth?

A.—Certainly it is, by a race of beings every way superior to those inhabiting your Earth.

Q.—Can you give any reason why the sun has a luminous atmosphere?

A.—Because its internal fires are extinct, or drawn to the surface. That which has been in its interior is now on its exterior, thus forming a luminous atmosphere intensely electric and magnetic; from that comes your heat, your light, your life-giving powers.

Q.—Is this atmosphere far from the opaque body of the globe, or connected with it?

A.—It is connected with it, as your atmosphere is connected with your earth.

Q.—I have been told by a spirit, that embodied and disembodied spirits mingle freely and associate together on the sun. Is this true?

A.—Yes; that is a truth.

Margaret Burke.

I am Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. I came here with a hope to reach my son James, who is in Boston. I lived here sixty-seven years, and I did not know that I could return again to earth. Now, what I want is, that my son James, who is in Boston, will give me the privilege of speaking to him directly. Good-day, sir.

Joseph Westcott.

My name is Joseph Westcott. I am from Littleton, N. H. I want my folks to know that there is some truth in these things. I can't feel happy in this new life while they are in such ignorance. I want them to know that religion do not consist in belonging to the church, in going to meeting, and in making prayers, but it consists in living an honest, upright life—in obeying the God within you. No matter what you believe, so that you do right; and every man's standard of right is peculiar to himself—belongs to himself, and nobody else. I should be glad to open a way of communication with my folks if I could, so I thought I'd come here and try. Good-day, sir.

Lucy Harris.

My name is Lucy Harris. I used to live on Clark street, Boston. I was six years old. I have been gone four months. I want to tell mother I've been and found father, and if she writes a letter to him at Stockton, Cal., he will get it. Aunt Julia has taken his letters. She'd better not do it any more, because if she does I'll come and tell all about it, every time. She don't like my mother. She's my father's sister, and she has taken my mother's letters, and she's kept them, and she's kept all the money too. So my mother thought my father was dead, because she didn't hear from him. Aunt Julia is just as wicked as she can be. [Rather a serious set for her to do that.] Well, she did it; and if she does it any more, I'll tell my mother how she can find her out, and just catch her; so she'd better not do it any more. [She should make restitution to your mother.] She's spent it all. She's an ugly thing. She gets drunk sometimes. [You don't want to tell that to you?] I don't care. [Hadn't you better leave it out?] No, because it's true; she does get drunk; she's no business to. She will say, if she has taken mother's letters, she must have done it when she was drunk. I don't believe she did. She did it when she was sober, and got drunk afterwards with the money. I know her pretty well. Good-by, mister.

William Sparack.

[Not afraid, are you?] [The spirit hesitated sometime before speaking.] I never feared anything when I was here. I'd be foolish to begin it now.

My name, here, was William Sparack. I am fresh from Sing Sing. Does it make any difference? [Not the least.] I have an aged mother in New Jersey. I would like to reach. She is a Christian, and thinks me in hell. Fortunately for her, as I, God is better than man makes him out to be; and therefore, the singer is safe in his hands, though he suffers for the commission of sin, yet not eternally. [I never taught so, were you not?] Yes; but I never believed it. I considered the doctrine for cowards, and never had much to do with it.

I would say to my mother, it is as well with me as I deserve; and by the goodness of the powers in command, I expect, by-and-by, to be redeemed from evil. No one here tells me that I shall be consigned to endless torment. No one here believes in any such existence. Everybody knows better. The soul only wants time and conditions to shake itself free from evil, and it will do it. Here, through organic circumstances, I was constantly forced into evil. There, if it is different, and I shall be forced into good, and my mother may dry her tears, and pray for herself, not for me. I must pray for myself by my good deeds. She can do nothing for me, except to be content, and leave me in the hands of God. I shall ask my mother's friend, Mrs. Fowler, who receives your good journal, to place it in my mother's hands, when my message appears.

Capt. John Eldridge.

Capt. Harvey Thomas asked his old friend, Capt. John Eldridge, communicated with him on the 21st day of May, 1872. Yes, I did, and you need not begin to waver in faith, nor to feel sorry that you followed my advice. Wait until circumstances develop themselves, and you'll see I was right. You will be a few hundreds out of pocket, but you will retain the use of your body a little while longer, which, if you hadn't followed my advice, you certainly would not have done.

May 27.

Seance conducted by Rahnolm Roy; letters answered by "Spring Flower."

Invocation.

Oh Life, beautiful Life, in thee we live and move and have our being; and unto thee we are respon-

sible for the use we make of the talents thou hast bestowed upon us. We will use our best endeavors to put forth these talents to the best use of thy kingdom in the present and the future, so that we may deliver thee thine own, with usury, in the hereafter, and that when we hang as ripe fruit on thy wondrous tree, we may be satisfied with ourselves—we may hear from thy kingdom of wisdom that we have done well with what thou hast bestowed upon us. Then, we shall be well worthy to become inhabitants of the celestial life, the kingdom of heaven. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—(From Mrs. M. E. Lewis, Santa Cruz, Cal.) What caused the pictures of rivers and trees to be daguerrotypied several feet through rock that is found in the State of Nevada, as the scenery of that part of the State where it is found does not bear any resemblance to the scenery represented in the rock? Wherever the rock is separated, it seems to be of a very soft-grained material.

A.—These picture rocks are some of the records which Nature has left, telling us what she has been. All rocks were once soil, and the most natural conclusion with regard to these picture rocks that we can arrive at, is this: that whatever we find impressed upon them, must have been done when they were in a state of soil—a plastic state. The water and the winds pressed the ferns and other conditions of vegetable life upon them; then, in the processes of Nature and time they were hardened, and became rock, and these peculiar indentations remained upon them. It is not to be supposed, that they have been produced wholly by the action of the sun or light. That is a theory which Science readily explodes, and the only one that Science admits is, that these conditions of vegetable life were impressed upon the rock when it was in a plastic state.

Q.—A lady states that she had a friend who committed suicide, and says he has since returned, and states that an uncle who committed a like act led him to do as he did. Is it possible for spirits to thus influence mortals? Do they not outgrow this condition in a short time after they pass on?

A.—Yes, it is possible, and not only that, but natural law sometimes acts in that way upon certain individuals. For instance, the suicide finds himself restless in the other world, disappointed and unhappy. He retraces his steps, returns to this life, seeks out some mediumistic form, and for what? He hardly knows for what, but Nature and the law know—that he may cast off his burden through this susceptible form—this susceptible mind—through the laws of psychology, if you please. When coming in contact with matter, the suicide, by law of nature, immediately reverts in thought to the last scenes and acts of his earthly life. This is at once conveyed with terrible potency and force to the plastic mind and sensitive nervous system of a medium—an individual who is susceptible to that spirit. And now, unless some counteracting force can be exerted to annul this power, to throw it off, it will act in one direction, and one only; that is, by producing constant thought in the mind of that person toward suicide, until at last certain organs of the brain break down, and then the poor wretch is completely within this power and cannot escape it. Now, then, the necessity for institutions that shall annul these influences—psychopathic institutions for such persons. This age demands such institutions more than any other age, and why? Because your earth is flooded with returning spirits of all grades. They who are known to be mediums suffer, and they who are not known to be mediums suffer. There is need of the exercise of this branch of medical science, and you should be exceedingly thankful that one has recently been inaugurated in your midst, and should do all in your power to sustain it, and to bring into operation others, for this age and the coming age will show you the need thereof in the strongest possible terms.

Q.—(From the audience.) Does the spirit soon pass beyond this condition?

A.—Sometimes it requires centuries or cycles of years ere it can outgrow it. Sometimes it is very quickly done. That depends upon the power of the spirit to cast out that which is inimical to his happiness.

Q.—Is it not more readily done by understanding the spiritual philosophy?

A.—Yes; because they who understand the spiritual philosophy generally know the most direct means and methods to reach this desired end.

Q.—Is the first relieved by casting his burden upon the second victim?

A.—Yes.

Q.—How much?

A.—Sometimes entirely—generally so.

Q.—Is the second victim in as deep trouble as the first?

A.—Yes, the cross is transferred from the one to the other.

Q.—Is not that rather hard upon the second victim? Ought there not to be some regulation in the spirit-world to prevent it?

A.—Yes, it is rather hard. It is a law of Nature that we should bear one another's burdens.

Q.—This second victim understanding the philosophy of Spiritualism, and outgrowing his condition, will help the other, will he not?

A.—Yes. There is a foundation for the doctrine of atonement—vicarious atonement; that foundation is in natural law. Religionists stumbled upon it, and made very bad use of it in supposing that a whole universe of souls could be delivered from their shortcomings by the death of one individual, and all that was necessary, according to the religious creed, was to believe on him, and they should be saved. If these religionists had wedded science to their religion, and had looked a little deeper into the causes of things, they would hardly have come to the belief that they did. They would have arrived at that point of law upon which their theory rested, and instead of dragging it into a fabulous religious creed, they would have given it a place among the sciences of the day, and it would have been of great use to humanity. As it is, millions have thought to shirk their sins by putting them upon this scapegoat of a Jesus. But let us be thankful that the Spirit of Truth is not dead, and because it is not, it will speak through the ages, and by-and-by will assert its superiority, will outlive and defeat all these errors, and bring mankind to a just understanding of themselves, and their relationship to Nature and Nature's God.

Johnnie Wilkins.

I am Johnnie Wilkins. I am from Trenton, N. J. I want my mother to know I can come back. I was nine years old; I am ten now. I want my mother to know that, after she's done with this life, she will have a better time than she's ever had here; and if she will only try and be patient, be just as happy as she can here, it'll be better for her. I know it's a pretty hard way she lives, but just be thinking all the time of what's coming! I used to tell her, when I grew up to be a man, I'd give her nice things, and a nice place to live in. Well, I shall grow up, and I shall give her a nice place here. When she gets ready to

come, it will be all ready for her. Please tell her that; will you, sir? Good-day, sir.

L. Judd Pardee.

A friend of mine wishes me to come here and assure him, if he goes to Moravia, expecting to see wonders, he shan't be disappointed. He says, "Now, if you answer my queries, please don't give my name, because, if I go to Moravia, I don't want my folks to know anything about it, because they will laugh at me." Jim, if you're afraid of your folks, you'd better keep a little further off from him. It won't do to handle the truth with gloves on. Take them off, and come out like a man. It matters not if father, mother, wife and children, all turn against you; the truth is better than them all. I cannot tell what you will see or what you will hear. Go; and if you seek honestly, I do not doubt that you will be satisfied.

You say you want to see me just as I was when I was here in life. Well, I should hope that you would be disappointed in that, because, as just as I was here, would be to be in a suffering, miserable, unhappy state. You may see the semblance of me as I was; perhaps that's all you expect. If it is, I'll do my best to reward your coming; but I tell you now, as I told you before I died: "If this spiritual philosophy is worth anything at all, it is worth abandoning everything for; and if you can't do it, you'd better let it alone."

Daniel Staples.

I wish to communicate with my family, if I can. I am Daniel Staples. I am from Exeter, N. H. I have been gone nine years. I wish to converse with my family that I live, and that I have the power of returning in this way, and that much of their faith in the future life is good for nothing.

Annie Henderson.

I was blind here. I had the scarlet fever when I was three years old, and it took away my eyesight. My name was Annie Henderson. I want my mother to know that I see in the spirit-world. I used to tell her about a beautiful place I went to in dreams. Well, it was the spirit-land. When I got there, it was no new place to me. I remembered it all—I had seen it all. Mother used to say, when I told her what I dreamed, "My dear, I am sure I don't know where you have been; I don't know anything on earth that's like it." I want her to know that I went to the spirit-land, and that I see, and that I am very happy there. Good-day, sir.

Seance conducted by Thomas Paine; letters answered by "Vashti."

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, June 3.—Invitation: Questions and Answers: "The First Society of Spiritualists" meets every Sunday. President, Dr. G. L. Dison; Secretary, Dr. G. L. Dison; Treasurer, Dr. G. L. Dison.

Tuesday, June 4.—Invitation: Questions and Answers: "The First Society of Spiritualists" meets every Sunday. President, Dr. G. L. Dison; Secretary, Dr. G. L. Dison; Treasurer, Dr. G. L. Dison.

Wednesday, June 5.—Invitation: Questions and Answers: "The First Society of Spiritualists" meets every Sunday. President, Dr. G. L. Dison; Secretary, Dr. G. L. Dison; Treasurer, Dr. G. L. Dison.

Thursday, June 6.—Invitation: Questions and Answers: "The First Society of Spiritualists" meets every Sunday. President, Dr. G. L. Dison; Secretary, Dr. G. L. Dison; Treasurer, Dr. G. L. Dison.

Friday, June 7.—Invitation: Questions and Answers: "The First Society of Spiritualists" meets every Sunday. President, Dr. G. L. Dison; Secretary, Dr. G. L. Dison; Treasurer, Dr. G. L. Dison.

Saturday, June 8.—Invitation: Questions and Answers: "The First Society of Spiritualists" meets every Sunday. President, Dr. G. L. Dison; Secretary, Dr. G. L. Dison; Treasurer, Dr. G. L. Dison.

Sunday, June 9.—Invitation: Questions and Answers: "The First Society of Spiritualists" meets every Sunday. President, Dr. G. L. Dison; Secretary, Dr. G. L. Dison; Treasurer, Dr. G. L. Dison.

Monday, June 10.—Invitation: Questions and Answers: "The First Society of Spiritualists" meets every Sunday. President, Dr. G. L. Dison; Secretary, Dr. G. L. Dison; Treasurer, Dr. G. L. Dison.

Tuesday, June 11.—Invitation: Questions and Answers: "The First Society of Spiritualists" meets every Sunday. President, Dr. G. L. Dison; Secretary, Dr. G. L. Dison; Treasurer, Dr. G. L. Dison.

Wednesday, June 12.—Invitation: Questions and Answers: "The First Society of Spiritualists" meets every Sunday. President, Dr. G. L. Dison; Secretary, Dr. G. L. Dison; Treasurer, Dr. G. L. Dison.

Thursday, June 13.—Invitation: Questions and Answers: "The First Society of Spiritualists" meets every Sunday. President, Dr. G. L. Dison; Secretary, Dr. G. L. Dison; Treasurer, Dr. G. L. Dison.

Friday, June 14.—Invitation: Questions and Answers: "The First Society of Spiritualists" meets every Sunday. President, Dr. G. L. Dison; Secretary, Dr. G. L. Dison; Treasurer, Dr. G. L. Dison.

Saturday, June 15.—Invitation: Questions and Answers: "The First Society of Spiritualists" meets every Sunday. President, Dr. G. L. Dison; Secretary, Dr. G. L. Dison; Treasurer, Dr. G. L. Dison.

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Tuesday, June 18.—Invitation: Questions and Answers: "The First Society of Spiritualists" meets every Sunday. President, Dr. G. L. Dison; Secretary, Dr. G. L. Dison; Treasurer, Dr. G. L. Dison.

Wednesday, June 19.—Invitation: Questions and Answers: "The First Society of Spiritualists" meets every Sunday. President, Dr. G. L. Dison; Secretary, Dr. G. L. Dison; Treasurer, Dr. G. L. Dison.

Thursday, June 20.—Invitation: Questions and Answers: "The First Society of Spiritualists" meets every Sunday. President, Dr. G. L. Dison; Secretary, Dr. G. L. Dison; Treasurer, Dr. G. L. Dison.

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FRANKLIN, MASS.—Children's Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, at Temperance Hall, Lincoln's Building. E. W. Hild, 2d, Conductor; Mrs. A. C. Hild, Secretary; Mrs. Hild, Treasurer. The Lyceum meets at 10 o'clock, at Temperance Hall, Lincoln's Building. E. W. Hild, 2d, Conductor; Mrs. A. C. Hild, Secretary; Mrs. Hild, Treasurer.

HARTFORD, CONN.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday evening, in Bart's Hall, B. Brewster, Conductor. Sunday evening, in Bart's Hall, B. Brewster, Conductor.

HAMMONTON, N. J.—Meetings held every Sunday at 10 o'clock, at the Spiritualist Hall on Third street. Mrs. M. H. Hild, Conductor; Mrs. M. H. Hild, Secretary; Mrs. M. H. Hild, Treasurer.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Bart's Hall, Main street. J. C. Moody, President; Mrs. H. M. Moody, Secretary; L. S. Winslow, Treasurer.

LYNN, MASS.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 o'clock, at the Spiritualist Hall on Third street. Mrs. M. H. Hild, Conductor; Mrs. M. H. Hild, Secretary; Mrs. M. H. Hild, Treasurer.

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