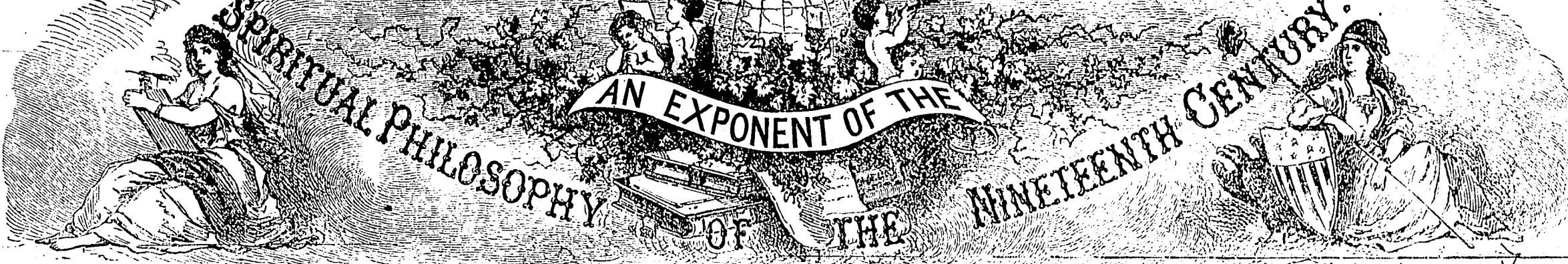


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXXIII.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1873.

\$3.00 Per Annum,
In Advance.

NO. 3.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

BY MRS. ELIZA M. HICKOR.

Just as the dawn was breaking
Over the eastern skies,
Earth from its slumbers awaking,
Bidding the toilers arise,
A freed soul sped from its prison,
Into the glorious light;
Out from the evening shadows,
Into the morning bright.

Life had been cold and dreary,
Shadows so often and deep;
Spirit so storm-tossed and weary—
Oh, how she welcomed the sleep,
The sleep that knows never awaking
On earth to the mortal eye;
So sweet to hearts that are breaking,
The sleep which they call—to die.

Only the hope of its coming
Shone like a beacon light
Over the way of the mourner,
All through the lonely night.
Only the glad hope of freedom,
Somewhere, from tolling and woe,
Gave to the weak steps their power
Faithfully onward to go.

Only the hope of a future
Unchained by a merciless fate,
Gave to the sad spirit courage
To bear all its trials and wait.
Call this a death? Oh, never!
Only a happy release
From darkness and sorrow and discord,
To sunshine and pleasure and peace.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTERS OF TRAVEL.

NUMBER SIX.

Prepared expressly for the Banner of Light.
BY J. M. PEEBLES.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Pale and low in the southwest of your dear New England skies swings the sun these wintry days. Here in Victoria, it is nearly vertical, and the heat quite oppressive; while the maddened dust-clouds that whirl and waltz along the streets of Melbourne are fearful to encounter. The daily journals assure us that the re-watering of the principal streets and avenues will commence to-morrow morning; and all of the people respond, Amen!

THE GOLD-FIELDS.

If rock-embosomed crystals are subterranean flowers, metals may be considered mineral trees in process of development. Tradition has it that a Pyrenean shepherd, in 1849, was the first to discover gold in Australia. The attention of settlers at this period was directed principally to the raising of sheep and cattle. Finding small bits of the "precious metal" previous to this time had not been considered of sufficient importance to turn the scattered settlers from their agricultural pursuits. If the pluckiness of the American Stanley in discovering Dr. Livingstone put to shame the conceit and stupidity of certain Englishmen, the enterprise of California miners was quite as conspicuous in revealing the auriferous stores of Australia's hidden wealth. Those famous gold discoveries upon the Pacific slopes aroused the attention of practical men to renewed prospecting operations for gold in Victoria, New South Wales, and other portions of Australia.

Profitable fields were soon discovered and developed. Gold was found in great profusion at Chumee early in 1850. This city is about one hundred and forty miles from Melbourne, has a population of six thousand, publishes two daily papers, and is surrounded by a fine agricultural district of country. Most of the farmers are solid, headstrong Scotchmen. Quartz mining is here carried on extensively. Dr. Bull is the only prominent Spiritualist. Our lecture was delivered in Library Hall, to a most attentive audience.

THE WILD RUSH.

Oh, reeling, clutching world, how long will gold remain your god? Licenses were issued for digging on Sept. 11th, 1851. Immense yields were daily reported. The excitement was soon at white heat. Ordinary occupations were forsaken, and the whole social condition of the country suddenly changed. Attorneys forsook the courts, merchants their counting-rooms, clerks their desks, clergymen their pulpits—all hastening pell-mell to the diggings. Provisions went up, and prices for labor were enormous. The rush from England seemed a very panic, and priests quite forgot the passage, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth." Many Americans filled their purses and returned to their native land, preferring the eagle to the colonial lion. The scene has completely changed! Surface-digging is no longer profitable; but the tertiary and the quartz veins seem absolutely inexhaustible.

BALLARAT.

Accompanied by Dr. Richardson and Mr. Watson, both solid thinkers and earnest Spiritualists—and also by Miss Armstrong, an excellent medium—I found myself upon a sunny morning stowed away in a stage-coach and ticketed for Ballarat, a city second only to Melbourne, in Victoria. The diversified scenery along the way was delightful, and the trip decidedly interesting—especially the conversation upon Spiritualism between the fellow-passengers and Mrs. R., wife of a Presbyterian clergyman. Ballarat, lying about one hundred miles from Melbourne in a northerly direction, is five thousand feet above the level of the sea, has fifty thousand inhabit-

ants, is famous for mining interests, enterprising in railway matters, and prints five dailies, one of which, the Ballarat Star, is a leading journal in the colony. It reported our lectures delivered in Alfred Hall fairly and handsomely. Mrs. Mincham is the only avowed Spiritualist in the city. Many are investigating. Mr. John Finlay, residing at Gracefield, some three miles from the city, is a zealous Spiritualist, reformer and Shaker, praying for a more rapid spread of the millennial Church. He has thought seriously of emigrating to Mount Lebanon, America, to join the fraternity of Shakers. He is the master in a fine suburban academy, and has long been a patron of the Banner of Light.

The stranger at Ballarat sees nothing but prosperity among the gold-diggers. The wages of the miners average about forty-five shillings—English money—per week. They work eight hours a day, thus reaching that acme of the workman's bliss:

"Eight hours for work, and eight for play;
Eight for sleep, and eight shillings a day."

CASTLEMAINE.

Formerly a rich alluvial mining town, three thousand Chinamen at one time either walked its streets, or camped around the outskirts. Nearly all nationalities being represented, they studied toleration, and sang

"With spades and picks we work like bricks,
And dig in gold formations."

The city was named after an Irish peer. It numbers at present some seven thousand; is lighted with gas; has an excellent library; publishes two daily dailies, and is surrounded by a rough agricultural and vine-growing country. Here I found a fine congregation of Spiritualists and Spiritualists. Mr. G. C. Leech, a prominent attorney and gentleman of culture, lectures each Sunday. He is now on his third year's engagement. Think of it, Americans! A flourishing assemblage of Spiritualists with a "settled speaker" in the mountainous regions of Australia! Mr. Bamford, brother-in-law of W. H. Terry, residing here, sells the Banner of Light, the Harbinger, and other literature relating to Spiritualism. Meeting us at the depot, the first inquiry was, after the welcome, "Has the Boston fire burned the Banner of Light office?" Do tell us, do tell us! You can hardly imagine the intense anxiety felt in this distant land touching the Boston fire and the permanence of the Banner of Light. It was the sad inquiry for weeks and weeks. "Ay!" said the good Mr. Terry; "what a misfortune—the destruction of a journal that, like Jacob's ladder, unites earth and heaven!"

We lectured in Meacham's Institute—Mr. Leech occupying the chair. The building was densely crowded. Though there have been numerous physical manifestations in this city, bigotry is still rampant. The pious Archdeacon of Castlemaine—"whose face doth shine"—declined to attend the funeral of Mrs. Grubb because she utterly refused to see a clergyman during her last sickness—sensible woman! Mr. Leech officiated. None were inhabitants of mourning; gentlemen kept on their hats during the service; a spiritual song was sung at the grave, and flowers thrown upon the coffin.

SANDHURST.

This wide-awake city, originally called Bendigo, lies about one hundred miles from Melbourne, Victoria, in a northerly direction, and numbers some twenty-five thousand inhabitants. It is the headquarters of vast quartz ranges pronounced absolutely inexhaustible. The public buildings are fine, and everything, save the gardens, indicates enterprise and thrift. Our lectures were delivered in the Rifles' Orderly Hall. Mr. Denovan, an ex-member of the Colonial Parliament, occupied the chair. This gentleman is as universally esteemed as he is brave in the utterance of his convictions. The city sustains three daily papers, one of which, aping the Melbourne Telegraph, is exceedingly hostile to Spiritualism. Spiritualists should drop it. Silly is that folly which pays for being abused. There are several mediums in this vicinity, Mr. Druse excelling in the line of physical manifestations. Several circles for development are in operation, and the interest is increasing. These circles should be organized upon scientific principles, and those attending should be systematic, sincere, and aspirational.

GEELING.

Sharp and earnest was the struggle between this city, situated upon Corio Bay, and Ballarat for preeminence. The latter, more enterprising, gained the victory. Geelung, named after a native chief, noted for its harbor, botanical gardens, and suburban orchards and vineyards, has a population of about twenty thousand, a number of whom are Spiritualists, but exceedingly coy. They need an infusion of moral firmness and spinal stiffening. Our lecture was delivered in Meacham's Institute, Dr. Richardson presiding. The reports in the dailies were just and manly.

STOWELL.

This stirring place, a long distance from Melbourne, contains a large number of free-thinkers and Spiritualists, though the latter are somewhat divided just at present upon the subject of re-incarnation. They have an organized society, and what was equally admirable—they erected a fine building for their Sunday meetings, called Lyceum Hall. This renders them quite independent. Mr. B. S. Mayler is their settled speaker. He will soon close his first year's engagement. An author and an eloquentist, he frequently lectures upon literary subjects as well as Spiritualism. It will be remembered that Mr. Mayler published the pioneer sheet in Melbourne, called the Glow-worm, and, further, that he gave the first public lecture upon the subject of spirit-communion in the city. His words will never die.

He is considered, both by Spiritualists and Liberals, a brave, earnest, and honorable man; and yet he was shamefully persecuted by the snarling press and yelping bigots of Melbourne. These narrow-souled sectarists—pulling "babes in Christ," call out our tenderest pity. Let us deal gently, kindly with such little ones.

GEORGE A. STOW.

As Mrs. Conant is connected mediumistically with the Banner of Light, and Mr. Morse with the Harbinger of Light, edited and published by Mr. W. H. Terry. He is found during business hours in the bookstore, where both himself and Mr. Terry diagnose disease and prescribe for the sick under spirit direction. Marvelous cures have been wrought through their agency. Previous to mediumistic development, Mr. Stow was a member of the Independent Church, and a teacher in the Sunday school. From this position he has advanced to a healing, writing and trance medium. His sances, orderly and harmonious, held twice per week, at the residence of Dr. Motherwell, are so thrillingly interesting that the teachings are taken down by a shorthand reporter.

MR. THOMAS ADAMSON.

There is frequent complaint in the English colonies of the Pacific that the reigning power in Washington does not send out such a class of foreign representatives as it should to fully honor the United States government. Mr. Adamson, formerly in the Consular service at Pernambuco, then at Honolulu, and now two years in Melbourne, is an exception. This gentleman is highly esteemed in Victoria by all who know him. Tall in person, cool and dignified in bearing, he maintains—as well as his excellent lady—a high social position in the city. Educated a Quaker, and attending the Unitarian Church in Melbourne, his religious views are nevertheless decidedly spiritualistic. He attended a portion of our lectures both in Temperance Hall and the Prince of Wales Theatre.

AUSTRALIAN IMPRESSIONS.

Young wasps are said to be the largest when first hatched. In 1851, the gold fever rose to a high pitch in Victoria. Improvements went on rapidly. Where ugly stumps then disputed the footman's tread, aristocrats now pace the pavements of Collins street. The city is yet youthful. Isolated, too, from the leading countries of the world—England and America—it would naturally trundle into the ruts of colonial conceit and self-sufficiency. That there is a vile, venomous prejudice in Melbourne, on the part of many, against Americans, admits of no denial. This, commercial men of New York and the wool-buyers of New England may distinctly understand. Possibly the "Alabama awards" and the "San Juan settlement" have had something to do with the feeling. Where envy and jealousy exist, they should not be pushed out too prominently. The gossamer so very thin half reveals the poison. The penal element of the past centuries, and tones Australian society. Such a moral virus must necessarily linger. The public mind of the city, if not in a fever is at least in a state of chronic unrest. Humility, toleration and a genuine cosmopolitan nobility would be excellent antidotes to counteract the deadly influences of arrogance and assumption.

Stop into a Melbourne printing office, and in place of the clear-ringing English of cultivated Englishmen and Americans, the traveller hears a disagreeable mixture of the Lancashire "twang," the Yorkshire "brogue" and the "Cockney's" nasal growl, to say nothing of such penny-announcing Pickwickian Sam Wellers as call for "weal," when lifting, instead of veal, and others who seem careful to sound the "h" just where it should not be heard, and vice versa. The passage of the "Education bill" was a timely act. The Melbourne Argus is a sound, dignified and ably conducted journal, corresponding to the London Times, while the Daily Telegraph is but a shiny cesspool into which city parsons, disappointed politicians and the rabble, nightly empty their pen-and-ink slops. A correspondent writing in this newspaper—the organ of the clergy—recommended us to "study the style of the Rev. Mr. Clarke," a Baptist clergyman with stage proclivities. It amused us for the moment. But what impudence! Think of it, a moral teacher enunciating the gospel truths of angels, studying "style!" This would have been paralleled by Peter, James and John, on their way up the Mount of Transfiguration, yet stopping to practice prosody, or duplicate diptongal terminations. Why, old "Splitfoot," of Miltonian memory, might wear a diamond-pin, take "whiskey and water" for the "stomach's sake," and lumbering his supple tongue, spill out deliciously oiled sentences for "Christ's sake" and a thousand pounds a year! The only style worthy the name is for a lecturer to have something to say, and saying it, stop!

THE PRESENT STATUS.

of Spiritualism in Victoria is truly encouraging. The Harbinger of Light, under the supervision of Mr. Terry, is doing a praiseworthy work. It stands upon a sound financial basis, and is continually increasing in circulation. The Rev. Mr. Tyerman, the recent convert from "Orthodoxy" to Spiritualism, and who for several months lectured to the progressive Spiritualists in Masonic Hall, is about starting a Spiritualist weekly.

Just before our arrival in Australia, the Spiritualists of Melbourne had organized a Children's Progressive Lyceum. Mr. Terry was the Conductor. Dr. Dunn assisted them in the details of organization, besides drilling the leaders and children in marching and gymnastics. The Lyceum, in token of appreciation, presented the Doctor, before leaving, with a beautiful metallic

memento. Other Lyceums will doubtless spring up in the colony. There are now two regular Sunday gatherings of Spiritualists in Melbourne—one in Masonic Hall, where Messrs. Charles Bright, George Walker, and other able lecturers address the people, the other at the Polytechnic Hall, where the Rev. Mr. Tyerman ministers each Sunday evening. This gentleman has recently published a pamphlet against re-incarnation. Referring to this, reminds us of James Smith, a thoroughly cultured gentleman and Spiritualist, formerly editing the Australasian. Though believing firmly in a conscious intercourse between the two worlds, he considers the wide-spreading Spiritualism of the present to be a "demonstration" all save a little self-elected clique in Melbourne, termed the "magnetic school." To this church notion he adds "re-incarnation," a "future judgment," and the destruction of the world, within a few years, by a fearful magnetic fire-wave. Only the righteous who have "obeyed the Father" will be saved. This psychological spell will soon pass away, and then—well, let us pass on.

DR. HOWITT.

Among the pleasant gentlemen we have frequently met in suburban Melbourne is Dr. Howitt, brother of the eminent author, William Howitt, of London. The Doctor is an old resident in Australia, a successful practitioner in the past, and a distinguished botanist and naturalist. Taking our leave of Dr. Howitt, he said:

"Tell my brother William, when you reach London, that I am ill, suffering a great deal of pain. He knows the nature of my disease. It is doubtful if I stay in the body long—and I am only too anxious to go! As soon as permitted, after the change, I shall visit, and communicate to him. Called in life, we shall not be divided in death!"

THE SUMMARY.

Reaching Melbourne, I was quite disappointed. The thrift and enterprise of the country, the climate, the magnitude of the city, the choice libraries, the beautiful parks and gardens, far exceeded all my preconceived opinions; but neither a broad toleration nor the condition of Spiritualism were as far advanced as I had supposed. Considered rather conservative in America, I did not expect to be called in Melbourne by the press a "Yankee adventurer," a "long-haired apostate," and a "bold-faced blasphemist!" But appealing from a wheedling demagogic press to the people, by advice of Thomas W. Stanford and others, a grand victory was achieved! Week after week I lectured in the Prince of Wales Theatre to audiences of 2500 and 3000. Sometimes hundreds would go away unable to gain admission. To God and the angels be all the praise! Dr. Dunn gave a lecture upon Spiritualism in Temperance Hall, followed by a science for physical manifestations. It was exceedingly satisfactory. His healing and clairvoyant gifts were richly appreciated.

Never has it been my good fortune to meet nobler or more honorable and generous men than the Spiritualists of Victoria. All my relations with them were harmonious and pleasant. The Melloraths, Stanfords, Brights, Walkers, Motherwells, Brothertons, Addisons, Richardsons, Stowes, Rosses, Dempsters, Terrys, Tyermans, Carsons, Purtons, Gills, Sanderses, Watsons, &c., &c., will be most cordially remembered by me when I sit in my own cozy home. And though I shall never meet them all again this side the peaceful River of Death, I shall meet them, know them and love them in heaven, where moraines of progress know no setting suns!

I have no room to describe the illuminated scroll presented me by the committee through Mr. Bright; nor the farrowed voice gotten up for me at the parting by the ladies and gentlemen of Melbourne interested in Spiritualism. You will receive with this the principal speeches, and the details, in the Harbinger of Light.

Melbourne, Australia, Jan. 18th, 1873.

Bro. Peebles in Australia.

In our late files of Melbourne papers we find long notices of Mr. Peebles's public lectures. The Harbinger of Light of Feb. 1st contains the following very flattering notice of our fellow-countryman's labors in Australia:

"The 'Spiritual Pilgrim' has finished his mission here, and proceeded on his pilgrimage round the world; we may with propriety review the work he has done amongst us, and estimate its probable effect upon society, and the cause of Spiritualism in Victoria. In our December issue we gave an account of Mr. Peebles's doings up to that time, and reviewed the action of the press in regard to him. In our last we were enabled to report a change of attitude on the part of our leading papers, and the reaction which had then set in continued until his departure. We do not think that the press are entitled to the gratitude of Spiritualists or free thinkers for their change of tactics. The 'Peebles Committee,' feeling satisfied that Mr. Peebles only required to be heard to be appreciated, appealed from the press to the public, and from the first of his lectures in the Prince of Wales Theatre 'The Pilgrim' fully established himself in their favor. The press could not ignore the verdict of such audiences assembled to hear Mr. Peebles's lectures; although on two occasions the weather was unpropitious, the house was invariably crowded, and at the second and last lectures hundreds were unable to obtain admission. In fact, so great and increasing was the public interest in these lectures, that, had Mr. Peebles prolonged his visit, it would have been necessary to have engaged the Town Hall to accommodate the masses who desired to attend them. But what was the secret of this success? What was it that riveted the attention of these vast audiences, and ensured a growing interest in the lectures? It was not the particular eloquence of the speaker, or the startling novelty of his utterances, but the sincerity of his manner and the rationality of his matter. He spoke the honest convictions of his soul with clearness and lucidity, and supported his positions by his own experiences and the evidence of many eminent men of all nations.

His discourses were free from either egotism or dogmatism, and redolent with the true Christian spirit.

When an honest man speaks intuitively, the truths he utters must find a resting-place in those minds which are open to the reception of truth, and all are more or less so. The mind crowded with error and bigotry, may yet have some small space for a germ of truth to find a lodgment; and although from the uncongeniality of the soil its expansion may be slow, it can never be destroyed, but will ultimately have its legitimate influence on the individual. It is a fair presumption that the majority of those who attended Mr. Peebles's lectures were truth-seekers, and consequently in a condition to receive whatever commended itself to their reason as truth. These have found what they sought, whilst many we know of, who were prejudiced against Spiritualism and its exponent, have had their views of both considerably modified. In fact, Mr. Peebles has succeeded in removing from many minds the misconceptions with regard to Spiritualism, which, through the misrepresentations of the pulpit and the press, are so prevalent, and proving it a rational system of philosophy according with the teachings of Jesus; in fact that Spiritualists were Christians in the truest sense of the word, believing in and endeavoring to practice the principles and precepts of the Founder of Christianity. The influence of these lectures will be wide-spread, and will doubtless exercise a very salutary influence upon the public mind; whilst the exemplification of the teachings in the life of the pilgrim during his sojourn amongst us, has effectively repudiated all the slanders circulated about him shortly after his arrival. The address presented to him at his last lecture clearly expresses the feelings of the Spiritualists of Victoria, and, not only them, but a large number of free thinkers who have not yet had sufficient evidence to justify their accepting the facts of Spiritualism, but who fully accord with its philosophy as expounded by Mr. Peebles. Those gentlemen who were instrumental in introducing Mr. Peebles to Victoria have every reason to be satisfied with their action in the matter. The results have been most gratifying, and the effect will be lasting. A *Phalanx* report of the last series of lectures are preserved, and when published will form an interesting record of an important epoch in the progress of Spiritualism in Victoria.

WHERE IS THE FOUNTAIN?

BY MOSES HULL.

I long ago made up my mind that the fountain of all true happiness is *within* the individual who seeks it. I do not by this mean to deny that we can, for the time being, be made measurably happy by the society of others. I do mean to say the happiness occasioned by others is neither of the highest type nor the most lasting. How often persons are heard to say, "My happiness depends on the society or love of such a person." Let me say to all interested, (and I speak partly from bitter experience.) When you depend on influences or persons outside of yourself for happiness, you stand on a slippery foundation, and are liable at any time to fall.

1. Should your source of happiness continue true to your tastes and desires, when circumstances of any kind take him or her from you, you are miserable, you are bankrupt, inasmuch as the one in whom your happiness was invested is not with you.

2. You will find complete happiness in no one whom you have fathomed. It is only while you are weighing, measuring, taking the soundings, or, if you please, exploring one, that you find real happiness in him or her. After such persons have given you all they have, you have no more use for them. All have their weak points; and as soon as we have been anything like thorough in our investigations of even the best and wisest men and women in the world, we have found their failings; and when they are found, the person possessing them falls in our estimation in proportion to their number and magnitude. If there is some place in a rope one hundred feet long that will not bear a weight of more than five pounds, it is not safe to attach more than five pounds of weight to it; so, no man or woman is stronger than his or her weakest point. When all are measured by this rule, it will be found that all come so far short that it would be better to cultivate self rather than depend too much on others for happiness.

3. If an absolutely wise and lovable person could be found, it would not be probable that such a person would or could give all of his time to those whose happiness depends upon his immediate presence; hence if another depended entirely on that one for happiness, such a person must be miserable the most of his time.

4. Now let me tell you what to do—develop within yourself a fountain of happiness, then though all men, women, and even angels forsake you, you can dig happiness up from within; that fountain is a never-failing one. The more one deals with this world; the more he learns its sham, its bunbles, its hypocrisies, its empty professions, and that many of those whom he mistakes for his best friends are only parasites, leeches, who will stick to him while they can draw his life-blood, and but little longer. When such persons for any cause leave you, you are compelled to retire within yourself. How sad the case when one in this condition finds himself bankrupt. On the other hand, one who has learned to commune with his own heart and soul, can be happy whether he has company or not. Lock him in a prison cell, deny him books and papers to read, and he can retire within and find a life-study. Bring such persons out and put them in company, and they can draw from their own treasury that which will benefit all.

A rough North Carolinian, going West with his dozen children and two dozen dogs recently, got on board a steamer at a Kentucky landing, and his first question was, "How much will you charge, Cap'n, to take us to St. Louis?" "Will you go on deck or in the cabin?" "Wal, Cap'n, I've lived in a cabin all my life, and I s'pose the cabin 'll be good enough for me now."

SONG OF THE SEASONS.

Gaunt Winter clinging flakes of snow,
Deep burdening field and wood and hill;
Dim days, dark nights, slow trailing fogs,
And bleached air-sea and chill.
And swift the seasons circling run—
And still they change till all is done.
Young Spring with promise in her eyes,
And fragrant breath from dewy mouth,
And magic touches for the nook,
Of budding flowers when wind is south.
And swift the seasons circling run—
And so they change till all is done.
Then Summer stands erect and tall,
With early sunrise for the lawn,
Thick foliage woods and glittering seas,
And loud bird chirping in the dawn.
And swift the seasons circling run—
And so they change till all is done.
Brown Autumn, quiet with ripe fruits,
And haggard stalks with harvest gold,
And flocks of birds for the leaves,
And silent clouds soft outrolled.
And swift the seasons circling run—
And still they change till all is done.
Swift speeds our life from less to more,
The child, the man, the work, the rest,
The sobering mind, the ripening soul,
Till wonder all is bright and blest.
For so the seasons circling run—
And swift they change till all is done.
Yes, yonder—! it indeed the orb
Of life revolves round central light,
For ever true to central force,
And steady round the halo or light.
And so indeed the seasons run—
And last is best when all is done.

REMINISCENCES OF MUTT.

BY JOHN WATKINS.

"Mutt" is a nickname acquired when a boy; the application is lost now; we use the connection here as a mark, but we are speaking of a real live man, who has touched the world some, what broadly. His experience has interested us, and we make this record of it, or some of it, that others may enjoy it also. We are writing this article on Sunday, and the weather is rough out side, and the two facts suggest "Mutt," and also suggest (for Sunday does) religion as the point in "Mutt's" experience for present treatment. It is hardly necessary to say that no reflection is intended on that subject in what may be here recorded, and Mutt also is a man who respects it wherever found, and wishes there were ten times as much of it in the world as there is—religion—not the sham article that so often passes for it.

As the poet says, "the course of true love never runs smooth," we need not stop to say here that the course of Mutt's life did not run smooth— which was the fact—but merely to add that the course of true religion, or rather his religious experience, did not run smooth or deep either. It is difficult for Mutt ever had a change of heart; and as to that, it is doubtful if anybody ever has essentially, the expression being but a figure of speech. Mutt knew when, as a very young man, he joined Dr. Sharp's church, that he was honest, and that he told the truth when he said with the usualunction in the conference meetings, that "he loved the things he once hated, and hated the things he once loved." Still he had no definite or sensational point to date from with propriety; we use the word propriety, because the real allurement from the world to the church, to him, were some deacon's daughters with lovely faces. His uncle had experienced religion sensationally, like St. Paul—a light from heaven had arrested him at mid-day. Others had had texts that were heart-touchers; some had been frightened by revival preachers, and had fled from the wrath to come; none of these things had moved him; Achilles-like, he was invulnerable except in his heel—only for his real heart. He was in love and in religion simultaneously, and he could never separate the two in his mind at this nascent period of his religious life. Dr. Sharp, with rare wisdom for a minister, relieved his mind and captured him by saying, "Mutt, my son, it is of no consequence how or when God calls a sinner from the error of his ways; the only question is, has he repented of sin?—has he a hope?" "Then," says the Doctor, "Christ died for him, and he is one of the elect." Consequently Mutt left off trying to find out where his love left off and his religion began, jumped his doubts, made his peace with God or with himself, and on all proper occasions shouted "glory" with the rest. Mutt was pious after this for many years, and brought forth the usual "fruit meet for repentance."

Like the scene sometimes in a play, one must now suppose twenty years, about, to have elapsed between the acts—that is, since the time to which we have been referring—and Mutt had grown to be a bird of another color. He had seceded from all those religious relations, and, although a skeptic now, he had made great progress, and, as afterwards proved, he was working from error to truth. At this period, we were one day walking with Mutt. He stopped and spoke to an old friend—a Mrs. Ford. After leaving her, he said to us that, whenever he met that lady, it called to mind a pleasant incident connected with her in his religious experience. She, he said, was one of his means of grace, as will be seen in this reminiscence. Mutt, during this early and warm period of his religious life, went, as he often did, into the prayer-meeting, and took a seat; it happened, on this occasion, to be by the side of this then young lady, who was also pious. In a few moments, she placed her warm, ungloved hand on his, and by degrees took it. Mutt was too bashful to withdraw it, neither had any inclination to; so she kept it tenderly in hers. He had never had just this experience before, and the effect was new to him, and exceedingly pleasant. He thought this was one of the best meetings he had ever attended. What was said made no lasting impression on his mind, but he remembers that everything particularly good this nymph accented by a gentle pressure, and it seemed afterwards to Mutt as if more good things were said by the saints that evening than ever before; and afterwards, when he had the opportunity of sitting by her side, the meeting was always good, and he was sorry when it was over. It is natural to suppose, so, if Phoebe (that was her name) had not a little later, married Mr. Ford—a wealthy blacksmith, who was also pious—and left off those innocent and agreeable demonstrations, Mutt might have remained pious to this day. On such trifles often hang one's destiny.

Mutt was no seceder, and is not now, and he remarked, in this connection, that it was due to the young ladies of that church to say that there were but few such demonstrative girls there; he left his hand, he said, often within the reach of others hopefully, but Phoebe was about the only one he could depend upon with such happy results. It should be remarked here that Mutt had large ideals, but it was not so manifest in the love of the beautiful in art as in the beautiful in

the human form and face, and when he happened to be seated by the side of middle-aged or plain sisters he gave no such easy opportunities. So when the remark is made that there were but few such demonstrative girls as Phoebe in that church, it should be borne in mind that he had not explored the whole field, but had confined his observations, by the impulse of his idealism, only to the choicest specimens.

Mutt had the idea, when he first began to be religious, that the members of the church, the manifest elect, were pure, unspotted and incorruptible. It took some years, and considerable bad luck in his Christian fellowship, to learn that saints and sinners were very much alike, except in the abstract. "Scratch a Russian," said Napoleon, "and he is Tartar under the skin." "Scratch a church-member," says Mutt, "and all but the skin is sinner," adding also, as a sage reflection to this indisputable but melancholy fact, that there is so little difference between pious and impious that God cannot consistently damn the one without damning the other. "And then," says Mutt, "I rest my case in the full assurance of a happy immortality."

Mutt's sisters were pretty girls, a trifle younger than he was, and at this period dressed rather gaily, and alike. Both of them were young and one, like Mutt, was pious. Mrs. Carter was one of the right religious, whose son was a Sabbath school scholar, and afterwards a thief—Mutt says it was in his blood; that those terribly pious people are apt to be so at the expense of the next generation; the sin all passes down, and the child becomes the worse for it, when Adam's debt (?) should be paid by a sinking fund, all doing some of the mother duties. This idea needs, perhaps, some explanation; but one will have observed the fact that extra pious people are not often blessed, with the best of children, and the idea mentioned is thrown out suggestively. Before we digress, we were speaking of Mutt's sisters. This very pious Mrs. Carter thought it would look more consistent for a professor of religion to dispense with such gay ribbons, and wear a plainer bonnet, and not appear so worldly. Sister Carter was a North End saint, where there was not so much style, which may have had an influence with her; but Mutt thought so pious a lady ought to know the proprieties of religion, and advised his sisters to conform, particularly the older and pious one; her piety, by the way, was of a more frivolous kind than Mutt's, but it outlasted his, and hangs on still now in his fifth decade, but is comparatively a thin article. Mutt was not successful in admonishing his sisters, even so far as to subdue, in a measure, their bright and becoming colors. They illustrated from the bibles and many natural objects very logically, saying the birds were clothed, figuratively speaking, "in purple and blue," in an imperial sense, and the lesson they taught was that there could be no essential sin in imitating them, and it was unanswerable. "Then came up through the skin of piety the female nature in their saying, 'If we are to dress in sackcloth and ashes, we will step out of the church into the world and dress becomingly.'"

An incident occurred later in Mutt's religious life, the reflection of which opened his eyes, leading to his secession, which will be worth relating here. There were on the roll of church-members many persons who were rarely seen, or forgotten; and it was thought advisable, in conference on the matter, to hunt them up, and see if they had fallen away, or removed to other places, or had died; and committees were chosen, and a name given to each committee to hunt up. Mutt was on one of these committees, with two other brethren; and the name given for his attention was (we will call her) Sarah Jones. After some labor, the committee got on her trail, and at last found her living "economically and prettily in a tenement in the west part of the city." Deacon Woodcock, one of this committee, (we were all together, and very pleasantly received,) led off in the usual cant on such occasions, and it seemed Sister Jones had not changed her religious views at all, and her explanation for not attending church—which she had not done for three years or more—was this: she had got married to a good husband, but a worldly man, who thought religion was all humbug; was very willing his wife should go to Dr. Sharp's church, but he would not. He preferred to rusticate on Sundays, and did so by going to East Boston—then almost uninhabited—or taking a sail in a boat, and generally enjoying himself. She was afraid to leave him to do that, for fear he might grow dissipated and unsteady; and as he was willing to go to Brattle-street Church (Unitarian), she thought it her duty to make the sacrifice—give up going to a Baptist Church, which she believed in, and go to one she did not—and she had done so; her husband preferring to go to none, but would and did go regularly there with her, and therefore she had been attending that church for the last two or three years.

The committee reasoned with her, and urged her return to the true church. She said her sentiments had not changed, but she must go with her husband, and after much ineffectual persuasion, she said she would like to be dismissed from the church, and wrote a letter to that effect, which was acted upon at the next church meeting. There being no provision in the Baptist Church permitting a member to be dismissed, except to unite with some sister church, and as she was decided in her mind to attend worship at Brattle-street, there was nothing to do, and she was, by vote, excommunicated. This manifestly bigoted proceeding troubled Mutt a good deal after it was done, for if ever a woman had done a Christian act, this wife had in the course she had pursued; and he could look around the church and see so many praying saints, still in the church, that were so far behind her in Christian life and action, that Mutt began to feel that he had rather take his chance in the world with such, than in the church with worse. This affair alone might not have opened Mutt's eyes. There had been many other similar eye-openers, though this was the only instance he remembers of an excommunication for going to a Unitarian Church; there had been many things equally mean, but this seemed to be the one pound more required to break the camel's back, and it did it. Mutt considers it the meanest thing he was ever engaged in—to have been on that committee, and so had a hand in it nominally, though entirely inactive; but he is now out of that church, so there is that much compensation.

This may seem strange to-day, but ecclesiastical matters have changed wonderfully in twenty or thirty years. We need not depict the changes; one has but to look back and see them. The world is growing rational, and the Church moves with the general progress, thanks to noble souls who have been outspoken, and by their virtues have made heresy, which was always intelligent,

respectable; no one in that direction has done more than Theodore Parker; but the great movement which has lifted the whole body of the people to these higher conditions is Modern Spiritualism, whose twenty-fifth anniversary has just been celebrated. If so much all over the world has been done in twenty-five years, what may not be expected in twenty-five years more?

The Church and the world have moved each other very much, and Mutt has an idea that St. Paul—now some eighteen hundred years older and wiser—is rather glad of this narrowing of the gap between elect and non-elect. J. D. Fulton is not; but he is hard-shelled. Speaking of St. Paul being glad of this general diminution of pretense in the Church, reminds us that Chauncey Barnes, once speaking in Tremont Temple as an unwelcome speaker or an interrupter in that Orthodox gathering, said that St. Paul was an active worker in the progress of heresy, and he represented him. The organ was resorted to on that occasion to stop Mr. Barnes; but as he cannot be depended upon as representing Paul, nor Fulton either as to that, but both assume a knowledge that neither have we will leave the subject and return to Mutt, who says he is glad that the Church of twenty-five years ago was as unwise as it was, for if it had been then as liberal as it is generally is to-day, he might have stayed in as one of the elect, and never have known the joys of unbelief.

Banner Correspondence.

Letter from Dr. Dean Clarke.

EDITORS AND READERS:—To me and all, greeting: After months of silence, during which many and strange vicissitudes have occurred to the cause we all love, and to many if not all of its exponents, during which our banner went down in a very storm and rose again, phoenix-like, proclaiming immortality triumphant over the ashes of physical dissolution, I am again constrained by the love I bear to you all, to give token of remembrance, and assurance that "I still live," and after several months of comparative inactivity, am again in the field of active labor, determined to prosecute the important truths and divine principles of our scientific religion.

Messrs. Editors, I hope you have not construed my silence as indifference to your spiritual, extreme perils, and herculean labors in restoring our "standard sheet" once more to its position in the van of our advancing columns. For assuredly, should I be induced to aid, have ever for one moment lost my profound interest in yourselves personally, and in the welfare of that noble sheet which has ever been my pride, my "bosom friend," teacher, and benefactor. I rejoice with the millions in both worlds, that our Banner of Light floats again in propitious breezes, as the ensign of religious liberty, spiritual progress, and humanitarian love. I hope heretofore to do my humble part in contributing to its success and usefulness.

To the thousands of my co-workers, who have extended to me the fraternal hand and the hospitality of their homes throughout twenty-three of the United States, where my pilgrim feet have wandered, I wish to give the assurance of fond remembrance and fraternal sympathy in all their trials and labors of life. No one kind word, not a single generous act in my behalf has been forgotten, and today my warm heart beats with sympathetic emotion toward every member of the great fraternity who entertain a common faith, work in a common cause, and enjoy a mutual communion with the hosts above.

Again I am in the harvest field; for the month of April in Chicago, the great metropolis of the West, and the apex of architectural prowess, human skill and indomitable energy. Next month I propose to start on a tour to New England, the cradle of my earthly existence, the scene of the most of my experiences, and the shrine of many of my most cherished recollections. As I wish to see as many of my old friends as possible, while laboring for the good of all, I would like to have those who wish for my services in Michigan, Northern Ohio, Central New York, and everywhere in New England, correspond with me this month, that I may arrange my route before I leave Chicago. As I have the assurance of at least one affection to my lectures, and, owing to unavoidable circumstances, shall have to leave Chicago, I would like to have my name, I hope my friends will deem it both their duty and their pleasure to give me employment as I go.

With warm wishes for the good of all, and a purpose to labor for that end, I am fraternally yours, DEAN CLARKE.

Address, care of Dr. S. J. Avery, 95 West Randolph street, Chicago, Ill.

(A thousand thanks for your brave words, Dean Clarke.)—E. B. or L.

New York. LAKEPORT MADISON CO.—P. W. Tupper writes, April 18th: Ours is a farming community, and as such, quite densely populated—and if happiness in a future state of existence depended upon success in butter and cheese-making, there would be plenty of candidates for bliss on the other side. We have many very intelligent thinking people here, but religious dogmas have driven them to embrace atheism with its positive and negative theories. I cannot find it in my heart to brand these fools, notwithstanding they have said there is no God, for had it not been for the teaching of A. J. Davis and some others of like faith, your humble correspondent would now be drifting in the same boat. But thanks to the beautiful truths of Spiritualism, life to me is now much pleasanter, and death less feared!

If some good test medium would come this way, there are a few faint hearts here who would feel very thankful for such a visit. We are situated four miles north of the N. Y. C. R. R., leaving it at Chittenango Depot, where horses and carriages are on hand for conveyance to the Lake or other points. Will some one come? We are poor in this world's goods, still we will do the best we can by them.

Ohio.

TOLEDO.—P. B. Randolph writes, March 31: Editors Banner of Light.—The truth's sake, Mr. Gordon. I have known the man twenty odd years. I believe him not only an honest man, but one of the best mediums on the globe; on this I will stake my life. Suppose it does look bad, and as if he cheated? I know that the dead often compel media to do things that look suspicious, when they have a greater end in view. Let us be merciful. Scores of times have I rode the verge of hell, and been made to suffer all its pangs, yet to-day I thank God for it all. Nearly fifty years have I been subject to controls various, and have rushed blindfold into the jaws of horror. But then there was an end in view, and I was pushed toward its attainment. I am happy, and a greater flood of joy courses through me than ever before. Why? Because it took the ethereal world fifteen years to make me believe that one and one make two. I believe at last, poor but happy; and I know God had been thrust into hell that the world might be drawn to look toward heaven.

California.

Petaluma.—C. P. Hatch writes, March 31st: I feel like saying a few words in the Banner about our small town here in the far West, and what we are doing. We have but few Spiritualists here. Some four or five since Mrs. Belle A. Chamberlain was here and gave us five lectures and many tests, which created a desire to have more of the bread of life. We sent for her again; she came and delivered five more lectures, at Washington Hall, to a large and appreciative audience. Mrs. Chamberlain is a first class inspirational speaker, gives many tests, answers

all questions asked in a philosophical and satisfactory manner, carrying her listeners to a higher and nobler plane of thinking. She has begun a good and (we hope) enduring work in this place. We expect she will be with us again in June next. We can cordially and enthusiastically recommend Mrs. Chamberlain to every and to all societies, as a efficient worker for the cause of progression.

Texas.

HOUSTON.—S. F. Brown writes, April 1: We have been blessed this winter with two lectures from C. Fannie Allen, and the citizens of Galveston, Houston, Austin and Bryan were recently electrified by the words of Charles H. Foster, the great test medium. There were none able to "get away with him;" he thoroughly aroused the people to thought, and many to investigation. His coming to this State has done the cause here much good. Mrs. S. F. Brown is doing a good business in Houston as a clairvoyant physician and test medium.

The Spiritualists as a whole, in Texas, are inactive, yet in individual cases are doing what they are able to. Galveston has an organization, and are having lectures occasionally. Houston, Brenham and Bryan formed societies not long since, but the Waco Society has been organized near two years, and has been somewhat active. This year there are five organizations in the State, and each formed without cooperation with others. There are other towns containing Spiritualists enough, if active, to organize.

Much of the settled portion of the State is now well connected with railroads, so that it is convenient for those already organized and many others to meet and form a State Association, thus bringing the Spiritualists of Texas into personal communication and organization, and thereby establish a basis of action that might result in much good and pleasure to the participants, and render them strong to battle with error, establish truth and preserve the liberties of a free and untrammelled religious liberty. Talent from abroad would be acceptable and appreciated, yet not absolutely necessary for the consummation of this object, for there are some good speakers in this State, who are comparatively inactive. A convention could be made very interesting and profitable to all, if united in purpose and object. Who will speak first in this matter, and after speaking who will act? Who will suggest a time and place?

The self-respected Spiritualists feel the necessity of this movement, because there are so many of the feeble ones who remain in the Church, who the Church, or deny the known truth out of fear of opposing ignorant public sentiment. The signs of the times demand that we be active, lest Spiritualism become absorbed in the Church, the Church in the State, and a free religious liberty lost to our people. Liberalists and reformers should join with Spiritualists and form combinations and leagues, to counteract the combined force of Christian bigots who would ruin religious freedom and destroy the happiness of a people.

District of Columbia.

WASHINGTON.—"A Friend to Humanity" writes, March 31st, 1873, that Mrs. A. E. Cutler, electro-magnetic physician, of Boston, Mass., is doing a good work there in healing the sick and developing mediums, a number of persons having applied to her for magnetic treatment, and during their stay in her rooms, on while being operated upon by her, have been entranced, although some of them were church-members and opposed to Spiritualism, yet accepting magnetism as the greatest blessing vouchsafed to humanity for the relief of suffering, whether mental or physical. Mrs. Cutler makes no specialty, but is curing persons afflicted with every species of disease. She has cured one lady in consumption, who was so low when Mrs. C. first visited her, that only two weeks since, that her friends were in daily expectation of her passing away; yet so great has the improvement been since receiving magnetic treatment from Mrs. Cutler, that people say a "miracle" has been performed. Her family and friends feel very grateful at the prospect of her again being able to take up life's duties, and assisting others to bear the burden which falls so heavily upon many a loved one here. It should ever be held in remembrance that mesmerism does not profess to work miracles. It cannot restore a decayed home to its integrity, or recreate a missing part, but it can benefit even where it cannot save. And how much to say of a power—that is, remedial, given when used by a curative, and that in cases where it fails to rekindle life, it can smooth the passage to the grave and mitigate the horrors of physical pain. We have never met with any person possessed of such strong magnetic powers as Mrs. Cutler has, as we know from experience (others as well as our own) that she can relieve the most intense suffering in a few moments. It is the earnest wish of those who may be induced to locate in this vicinity, yet we learn that her patients—nearly, particularly those suffering from cancer, a disease in which she has had great success, are anxious for her return to Boston. She expects to return about the first of May. That her efforts to relieve suffering may be attended with the same success in the future as in the past, is the earnest prayer of one that has been restored by her.

Massachusetts.

AYER.—Elijah Myrick, April 6th, says: The cause of Spiritualism is gaining prestige by the hour, and is attracting an ever increasing audience gathered in Page's Hall (the largest in town), which was well filled, despite the inclement weather, to hear the lucid arguments in defense of Spiritualism by Bro. Fletcher. The Christian ascertainment, "If ye believe, ye shall be saved; and if ye believe not, ye shall be damned," and thereby thorough enlightenment. Substituting faith for works has led to a fatal delusion. He urged the necessity of education in anthropology, and right living in this world, as true religion; that Jesus saved no one but himself; and that by good or bad works each one saved or damned himself. He modified the Orthodox hell to a genial summer heat, and threw open heaven to all. Henry C. Wright was the controlling spirit, hence the Bible scriptures received a fearless investigation. Concluded by asking if all present were adherents to Bible authority; and, taking silence for consent, informed them that they were all liable to be "stoned to death" for this act of listening to one conversant with familiar spirits. The good people of Ayer said, Let there be light; and there was (a) light. Spiritualism is forming a concentric circle around all the good of the past—an enlarged growth of humanity—and seems to say: "The life of all the world is here. And they who strike us, strike the world."

New Jersey.

VINELAND.—Ellon Dickinson writes as follows: On Sunday, March 30th, at Plum-street Hall, at Vineland, Miss Davis's course of lectures, the following resolutions were presented, and unanimously adopted by the audience:

Resolved, That the brave, outspoken and practical truths to which we have listened for the past month from our dear friend, Miss Nellie L. Davis, are revolutionary in their character, raising the five issues of the day, and presenting them in a vivid and startling manner, calculated to liberate the human mind from the shackles of superstition and materialism.

Resolved, That we cordially recommend Miss Nellie L. Davis to all societies who are desirous of listening to "solid truths," which, unadorned, will restrict on a better basis our present imperfect civilization.

VINELAND, April 1.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum have held their seventh yearly election of officers, and are working with renewed vigor under their selected leaders. The principal officers are: Dr. D. W. Allen, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Eva M. Holden, Treasurer; Lucius Wood, Musical Director; Miss Kate Ingalls, Librarian; Elvira L. Hull, Corresponding Secretary. Per order of Lyceum.

ELVIRA L. HULL, Cor. Sec'y.

Lord Lytton was fond of publishing works anonymously, but he usually avowed the authorship after a short time. It is said that the reason he so often concealed the fact that he wrote "The Coming Race" is, that it contains a prophetic warning, and his profession has always shrunk from making openly. The ideal race believe, it may be reconstructed in a Supreme Being, the All-Good, but held no dogmas and used no religious rites.—London Athenaeum.

Spiritual Phenomena.

MANIFESTATIONS AT MORAVIA.

Hon. R. S. McCormick, of Franklin County, Penn., and Charles S. Putnam, of Watertown, N. Y., anxious to enjoy a visit with their spirit-friends, engaged three private sances, and the following is a brief and correct account of the same. Friday evening sance, March 14th, we invited Mrs. Laura Cuddy Smith and Mrs. C. A. Coleman to sit with us, and were patted many times by unseen hands. Spirit lights floated about the room, answering our many questions. Mrs. Coleman asked, "Was her father and mother present?" Instantly a light appeared at each side of the room, then floated toward the center, where they met. A voice addressing Mrs. Smith, said, "Laura, I am always with you; that wretch that tried to crush you has been made to suffer, and will continue to suffer in the future." She asked, "Is that you, Harvey?" and was answered in the affirmative.

The Judge's son Clinton, (when in earth-life and in the family circle was in the habit of calling him "Pap,") patted him on the knee, saying, "Pap, I want you to think of Nellie and Willis as you would of me—were I still living in the flesh," (referring to his wife and little child.) In a few minutes he was again patted, the same voice saying, "Pap, don't let those little dark clouds that arise trouble you; they will soon pass away."

I said to Mrs. Smith, "Wonder if Nellie (my spirit-wife) will speak to me?" Nellie instantly replied, in a clear and natural voice, "Yes, Charlie." Before going to Moravia I put a ring (worn by Nellie while a resident of the material world) on a piece of ribbon and placed it around my neck, hoping at the time that she might mention it during my visit. We had been singing, and paused a moment, when we all heard her voice directly in front of me, saying, "The ring, Charlie, dear?" I said, "Nellie, please try and speak to me again?" Once more she said, "At once, as it is on your breast!" This was an excellent test, as no one but myself knew of its being there.

In the light circle Judge McCormick's grand-mother materialized and was fully recognized by him.

Saturday evening we invited Mrs. Coleman to enjoy the sance with us, and the dark circle was similar to the evening before. In the light circle, after singing about fifteen minutes, the curtain at the aperture of the cabinet was lifted up, and a face appeared, looking in the right hand a beautiful rose. She was recognized by Mrs. Coleman as an intimate lady friend, (and a few days since she gave us quite an interesting account of her spirit-life, and why she came with a rose in her hand.) In a few minutes another face came into view. I made the request that it would come out a little further and more distinct. Upon its doing so I was confident that I recognized my wife. The curtain dropped, and in a few moments the face again came, and this time there could no longer be a doubt concerning her identity. The features were fully materialized, and as natural as in earth-life. She attempted to send a message to my father and to my sister Sylvia, speaking in her natural voice, but had not strength to give the message in full. Another face came and was identified by the Judge as his sister-in-law, she giving her name as "Mary Ann," saying to him, "William is here with me" (meaning the Judge's brother).

Sunday evening we invited Mrs. Coleman and Miss Maggie, and, during the dark circle, the manifestations were varied and very strong. We were all patted on our heads, shoulders, hands and knees at the same time. I had my coat and vest pulled many times by invisible hands. The pitting was so violent that we all became excited, asking many questions, finally ending with a good hearty laugh. Judge McCormick's son, Clinton, patted him on the forehead, saying, "Oh, pap, I am so glad." He was again patted, and a voice said, "This glorious truth makes us all happy, William." The Judge asked, "Is this my Brother William?" and was patted on the forehead in a joyful manner.

I will add a little incident that occurred in the Sunday morning public sance. We were singing the good old hymn, "Tramp, tramp, tramp," and, while singing, we distinctly heard the beating of a drum and the marching of a soldier up and down in front of the circle. I said, "Is it possible this is one of my old comrades?" and was patted on my knee, seemingly with a very large hand. I then asked, "Is this Fred Gordon?" and was patted on the head and knee. George Jackson, the spirit controlling the sances, said in a very loud and clear voice, "Friends, if you have tramped long enough, please strike a light."

We were convinced that, though the body dies, the spirit still lives, and that when we extend to our spirit-friends the proper conditions, they can not only manifest themselves to us, in the dark, by pitting us with loving hands, but can speak to us words of cheer with those loved lips that we thought forever hushed in death, but they can also materialize and appear before us, in the natural form, just as we used to see them while with us here in earth-life. God bless the spirit-world in their glorious enterprise!

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews have purchased the beautiful location, called "The Cascade," at the head of Onondago Lake, four miles from Moravia, and are now busy making preparation to move there the first of April. During the month of April Mrs. Andrews will give no sittings; but on the first day of May will be ready to receive her friends and the investigating public; and all those in doubt concerning the great question, "If we die do we still live?" can there gather sufficient evidence to convince even the greatest unbelievers.

CHAS. S. PUTNAM.

Watertown, N. Y.

"Our Children."

Messrs. Editors—I have just read "Our Children," published at your office, and edited by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown. I wish a copy of the book could be put in the hands of every child in the land. The stories are at once instructive and entertaining, free from any sectarian bias, and I am sure, they will interest all the young people. The juvenile circle, who read them read aloud, begged to have them read over again, "they were so nice."

We understand it is the intention of Mrs. Brown to furnish a series of books, of which this is the pioneer—books free from the poisonous doctrines of old theology, and giving, instead, true and beautiful ideas of life.

Let all who love children (and who does not?) encourage this charming writer for the young, by adding this initial number to their list of favorite books. And, particularly, let those who are seeking to supply the much-needed want of suitable reading in Progressive Lyceums, add this to their libraries, and thus prepare the way for others which are to follow. R. B. W.

THE BELIEF OF A SAVAGE.—Washington Irving states that an aged native Indian said to Columbus, "I am told that thou hast lately come to these lands with a mighty force, and hast subdued many countries, spreading great fear among the people, but be not therefore vainglorious. Know that according to our belief, the souls of men have two journeys to perform after they have departed from the body—one to a place distant, foul, and covered with darkness, prepared for such as have been unjust and cruel to their fellow-men; the other, full of delight, for such as have promoted peace on earth. If then thou art mortal, and dost expect to die, beware that thou hurt no man wrongfully, neither do harm to those who have done no harm to thee. For years later, and the Spanish priests were 'converting' these Indians by roasting and torturing them.

the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age is expected to increase from 1.1 billion to 1.5 billion. The number of people aged 65 and over is expected to increase from 200 million to 400 million. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion.

PIETY!—Extraordinary premiums were paid for poverty Monday last in Rev. George H. Hepworth's "magnificent church in New York." The premiums over the past 31 years ranged from \$800 to \$1000 each.

[illegible]

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The West.

Warren Chase, Regular Correspondent.
Office at his Spiritual, Reform and Liberal Bookstore, 611
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A BUSINESS CHANCE.

Being desirous of traveling for a few years, I am induced to offer for sale at the stock of Liberal and Spiritual Literature and the business we have been carrying on in St. Louis for the last four years. The stock consists of Bibles, Testaments, and all other religious books, and also of all the latest and most valuable works on Spiritualism, and all other works on the subject of the occult sciences. The stock is well known, and is in the hands of a person who has been in the business for many years, and is well known to all who are interested in the subject. The stock is well known, and is in the hands of a person who has been in the business for many years, and is well known to all who are interested in the subject. The stock is well known, and is in the hands of a person who has been in the business for many years, and is well known to all who are interested in the subject.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF SPIRITUALISM.

As the Christmas, the St. Patrick's and other sainted days come and go by us, so the anniversary of spirit interference has become a notable day for record and observation, and has just reported its twenty-fifth appearance. For the last five or six years, it has been appropriately celebrated in many places, but not with "tablet, lute and drum," nor by marching with banners and regalia, but with speeches and congratulations, fraternal greetings and spirit messages. Even our dull, prosy, Catholic and democratic city of St. Louis made a feeble effort to speak for a higher life, and a few of the old pioneers put in an appearance and made short speeches at the new hall, where Mrs. Strong is giving good lectures to appreciative audiences. We were absent from the city on that memorable day, but glad to see a report in the Globe, next day, of several speeches of our citizens, and that without a stir or obnoxious comments. Spiritualism is wearing into the life of the old crowd, and, if not rescued by its true friends and the spirits, will become sectarian and build its steeples as high and as respectable as its neighboring sects. We depend mostly on the spirits to keep it out of the old paths, and keep it free enough to embrace all sides in its brotherhood, and open its doors to all fair criticism. We have some Christian Spiritualists who cannot get by without wings, and whose excellent prayers penetrate heaven and bring answers from angels, and some who are as cold as to almost freeze out the love of the soul, and leave an influence that makes us almost wish the other life was only a dreamless sleep. We know Spiritualists who should not like to live with in any world, unless it was large enough for us to get out of their society; still, all are good, and no doubt mean to do the best they can for themselves and others. There is a strong vital element in Spiritualism that tends to centralization, and which must be so directed as to include the whole race, and recognize the incarnation in the whole.

The Free Religious Society of St. Louis is still sustaining itself and its meetings as well as usual, and the new movement, which is exclusively spiritual, has Mrs. Strong, who first filled the desk for the other society several Sundays. There is no discord, infirmity or ill feeling that we are aware of between them; but, as the Liberal element occasionally brought in speakers who were not fully convinced of the reality of a life to come, it was thought best to have a society wholly of Spiritualists. We are like F. E. Abbott—cannot join a society that requires a belief in what we fully believe, and excludes those who do not agree with us. We do not want another society, even though as strong and rich as the Catholic or Methodist, if it leaves any soul out in the cold and dark of ignorance and superstition. Let us invite them all in, and warm and convert them afterward. The well need not a physician, but they that are sick. It does not matter what the name we go by, if the rules and articles are right.

Some persons look exceptions to our Articles of Association of the Free Religious Society because they did not allow expulsion of members for either belief or conduct; but we considered belief free and involuntary, and conduct subject to law, which has power to punish, as we had not. The recent church trials for immoral conduct had quite satisfied us with that kind of business, and we barred the jarring discord out, but not the persons.

THE ST. LOUIS SOCIAL EVIL.

There is a violent attack of the respectable ladies of St. Louis made on the law regulating this evil, and with such batteries it is likely to fall. The attacking parties are like an undisciplined mob in their use of weapons, and use arguments that cut both ways, and as often wound themselves and their cause as they do their enemies; and as often expose themselves to attacks and censure as they do the wretched system they attack. They rest their opposition mainly on the sin against God, and call on God to help them put down the law that tolerates it. They ought to have knowledge enough to know that the sin is against woman, and that their God, being a man, will not help them for prayers and supplications. They also compare and contrast our system with the social life in France, and especially Paris; and yet scold these rich and respectable ladies of St. Louis go to Paris—and nearly all would if they could—to enjoy the highest state of refined society that wealth and fashion can reach in our world, and there where they say this system has worked out its evil effect.

Notwithstanding these and other absurdities, they often bring up powerful and practical arguments against the system and its unjust discrimination. We clip the following from a speech of one of these excited females made in a recent meeting in our city. It is a pointed bit, of which there were many others, but badly mixed with inconsistencies and useless appeals to God to defend the virtue of the women, which, according to Christian history, he never did regard very highly when he wanted to use them for himself or his holy people or their priests:

"If we go to the highest tribunals of nature creating the courts, in the forming of which women have been given no outward expression, or any voice in framing their codes, by which, at every turn they are made to feel their own help, then we find one of our sex dragged to be sentenced for a crime which she cannot commit alone, and the very man whose own debauchery has brought her before him, sits in judgment for her condemnation and punishment. So that the money that he gave so freely for his own pleasure, when gained and satisfied, is drawn back again into the public coffers, to help sustain the very judgment seat from which she is condemned."

And the following specimen of allusion to the second place in all the universe where Christian women wish to go, the first being Heaven, and the second Paris:

"Some feel that we ought to try the system

longer as an experiment. It would seem that seventy years' trial in France, with its results, ought to convince us of its damning effects. I have heard of a Frenchman who said Paris was the most sensual city in the world, except New York. It rather gratified our ears as an American. We do know that the underground city in New York is as bad as the same in Paris, but we are not quite prepared to feel that society generally disapproves the marriage there as they do in France. Although this is done, to a great extent, among our fashionable people, we do still feel the old puritanical idea that the oath which is taken to forsake all others and cleave to 'this one' still clings to a large majority of our people, and they frown down all innovations."

We go for woman suffrage, so that they can tax and register the men who are in the social evil business, but we have no faith in such God-as they pray to, nor much faith in the Paris remedy.

LECTURES IN BOONVILLE, IND.

It has seldom been our lot to give a course of lectures in any country seat and court-house in the middle of a village where we could collect nearly all the intelligent part of the people of the village, night after night, for a week; but, in this place, we not only did this, but even one of the clergymen requested us to lecture on Saturday evening instead of Sunday morning, so he could attend—which we did, and then heard him Sunday morning, when he gave up his evening meeting to attend our last lecture, and thus he heard the whole course. If we are not mistaken, it will take several years of preaching to eradicate the truths and principles we uttered in that course; and, long before it can be done by preaching, others will come forward and renew and extend them. Our excellent brother, E. A. Baker, was sick and could not attend, although he had been mainly instrumental in getting up the course.

The reverend gentleman above referred to is a man of much reading and a metaphysical turn of mind, and labors hard to reconcile Orthodoxy with the truths of science and deductions of reason, which, of course, is impossible; and when he finds it out, and is fully satisfied that it cannot be done, he will abandon Orthodoxy and cleave to reason and science, as many others have. We were pleased with his sermon on the Sunday morn (March 30th), which was an effort to prove that God had made a covenant with such men as would voluntarily accept it, by which he was (of course) bound to save them from the effects of his wrath and from eternal misery. As we had never signed nor seen the covenant, of course we had no part in it, and could not explain it. However, we understood him, that it was complete and strong if duly accepted, and, of course, signed, sealed and delivered or recorded. We do not claim to be even a Christian; but if we understand Calvinism, our case must have been fixed and unalterable in the decrees that were established before the foundation of this world was laid (if it ever was laid, which is uncertain, since it is found to be round, and lying on an axis). We leave Boonville highly pleased with our visit, and never expect to see it again with the eyes of the body.

RAILROADS.

Among the iron arms stretched out from our great metropolis of the Mississippi is the well-built and well-managed St. Louis and Southeastern railroad, running directly from our city to Evansville, Ind., and there connecting by ferry across the Ohio with roads to Nashville, Tenn., and Louisville, Ky. This road, like its near neighbor (the St. Louis and Duquoin road), runs across the best wheat region of the great State of Illinois; and it did our eyes and heart good to see the extensive green and promising fields of this great State as we passed over the former road, March 21st, along the border of the great prairies, and the skirts of the forest of Egypt, which add such immense wealth to the great prairie State. It may not be generally known that Illinois—now the fourth State in the constellation, and soon to be the third—has less waste land than any State of the Union east of the Mississippi, in proportion to its extent of territory. A few acres of wild river and flag swamps along the Illinois and Rock rivers, a few acres of bluffs on the river border of the west, with a few more acres of sand on the beach of Lake Michigan scarcely worth naming, comprise its entire waste. The rest is prairie and timbered hills, and all susceptible of cultivation and use. Inexhaustible coal fields, now open by railroads to market, and immense stone and lime quarries, with much other mineral wealth, and the broadest wheat and maize fields yet improved in the west of the State—can hardly fail to go forward with a rapidity that will soon make her third, as she outstrips Ohio and reaches after Pennsylvania in the race.

To this State, as well as to our city, the St. Louis and Southeastern Railroad is an important line of travel and transportation, leading directly into that rich region of our country which was cut off from general travel and trade by the system and policy of slave owners before the war, but which has been rapidly opening to Northern and Eastern enterprise and capital since the obnoxious institution was removed, and the policy changed by the results of the war.

Evansville is the great commercial river city of Indiana—a city of about 25,000 inhabitants, and the second in the State. Its location as a commercial point on the river, and with its railroads present and prospective, make it a growing and prosperous location for Eastern people seeking business locations in the milder climate of the Southwest.

Letter of Sympathy.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—It was with grief and dismay that I read in your paper of the last issue the arrest of Mr. Mansfield. I owe him a debt of gratitude, having proved him to be a sympathizing and unselfish gentleman. I know him to be a friend to humanity, whether the world will receive him as such or not; and for the sake of justice, I wish to make the following statement: After years of longing to reach my friends in the spirit-land, and in fact often doubting if there was any spirit-land at all, I ventured to address Mr. Mansfield, stating my circumstances, to which he responded immediately in the most Christian manner, and sent me two communications without charging one cent, because he knew I was poor. The last of these was a complete letter from my dear spirit-father, which will remain with me to cheer me while life lasts. I hope that God and the angels will bless Mr. Mansfield for his work's sake, and protect and reward him under all conditions of life, and speedily rescue him from the hands of his enemies. Yours truly, Miss JAMES WILSON, 72 Brighton Street, Boston, Mass.

The Boonville (Inda) Enquirer of March 26th says: "Hon. Warren Chase opened a series of lectures on Spiritualism in the court-house on Wednesday evening. It was gratifying to see so large and attentive an audience as was assembled on that evening, after the brief notice given. The gentleman is a fluent speaker, and will not fail to entertain all who may attend the meetings."

REVIEW OF OUR FOREIGN SPIRITUALISTIC EXCHANGES.

Prepared expressly for the Banner of Light.
BY DR. G. L. DITSON.

It was with no little interest that I awaited the arrival of the March number of the *Revue Spirituelle*, of Paris, to learn how the legal investigation of the mysteries of Milon-la-Chapelle would terminate; but I find that there have been new revelations which have only befogged the Court of Assizes, and that further time will be required to explain what will probably prove inexplicable except by an appeal to the powers of the air.

The villages of Milon-la-Chapelle were divided in opinion respecting the complicity of the parties suspected of burning the mill (not *mill*, as misprinted in the Banner), and the so-called papers, and affixing to the walls and doors of the houses of the village those strange documents which brought in question the fair fame not only of the best of its male population, but that of some of its loveliest and most virtuous daughters; and if any basis seemed fixed by one line of research, it was immediately overturned by another.

In June, 1870, on the road several hundred feet from the afore-said mill that had so mysteriously been set on fire, the second son of the miller, Camard, found the watch of his brother Léon. He was considerably injured. In the case was discovered a paper bearing these words: "Retake your watch; we are not thieves; we wish only to mystify you." Was the watch *spirit* away from the young man's room, as were the ladies' earrings from my parlor? Wonderings were redoubled.

The war came, but the infamous libels upon the walls did not cease. One morning the brother of André, the baker, going to a neighbor's, stumbled upon a package which proved to be a large journal carefully tied up, and bearing the superscription: "News of the war." Supposing it to be of importance, he hurried with it to the judge of Chevreuse; but what was his surprise on finding, instead of a document dropped from some halloo from Paris, a paper more than a year old, and containing in the handwriting of the well-known "posters," this threat: "Whoever finds this and does not show it to all, shall be burned out like the others!" Three months then passed away without any noteworthy event, when there suddenly appeared upon the facade of six or seven structures of the town an announcement that on a certain day the whole family of Camard, the miller, would be poisoned. On the day appointed, and nearly in the manner indicated, the appalling threat was put into execution; but how or by whom or by what agent, remains yet a secret.

Madame the baroness Adolphe de Vay sends an interesting communication to the *Revue*. She writes of Spiritualism in Hungary and manifestations at Pest (Danube) through the aid of a glass of water, and sends a photograph of herself, taken at Pest, wherein is a spirit-likeness recognized as that of a lady who died in Bavaria some seven years ago.

The *Messenger*, of Liège, (No. 17) has a well-written article on "The Social Evil." The author seems to think that this wrong has its deepest roots in modern skepticism, which is greatly to be deplored. In the school of skepticism of the eighteenth century were developed the most brilliant of French intellects; and while they seemed to laugh at morality, it was really at the shame. True virtue, shrewd piety, has ever commanded respect. Modern skepticism, German infidelity, (as the *Messenger* points it,) seeks doubtless to build on true principles and discard all that is fictitious and false; and so far the *Messenger* should uphold it. Spiritualism will inevitably work out the remaining good required by humanity, though this quoted journal says the people "should believe that religion and its sublime consolations were invented to enable them to support patiently the varied events of life."

"The World of Plants," in the *Messenger*, has much that is deeply suggestive, "for the plant is a being that personifies, under a special type, an unknown force, which we call life—force at once universal and individual—that breathes through all the worlds." The plant respire, it eats; the plant drinks; the plant sleeps. The plant, without doubt, enjoys elective faculties; it knows how to appreciate the nourishment adapted to it; it does not act blindly, it chooses, it refuses, it searches, it works."

The *Comité de La Libre Pensée* has its learned dissertation on the primitive world, in which it is assumed that man has inhabited this earth for one hundred and twenty thousand years. The author of the article is thoroughly conversant with ancient Hindu, Chinese, Persian, and modern literature, largely expressed in his valuable notes, and has that dignity in his paragraphs which knowledge and a firm conviction of the truthfulness of his postulates would naturally impart.

The *Comité* gives quite a number of its pages to manifestations and séances in England. It also has something further to say concerning reincarnation, yet does not lead one to infer that the spirits mentioned took on new mortal forms such as we recognize as the talking biped humanity of the nineteenth century.

An old notary writes to the editor, M. Pierart, in brief as follows:

"As to our diverse re-incarnations on the earth, hear what I have to say: Since 1841 I have rarely slept without giving some hours to the spirits, and those with whom I have come in rapport are unanimous in acknowledging that God has suspended above us an infinity of worlds which are to serve us as rounds of a ladder by which we are to mount up to Him. While many remain for entire ages on the first step, some rise over several at once; but none reach the last, without having successively acquired in worlds progressively superior, an extreme purity and knowledge unlimited."

You are aware that Rodriguez, deceased some four or five hundred years since, was a punished spirit reclaimed to the good path by the medium, Madame R. Par from being re-incarnate, he has on the contrary progressed more and more in the world of spirits. I ought to add, never forgets that after having recalled to the good path certain spirits, they have not further appeared at my table, and I am not far from believing that it was owing to their being re-incarnated in other worlds."

The above was written by M. Herclou O, who publishes a communication from the above-named Rodriguez, who expresses his deep obligations to Mr. H. for his efforts in behalf of the low and suffering spirits, saying:

"I have been with you in your rude combats with those spirits who came to interrupt you in your noble work. My heart is touched by the sentiments you have cherished for me; my dear Herclou, thanks for entertaining my miserable confessions; I learned that heroic sacrifices were necessary on my part. So have I been recompensed for my abnegation, . . . and remember that in the superior world there is a

heart that beats for you two (H. and Marie), and mingles his prayers with yours."

La Luz De Maria of only four small pages, (enveloping however some sheets of an independent publication translated from the French,) is mostly given to "circulars" of societies, including one from "Vienna, (Austria)." The article on *los espiritus* refers with no little significance to the exemption from persecution now enjoyed by media, and contrasting it with the state of things a few centuries past.

La *Illustration Espirituelle*, also of Mexico, continues its able elaboration of modern magic. I will quote a few lines in reply to the *Voz*: "To return to Plato is not so barbarous, since all Christian philosophy from the time of Origen, St. Augustine, etc., to Leibnitz and Malabranche, Janet or Paequet, is essentially Platonic; also, that the idea of the *perispirita* has not been exhausted, but has lived with power and vivacity from the most remote antiquity to our day, and the revelations from beyond the tomb have come spontaneously to confirm it. Here is a truth, catholic in character, since it is universal in time and space."

In answering the *Voz*, which says, "In this internal phenomenon of the human conscience rests the little philosophy involved in the German 1 (90) of Kant, Fichte and Schelling," the *Illustration* remarks: "This is called talk. We must admit, *antosophy*, that Kant, Fichte and Schelling were philosophers inferior to the writer in the *Voz*, and that the conception of the I, the basis of all modern psychology, is an extravaganza occasioned by the Johannism or the Heichmeier. And on this castle in the air the *Voz* pretends to construct an entire edifice. . . . Admitting that Satan can employ physical agents to produce physical effects, how can we deny the existence of a similar agent that serves the incarnated soul to transmit its will? It is evident that the spirit, whatever may be its nature, has to make use of forces or fluids to manifest in the body—forces which the Greeks called *times* souls, *electricidad*, *potencias* *pneumáticas*, dynamic forces, energies, etc. Origen said that the word *innatural* was entirely ignored, investing with (or attributing to) the spirit a kind of *aura* or vapor. Tertullian assigned to the soul a certain corporeality—an opinion shared with St. Clement of Alexandria. St. Hilario wrote: 'There is nothing in the substances, in creation, in heaven or earth, visible or invisible, that is not corporeal.' This wrote very many of the learned men in the Church and out of it. 'Not theologians only, sustained the conception of the *perispirita*, but notable philosophers of all lands and all time. This is manifest in the Vedas, the Bhagavad-Gita, Zoro-Avesta, the Triads of the Druids, among the Greeks and Latins. The *apophysis* of the Jews is no other than this perispirit." The length of the article precludes the possibility of doing justice to Don S. Sierra, and I am obliged to omit entirely the "*Satan (as) y la Voz de M. C.*"

El *Criterio Espiritual*, of Madrid, opens its broad, handsome pages with notices of the project of the law, discussed in the Cortez of Spain, concerning the secularization of the cemeteries. The proposition allowed Sis. Huéche, Pidal and La Hoz notably to express their views in regard to the power, past and present, of the Catholic Church. Sr. H. said, among many other things: "I have no fear of the Catholic Church. I am outside of it—out of its communion. I have no odium for it, no antipathies to cast on the dead—and I consider the Catholic Church as a corpse. . . . The Church has been a powerful institution, was the only light of civilization for many ages; but, notwithstanding this, her time has passed, and to-day, neither as an institution nor as a power of the State can its influence be imposed upon the State."

The article on suicide is timely; a few words will show its animus: "Incredulity, the simple doubt of a future life, is the cause, to many, of horrible sufferings when they come to live the life of the spirit. If Spiritualism, by the philosophic principles on which it rests, and by the facts on which it is founded, has no other advantages over the religion of the positivists than the knowledge of what we are to expect when our spirit leaves the material frame, this will be enough to effect, producing at once a complete change in humanity, relieving it of great sorrows, and accelerating its progress and its betterment."

The "Miscelánea" of *El Criterio*, says that the school (Catholic) has not as yet attacked in front the bases of Spiritualism, occupying itself with fragmentary and garbled statements; that *El Sr. Corchado* has unfolded the principles of re-incarnation of the spirit *perispirita* in the various human existences necessary for the realization of its providential ends, deriving it from the history of all peoples, of all doctrines of the principal philosophers, and of the sacred works and the most important religions, including those of the Old and New Testament.

The *Spiritisch-rationalistische Zeitschrift*, of Leipzig and New York, (Ernst Steiger, agent,) for February, shall receive attention in my next. Albany, N. Y.

*This has been explained in a former article. It is probably well known that the Catholic faith was not permitted burial in consecrated ground. A brother-in-law of mine, who resided in Cuba, had to have his name changed, so as to hear that of some saint, ere he could be interred in the church grounds. This shame is being wiped out emphatically.

Passed to Spirit-Life:
From Boston, April 8th, Mrs. Aurelia W. Snow, aged 72 years and 10 months.

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