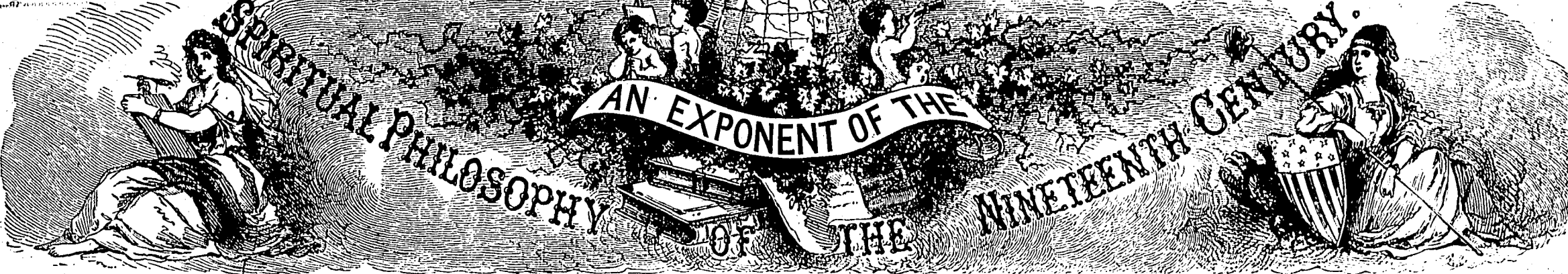


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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LETTERS OF TRAVEL.

NUMBER SEVEN.

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

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Constantly summering, and wintering too, under the Southern Cross, the evergreen foliage of New Zealand—the Britain of the South—literally charms me. The scenery is a beautiful blending of the Swiss with the Scottish Highlands. As I see the clear waters and the fern-clad hillsides from the windows of "mine host" (Mr. Redmayne) this sunny February morning, they remind me not a little of deeply-wooded isles reposing under Ionian skies, rough, rugged, and yet inviting, in some respects, as the Gardens of the Hesperides. God be praised for every hill and valley, and tree and flower. Our last was written from Australia.

"So in this pleasant isle, oh, no longer will I stay—
And the shadowy summer-dwelling I will leave this very day."

The steamer Albion was five days from Melbourne to the Bluffs, a small town on the west coast of New Zealand. Twelve hours brought us to Port Chalmers, where, after clasping the fraternal hands of several friends, a new railway dropped us down, in less than half an hour, in Dunedin, a city of some eighteen thousand inhabitants, sitting like a young queen, overshadowed with mountains and crystal waters, glistening at her feet.

Though but a few days since the landing, I have met many pleasant people at Messrs. Logan's, Hill's, Beverly's, and other places. The magnetic atmosphere differs materially from that of Victoria. It is Scottish; and, though sterner, it is morally superior. The convict element in years ago flattered and toned Australian society. The infectious virus lingers, especially in the Melbourne City Press. New South Wales and Western Australia were penal settlements. I am credibly informed that New Zealand was settled by a better, higher class of Englishmen and Scotchmen than the neighboring colonies in Australia. It is evidently the case. Speaking of these reminds me of the original Australians.

THE NATIVES.

The residue of a very ancient race, there are only about one thousand of these aborigines left in the Colony of Victoria. Some twenty years since there were estimated to be fifteen thousand natives in the Colony of New South Wales alone. These have decreased rapidly each year. In all of Australia there are probably less than a hundred thousand natives at this date. In neighboring Tasmania there is not even one. Though the logic is rigid and heartless, the fact is real, that "the fittest survives." Is it not anti-spiritual to say that "might makes right?"

PHYSICAL APPEARANCE.

The aboriginal inhabitants of Australia are called "black men," and yet they are not black, but dark, olive-complexioned, bearing no real resemblance to African negroes. Seen walking from you, their physical appearance is fine and commanding. They are straight as arrows, and flexible in their motions. The skin is brown and smooth, and the hair straight, black and glossy. Their foreheads are rather low, eyes full and far apart, nose broad, mouth wide and filled with large, white teeth. When sporting, using the boomerang, or throwing the spear, their attitudes are exceedingly graceful. Many of the men not only have sinewy and finely-chiselled limbs, but long beards that would naturally excite the envy of smirking fops.

Sir Thomas L. Mitchell says: "They are a fine race of men. Their bodies individually, as well as the groups which they formed, would have delighted the eye of an artist. Is it fancy? But I am far more pleased in seeing the naked body of the blackfellow than that of the white man. When I was in Paris I was often in the public baths, and how few well-made men did I see."

Dr. Leichhardt, when visiting Australia, thus notes his views: "The proportions of the body in the women and the men are as perfect as those of the Caucasian race, and the artist would find an inexhaustible source of observation and study among the black tribes."

MORAL CHARACTERISTICS.

Travelers and Australian residents differ in their estimates of the native character. Certain missionaries, pronouncing them the lowest specimens of humanity, declare that they have "no conception of Jehovah, innate depravity, justification by faith, nor pardon through a sacrificial redemption." This is quite likely; all of which, putting the evangelical construction upon these terms, is quite to the credit of these aborigines.

It is the united testimony of thoughtful, honorable men, however, that aboriginal children are noted for retention of memory, quickness of perception, and readiness to acquire the usual elements of education. This was demonstrated by the experimental school at the Merri-Merri. And a few years since an aboriginal boy, in the Normal School of Sydney, carried off the prize from all his white companions. They are trusting and affectionate among themselves, strictly observing the social relations. Respect to age is rigidly enforced. Without the hollow fashions and jealousies, without the conventional decorum and restraints of civilized society, they sing and gambol in evening-time as though life were a continuous carnival. Suicide is unknown among them. Some of them tattoo themselves. The women use ochre and other colored ingredients to paint their faces. English, French, and American women quite generally paint and powder. What a merciless tyrant is fashion! Forgetting the

phenological lessons of Gall and Spurzheim, the Australian white women, studying the ancients from Venus down to the Marys of Raphael and the Magdalens of Murillo, are imitating the style to show low foreheads. It is marvelously pretty, they think, to have low, white foreheads and temples gleaming like pale crescents 'neath dark clouds of glossy braids, while rising pyramids of stinking dead hair, shaped like peck baskets, capped with jaunty, nondescript rat-trap hats, tower and tottle upon the summits of their half brainless craniums.

But I am wandering. Archbishop Polding, of New South Wales, said to the Sydney Legislature, "I have no reason to think that the primitive natives, uncontaminated with modern civilizations, are much lower than ourselves in many respects. The Missionary Ridley, noted for his candor, declared that in mental acumen and in quickness of sight and hearing, they surpass most white people."

Mr. Batman, not inaptly denominated the William Penn of the Colony, finished an interesting account of the original inhabitants many years since, in these words: "They certainly appear to me to be the most superior race of natives which I have ever seen."

This gentleman, brimming with benevolence and kind-heartedness, probably erred upon the side of charity. The Maoris, of New Zealand, and certain races in the Pacific Islands, are vastly their superiors. European interference here, as elsewhere, has proved a destructive curse to the original inhabitants.

Certain essayists of materialistic tendencies have strangely, though doubtless undesignedly, underrated the intelligence, the moral and religious position of the wild Australian tribes. Mr. Whitman, writing in the Boston "Radical" upon the ideas of immortality, says:

"The intellectual plane of the Hottentots, Australians, many of the Australians and Tasmanians, and some of the Esquimaux, is but little inferior to that of the apes-like Bushman just described. It has been said that the Australian savages cannot count their own fingers, not even those of one hand."

If this writer had ever conversed with old colonial residents, and read the carefully-written works of Mitchell, Sturt, Leichhardt and Governor Gray; or if he were conversant with the history of William Buckley, who lived with the Australian natives thirty-two years, never seeing during this time a white man's face, he would not have written thus disparagingly of these aborigines. Long acquaintance and study led Sir Thomas Mitchell to exclaim: "They are as apt and intelligent as any other race of men I am acquainted with." Mr. Burke bears this testimony before the Committee of Council upon the aborigines, in 1858: "I believe," says he, "the intelligence of the race has been much misunderstood. The introduction of civilization has not tended to develop their character advantageously; but, on the contrary, they have suffered a moral and physical degradation, which has reaped upon their intellectual powers."

CLOTHING, COOKING, HOMES.

Tactius informs us that the ancient Germanic tribes spent "whole days before the fire altogether naked." The old Caledonians, of Scotland, were described by the Romans on this wise: "They live in tents, without shoes and naked." Governor Hunter thus mentions his glance at the natives of Jervis Bay, New South Wales, Australia, in 1789: "They were all perfectly naked, except one young fellow, who had a bunch of grass fastened round his waist, which came up behind like the tail of a kangaroo."

The climate being temperate or tropical, they require but little clothing. In the colder portion of the season they wear rugs made of opossum and kangaroo skins. They are not given to finery. The feathers of the emu, swan, cockatoo, &c., are their ornaments upon important occasions. Some tattoo themselves. This custom prevailing quite generally among uncivilized nations inhabiting warm countries, owes its origin probably to a want of mental resources and more attractive employment of time. They bore the cartilage of the nose to suspend bones and shells. American ladies prefer having the ears bored. The Chinese compress their feet, and the French women their waists.

Nutrition was abundant till the invasions of the Europeans. They pitched their kangaroo meat upon live coals, steamed their fish and baked their turtles in the shell. Hunting wild honey was a favorite pursuit. The mynsong root, the ends of tender grass-bulbs, the tops of certain palms and various wild berries also constituted articles of diet. Their dwelling-places, though unsubstantial, were sufficiently comfortable for such a fine, warm climate. Sticks, reeds, boughs and blankets by the side of a rock or tree, with opossum rugs for breakwinds, were about all they desired. These homes, though comparatively transient, were made musical and happy in early night-time with the relation of droll stories, the appearance of weird apparitions, the song and the dance. The learned Dr. Lambie, visiting and spending a long time either with or in the vicinity of the natives, gives this interesting description: "In some places large, well-constructed habitations, shaped in the form of a span-roof, thatched with reeds, pleasantly situated on the verge of a lake, though quite unique, were highly creditable to their industry and skill." They are very warm-hearted in their natures, and kind to their aged; they seldom have but one wife at the same time; they will always generously divide with each other, and especially with Europeans who visit them. "These Australians drank only water," says Mr. Thomas, "till white men introduced their poisonous liquors; and imported private diseases also, that are

now rapidly sweeping them off from the face of the earth." Mr. Protector Robinson assures us that "nine-tenths of the mischief charged to the aborigines is the result of the white man's interference with the native women."

RELIGIOUS NOTIONS AND CUSTOMS.

Worship in some form is natural to all grades of humanity. There have been found among the aborigines in portions of Australia remnants of ancient faiths and traditional mythologies. Caves have been opened along the coast, on the walls of which were drawn unique and telling figures. The bottoms were handsomely paved. Mystic circles have been noticed on the tops of hills, the stones of which were arranged after the Druidical fashion. Enough has been discovered to indicate their connection with the civilizations of the most early Asiatic races.

Though probably dimly conscious of an indivisible deity presence, they evidently adored the starry hosts—believed in a multiplicity of gods and in some sort of a future existence. "Go down black-fellow, come up white man!" is at present a common saying among them. That critical observer and able ethnologist, Strzelecki, says in an exhaustive volume, p. 339: "The native Australians recognizing a God, whose duty it is to supply them with all the necessities of life, regard themselves as his servants. They believe in immortality, and locate their heaven in the stars; they do not dread God, but reserve all their fears for the evil spirit. To this spirit—the 'debble'—they render a sort of worship."

In each returning November—the Australian springtime—these natives hold the grand festival of the Pleiades, called the "Corroboree." It was a matter of regret that I could not have personally witnessed it. These in Northern and Northern Australia are far the most interesting. These "Corroborees"—celebrated only in the spring, when this cluster of stars is most distinct—are evidently a kind of worship paid to the Pleiades "as a constellation announcing the spring season." Their monthly festivals and dances are in honor of the moon. An intelligent native said to me in Sandhurst, "The Pleiades are the children of the moon, and very good to us black people." The remark reminded me of a line in that biblical drama, the Book of Job—

"The sweet influence of the Pleiades."

These, called by the Romans "Vergilii," the Stars of Spring, appear above the horizon at evening-time in November, and are visible in these regions all night. The prophets of the tribes believe that these stars rule natural causes. Some of their festivals are connected with the worship of their dead ancestors. These last three days.

FROM WHENCE THESE NATIVES?

Their origin is involved in impenetrable obscurity; and those who have attempted to trace their migrations or detect the links which connect them to the primitive races, have failed of satisfying even themselves. The structure of the language is said to be the most nearly identified with the Sanscrit; others choose to connect it with the nomadic Tartars. They have religious mysteries, and a fearful method of initiation. They practice, like Jews and Mohammedans, the rite of circumcision. They wear charms upon their persons, and certain of the old chiefs, looking into rock crystals, profess to see the future. They find the bodies of murdered men by watching the trail of beetles. Mourning paint to be used for the face is invariably white. Young mothers used to very frequently name their children after flowers. A surname was sometimes added, descriptive of personal peculiarities. When a child is named after another person, and this person dies, the name dies also. The dead are never spoken of by name, nor referred to, only by implication. They refrain from touching a dead body, as did the ancient Phœnicians. That a bond of brotherhood exists among the dark races of Australia and the Indian seas is indisputable; but whence they originally sprang, and by what circumstances they became scattered over thousands of miles, through seventy degrees of latitude, remains a problem to be solved. Doubtless, the Australian country was peopled long before Abraham went down into Egypt, or before the walls of ancient Nineveh and Thebes were raised to their proud position.

BELIEF IN SPIRITUALISM.

In their "ceremonies, superstitions and beliefs, there may be traced," says Mr. Parker, "relies of sun-worship, serpent-worship," and the worship of ancestral spirits whom they profess to frequently see. They believe that one class of spirits dwell in the air, another in the mountain, and others still wander about among the grass-trees. These natives seldom quit a camp-fire at night, for fear of encountering malignant spirits. Mr. Benwick, among other marvels, writes this: "A spirit appeared to a *lubber*—black woman—announcing her speedy death. She related the occurrence the next day, with serious forebodings. Two days after seeing the apparition, she died. Believing in demoniacal possession, the melchistic 'medicine men' of the tribe 'exorcise the evil spirits' something as did Jesus and the apostles in New Testament times. This class of men also alleviate pain, remove disease, and heal the sick by charms and magnetic manipulations. They dance within the enclosures of mystic rings, fall in the trance, and describe the marvelous visions beheld." The Rev. Mr. Ridley gives the following account of a "corroboree": "At Burndin, on the Barwon, I met a company of forty blacks engaging in a ceremony of some mystical purpose. A chorus of twenty, old and young, were singing and beating time with boomerangs. A dozen or more were looking on. Suddenly, from under a sheet of bark darted a man,

with his body whitened by pipe-clay, his face painted yellow, and a tuft of feathers fastened upon the top of his head. He stood twenty minutes gazing upwards. An aboriginal who stood by me said he was looking for the spirits of dead men. At length they came, proving to be evil spirits, and a brisk conflict followed. Others of the party joined in this warfare with the 'powers in the air,' driving the ghosts away." They have a singular ceremony called *Ya peno anti-gai*, or dance of separate spirits. Holding branches in their hands, they dance in measured tread, and sing till they fall prostrate in a sort of ecstatic trance. While in this condition, they hold converse with spirits and utter prophecies.

THEIR DECLINE AND DESTINY.

Nominally, the aged men are their chiefs, exercising the principal influence in the tribes. Civilization is a very indefinite term. The aborigines, believing it to consist in being and doing as white men do, engage in smoking, swearing, tricking, drinking and gambling. The Rev. J. C. S. Handt, Lutheran missionary, bears this testimony: "A principal cause of their decrease is the prostitution of their wives to Europeans. This base intercourse not only retards the procreation of their own race, but almost always tends to the destruction of the offspring brought into existence by its means." Mr. Cunningham, well-known in England and the English colonies of the Pacific, wrote thus: "Personal prostitution among those associating with the whites is carried on to a great extent, the husbands disposing of the favor of their wives to the convict servants for a slice of bread or a pipe of tobacco. The children produced by this intercourse are generally sacrificed."

Infanticide is very prevalent. Tradition says it did not exist in the past. At present half-caste infants appear to be the most exposed to this fate. Chiefs, living and roaming back in the mountains or interior districts, acknowledge that they cannot stop the murderous practice. When the parties are reproved for the unnatural crime, they at once respond, "We have no country now, no good children, now, and nothing to keep them on." A glance at daily journals reveals the fact that infanticide is not an uncommon occurrence, even in Victoria. Christian Melbourne is the Paris of the colonies. Knobs of "larridus," stalwart, well-dressed ruffians and street-walking women, pouring out of lanes and alleys in early evening, increasing as the hours pass, reveal the social rotteness of the city. And, what is fearfully deplorable, ladies, considered respectable, and whose toilettes publish the wealth of husbands, have actually been bitten with the mania of gambling. The earnestness with which they plead of men to put in for "sweeps" oversteps all decency and morality as well as womanly modesty. And further, it is quite common for women to not only attend but to "be" at horse-races in Australia. Will they read this from one of Beecher's sermons:

"As crows to the cornfield, or vultures to their prey—as flies to summer sweet—so to the annual races flow the whole tribe of gamblers and pleasure-lovers. It is the Jerusalem of wicked men; and thither the tribes go up like Israel of old, but for a far different sacrifice. No form of social abomination is unknown or unpracticed."

Without hope, without seeming ambition, the remaining Australian natives have sunk down into a state of stupid listlessness. They know they are declining, and are conscious of their destiny. It seems an indexible law of Nature that aboriginal races must, in every instance, either perish or be amalgamated with the general population of the country. In Tasmania, originally known as Van Diemen's Land, there is not a native left. The bell of fate has tolled, and the last man of his race, putting down his rude pilgrim staff, has gone on to the shadowy land of souls.

THE NEW ZEALAND ISLES.

Two large islands, denominated the North and the Middle, constitute the English colony of New Zealand, sunnily situated in the South Pacific Ocean. It is very nearly on the other side of the globe from Great Britain, the precise antipodes being, I am told, a small island, seven hundred miles to the southeast. The two islands, separated by Cook's Straits, are over a thousand miles in length, volcanic in formation, and contain about sixty million acres. Seen from the ocean, the land is rough and barren, and yet the country has fine plains, open valleys, beautiful springs and rivers, and is unsurpassed in value for agricultural purposes. I have met wool-buyers here from New York and the New England States. Having a sea-board extent of some four thousand miles, with several splendid harbors, this country is destined to occupy an important position in trade and commerce. Auckland, Christchurch, and Dunedin are the three largest cities.

THE SPIRITUALISTS.

Something like a year since, a goodly number of liberal thinking souls in Dunedin organized a "society for the investigation of Spiritualism." Mr. Redmayne was elected President, Mr. Wilson, Secretary, and Mr. Beverly, Treasurer; Messrs. Logan, Stout, and Carrick were the Committee. Until our arrival their lecturers had been Redmayne, Stout, Wilson, Christie, Meers from Christchurch, and Smith from Melbourne. The speakers have presented Spiritualism fairly and sometimes fully. In the meantime cringing Christians have kept up a continual attack on the Society in their papers, over fictitious signatures. Such shots only rebound to hit and hurt sectarianism. But to test the mettle of the clergy and put a stop to this anonymous writing by churchwardens, I expressed the desire publicly to meet the clergy in a four days' oral discussion upon these propositions:

1. *Resolved*, That Spiritualism is true, and King James's Version supports it.
2. *Resolved*, That the system of faith denominated "evangelical theology" is true, and King James's Version supports it.

As yet none of the clergy have summoned sufficient courage to enter the arena. Feeling the ground trembling under them they are in trouble. Orthodox churches now-a-days are only in fact the churches of the tombs. All that Christians can say is, "Come and see where our Lord lay," while Spiritualists exclaim, "He is not there, but risen." Angels and spirits are with us, and the golden future is musical with promised beauties and beatitudes.

Dunedin, New Zealand, Feb. 27, 1873.

REVIEW OF OUR FOREIGN SPIRITUALISTIC EXCHANGES.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY DR. G. L. DUTTON.

The *Spiritisch-ethnologische Zeitschrift*, by Jul Meurer and O. Mutze, of Leipzig, is one of those judiciously prepared pioneers in our cause destined to awaken public attention and do good throughout the German-reading world. Its first article is a strong and bold "Criticism on Prof. Czermak on Spiritualism;" its second, an "Answer to an article on Nature's Laws and God's Grace;" its third, a "Scientific consideration of the mysterious, and its relation to Religion and Philosophy." From its last and more lengthy article my friend, Mr. J. F. Seman, has kindly made the following extract: "Confucius says that heaven and earth are Father and Mother of all things in creation, but of all created beings, the power of reason, and to discriminate differences is given only to human beings. Each man has his *Thai-ki* idea of a universal order, or the highest laws which cause the harmonious action of the universe. 'The nature of man is *Thai-ki*, as this cannot contain anything that is not good; so Nature must be good from its beginning. All human beings are alike good when born, but soon after the external world began to act upon it. In consequence of this influence the perfection of the child is lost. Before the soul manifests itself in the child it is as perfect as Nature, because its source is equally perfect. Thought is a manifestation of the soul; whosoever does not exercise it sufficiently cannot improve its higher aspirations, but those who do will endeavor to reach and ultimately regain the original excellence of the new-born.'"

This journal announces among its works, on hand, "Spiritualism," by Judge Edmonds; the "Great Harmonia," by A. J. Davis; the "Debatable Land," and "Foodfalls," by R. D. Owen; while the "Banner of Light" and the "Present Era," with price, are on its list of periodicals.

The *Revue Spirite*, of Paris, continues in its April number the very interesting investigation, before the Court of Assizes, of the mysteries of Milton-la-Chapelle. The strange and strongly abusive posters continued to be affixed to the walls, to be strewn even about the court-room, to be scattered over the fields and gardens, and in some cases were made to penetrate houses, as that of Camard and the Count d'Abzac. One particularly noticed attacked the character of a lady seventy-nine years old, but who had in earlier days been known to have had some intimate relations with Baron de Kalb, father-in-law of this Count d'Abzac. At another time they followed the magistrates about, and seemed to be dropped in their way by some invisible hand. A vigilance committee was appointed, but with no profitable result. By-and-by appeared the following: "Young girl, you prefer Leon Camard to all the other young men because he is more learned. Well, put this problem to him: Divide fifty into two parts, so that the two numbers, multiplied by a third, give 596. If he does this, you are right." This only served to draw attention to Leon, in one of whose works on mathematics was found the above problem; but as he was a dutiful son, a good youth, and had been mysteriously poisoned with the rest of his family, it was hardly possible to consider him guilty of the great trouble and scandal awakened in the village. Investigation went on, and the Court still had hopes of a favorable solution.

The *Revue* cites a case of serious pulmonary disease, cured in nine days through spirit influence. The testimony of the attending physician is given. The article on the fluid action of man upon plants, and the atmosphere is continued at considerable length, and is too suggestive to be diminished by brief extracts.

La Fraternalité, of Cordova. The first number of this periodical, of sixteen double-column pages, is before me with its cheerful friendly greeting. After an interesting article in which Spiritualism and Magnetism are questioned to elicit the truth regarding the former, it opens a chapter that has a touching depth of pathos, but lifts its horn of hope toward a future that may be more worthy of the light. "The time was," it says, "when Cordova was an illustrious city in all its aspects, whose brilliant history placed it at the head of ancient civilization, though in our day it has somewhat retrograded in the road of progress; but seizing the new ideas as they rise out of the fount of truth, it will again advance to the front." Its articles on "What is Man?" and "Spiritualism," though short, have much sweetness of diction, and will be read with interest. I have no doubt that the editors of the Banner of Light will tender its fraternal salutations to and rejoice with this new journal of Cordova—rejoice in these new evidences of advancement in the realms of the *spirituelle* and in the new efforts to establish Truth.

La Luz en Mexico (No. 14) has its second "Dissertation on Spiritualism," beginning: "In

our anterior article we said that the spirit must of necessity, for progress and perfection, be incarnated many times in this world or in others. Our object is to demonstrate this. Nothing in nature has been *imperfect*. (We have no word for it in English, but will say, spontaneously produced in completeness.) Hence, if the physical as in the intellectual, all has had its difficulties. This we have seen in the sciences, in the arts and also in nations, in the growth of cities, in their civilization, etc., conforming to a perpetual law of progress. This slow road humanity has traversed up to where it today finds itself, and from analogy we are doubtless to infer (the article is to be continued) that, as we have not in our line of life reached the ultimate, re-incarnation becomes inevitable. After a short article on "Persecution," and the "Martyrs of Spiritualism," in which the mission of Christ in opposition to the old Mosiac authority is presented, a quotation is made of Wm. Orford's late communication on "Human Nature."

La Espectación Espiritista, of Mexico, (Nos. 27 and 28) reviews the theme of "Modern Magic" and "Lucifer," in which the *Voz* is again handled with becoming dignity and power: "According to our critics," it says, "we ought to conform to this miserable material in which we are transitorily clothed, and not aspire to anything higher; without doubt this would be in admirable conformity to the Roman theology regarding the resurrection of the flesh, but not the less for that it is repugnant to our consciences." Referring, then, to those unfolded through defect of sight, of hearing and the like, it holds up these imprisoned faculties that in the future are for the soul's nourishment, growth and advancement. "The *Voz* comes," it continues, "with St. Augustine in hand, and says: 'It is not the body itself that submerges the soul, but its evil deeds.' Why, Homer, the loud laugh from thy *Olympus*? What ever the cause, is it for this less certain that the body is a burden to the soul? Or perchance are there some organized bodies not corruptible? Or shall we have that benumbing science that before the council of Miletus prohibited the teaching that death is a necessity of nature?" "Man is the terminus of creation, if we are to believe the *Voz*. Man may be the best expression of divine work in this sublunary sphere, but how insignificant is this earth in the archipelago of worlds! less than a drop in the great ocean." The article on "Satan illuminates him more than can possibly be desired by the opponent of the *Restriction*."

La Messager, of Liege (Nos. 18 and 19), contains the usual amount of important matter. "In the scientific world," it says, "the spread of error is soon reduced to an impossibility, for one cannot, for a long time, entertain an article of faith that is false; hence the Church, condemning, *en principe*, scientific studies, proves to the least clairvoyant that investigation curiosity is called temptation, solicitation, and takes away our faith. . . . No spirit whatever, according to Jesuit teaching, can scrutinize an article of faith. . . . With the modern idea of the sovereignty of the people, the first and last word of politics directed by reason, it is folly to attempt to impose upon us the phantoms of the Middle Ages, prescribing faith absolute, obedience, humility, etc., putting the spirit under an effectual yoke that quenched all judicious reflections." After referring to the liberty that should be granted to all, giving some severe castigation to those who make grimaces at what they do not comprehend, pitying those who profess absolute incredulity, it says "that with some exceptions, the language of these last is always the *cougar* of an ignorant person."

Then again it adds: "The social *ultra* is also a pretty expression by which one is denied the liberty of thought." The *Messager* is publishing "The Phantom," by Charles Dickens; and its leading article in No. 19 is "Conscience and Free Thought," from a French journal already reviewed. Its directions to media for curing diseases of many kinds may be of little importance, but are too lengthy to be copied here. The main things are, however, magnetized water and passes from the head downward. The article on "The World of Plants" is full of poetry. One paragraph begins: "Under these manifestations of an unknown life the philosopher cannot but recognize in the world of plants the song of a universal choir."

El Critério Espiritista, of Madrid, has its usually fascinating aspect. Under the head of the "Spiritual Society" are taken up and considered many of the important questions of the day; for example, The Social Question; Notions of Right and Duty; Law of Love; Spiritual Theories; Modes of Combating False Beliefs. Here we read: "The manifestation of the right, in the absolute, has no limitations in the conditions of life. In duty is the right, in the right the duty; a complex idea. Exercising it is the completion of the right and the duty, there being no higher obligation, none more important than duty itself. With existence came the rights, not only initiated in the manifestation of our being, but as a conclusion of the object for which life was created. But there is a diversity, or, perhaps better, there are distinct manifestations of the right," etc. After referring to the equilibrium to be established between the material and the moral, that they may advance together, the writer says, "Here is the reason why Spiritualism has appeared to-day, and the field of the philosopher is opened. Nothing is born into life that has not a special significance; and Spiritualism, the philosophy of being, studied and propagated everywhere, is the response of a necessity, the completion of a providential design."

But the most lengthy and most important article in *El Critério*, for March, is that under the head of "Catholicism and Spiritualism." Here are two brilliant communications that have all the force of the Spanish language and scholarly capacity, though one has a modest paragraph opening thus: "I fear that my intelligence has not embraced, in all its extent, the grand doctrine that comes to offer itself to this present generation, with the shield of ransomed thought and a freed conscience, to invite us, as in a vast crusade, to the conquest of eternal truths, to the immutable laws that govern the universe. . . . And it is certain that all the great madmen of humanity, from the most remote time, translate themselves in scientific and historic events, and to-day the most timid wish to partake of the glory pertaining to those demented ones such as Anaxagoras and Copernicus, the persecuted Galileo, the condemned Newton and Leibnitz, Norman, York, Fulton, Jansen, Kepler and Horke, and a thousand others whose mistake it was to see further than others beyond the clouds that surrounded the traditions of the peoples."

I hope to have space and time for a further notice of this number of the *Critério*. Albany, N. Y., April 30, 1873.

THE GLACIERS OF PARADISE.

BY HARMAR HEARTH BOYSEN.

Spring is waking, and the Yukon drifts high his glittering side; Far and wide in sunny splendor gleams the ice-encrusted pool; Add the swelling freshet murmurs gay spring-ditties as it flows; Till its noisy life it mingles in the ocean's grand repose.

On the strand they gaily played, where the trembling birches stood; Children, both with golden tangles and with cheeks like maiden snow; When on bluish-tinted, spring-like roses, blushed and hid, and leaved night; While they poked the shining pebbles, smooth-worn by the strong maining.

She, the fair and glad one, maiden, raised her head and called his name; He was dejected, light and slender, shy of mien and slight of frame; Like a laughing brook, she skipped to and fro along the strand; He was grave, like nodding fern-leaf, gently by the breezes fanned.

"Hagney," said she, "when God's angels visit will this world of ours; They descend, so mother told me, on the Yukon's shining towers; Now, if I should die, then promise thou wilt climb the peaks of ice; And my hand, I'll reach to help thee up to God's bright Paradise."

It was summer, Thrush and linnet sung their glad some summer-day; Through the birches' cooling vista rose the catenets' white spray; And the light blue smoke of even o'er the darkness forests fell; Rose and lingered like a lover both to bid his love farewell.

On the pleasant hillside sat they, where the silvery birches grew; And the eternal sun of midnight bathed them in its effluvia glow; She, a maid of eighteen summers, fresh and full as "Nor-tall and dark-browed" he, the pine-woods in whose gloom the hunters sing.

It was now that he must leave her, and the waves and tempests; Heavy-hearted sat they, gazing on the Yukon's dancing crest; And she spoke: "Oh, Hagney, never while you stay peak shall gleam; O'er our home, shall I forget thee or our childhood's blissful dream."

Up he sprang, and boldly looked he toward the midnight lighted west; Seized her white soft hand, and pressed it closely to his And the love his childhood fostered, and in youth made warm his blood; Trembled on his lips, as trembles bursting flower in freezing bud.

Years had passed with autumn's splendor, like a glistering shower of gems; Doubly rich the sunlight streamed from the Yukon's glacial domes; Once again, in joyful rapture, he his native vale beheld; For the long long years had fostered whispered still of faith unbroken.

And his boat shot swiftly onward; well the waters piled their oar; Till a heavy tolling reached them from the church-tower; And a solemn throng of barges slowly wound their pensive way; Through the hushed waves that glittered o'er their image in the bay.

Dimmed the splendor of the day; O'er the large that now drew near, countless virgin hills wept; Telling that some white-snowed maiden in the snowy bower slept; Dimly he stood, and gazed in terror on the shroud and tiles; And a dread foreboding filled him, and his heart forgot to beat.

So the parish-people told him, and as years went rolling by; Off they saw him sadly staring on the flaming sunset sky; Watched the purple-stained Yukon, half in joy and half in pain; As if he hoped he there to see his coming back to earth again.

Till, at length, one Sabbath morning, deep-voiced church-bells shook the air; While in festal garb the church-folk wandered to their hour of prayer; Reached their ears a hollow thunder from the glaciers overhead; And huge blocks of ice came crashing downward to the river's bed.

Down the seething stream they sped; Ah, the breathless hush that followed! for, amid the icy waste, They a human shape discerned, madly, as by demons chased; Up the crystal ledges climbing, pausing now where lee-walls stood; In the blast, then upward springing, o'er abyss and dread ravine.

They have searched for him, they told me, sought him far and near; But a trace was found to tell them of his grave so lone and drear; But the broad goes that angels swift the shining other clove; And with them his youth's beloved bore him up to God above.

Where shall silence, Dropped silence, Never smother hearts that love, *—Lippincott's Magazine.*

From the London Medium and Daybreak.

Well-tested Cases of Levitation.

"To the Editor—Sir: A young person, aged about eighteen, living in the neighborhood of Braintree, is possessed of the rather uncommon power of levitation. Allow me to state how she has been tested:

1. She is seated in an ordinary cane-bottomed chair; her hands and feet are secured lightly, and a seal is affixed to every binding; a leather strap is passed round her waist, then through two holes in the bar across the back of the chair, and the strap is buckled behind; either a thread or a strip of paper is run along the strap and sealed; her hands are filled with pens or tiny bits of paper. We retire to the opposite side of the room, join hands, and put the light out. To propitiate the power, a little singing is resorted to. Very soon she is raised from the floor, and we hear her voice and the creaking of the chair as she is floated about. After being buoyed up for a few minutes, she asks for a light, and is found seated in the chair on the table with all the tests in perfect order.

2. At the last sitting we slightly altered the conditions of the tests. Instead of binding her hands and feet, we placed her in a long calico bag; her hands were partially filled with pens; the tape of the bag was drawn up close to the neck, and a seal was affixed to the knot of the tape. The leather strap and strip of paper were used as before. The result was similar in all respects.

3. When standing up, and while her hands are held by anybody present, she is raised three or four feet from the floor and floated backwards and forwards in suspension, without any perceptible downward pressure. All is done in the dark.

As to the truth of this statement, I am prepared to produce testimony competent and trustworthy; as to the occult causes of the phenomena, I venture upon the responsibility of no opinion whatever. I am, sir, yours obediently, ALFRED DURELL.

Bocking, near Braintree, March 10, 1873. [The above system of testing is thoroughly commendable. We know the parties well, and our readers may place implicit confidence in the truthfulness of these statements.—Ed. M.]

The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without adversity.

Free Thought.

BAPTIZING THE CONSTITUTION.

Yes, baptize the Constitution of the United States in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost! or in any other name by which any particular sect may try to represent their own peculiar notions of the Godhead, and we shall in that day have a government committed to the interests of that particular sect.

And what next? It will be like the image which Nebuchadnezzar, the king, set up, proclaiming that whosoever would not fall down and worship it, should be cast into a burning, fiery furnace. Woe be to every man in that day, who will not worship before the strong enshrinement of Orthodoxy! Is this but the forbidding of a morbid fancy? Let history bring forth her testimonies and answer the question.

We have already too much assurance that all governments of the past have turned out to be religiously tyrannical, persecuting and bloody, which have ever been baptized in the name of the bloody Trinity. And I think I speak advisedly when I say that nothing better could reasonably be expected, when the devotees of a scheme of salvation which is made to rest entirely on the murder of an innocent man, or as they render it, on the murder of the Omnipotent God himself in the form of an innocent man, are allowed to sit at the helm of state.

And how very suggestive is this first strange principle of their faith of such things as tortures, inquisitions, dungeons and blazing faggots as fit instruments for man's spiritual illumination and control. Well may we beware of the tender mercies of that form of religion whose boasted corner-stone is its Deicide.

Such seems to be the lesson of history and experience, to say the least; and from these lessons, no doubt, our fathers who framed our civil government learned to act more wisely than to peril the liberty and life of individuals by subjecting them to the merciless mercy of a crucifying church.

When we look around and see how well organized the self-styled Orthodox churches are—how thoroughly subservient to authority are their humble devotees, and how united and persistent in their purposes, it might not be surprising if they should accomplish their object before the reason of the masses is aroused to a sense of its real meaning and danger.

How long would it be before every citizen would be excluded from participation in the civil government who would not swear by their idol?—how long would it be before they would prohibit all public religious worship that was not measured and bounded and limited by their creed? Does any one think this impossible, or even improbable?

Thirty years ago there were men who said in our streets, they wished it was the law that no man should hold an office who was not a member of an Orthodox church! Later than that, have not leading churchmen wished and prayed that teachers of a more liberal, merciful and genuine Christianity might be paralyzed or otherwise put to silence? Only a few months ago was there not exultation in some fiery hearts because the fire had consumed the *Banner of Light*? And these are significant symptoms, yea, the living witnesses that Orthodoxy has lost none of its *harsher* metal since the days of Calvin, or even since it wedded itself to the civil power of pagan Rome.

That man must have but little faith in history, and but little insight into human nature, who does not foresee that such men, when they get the power, will be sure to suppress, if possible, but to oppress, at any rate, whatever is not directly subservient to their creed.

Now the secret of all this ambition to accomplish this measure evidently lies in the wish and determination to nationalize their creed by the influence of the civil government. Multitudes no doubt would innocently aid in the movement, without any forethought or judgment of their own, but simply because a few designing leaders will assure them it is an eminently Christian measure. And probably scarce one in fifty of those whose religion has taught them the fatal habit "not to stop to reason, not to stop to think," will fail to be lured by the "thinking sound" of "God in the Constitution," to betray, so far as their votes can do it, both the civil and religious liberty of millions of their fellow citizens, unless they can be aroused beforehand to a sense of the worse than folly of such a measure, in such a country as ours.

Our Pilgrim fathers learned by experience to despise religious dictation at the hands of men as fallible as themselves. But some of their descendants, who have enjoyed the inheritance of religious liberty so long as to have forgotten the passive meaning of oppression and persecution, are now plotting means to gratify their love of power by dictating religion to others and lording it over other men's consciences. Will it be said that this charge is without foundation and false? Then let me attempt to show that there can be no other sensible demand, no other reasonable object of sufficient magnitude and importance to furnish any motive for a party or a sect to attempt any such one-sided, sectarian measure.

Consider a moment. What can be the necessity or propriety of altering the preamble of our common Constitution, by inserting the names or describing the special office of the deities which one class of citizens have chosen or been trained to worship, and not do the same by all other classes of citizens? Why not put in the "One Father, the all-in-all," for the Unitarian; the "Impersonal, Overruling Forces of Nature," for the school of Philosophers; the "Good and Evil Spirit" for the Indian; "Confucius" for the Chinese, and the Holy Virgin for the Roman Catholic? Would this be asking more than fairness under a common government? But what need is there that any true, honest, just, humane man—be his *dory* what it may, or his *ism* what it may—should ask for anything of this sort, since the whole of it is already embraced in the very heart of the Constitution, in the most full, free and catholic manner? See the third article of the first series of amendments: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press."

Now this virtually says to every individual, Worship God as you best can conceive of him, in such way as you think right, according to the dictates of your own conscience; and none shall be allowed to molest or to interfere with your sacred right. Can anything be more fair and equal and just between man and man, between Christian and Christian, than this? And is it not enough, Does it leave anything to be asked for more, un-

less it be the power or privilege to interfere with others' rights? And is it not plain, then, that a sect which seeks to insert its own peculiar notions of Deity in any department of our common Constitution, can only be aiming to enlist the power of the civil government in the interests of that particular sect?

Those who aim at such a monopoly would not of course be humble enough to boldly and frankly declare such a purpose beforehand, but would disguise their object under the most artfully studied pretensions, and skillfully mask it under the garb of the most pious eloquence. In this way leading men may and often do accomplish wonders among the masses, that are habitually led by sound rather than sense.

To avert such a calamity as even the most partial union of Church and State must necessarily be, to such a mixed people as have been made citizens under our common government, the habitually unthinking and blindly submissive need somehow to be made to think—to think and act for themselves.

How to arouse men's dormant reason, and induce them to test this question by their own individual good sense and judgment, may be a difficult problem; but it occurs to me that a few well pointed questions and a few well placed criticisms may be as well calculated as anything to wake up the slumbering reason and dispel its fatal dreams.

And first I would ask, If you love liberty, and especially religious liberty for yourself, why not love it for your neighbors, also? Or do you repudiate the command to "do to others as ye would that others should do to you," and still claim to be, "par excellence," a Christian?

If such be one's condition, he may possibly find, at some future day, that he is one of those who have "turned their ears from the truth, and been turned into fables."

And why do you wish, at this late day, to incorporate any insignia of your particular views of Deity in our Constitution, when that instrument already virtually acknowledges, in the article I have quoted, all the Gods that you or any other citizen can even be supposed to know and worship? Is not this broad enough, and comprehensive enough, and liberal enough, and just enough for all practical purposes and all parties concerned? Does it not secure to you equal and sufficient privileges with the rest to worship God in your own chosen way? And if this is not too great a liberty for you, is it too great a liberty for others to enjoy?

What, then, can be your aim but to force your views and interpretations of Christianity upon those who cannot conscientiously receive them? And what does history teach us has been the spontaneous fruit of all such efforts but bitter conflicts, cruel persecutions, and horrid martyrdoms?

Again, what, at this late day, has so suddenly kindled your anxiety concerning the honor of God or of the Government in this matter? Have any of the Gods expressed or manifested any dissatisfaction that their names were omitted in the preamble to our Constitution? Have any of them taken offense and withheld their blessings, or multiplied their judgments especially on that account? Have any of the nations dishonored us for that reason? Indeed, when we contemplate how our Government has prospered and the people blessed, how we have been able to live in peace, to worship under our own vine with none to molest, how the fugitives from oppression in other lands have flocked higher and found protection and rejoiced in our liberties, we have every reason to infer that that omission must have been a sacrifice peculiarly well pleasing and acceptable to God. Why, then, should a few fanatical partisans seek to alter the form of that which our fathers were inspired so wisely to devise, and to which, by his unparalleled blessings, God has so signally sealed the seal of his approbation?

And, still again, is the high sounding claim that God and Christ are the immediate institutors of civil governments and the rulers of nations, a real, practical truth, or is it but a rhetorical sentiment, a scholastic unbiblical fiction?

If God institutes all civil governments, why are they so experimental and unlike? And if Christ is the ruler of nations, why should his administrations be so unstable and fickle and various?

Let us go back and consult for a moment some primary authorities—the ancient landmarks that long preceded the perverse interpretations of conflicting councils, of sectarian colleges and theological seminaries.

Let us go to the original source for ourselves, and see if we cannot find some lessons of truth, before they are mystified by paganish interpretations; or perverted by spiritual pride, or deflected by passionate controversy:

"And God said, Let man be in our own image, and let him have dominion over everything that creepeth upon the earth."

Now, if this means anything intelligible, it means that man is left to institute such modes and means of government as his divine gift of reason and intelligence may move him to devise and adopt. This is the one hypothesis that explains the most of the phenomena of earthly governments; the only one that exhibits the basis of human accountability.

It is worthy of notice that history claims but one theocracy in the whole wide world; and even that on so limited a scale, and of so short duration, as to make it almost liable to the charge of delusion. It might be a human government wearing a divine mask. Moses might have been as a king in disguise, as also the few judges who followed him.

But these Israelites soon desired to have a king openly, like the other nations; and the Lord granted them their desire, letting them have their own way. Their first choice was Saul, whose chief recommendation seems to have been that he was a head taller than his fellows. Is it not a little strange that God should abdicate the civil throne for such a man? Then they had David; and after him a succession of kings, in his line to the end of the kingdom.

But the record of their various administrations furnishes strong evidence that God neither ruled the kings nor the people; but, though he counseled them by his prophets, still he left them to shape their institutions as they would, only holding them responsible for the results of their choice. And this is in harmony with the decree, "Let man have dominion," etc.

As to Christ's being the ruler of nations in any such practical sense as to make it expedient or necessarily proper to name him in connection with the organic civil law, it seems to be a claim without any clear or valid authority. Jesus himself testified that his kingdom was not of this world. What, then, has he to do with the civil government of these United States?

Let me not be understood to ignore the true supremacy and sovereignty of Jesus; but let it be placed and recognized where it belongs, and where himself placed it, not of this world. His kingdom pertains to the divine, spiritual, moral realm. He was made the head of all things to the church, but not the head of all things to civil governments.

"And one of the company said unto him, Master, speak to my brother that he divide the inheritance with me."

And he said unto him, Man, who made me a judge or divider over you?"

As much as to say, your civil matters are not the objects of my mission or the immediate subjects of my authority.

Some may suppose that, as Jesus never graduated from any sectarian theological seminary, he had not learned and understood the nature and sphere of his mission and office quite so well as some dubiously converted pagans could tell him two hundred or two thousand years afterward.

I verily believe, if Christ were on earth to-day, he would utterly protest against associating his name with any civil government, which is always liable to be prostituted to the vile purposes of slavery, war, intemperance, licentiousness, oppression, persecution, martyrdom. An earthly crown would be an insult and a mockery to our King of Righteousness. Then he content to leave him in his glory in his moral kingdom, and let his name remain in his own moral constitution, the New Testament, where he himself hath chosen to leave it.

It is a remarkable and wonderful phase in the mental characteristics of those who, by the help of corrupt civil powers, have so long been able to maintain the ascendancy in propagating their own peculiar interpretations of Christianity, (which, by the by, those arrogantly claim to be orthodox and infallible,) that they exhibit the strange mental phenomenon of accepting and believing (?) an almost entire list of *apocryphs* to what Jesus himself plainly and expressly taught. For examples: they believe (?) that Jesus is the ruler of nations, though he taught that his kingdom was not of this world; they believe (?) that Jesus is equal with the Father, though he taught that his Father was greater than he; they believe (?) Jesus had supreme power, though he taught that of himself he could do nothing; they believe (?) Jesus is their moral substitute, though he taught that, unless their righteousness should exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, they should in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven; they believe (?) (worst of all) that works are of no consequence in the sight of God, though he taught that God would render unto every man according to his works. (I do not repeat every man—especially every pretended Christian—would take pains to study thoroughly Christ's description of the final judgment—Mat. xxv:31-46, also, St. John's vision of the same thing—Rev. xx:11-15—and see for themselves how this matter is illustrated in the courts of heaven.) They believe (?) in exercising dominion over other men's faith, though Jesus taught to do unto others as ye would that others should do to you. So have they multiplied discrepancies till reason is utterly confounded. So have they morally expatriated themselves from a world of practical truth and reality to a realm of impractical fiction and fancy.

How, in the name of humanity, such glaring contradictions could so long have been entertained and made popular, can be accounted for only on the humiliating ground that men have been forbidden to think for themselves. But now, since rational minds are breaking clear from the bonds of superstitious submission, and daring to study the truth of God and Nature for themselves, and declare it, we do not wonder that the fabulous system of popular religion (which seems too much like an elaborate perversion, not to say subversion, of much truth) trembles at the shock, and anticipates its coming end of extraneous help in order to be able to maintain its wretched authority and domineering position. And we need not wonder if we soon, very soon, should see its devotees making some most daring and desperate efforts to wed their cause to the civil government.

But I pray all the Gods whom the nation worships that such a union may never be consummated. It could not sanctify, but be sure to defile the whole people. The nuptials would be the herald of the wildest passions, the bitterest strifes, the bloodiest conflicts. God save the United States of America! Shades of our honored fathers, throng ye the halls of our nation and forbid the ban.

Washington, Adams, Jefferson and noble companions; ye whose broad and lofty inspirations gave us liberty of conscience, liberty of speech, and freedom of the press, command now, like those other servants of God, Moses and St. John, that the special work of your special missions shall be left unmarred; and bid the restless fractional elements of the Church be pacified and satisfied with the righteous boon of equal liberty.

A. B.

ANNIE T. DWYER ON THE LIVING ISSUE.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Since my name has gone forth to be numbered with active workers in reformatory movements, I have endeavored to conquer circumstances that retard my efforts in the direction that is most congenial to my mind. However, being mortal, and governed by temporal affairs, I must defer my hopes for a season. But Spiritualism, finding that woman has a soul capacitated to develop into higher relations equally with man, is a grand argument for her to work in its behalf, refuting by facts the apostolic injunction so many ages overpowering her.

Will the Burleighs, Hammonds and Smileys keep silence after tasting the luxury of expounding the gospel in the pulpit? After God ascends the throne at Washington, Paul may revive in his glory to their debasement again. Church and State rule is significant to carry out Christian ideas of subordination. Though I am on the shady side of life, mine eyes will not grow dim nor hair become gray before the Christians will necessitate all Liberalists and Spiritualists to enter the arena to battle for the right of private opinion. Many believers in human freedom are preparing for the Orthodox ceremonies of riveting anew the chains of bigotry and superstition. The non-conformists are being arraigned for their blindness in not seeing the theological breakers ahead; but let not Revs. Tyng and Fulton be so sanguine of their false colors, sent up to mislead the earthly voyagers. Reason has too long been at the helm to be deceived by pious subterfuges. If precedents for liberty be not the teachers for the clergy that forced dogmas down enlightened throats, the people will remind them again of the precious boon, and give them a les-

is that we have the reward in ourselves, and compensation for every sorrow; that for sinners

born that he pierced the quivering flesh, there was born in the human soul a pure love that every-
where goes out forever and forever, fill the earth
with its influence for the purification of man-
kind. This is what the future is to the spiritual
student: that loving hands await us, that loving souls
welcome us, and that we shall receive for our
human lives a compensation divine in its nature,
adapted to our every experience. Spiritual-
ism also teaches that after we eat of the bread of
life, we must come to the full of our mothers. This our
brotherhood here on the face of wisdom, beneficence
; he has sat at the feet of wisdom, beneficence
of the angel of life and light, and listened to the
great truths that should make better his sur-
roundings: he has sat at the doors of the king-
dom of heaven, that he might build up upon the

by the angel of time, and upon whose head the frosts of many winters are resting—to her who looks upon the son with a loving heart, as the embodiment of truth to her necessity: she com-

she look upon the pure and upright life he has traced on earth, and how bright the picture, as the thought comes up, that in a few years at the furthest he will stand in the doorway of immortality to welcome her with outstretched arms to the realm of peace and gladness evermore: To the child, who looks above and sees a fatherland there; it matters not whether there ever will be in his heart other than that pure love, but there shall always burn upon the altar of her soul a

heightened and broadened, he is more powerful "to will and to do" that which is for the ad-

vanishment of truth among men, and in his inmost soul the fire of affection for kindred left in mortal burns the same.

It matters nothing what we think concerning these great problems of life and immortality, there is within us all this spirit that is intuitively reaching out into the future and bidding well come—whether we know it or not—to ministering angels who are to lead us higher. And what is it that reaches out within us? It is the spirit that is but of the great Over-Soul of all life, co-extensive with him—living, acting and moving according to his highest mandates, beginning downward in the darkness and growing upward to the light—the soul of man, growing man! And for him comes no end of all, but a boundless future of progression! Ay, out of darkness shall come the light. No truer word was ever spoken—for amidst the shadows of discord and gloom there is still enough of the spirit of truth to lift up the soured and save man from the conditions of sorrow and

less that were born of the darkness: This growth shall go on, forever on; and its scope is only bounded by the limits of the Great Spirit, whom no man can comprehend!

PRAYER.

Our Father and ye holy spirits: we invoke the presence of the light which ye have brought from the higher realms of life: we invoke the presence of the Father, who dwells in the most high, to prosper in the ear of every child of earth, and bring to each one the consciousness of an immortality—that every one must win life's garrison of salvation for himself. Bring to each and all that peace and love for which they are hungering and thirsting; bring that rightful conception of duty which teaches that we here truthfully discharge the obligation of existence, as here we are in harmony with Nature's grand refrain, they are walking hand-in-hand with angels, and fitting themselves for the higher and purer life beyond the narrow stream of physical change. May each one of this bereaved family feel the presence of our arisen brother, and follow, like him, unwaveringly in the path of duty.

And he retriaded, assured that he has no liver and
bequeathed to them the glorious inheritance, his
example and the gift of the will in their eyes.
When they stand upon the shore of mortality and
behold the bright immortals waiting for them
and listen to the solemn melody that goes out
from their harmonious lives !

And may each and all of the friends and asso-
ciates with this man has left, feel inspired to
move on, still on, in the path of duty. May each
one of his co-workers feel that, though clouds ar-
ise in their sky; that, though they are treading over
the same thorny way he so often passed in mor-
tality, yet that he has now reached the mansion of
eternal glory; and, inspired by his spirit, may
they work on, living, acting as he has done, to
emerge upon that rock which knows no change,
the same faithful life which knows no truth, and
purity, which is his gift, the interior essence
of his wisdom, his guardian angel.

Verily his life of his guard and work.

may that "grace which passeth understanding" be and abide with every soul. This blessing, the highest of which we can conceive, the highest which we can look upon, we ask may be upon you now and forever, for humanity's sake, for truth's sake, for the soul's sake. Amen.

The choir then rendered in a solemn and affecting manner "The Silent River," and Mrs. Palmer pronounced a brief and touching benediction, in which she besought that grace and truth from the angel-world might descend upon all, as the dew from heaven upon the flowers, till darkness and ignorance and mourning should flee away and all souls mount upward to the fullest conception of life here and evermore.

Mr. Wright then gave notice to the audience that all desirous of viewing the remains could have the privilege. As a result nearly every individual in the large assembly passed slowly to

door, whereby many who were without the building, unable to gain an entrance before, avail themselves of the opportunity to draw nigh. At the close of this part of the services—which were necessarily prolonged because of the numbers engaged in moving through the hall—the casket

was removed to the hearse, and the funeral party, composed of immediate relatives and friends, took up its line of march in carriages for

MOUNT AUBURN.

The surpassing splendor of the first pleasant May-day which our city has known for years, seemed a fitting accompaniment for the funeral rites. How appropriate that the remains of him whose soul was as pure and gentle as a child's, should be laid to rest when happy children throughout the city limits and its suburbs were uniting with songs and garlands to welcome in the earth's spring! After the usual route had been passed, the cortege halted, and the body was conveyed to the recesses of "Pyrola Path," there to be committed to the trust of that earth whose dust is the maternal mother of us all. A few words of comfort from the lips of Mrs. Palmer, some natural tears and sighs from the relatives and friends, at gazing, for the last time, upon the physical lineaments of the loved one, and the procession took up its homeward course. Amid all

learned and cultured and rich, the famous in the
or cabinet or field, whose remains have been
placed in this celebrated cemetery, there is none
who held in life a higher place as a man in the
estimation of those who knew him, or who had
sifter answer at death to those angels whom
homet places on the other side the grave, who
mand of the newly-risen spirit. "Not what p

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Banner of Light was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of MRS. J. H. CONANT.

While in an abnormal condition called the trance, these Messages indicate that spirit-carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earthly plane in an undeveloped state, eventually regress into a better condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirit in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at FLEMING HALL, 554 WASHINGTON STREET, on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The hall will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted.

The questions answered at these Circles are often propounded by individuals among the audience. Those read to the controlling intelligence by the chairman, are sent in by correspondence.

Donations of flowers for our Free Circle Room solicited.

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

SEALED LETTERS.—Visitors at our Free Circles have the privilege of placing sealed letters on the table for answer by the spirits. First, write on one or two proper questions, addressing the spirit questioned by his or her full name; then put them in an envelope and seal, and write your own address on the envelope. At the close of the service, the Chairman will return the letter to the writer. It should be distinctly understood that the answers to questions propounded by writers must necessarily be brief, the spirit addressed always writing its answer or answers upon the envelope containing the question or questions. Questioners should not place letters for answer upon our table expecting lengthy replies, otherwise they will be disappointed.

Invocation.

Thou Supreme Good, Thou who art the Ruling Power in Church and State, and the Saviour, dwelling in the hearts of the people, we come to thee, asking thy blessing to rest upon us this hour, asking that thine angel of truth may baptize us anew and lead us into clearer light, and give us to drink of purer waters. Thou Father Spirit, we worship and adore thee, as best we may in our ignorance. We strive to come nearer to thee in our understanding of thee; we reach out in the darkness to grasp thee, and behold thou art with us, even though we cannot comprehend thee, even though our ignorance shuts thee out from our conscious lives, yet thou art with us. It is thy power that sustains us; it is thy wisdom that guides us; it is thy love that cares tenderly for us, all the days of our being, and whether we are in what men call death or life, thou art with us. Oh, Mighty Spirit, thou wilt bless us, we know, this hour—thou wilt drop seeds of goodness into each heart present, that by and by will spring up and bear fruit an hundred fold, of spiritual worth. And to thee be all the thanks, all the praises of our souls, forever and ever. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLED SPIRIT.—If you have questions, Mr. Chairman, I am ready to hear them.

Ques.—[From E. Mitchell.] Please explain the following passage of Scripture—Hebrews vii: 4: "For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance, seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame."

Ans.—That this Scriptural passage has reference to ancient Spiritualism there can be no doubt. It has direct reference to those persons who were enlightened in spiritual things, in those days—who were possessed of spiritual gifts; and the apostle tells them, doubtless, what he believes to be true: if they make bad use of their gifts, if they close their hearts against the truth, if they shall fall away from the truth, if they shall not return again unto them; just as I may tell one of your modern mediums: If you abuse these holy gifts they will be taken from you; no repentance, no prayers of yours can bring them to you again.

Q.—[From the audience.] If a person may hear communications from a spirit in the form, as well as a spirit out of the form, how is it possible for the hearer to distinguish between the two?

A.—It is possible for spirits to distinguish between the two, but it certainly is not possible for mortals to do so, because the manifestations may be identical.

Q.—What is your opinion with regard to the Hollow Globe theory? that it is true, or otherwise?

A.—In my opinion it is not true; indeed all the facts that have been proven by science with you and with us determine to the contrary; and yet there is a foundation for such a theory.

CONTROLLED SPIRIT.—I have been requested to answer this question: What reason had the Catholics for suppressing the play entitled, "The Jesuits of America?"

Being once a Jesuit myself, and therefore familiar with the entire priesthood, it is an easy question for me to answer, although I am aware, at the outset, that I shall not satisfy my interrogator. I am bound to speak the truth, in whatever direction it may lie. The Catholic Church, or clergy at all events, desire, for the present at least, to keep peace with the Protestant Church, and the enacting of such a drama would be sure to be like a fire-brand dunn in the faces of ignorant Catholics, who would retaliate with a vengeance, therefore the reason for suppressing the play.

Katie Lechan.

By the will of God I am here, for surely without his will I should not be here, I am Katie Lechan. I was murdered at Longwood, last fall. I come at the request of some of my friends, who wish to know how much I know about my murderer, or who wish that I may give some light. I am not permitted to give all that in my ignorance of what is best I might wish to give, but I will say this: They are not on the right track. They touched upon it once, and left it, because there was money and influence there.

I have nothing to fear in this beautiful angel-world, but I pray that my murderer may see himself as he is seen by the angels, and confess his crime, and pay the penalty. It will be better for him. I have no feeling of revenge to draw me back, but I feel it is a duty I owe to the public.

lie to do whatever I may be permitted to do toward bringing the criminal to justice, for if so many go free, where is the safety? Even little children are not safe, and by-and-by an honest man that has ten dollars in his pocket will not dare to go on the street, for fear he will be murdered. It was not for money that I was murdered. This fiend struck me one blow, and rendered me senseless, and then he feared that I was dead, or would die, and knew that he must finish the job, for if I lived of course I should betray him, for I knew him well. He was no stranger; he was no Catholic, but a Protestant, and the son of a Protestant. Had he obeyed the teachings of his mother, and kept out of bad company, he never would have come to that. Good-day, sir.

Jan. 21.

William H. Bush.

Well, stranger, my name was William H. Bush. I am from Terre Haute, Ind. I said if there was anything true in these things, I would come back and let the folks know about it. It is true, stranger, there's no dodging it—it's true, though there is a good deal of truck about it that don't really belong to it, yet the doctrine is true—that you can come back; and if there's anything I can do to help my folks get a little light on the subject, I am ready to do it; but I would suggest that they form a circle at home and see what I can do there, since they can't get at any medium very well. Form a circle at home; maybe I may upset the old cat or something else. Mother said she believed I possessed him, so he went and ate up one of her mince pies. Don't think I did, mother, don't think I did. However, you try him for a medium. Give him something good to eat, and set him up on the table—see what I can do. I know it's a strange request, but it is one my folks will understand, and that cat's got a good deal of my magnetic life mixed up with him and his life, and I am sure but what I can do something with him. The angel did with Balaam's ass, why not I with my old cat? don't know as there's anything more singular about the one than about the other. I'll try it, anyway. I was seventeen years old, seventeen—most eighteen.

Jan. 21.

Annetta Ames.

My name, sir, was Annetta Ames. I have been gone three years: I lived in Lynn, I am twelve years old now. I want my mother to learn that I can come. She thinks about me as though I was a great way off. I want her to know she's mistaken. I am sometimes close by, and she thinks I am far away. [Can't you mention some little incident by which your mother can identify you?] Well, I'll tell her about the oranges. I wanted some, and they said I should have 'em just as soon as I got a little better. I never got better, so I didn't get the oranges; but I've had 'em since then. And about my new dress—she's never finished it. She'd better finish it, and give it to some poor little girl that ain't got any.

Jan. 21.

Dennis Harrigan.

Good-day, sir. Dennis Harrigan is my name, and I died of the small pox. Ye needn't say any of you, be afraid, because I did not bring it back here. I was taken down to the Island, and I got a cold in going, and I got worse all the time until I died; and I'd like to have the chance of swearing about a whole week—just that long—about that place. You see, the trouble is about it, the people are so devilishly afraid. They shall get it, that they do, because they do not do right by the folks that's got it. Now, I want to tell my brother that I feel pretty hard just now—pretty hard toward some folks for taking me away—doing the way they did; yet I am all right here, myself. All I have to say is, if it is purgatory, I think it's very good—very good. The priests here tell us that this earth-life is the purgatory; that here's the place where you are put on probation. It is the purgatory we have to go through to make us fit for the other life. Faith, I think so, because the other life is just as much better than this as you can think. So, Jim, I don't feel at all bad. Just make up your mind, and tell all the folks that it's all right, and I am all right. Good-day, sir.

Seance conducted by Father Fitz James; letters answered by Thomas Lane.

Invocation.

Thou Infinite Spirit, who art the Father and Mother of us all; thou whose tender love ever enfoldeth us; thou whose wisdom ever leads us; thou whose power ever protects us, we come to thee, this hour, that thou mayest bless us. We come, bringing thee all our desires, all our failures, all our hopes, and we shall ask thee to lead us aright; we shall ask thee to strengthen thee, our hopes; we shall ask thee to shed light upon our failures, that we may fail there not again; we shall ask thee to fling thy mantle of love so perfectly around us that we shall fear no evil, and ever stand secure in thee; for thou art the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, this day and forever. Amen.

Jan. 22.

William Carter.

My name was William Carter. I am from New York City. I have been waiting about two months to get straight enough to get here—to get so I dared to come. They said I died of inflammation of the brain; but I died of delirium tremens, if you please, sir. My friends—who are still on earth—my mother and sisters, have but faint hopes of any future happiness for me, because I went out as I did, and because I led the life I did for the last two years I stayed here, but they have this to learn: that life anywhere and everywhere is one unending scheme of progress, and I shall get out of my conditions. I paid the penalty of my sin as I went along; I suffered enough. Every one who makes such moves in this life as I made, is sure to suffer.

I want my mother to feel certain that, when her times come to die, she will meet her son, not as he left her, but redeemed—entirely regenerated. This is as certain as that life, after what you call death, is certain. Now, mother, go to Mr. Mansfield, and I will communicate with you from there. Good day, sir.

Jan. 22.

Bridget Cline.

My name, sir, was Bridget Cline. I died of consumption, at the Sisters' Hospital, about five months ago, in Boston. I come back here to say it is right with me, and that I am happy in this new life, and that many things that I did not afford them to us—we have them, thank God! in heaven. We can come back here and influence our friends, and be of great service to them, and we can go where we like and enjoy ourselves, and

not be always put down and worked till the life goes out of us. It is a blessed world, and I've seen the Blessed Virgin—yes, I have; oh, yes, I have—and she's a meek, dark little Jewish woman, who don't know at all about the honors that's paid to her. I've seen a great many things in this other life. I was poor here, but I am rich now, thank God! Good day, sir. I was twenty-eight years old.

Seance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by "Yashiti."

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Jan. 22. Gen. D'Aubigny, for Louis Napoleon, March 22, 1873. To his brother, Alan Karpis. Tuesday, Jan. 22. John Smith, of New York City, to his brother, John Smith, of New York City. Tuesday, Jan. 22. John Smith, of New York City, to his brother, John Smith, of New York City. Tuesday, Jan. 22. John Smith, of New York City, to his brother, John Smith, of New York City.

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SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

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