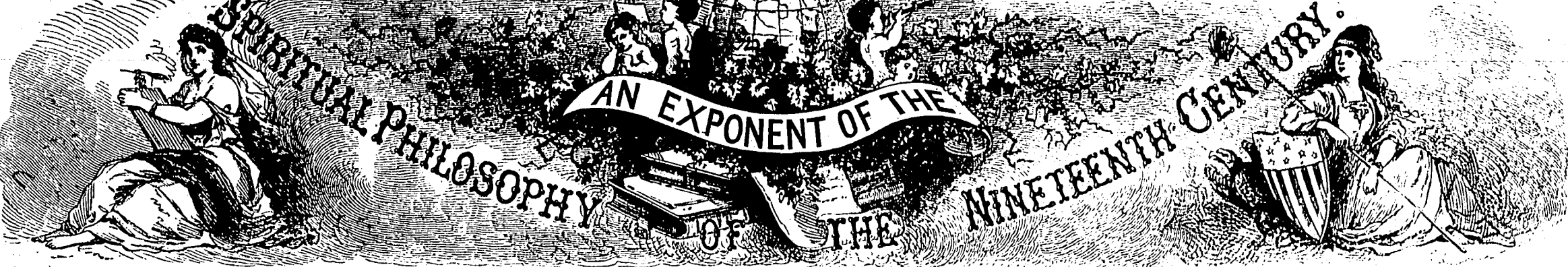


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Spiritual Phenomena.

MATERIALIZATIONS.

BY JOHN HARDY.

As there seems to exist in the minds of many of our friends vague, crude, and often quite erroneous conclusions, in relation to the phenomena of materializations, I have been prompted to give my experience in the matter, for the past two years, hoping it may afford some light to those who hereafter may resolve to thoroughly investigate this most wonderful phase of spirit manifestation.

I am sorry to have to admit that the lack of true appreciation of the merits of this class of phenomena is found not only among those doubting the genuineness of the whole matter, but also among those who readily accept the phenomena as a grand truth, but who, through their over-zealous if not over-credulous organization, fail, during their frequent opportunities of witnessing these manifestations, to bring to their aid some little scientific acumen, or at least common sense, and thereby perhaps actually not only retard the attempts of those endeavoring to truthfully investigate this important phase of Spiritualism, but needlessly place stumbling-blocks in the way of those of our opponents who might otherwise investigate.

The phenomenon of spirit materialization has been taking place through the mediumship of Mrs. Hardy, occasionally, for about two years. And although thus far these materializations have been confined to "hands" and "arms," yet the conditions under which they have appeared have been such, that all persons of intelligence and candor, who have witnessed them, have been compelled—in spite of their preconceived notions—to admit the genuineness of the manifestations.

The conditions under which these hands are seen render it utterly impossible for the medium, or any person in the room, to produce the manifestation by any means whatever without being instantly detected by every one in the apartment. Fraud, deception or chicanery, is out of the question; nothing is to be taken for granted as far as the production of these manifestations is concerned.

In the first place these occurrences take place in the light—always in the light; the whole room so illuminated that every person and everything therein can be distinctly seen by every other person present. Then the medium, instead of being inside of the enclosure from whence the hands show themselves, is seated with the company, just as they are seated, and completely isolated from the enclosure. Again, it makes no difference as to what house Mrs. Hardy sits in for these manifestations, as she has given seances for materializations in Boston, Worcester, Portsmouth, Portland, Kittery, Newport, New London, New York City and Chicago, and with good success in all these places. It makes no difference as to the town, the house, the parlor or the table, with regard to this phase of her mediumship. Parties abroad have made all the arrangements as to rooms, table and enclosure, and still the result has been the same, with this exception: that manifestations are weaker or stronger in proportion as the company is orderly, candid and harmonious, or otherwise.

On these occasions, hands of various dimensions, from very large to medium, and down to the tiny hand of a babe, have appeared. As to color, most of them are white, not usually of a flesh tint, but more resembling the color of alabaster or wax; though oftentimes hands the color of the mulatto, Indian, or negro may be seen. The temperature of these hands—as they are nearly always touched, and occasionally grasped—is sometimes of a medium natural warmth, but mostly quite cold.

In regard to grasping or touching them by those present, there seems to be a world-wide difference, and while nearly every one may be touched by them, they will allow very few to grasp them. Still this is often done, as in the case related by your correspondent, "Shadows," occasionally there are parties who can handle them *ad libitum*; it seems to depend entirely upon the organization of the party, and not their belief or skepticism.

Again these hands are usually quite flexible, and will move at the will of the questioner, will move the fingers, show one or more at a time, allow rings to be placed upon them, take flowers, and move them rapidly about.

In regard to clothing, sometimes nothing but the mere hand is to be seen; sometimes the wrist, and occasionally the arm to the elbow. When this latter is done, the arm is invariably dressed in character. Those which appear as the arms of female spirits, exhibit cuffs, lace, drapery, and sometimes beautiful flowing sleeves of silk, and

on a few occasions they have allowed parties present to cut small portions of lace from the sleeves, and once from the silk; while the arms of the male spirits are also dressed in character, shirt-cuff, coat-sleeves, etc.

As one hand disappears it is followed in a very few minutes by another, so that from six to twelve hands will show themselves during the sitting. The hands on being questioned, claim that each one comes for some particular person present, and on being addressed by each one in turn: "Is it for me?" will immediately answer by a distinct wavy motion, one for "no," and a vigorous and repeated waving for "yes."

Sometimes the hand as to shape is perfectly natural, beautiful and symmetrical, at other times it will appear out of shape and uncouth—the fingers one-third too short for the size of the hand—and even while looking at them will elongate, or become smaller or larger. Sometimes on being touched, they will feel soft and pulpy; at other times as hard as the natural hand—the bones and nails being distinctly felt.

Many if not the greater part of those who have witnessed these materializations, suppose they are actually seeing the veritable hand or face of the person it claims to represent; this is a great mistake, and tends to throw difficulties in the way of a true understanding of the matter; still it is a mistake that would seem to need but a moment's reflection to rectify. I suppose it is almost universally conceded by all Spiritualists who think or reason, that spirits as such cannot be discerned by the natural eye, but only by the inner sight, or clairvoyance, consequently the form, face, or hand seen on these occasions is not the *bona fide* form of a spirit, but a hand materialized, created, formed for the time being by a new combination of matter drawn partially from the surrounding atmosphere, but mostly from the medium, by a scientific chemical process known only to certain spirits of a high order of advancement in the science through which these wonderful manifestations are produced. Consequently we do not see the face or hand of our spirit friend, but a counterpart materialized by these spirit scientists, at the desire of the party who wishes to communicate in this way with his friend, and the success attending the experiment in giving an exact copy will depend upon the conditions offered by the seance.

Allan Kardec, in his "Book on Mediums," (which I would advise every one to read,) in speaking of the exceeding rareness of this class of manifestations, says on page 116: "But from the production of these phenomena [common physical] to the obtaining of that of materializations, there is a whole world; for in this case, not only is the labor of the spirit more complex, more difficult, but, more than this, the spirit can operate only by means of one medium; that is, several mediums could not simultaneously concur in the production of the same phenomenon." Again, page 119: "These phenomena are doubly difficult in public, for there almost always are met energetically refractory elements which paralyze the efforts of the spirit, and, with still greater reason, the action of the medium."

In advising with the spirit guides of Mrs. Hardy as to the propriety of continuing the seances for materialization, they inform me that in the process of producing one ordinary materialization, a quantity of material is abstracted from the nerve force of the medium equivalent to the loss of from one and a half to six ounces of the best blood. *Approx* to this, I will as near as possible state the condition in which this medium has been left after one of these seances. The first few times, no particularly deleterious effects followed the sittings, but after this, she was left in a state of nausea, which would last from one to two days; this effect after each sitting, continued some number of weeks, and was replaced by a state of extreme irritability of temper, which would continue about the same length of time after each seance. Then this seemed to change, and an extreme lameness or soreness succeeded, not of the bones or joints, but in the muscular system, more especially the muscles of the extremities—these would be so sensitive and tender that a touch would be painful.

Now a scientific physician might assist us in these investigations and inform us whether a certain portion of the nerve force being suddenly withdrawn, would be likely to produce these results. Are such things beneath their dignity? Must the "polygyne" kingdom still monopolize the august minds of our Harvard scientists to the exclusion of this order of phenomena? Or are they afraid of it, dreading its results, should they deign to look into the matter?

Again, admitting the truth of this assertion of the invisibles, that such a startling depletion of the life-forces of the medium ensues, it becomes a serious question whether the amount of benefit now derived by the people who witness these things, warrants such a sacrifice? Is the world ready for such a phenomenon—an almost instantaneous creation by an invisible power of an animated human form, whole or in part? Why, the thing is so astounding, so seemingly incomprehensible, that it is almost impossible for many of those witnessing this manifestation, to admit the premises claimed by us for a moment; and men of culture and education of a high order will sit and view the thing perfectly unmoved, as though witnessing a "Punch and Judy" show. "It cannot be real," they say—"It must be done by some cunning contrivance," while readily admitting that the conditions governing and surrounding the seance seem to render fraud impossible.

As above stated, it is impossible to prevail upon our *savans*, our scientists, men whose legitimate calling fits and prepares them to investigate

these claims intelligently and candidly—to examine the matter, and either to explode it or admit at least the genuineness of the phenomena, if they cannot account satisfactorily for the intelligent power back of the whole; and consequently the most of those who do witness the manifestations are unfortunately composed of a class of persons ill prepared to bring to bear the least scientific tests—some of them scouting the whole thing, while others, too credulous, are ready to accept anything without the least investigation. Of these two classes, Spiritualism has most to dread from the latter.

It is very evident that the phenomenon of materialization is in its crudest form; that the attempt of the invisibles in experimenting is made under the greatest difficulties; scarcely any are found willing and capable of intelligently investigating the matter, mediums suitable for this class of phenomena are exceedingly rare, and it is feared by some that this attempt of our spirit friends, for want of proper assistance from this side, in the matter of materialization, may have to be indefinitely postponed.

May we not hope that such fears may prove groundless, and that, by the aid of some liberal and enlightened minds among our more advanced scientists, a healthy impetus may be given to a movement destined to play a most important part in the development of the race and the advancement of humanity?

SPIRITUALISM IN SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

It was my good fortune to be in Springfield, at the hospitable mansion of the Hon. Harvey Lyman, on Wednesday, the 30th ult.; also to witness a manifestation of spirit power that was pleasant and perfectly satisfactory to those present. The medium, Dr. George Frost, was thoroughly examined by the company after the circle was formed, and there was no possibility of any flowers being concealed about his person. When all was arranged, the light was extinguished and the room made as dark as possible. After singing by the company about ten minutes, flowers were thrown to those present, while the hands of the circle were joined together. Light was then admitted, and thirty flowers were found on the floor and in the laps of the company. The flowers were those usually found growing in gardens, fresh and covered with dew; and could not have been so fresh and damp as they were had they been in the room many minutes before they were given to the company.

Dr. Frost has been engaged in healing the sick about two years, and is a good test medium.

Meetings are held Sundays, at Liberty Hall, and are fully attended. Dr. Fairfield lectured during the month of September. Mr. Collier, the eloquent lecturer from England, speaks for the society the present month. M. V. L.

Poem by Gerald Massey.

We are in receipt of a line from this celebrated Spiritualist bard and advocate, enclosing the following poem:

THEODORE TILTON.

My friend, I met you when the shadow lay
Darkly between you and the outer day;
Your life, frost-bitten to the core, was dumb
With winter, as if Spring would never come.
The smile that sprang up in your eyes to give
A stranger greeting had no heart to live
For years when it had cheered me on my way.
I saw you like some war-horse who had smelt
Burnt powder, and the joy of onset felt.
Now doomed to plow the furrow, who should chance
To cast the javelin, see the eagle on his wings
And hear his fellows neighing for the fight,
And he, too, sniffs the battle from afar—
Down comes the lash, in mist the vision melt;
But know you how your life was crossed and crossed,
And how the shadow came to be so close?
Nor what you held at heart, and still must hold,
That makes the whole wide world a cold and
Now hard for little and great folk to tread,
And though the ways are dirty you must tread,
I greet you on the break-up of the frost.
Men talked of your great failure. Nevertheless,
'Tis but the shadow of a great success
Darkly prefigured, if you dare be true.
To the good work that you were sent to do!
I deem your star was not a fading light,
That shone for others, bringing you the night,
To leave you fallen in the wilderness.
Up and fight on, my friend, with spirit, stripped
As is the hardened war-horse, grimly gripped,
That late was going bravely in the world's fight,
Now hard for little and great folk to tread,
There is darkness where the soul's fighting-flash—
So help in giving us through feeling's flash—
In such a world as this it never avails
To stand and wait, or gnaw the nails;
The live souls have to swim against the tide,
The dead with dead and living, and the tide
Hereto breath must lift and clear the skies
That we have clouded with our own vain sighs;
Hereto breath must fill your four corners.
It is the well-known burden that will tone
Our manhood, turn the lead into gold.
The storm that on the hill-side how the trees
Help bring the power to bear, and knot their knees,
The greenness overgrowing all such graves,
Them to receive the onsets they must bear;
So 'neath its load the iron of manhood's grown.
Nor murmur of a life by falsehood marred
Or roof-tree by the fives of rubs charred.
Why, what life falsehood in the world to do
But live, then die to prove the true.
And then be buried, while the new life waves
The greenness overgrowing all such graves;
But strike! strike on, strike often, and strike hard!
The world is waking from its phantom dreams,
To make out that which is from that which seems;
And in the light of day shall blush to find
What wraiths of darkness still had power to blind
Its vision: what thin walls of misty grey,
As if of granite, stopped its onward way;
Up, and be busy, as the early beams!
Hope, work, fight on, my friend, and you shall stand
One of the foremost of a noble band;
Stand visibly in the smile of heaven and shed
Light from within you, whosoever you tread;
Stand on the higher summit to transmit
A new life heart-beat from the Infinite.
To kindle—as it throbs through—your land.
—Gerald Massey.

I think that the heroism which at this day would make on us the impression of Epaminondas and Platon must be that of a domestic conqueror. He who shall bravely and gracefully subdue this Gorgon of Convention and Fashion, and show men how to lead a clean, handsome and heroic life amid the beggarly elements of our cities and villages; who so shall teach me how to eat my meat and take my repose, and deal with men, without any shame following, will restore the life of man to splendor, and make his own name dear to all history.—Emerson.

Literary Department.

THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

Author of "Diana Moore;" "Country Neighbors;" "The Two Orphans;" "Rocky Nook: A Tale for the Times;" "Bertha Lee;" "My Husband's Secret;" "Jessie Gray;" "Pictures of Real Life in New York;" "The Two Cousins;" "Sunshine and Tempest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

Changes in Life.

The reader will pardon us for a very sudden digression in our story. It is according to the old proverb—the "longest way round is the nearest way home." Hopeton is one of the prettiest inland villages of the United States; it lies on the banks of Black River. This river has its birth in the Green Mountains, and, like all young life, comes rushing in haste to meet its destiny, unmindful that the broad, placid Connecticut will gather its waters to itself, and bear them with those of hundreds of other streams to the ocean. In the very center of this village the stream meets with a mass of rocks, thrown up, no doubt, by some former convulsion of nature; but the vigorous young waters leap these barriers, dashing and sparkling as they do so; then some nymphs or fairies crown the young hero with a rainbow, which the passer-by may see any day as he stands on the bridge which spans the gulf, made by the seething waters. The scenery round this village is picturesque, and many a tourist rests for a day to wander by the banks of the swift river or among the hills, where in thinner streams, clear as crystal, the salmon trout live and grow to maturity and beauty, delighting the eyes of travelers, who, however, are not allowed to catch them without a special permit from the farmers who own the land.

This village is not on the track of a railroad, but is a thriving busy little place, nevertheless. A lazy man, a lounger, or a sot is not to be found in it. Among the busiest of all the busy ones, there is the village Doctor Adams. He is not the most skillful or the most learned man in the world, but he is a handsome fellow, broad-chested, with a head which his large limbs and broad shoulders were made to support—a shapely head, crowned with a mass of waving dark hair. The man's heart is as big as his head, altogether too big and tender for him to lay up money. He forgets the fee in the patient's suffering, and though he is busy from morning to night, and never knows what it is to sleep quietly in his bed for three hours at a time, yet there is scarcely a mechanic in the place who does not lay up more money during the year than the Doctor. He is a man of sound health, a stranger to low spirits and weak nerves, with a kind word and smile for all he meets. Women and children love him. Now and then a stern, close-fisted man sneers a little at the Doctor's queer notions, and blames him for not "getting ahead" in the world faster; the Doctor says the man is right, he must collect his debts and lay up money for old age, but he forgets the next day that he will ever feel old. With so much strength in his right arm, and such fullness of life in every inch of his well-knit manly body, how can he believe in palsy and weakness for himself! But he does understand that a man may die in full strength. He had the narrowest escape crossing the railroad one day, whistle not blown, he thinking of a delicate operation he was to perform, thanks to his swift, fearless horse, who left two inches between his master and death, all the noble animal could do. So the Doctor ponders a little, and then insures his life for ten thousand dollars. After that he whistles and sings. A great singer is the Doctor. If he had not been we should never have brought him into our story. He was one of the village choir. It pleased him to be there, and he seldom failed to meet with the singers on Saturday evening to rehearse the music for the next day. One cool November evening, he returned from visiting a patient rather late for the choir meeting, but unwilling to miss it, he hastened to the church. A flight of eight or ten stone steps led to the entrance. When he came to them, he was startled to see a little girl, scantily dressed for the season, sitting on one of the steps crying bitterly. "O, ho! my little one, what is the matter?" he said. He was used to comforting crying babies and troubled children, and had no doubt but this one would be laughing the next minute. But she merely turned her face to him for an instant, and then bowed her head and burst out into a fresh flood of tears. She was strangely attired for that village. Her dress was of some bright, plaid material, her stockings red and her high gaiters tied with scarlet cord. She wore a black bodice, laced with scarlet, and a tiny hat with a high crown rested on a tangled mass of black hair. The dress was soiled, the hat bent out of shape, her face grim with dust and tears, and she was, taken altogether, a forlorn looking wail.

"What is your name, my little one?"

Again she turned her face to him, and this time he encountered a pair of fine dark eyes, looking out of the beggined face like two jewels in a dark night.

"What is the trouble, my little one?"

It would seem as if the kindly tone of the voice had gone to her heart at last, and she said some-

thing in a very rapid way, in which the Doctor could only distinguish a word that sounded like Papa.

"Papa? papa?" said the Doctor. "Have you lost your papa?"

Again she turned her eyes to him. He put out his arms—she did not resist, but brushed away her tears with her tiny hand, which action did not improve her face, as the hand itself was much soiled. A sudden impulse moved the Doctor. He took her into the vestibule of the church, and seeing the bell-ringer standing by the stove, bade him go up into the gallery and ask Miss Payson to come down. Miss Payson was a literary young lady, who had been finished at a fashionable boarding school, and had a little knowledge of one or two foreign languages.

"Speak to this little one in French," said the Doctor.

Miss Payson did so, but the child only clung closer to her new found friend, and began to weep again. She tried her German, but that did not mend the matter. At last, she bethought her of the little Italian which she possessed, and tried that. In an instant the child's eyes brightened, she turned her head round and began to talk so rapidly, gesticulating all the while, that Miss Payson could not follow her. She could only make out that she had lost her father on the road.

"Deserted, I fear, by him," said the Doctor. "Well, I must take her home and put her to bed. No doubt she is tired and hungry."

Miss Payson made out to tell the child that the Doctor would try and find her papa, and she must go with him and wait. It was sad to see this little forlorn thing try to stop her tears, and be satisfied with this promise. It troubled her much that the lady said so little, and could not tell her how to find her papa herself, for this was what she had asked. The Doctor's wife was not surprised to see her husband come in with a lost child. He had done such things before. She was only glad that it was not some dirty tramp or poor half-witted fellow that must be put into one of her beds. A little girl could be so easily washed and cared for. The child was unwilling to go to any one but the Doctor for some time. She sat on his knee and ate her supper, and only was persuaded by him to go and take a bath, he going with her, and promising by motions to wait till she should come to him all clean. He was surprised, in common with the rest of the family, when she came out clean and sweet, clad in a white night gown belonging to one of his own children, to see what a gem he had gathered from the street. She was a child of rare beauty, and evidently no low-bred scion of some street wanderer. She was dainty in her ways, and gentle in her manners as if trained by some loving lady mother. While the child slept, Miss Payson was coming her Italian Grammar and phrase book, and sat up till midnight to prepare herself to talk with the child. The next morning, armed with the phrase book, she sought the Doctor's house. He was eating his breakfast with the child in a high chair by his side. The remarkable beauty of the little one surprised the young lady as it had done others. When asked by Miss Payson how old she was, she smiled at hearing her own language spoken, and replied at once in her native tongue, "Six years old in June." Miss Payson managed with much difficulty and many questions to gather from her that she came with her papa to this country some months before, that he had fallen sick and they had spent their money, and now papa was going somewhere, she did not know where, to get some money, and then she would have a new hat and some pretty ribbon to tie it with; that papa and herself were riding on the cars, and he got out when the train stopped to buy her an orange, and she had not seen him since. Telling her story brought all her tears back; she hid her face on the Doctor's shoulder. He took her tenderly in his arms and promised to go and try to find her papa. This comforted her, and as she sat on his knee, he hummed a little Italian air which he had learned. To his delight the child joined him, and sang it in such a clear, sweet voice, that he was charmed.

"If she stays here many days, I fear the Doctor will never give her up," said his wife to Miss Payson.

"It would seem as if she was forsaken by her father," said Miss Payson. "I hardly think that," said the Doctor. "Under her dress, around her neck, is a richly wrought gold chain, holding a locket set with rubies. Inside is the picture of a lady who is, I imagine, her mother. She said her father had been sick. He may have been taken suddenly ill, or some accident has occurred to him. I mean to take the child with me to-day to Bolton, the first station from here, and see if she recalls the place. By the way, Miss Payson, you must go with us."

You can ask the child any questions that you wish, when we get there."

"We are four miles from the railroad, Doctor. I cannot imagine how the child should be here, if he left her in the cars at Bolton."

"Neither do I," said the Doctor; "it seems impossible that the child should have walked that distance."

"Why she should walk it, is the question; the train would have taken her another way."

"Yes, it is a mystery; but she is a lovely creature, any way. I don't much care if her father never turns up."

"No, Miss Payson," said his wife, "I believe he would turn our house into an orphan asylum, a hospital, and an old ladies' home, if it were large enough to contain them all. It is very evident that some bad man has forsaken the child—foreigners are given to such deeds. Poverty makes them cruel. I tell the Doctor that I will keep the child till some good home can be found for it."

While they were talking, the Doctor's carriage was brought round to the door, and Miss Payson and the child took their seats with the Doctor, to drive to the station.

The little girl's eyes sparkled with delight, and she tried to make the young lady understand that her papa would be so glad that he was a dear, good papa, and she loved him very much, that he would cry and cry and cry till he found her. She was a born actress, for now that she was happy, the Doctor could understand much that she said by her gestures and her expressive face.

When they came to the depot, she told Miss Payson that she tried to find her papa here; but all inquiry of the ticket master, and men about the depot, were useless; no one recollected to have seen either the child, or such a man as she described her father to be. The little girl was much disappointed. She ran from one room to another, sure that she would see him.

The Doctor was about to leave for home again, perfectly willing, on his side, to keep the child awhile, when they heard the whistle of the up train, and waited to see it pass. As the three stood near the door of the ladies' room, watching the passengers as they got out of the cars, they saw the conductor pass into the depot, and heard him ask of the ticket master if he had seen anything of a stray child; that one had disappeared from the cars yesterday.

The Doctor came forward with the child.

"Ay, ay," said the conductor, "that must be the one. Such an excited, terrified, angry man as we had yesterday on the train I do not care to see again. He was an Italian, and though he could talk English, he could not talk it fast enough to express his trouble. He was on the express train, which makes but few stops, and these very brief. He got out to buy an orange for the child, and not knowing that he ought not to have left the train at all, he was too late, and saw it go thundering away, as his child looked at him from the window. The man never thought to telegraph, or perhaps did not know that he could, but walked about like one distracted, till the next train came along, at seven o'clock, expecting to find that the conductor had detained the child here. I am not the conductor on that train, but happened to be on board. Simons recollected seeing such a child, but missed her when the cars stopped, thinking, of course, she had remained in and had gone with the train to Burlington and Quebec, and the Lord knows where, for a child of that age would not know what to do with herself, unless some one took her in hand."

"Did you preserve his name? Do you know where he can be found?" asked the Doctor.

"Lord bless you, no," said the man, "These foreigners are stupid about such things; but, somehow, the face of that child, and the distress of the father, run in my head all last night, and I determined to make inquiries along the road to-day. It is something gained to know the child is alive and well, and in such good hands. Bless my heart! Is not she a beauty, though? I do not blame the father for ranting and tearing like mad."

"How the child came in Hopeton is more than I can tell," said the Doctor; "question her, Miss Payson."

While this conversation was going on, the eyes of the little girl had turned from one gentleman to the other, eager to understand what they were saying. She knew by their glances at her, that it was something about herself and her papa.

Miss Payson finally elicited from her, that when the train stopped, she slipped quietly down and walked back, as she thought, to her father, but had missed her way and had taken the road to Hopeton instead. There was nothing to be done now but to trust the matter to Smith, the conductor, who said he would go the end of the route, and make inquiry, and had no doubt that he should succeed in finding the father.

All this was explained, though very imperfectly, to the child; but it would have proved cold comfort, had not Miss Payson said to her:

"The Doctor will be your papa till your own papa comes; he is sure to come, for what the Doctor says always proves true; he is good and kind to all children."

At these words, she went and climbed upon his knee, and putting her arms around his neck, kissed him on both cheeks, and nestled close to him as they drove home.

Day after day passed, but her father came not. The large eyes drooped and lost their lustre. The poor child was restless and unhappy whenever the Doctor was gone. Miss Payson came every day to talk with her and teach her to speak English. When she found that it pleased the Doctor to hear her speak his tongue, she became ambitious to please him and met him with a little sentence. He often took her with him in his carriage, when she would look out eagerly at every passing stranger, saying, "Papa will come—papa will come!" It was well that the idea of his death or his willful desertion of her never entered her head. "I wait—he come," she would say when with the Doctor, and he always answered, "I am sure he will, Roso." She had said her name was Roso; that papa called her so.

One day, when Miss Payson was reading a little story in Italian, with Roso as teacher—which employment amused the child exceedingly—she came across the name Doloroso.

"That is my name," said the child; "that is the name the priest said when he blessed me; but papa says Roso."

Mrs. Adams had found on her clothing the initials Y. D. O., so that her pet name was an abbreviation of her second.

There is such an exuberance of life and such a capacity for enjoyment in a child that, give it love with sweet words and caresses, it will thrive and be happy, under benevolences which break the heart of age. Physical pain and hunger, often borne with stoicism by men and women,

crush the spirit of a child. Roso learned in a few days that the Doctor loved her, that her pretty songs amused him, that it rested him when he was tired if she put her arms round his neck and said "Cara Doctor." He had told her, through Miss Payson, that he had lost a darling child just her age, that he mourned for him every day.

"If I should die papa would die," she said; and she looked at the Doctor with such a glance of pity, that one knew her whole heart was sad for him.

From that time she considered herself his comfort, and it was amusing to see the hundred little ways she had to make him laugh, and not "think sad," as she expressed it. Beautiful as the child was, she had faults. Children never conceal them long. Roso had a quick and passionate temper, as was soon discovered by Mrs. Adams. She strayed into the kitchen one day when the servant was making sweetmeats. She was very fond of anything sweet, and made the girl understand that she wished for some. She was refused, but insisted, till the girl, weary of her teasing, lifted her up and put her out in the hall, closing the door. The tempest that followed filled the whole house. She talked fast and gesticulated, stamped her little feet, tore her hair, and threw herself upon the floor, which she pounded with her head till Mrs. Adams feared she would kill herself. It took two persons to lift her and carry her to her room, where she at last kicked and cried till her wearied nature could resist no longer, and she fell asleep. She was pale and sick when she woke, and two days passed before she recovered from the excitement. She was a proud child, and did not take kindly to children of the neighborhood, partly, perhaps, because she had never mingled with those of her own age.

As I said, a week had passed and no tidings from her father. But one morning, as she sat on the Doctor's knee, telling him a little story in her own language, which he could interpret by the eyes that talked as much as the mobile lips, and better still, perhaps, by the tiny hands, that were as busy as the mouth—both laughing, the man as happy as the child—a telegram was handed to him. If read as follows: "The child's father found lies ill at Bolton; come and see him."

The Doctor looked serious. What would be the grief of this sensitive, passionate child if she should find her father, only to see him die?

The little girl noticed the change in his face, and putting her little hands upon his cheek, "You sorry, Doty! I kiss on!" He kissed her in return, and putting her upon the floor, said, "I must go now, Roso."

"Find papa?" she asked, as she often did when he went out.

"Yes, Roso, I will find papa," he replied, and went out.

In a darkened room, tossing with fever, and in delirium, he found the father. From Roso he had learned that he had been sick in New York, and was no doubt just recovering from fever when he lost his child. He had followed the railroad into Canada, and was retracing his route, when he was laid prostrate. He was a fine-looking man, not over thirty years of age, evidently a gentleman, with hands as delicate as those of a lady, and a face indicating refinement. The few clothes which he had with him were of fine texture, and his linen bore, with his name, a crest. The Doctor looked grave when he examined his patient. It was evident that, in the partial recovery from fever, he had not had suitable nourishment and food for his weakened system. A relapse is harder to manage than a first attack. Still the Doctor knew that, if the delirium were overcome, he held in his hand a portion more strengthening than all the tonics of the pharmacopia. It was pitiable to hear the man call his child's name, and pray to God and the saints to guide him to her. The Doctor was endowed with unusual magnetic power, his simple presence was soothing, and the touch of his large, supple hand, was better than an opiate. Before he left the sick man, the latter had fallen asleep, and he went away with the hope that, when he saw him again, his mind would be clear, and he able to impart to him the knowledge of his child's safety.

But the next day he was no better. From delirium and fever he sunk into a state of great weakness and stupor. Three or four days passed, and little change. Life flickered like an expiring candle. It was hard for the Doctor to go home each day and hear Roso ask, "Papa not come?" as she ran to meet him, for she watched at the window daily for his coming, to say "not yet?" and to fear that she must go to him only in his dying hour, for he well knew that a time might come when the sick man would rally all his strength for one last effort. It is often thus with the dying. The senses are preternaturally acute; the soul rouses itself, like the departing traveler, to take one long, lingering look at the home he is leaving forever, and then the turn is taken, and the dear, familiar scene is beheld no more.

He took leave of Roso one morning, with the feeling that that day would decide her father's destiny. It was for life or death. He might, when he saw her again, take her in his arms and tell her that her father had been found; and was on his way to her; or he might be forced to bear her to that father, only to hear his last farewell.

All these days the child had studied the Doctor's face very closely, and divined that something troubled him. It was pathetic to see her efforts to cheer him, in a hundred little pretty ways, as if she remembered that he had done the same for her. She sang him all her little songs, and told her pretty stories over and over again for his amusement; and one day a lady had given her some delicious *bon-bons*. Fond as she was of them, she would not touch one, reserving them all for "Cara Doty."

[Continued in our next.]

Second Night—The Fall River Fire Seen by a Sick Man in Maine.

John Fitzgerald, a temperance lecturer, lives in Brunswick, Me., and on the day of the Granite Mills fire at Fall River, as the Brunswick Telegraph relates the story, was sick abed. Mrs. Fitzgerald had arranged her husband for his morning nap, and left to enter the stable in the rear of the house and attached thereto; almost as soon as she had passed into the building she heard the cry of "Fire," in tones so startling that she rushed back to the house in the greatest alarm, to hear her husband repeat the cry in tones as loud as the first call—all the more startling to her, as for several days he had spoken not above a whisper; he was evidently greatly excited, catching at the bed clothes and attempting to get out of bed, saying he must have his clothing. Being asked what he meant, he replied, "There is a fire in a factory in Fall River, Mass., in the upper story, the mill room; I see the sparks flying from the machinery, as sparks

fly from a grind-stone when men are grinding their tools; and the factory is full of women and children. I see it all." All this time he was endeavoring to get up from his bed, to escape the fire, saying that it was near to him, and he must assist the poor people. "Close that door into the entry or the women and children will be burned to death; an old sailor could rig a better ladder than that; splice this splice that; don't jump from the windows (this expression oft repeated); it is only a chance of death between fire and being crushed upon the pavements; (to the firemen) why do you do this, and why do you do that? see those poor women and little children filling the room, and yet the laws of Massachusetts forbid the employment in factories of children under a certain age." Mrs. Fitzgerald was alone with her husband, and exerted her utmost strength to keep him in bed. All at once he fell back upon the pillow and said, "It is all over; the roof has fallen in and those poor people are burned. After that he was completely prostrated, and Mrs. Fitzgerald for some time feared that he would not recover from the shock.

It was not until Monday that Mrs. Fitzgerald heard of the fire, and not until Tuesday, 22d, did she get a paper containing an account of it. This she read to her husband; he several times stopped her, and told her what *she* came in the newspaper account, as "he had seen it all."

Fact Stranger than Fiction.

A DISTINCTIVE ILLUSTRATION OF THE SUCCESSFUL WORKINGS OF THE SPIRITS, IN THE MOST INTERESTING AND PRACTICAL AFFAIRS OF LIFE—ROMANTIC AND REMARKABLE FACTS!

BY A. G. W. CARTER.

DEAR BANNER—The following narration is so near home that I have hesitated much about making it public; but as the external facts have appeared as a romantic, truthful narrative, in the columns of one of our leading papers, on spirit suggestion I have concluded to lay before your readers the internal as well as the external parts of the facts, and though somewhat long in narration, I undertake to say it will not prove tedious or wearisome.

Some twelve weeks ago a very respectable lady called upon the medium, Mr. Gilbert C. Eaton, at No. 257 West 15th street, in this city, to consult the spirits through him concerning her lost child. Ever since March last she had been hunting for this little daughter, and had got the detective police, chief of police, and several lawyers of New York, interested in the investigation, but without success. The spirit, through the medium, told her that she would hear of the child before long, which turned out to be true, and that after that she would learn concerning where it was, and that also turned out to be true, and that she would find and possess her child in her own arms before or about the 10th of August, ensuing, and that in the meantime she must see my wife, and tell her her story. She accordingly, almost frantic as she was about her child, called upon my wife, and telling her all the details, enlisted her intense sympathy, and she promised to do for her all she possibly could, and to advise with me, as a lawyer, about the matter. From that time forth repeated calls were made by the lady upon my wife, and some on me as a lawyer; but I, regarding the case with little or no favor, took little or no part, except in legal suggestion and advice—looking upon the case as somewhat hopeless, and knowing nothing at all about the lady. Not so with my better half; she continued her deep sympathy and interest, even to my discomfort, sometimes, and kept devising ways and means to learn something about the child—and this upon spirit suggestion, as it seems, continually.

One day a circular of a Home for Children, near Danbury, Conn., came through the post office to Mrs. C., the mother of the child, with words written above the printed matter, in an unknown hand, that "her daughter was at that institution, and if she wanted to get her, there was the place." With this she came at once to my wife, and wanted her to go with her right away to Danbury, and get the child. From this adventure I dissuaded my wife at the time, and rested in the confidence that so far as she was concerned, no active measures, in that direction, would be taken.

On the night of Aug. 6th last, Mrs. C. called upon my wife and myself, at our home, and exhibited legal documents which had been that day served upon her, and wanted my legal advice. I looked at the papers, and found them to be a summons and complaint in a divorce action brought by her husband against her. "And now, madam," said I, "I can act. Here is something tangible for a lawyer! This is making a legal aspect of the case. Your husband, who took your child away from you, in the middle of the night, at Setonket, Long Island, after tying your hands, and has kept out of your way with the child ever since, has been in the city and has brought this suit of divorce against you; and there is now a way open and plain for us to get that child. We will file an answer, and have a trial on *habeas corpus* for the custody of the child. In the meantime, as you are informed where the child is, let the matter rest as it is now, until the legal determination. Come down to my office tomorrow morning, and I will have my partner prepare the necessary papers for you, and we will have this matter legally settled."

Next morning she appeared at my office, and the papers were prepared; but she wanted to go and get her child. I advised against the movement at present, thinking it might possibly complicate her position and her case, my partner, however, saying, "If she must go she must have an affidavit made by herself, as to the facts about the child," and he would give her a legal letter to the lady who kept the Children's Home.

The affidavit was made, signed and sworn to, and the letter was written, and Mrs. C. left our office, proceeding, as it would seem, to the law office of Judge C.—I—r, a few doors from us, and getting also a letter from him, as to herself and the facts. Armed with these, she went again to my wife to get her to go with her on the wild-goose chase, as I thought it was, for the lost child. My wife at first declined to go, but, moved by a strong spirit power, she at last resolved to accompany Mrs. C., and, come weal or woe, get that child for her. Minds made up, and impelled by strong influence, the women started off for the train, but arrived just in time to be too late. Nothing daunted, they waited almost an hour at the depot for the next train, and then they were on their way to Danbury, Conn., to fulfill their mission; the mother, now led by the cooler and calmer thought and advice of the woman friend, both aided by heaven and the angels, as the sequel will show. Oh what is a woman's wit!

A woman's wit will match
A woman's love, and do what seems a man."

The two women, in the storm and darkness of night, arrived in Danbury, at about eight o'clock, at the depot. What next! They were strangers, and alone in a strange place, without compass or guide—no one to look to. But the thing must be

accomplished. Naught can overcome a woman's wit or will. At the suggestion of the friend, a livery stable was sought, and found, and a carriage called for. A barouche was brought forward, with two horses and a driver. "No," demanded the friend, "that will not do—a close carriage!" Horses were unhitched, and again harnessed to a close carriage. All wet in the rain, the two women got into the carriage, and the colored driver mounted the box and took the reins. "Drive us at once to 'The Home for Children,' with all speed," said the woman friend, who had found out that the Home was in the country distant from the town. The horses started, and carriage and women went speedily until they stopped before the desired place. They found a house removed from the road, with a verandah attached. They got out of the carriage, in the rain, told the driver to remain and wait for them. They entered the gate, examined, as well as they could, the premises, and then approached the door and knocked. It was opened by a girl, and the ladies invited into the parlor to seats. There, by a dim kerosene light, they saw an elderly lady, who welcomed them, wondering, however, at the night's visit, and asked them their desire. The woman guide and friend said:

"Are you the mistress of this establishment?"

"No, I am not, but my sister is. She is absent just now for a while."

Oh how glad were both the visitors at this announcement of the absence of the mistress, whom they had been informed was a single lady, and there was no telling what such a one, *never a mother*, might do to prevent them from getting the child if she was in the house. But the conversation continued:

"We have come here from Norwalk, and we have an idea, if satisfied upon an examination of your institution, to place in your care a little boy of some four or five years of age."

Of course this was a ruse to examine the house for the lost child.

"Oh," said the sister of the mistress, "we have no objection to your looking about the house."

"How many children have you here, and what their ages?"

"Oh, we have a good many, ranging from twelve or fourteen years of age, down to—oh, we have a beautiful little girl, only two and a half years of age—such a love, and such a beauty."

Sensation with the two visitors. The lost child was just two and a half years of age! And at this point, the mother, by the dim light of the kerosene, discovered a little toy coach and horses, on the parlor floor, which she knew, and which she had long ago purchased for her little daughter. Ghastly pale with sensibility and recognition, she pointed to it, and directed the concealed attention of her protector and friend. It was not the time for development, however, and both ladies kept still.

"Please show us through the premises now," said the lady friend.

The old lady called an assistant, who came with a light, and took the mother and friend above stairs to the children's dormitory, where they saw sixteen or eighteen beautiful children sleeping—but not the lost one. The two women pretended unconcern, however, and admired and talked about the children; and when they had seen them all, the lady friend, somewhat unconcernedly, said:

"But we have not seen the little tiny one—where is she?"

"Oh," said the assistant, "we love her so much that the matron keeps her in her room, in a crib by the side of her own bed."

"Can we see the little one? Please let us see such a beautiful baby."

"Well," replied the assistant, "I will show you her—the lovely child!" and she led the way into the sacred chamber.

The women followed, and when they got into the room, the companion advanced to the crib, and, sure enough, there was baby, whom she recognized from a photograph which the mother had shown her; and she beckoned the mother to the crib, who came, and at once, tremblingly and fearfully, recognized her babe, whom she had not seen for six long months. The friend whispered:

"Put your hands and arms under the sleeping child, and be prepared to take her." The mother did so; and now bravely said her friend, "Mrs. C., that is your child! Take her!"

The mother convulsively seized and took up the sleeping child, who, on opening its little eyes, looked up into its mother's face, and cried in recognition, "Ma-ma."

Assistant then cried out, "You shall not take that child."

"She will take that child—she is the mother of that child." And the friend—little, delicate woman that she is—advanced to the stout assistant, and thrust her into the corner of the room.

"Now, Mrs. C., go down stairs and to the carriage with the baby. Go!" Mrs. C. proceeded, and her friend followed, keeping off the assistant, who was walking behind and crying out. In the meantime the kerosene light somehow mysteriously went out, (spirits say since they put it out), and in the darkness, down the stairs, and out of the door to the carriage, there was considerable pushing on and off, and scuffling, and by this time the house was aroused, and such a clamoring and a clatter! But the two women, nothing daunted, reached the carriage, and the friend assisted the mother and child into it, and ordered the driver, "On the road to the Wooster House, Danbury." The sister of the mistress knew the colored driver, and ordered him to remain with the carriage, and the negro, by her commands, was about doing so, when a voice, a brave and determined voice, from the door of the carriage, spoke:

"Driver, this is my carriage; drive us to Danbury, or I mount the box and take the reins myself."

The colored man, now doubly frightened, but yielding to this last superior command, whipped up the horses, and through rain and darkness drove to the Wooster House, in Danbury. The ladies with the child got out, and what was their surprise to find officers of the law already at the hotel, with warrant to arrest the two New York women for abduction and kidnapping. The officers arrested the ladies, by virtue of the affidavit and warrant. And said the lady friend:

"For doing right we are willing to go to the Tombs, if you have one here; but we don't go without the baby."

The mother also declared that she was willing to go to jail, but not without her child.

The kind and generous and intelligent landlord of the Wooster House now interfered, and readily seeing that his guests were ladies, said: "These ladies can stay in my house all night, and you officers can guard them here."

This looked reasonable for all concerned, and the ladies, with the child, were put into a commodious room adjoining the parlor, and the officers walked as sentinels outside of the chamber door.

Next morning the ladies telegraphed to Judges C. and C.—I—r, in New York, and a telegram was sent, by their joint dictation, to the landlord of the Wooster House, telling him to call upon the post-master of the place, and any reliable lawyer for the defence of the ladies, &c. Judge C.—I—r was, and is, well known in Danbury, and the landlord, receiving the long dispatch, gladly went to Col. W., the distinguished lawyer and good man, of Danbury, and the post-master, who came up to the hotel, saw and was pleased with the ladies, heard the whole story in detail, and resolved to champion them. The legal difficulty in the case, of course, was the question of the identity of the woman—of the one as the mother of the child; of the other, the alleged accomplice, as Mrs. Judge C., of New York, and the disinterested friend of the mother. The telegram of Judge C.—I—r did not reach the landlord until late Saturday afternoon. Neither of the Judges could leave New York, and, besides, the telegrams they received gave them no knowledge of the fact that the women had been arrested. But a reporter for the New York Herald, a friend of the mother of the child, had been telegraphed by her, and he arrived in Danbury in the evening, ready to identify and assist the ladies.

After waiting for more news, or arrivals from New York, the time of the trial came on. It was near nine o'clock Saturday night. The kind magistrate who had issued the warrant and before whom the trial was to be had, came up to the hotel to see the ladies and the child, and, while there, through the good landlord, and by agreement of the lawyers on each side, for there was a lawyer employed upon the part of the prosecution, the Court was held in the parlors of the hotel. To the glad surprise of the two ladies, the husband, who had been telegraphed for, appeared at the trial; and through his testimony the identity of the wife, mother, and child was at once established; and thus the great difficulty of the case was overcome. The husband gave his testimony, but was met with no favor by anybody. The ladies, mistress and all, of the institution, testified to the facts of the husband having left the child at the institution to be taken care of for four dollars a week, and how they had kept it, and how it was taken away by the two women. And now came the defence. The wife and mother was called. She told her simple story of the husband's treatment and abuse of her, in their married life; of his repeated drunkenness, and jealousy of her, resulting from his own unworthiness. And then she narrated how, about the first of last March, the husband got out of his bed about two o'clock in the morning, threw the wife down, and tied her hands, and took the child away, and left the house; and from that time forth she had seen neither child nor father, although she had ever since been hunting for the child, and, thank God! she had at last found her, as was stated in the testimony. The evidence of the wife and mother produced a most profound impression upon Court, lawyers, and auditors; and her simple, chaste appearance, contrasted strongly with the looks of the husband. The lady friend testified, and the reporter testified, and the defence was closed. And now came the speeches of the lawyers, and at last the decision of the worthy Connecticut magistrate, that "there was no case of abduction or kidnapping at all; that the mother had the right to the custody of a child of such tender years, and had a right to take it wherever she could find it; that therefore the charges would be dismissed, and the prosecution pay the costs." The decision was received with applause, for the audience now were all in favor of the women, to the utter discomfiture of the husband and the prosecution.

Next morning, Sunday, by the advice of their counsel, to escape further annoyance, the ladies and the child and the reporter, accompanied by a gentleman friend from Danbury, took a carriage and drove ten miles to the town of Brewster, New York, out of the limits of Connecticut, and then taking the Harlem train in the evening, the ladies, child and reporter, arrived safely in New York City the same night. On Monday morning mother and child went on their way rejoicing to the home of her parents in Western New York.

These, then, in brief, are the facts of this case, which sound more like romance than sober truth; yet they are real and practical; and these, too, produced by the suggestion, aid and control of the spirits. Every movement of these women in this series of transactions, as they will tell you themselves, was dictated and controlled by spirits, and *we know, too, who the spirits are*. They, through these women, accomplished, in complete victory, what the detective police, lawyers and sympathizing friends of New York, have not been able to achieve for the last half year! It is a curious thing to be observed, in connection, that during the absence of the ladies on the mission of the recovery of the lost child, Mr. G. C. Eaton, the medium, was not once under spirit control. From Friday afternoon to Monday morning the spirits were not with him. Where were they? They were with these women *recollecting that lost child!* and they did it most romantically, shrewdly and effectually. Do not the facts of this history present the good and wise intervention and powerful help of good and wise spirits in the intense practical affairs of this life? My wife declares most sincerely that all she did, so far as efficient acts were concerned, was by and through the spirit guides. Most wonderful, practical and true!

The following were adopted unanimously by the Waverly (N. Y.) Progressive Association the 27th of September, and voted to be published in the Waverly Advocate, Banner of Light, and Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Brother Lyman C. Howe, having served the Waverly Progressive Association for three months, the November, February and September—we, the members of said Association, and others who have listened to his lectures during that period, deem it a duty we owe him, as well as the public, to give formal expression to our views with reference thereto; therefore,

Resolved, That we regard his lectures of very superior character—profound, logical, original, practical, useful; and delivered in such impressive and eloquent manner as to render them eminently attractive and entertaining.

Resolved, That while his lectures have been deeply instructive—have opened up new avenues of thought, and supplied us with food well calculated to develop our moral, intellectual and spiritual natures, we do not forget that the example and personal character of the lecturer have had their influence for good in this community.

Resolved, That we will ever remember with pleasure and gratitude Bro. Howe's three months' labors among us; and as he goes forth into other fields to sow the seeds of truth, we assure him that our regard and esteem will be ever with him.

A little deaf and dumb girl was once asked by a lady, who wrote the question on a slate: "What is prayer?" The little girl wrote the reply: "Prayer is the wish of the heart."

The Rostrum.

The New Gospel and the New Temple.

Reported for the Banner of Light by John W. Day.

The "Music Hall Society of Spiritualists" commenced its eighth lecture course, under the auspices of the new temple, on the afternoon of Sunday, Oct. 12th, at the new Beethoven Hall, 413 Washington street, Boston. As this place of meeting has been of late so thoroughly described by the secular press, it would seem needless to add further comment upon it, save to endorse the high encomiums which have been pronounced concerning the hall, and the liberality of its builders, Messrs. Haley, Morse & Co. The new hall is indeed a gem as to architecture, a place of finished beauty and convenience as to appointments, and its acoustic properties are of the highest order of excellence. There is every reason to hope that the course of Spiritualist lectures now transplanted from the former field will be successful in the extreme in its new abode.

The voices of the old choir—Messrs. J. C. Turner (bass), Misses Annie E. Vose (soprano), and Ellen B. Thomas (alto), awakened pleasant memories, and the tenor was sustained by a new vocalist, Mr. E. S. Daniels.

After a few words welcoming the people to the new hall, and calling their attention to the consideration of the financial problem for sustaining the meetings, L. R. Wilson, Chairman, introduced Rev. William Bruntton, of Troy, N. Y., the speaker of the occasion, who proceeded to offer a dedicatory address. Spiritualism was progressive, he declared, and would in time take the stand demanded of it by the nineteenth century. It was not a revival of old superstition, and opposed to science, the great redeemer of the future, but, on the contrary, harmonized with and gave the soul to all the discoveries of man in that world of matter which had been so derided by theology, which sought—without practical benefit—to carry man on golden wings of faith alone, to the seventh heaven. The forms of theology in past time had not met the wants of society—ignorance on the one hand, and oppression on the other, existed in a thousand ways—and therefore, in default of salvation by the clergy, man naturally took steps to save himself.

Spiritualism affiliated with science in that it made the present sure and safe, instead of bidding us bend our energies alone to an ideal dream of the future—earnest effort concerning our present state being the best foundation for a commencement of those yet to be attained. Spiritualism made earth divine, teaching that it had a living Creator—one who worked to-day as in the past—and its unfoldments were making an entire renovation in our views, giving us a new life, and telling us of the inspiring presence of a God. The strong materialistic drift of scientific inquiry which so terrified the church, had no fears for the Spiritualist, who knew that man was never left helpless, but when his earnest demands went forth, a supply came in answer thereto. No truth need fear the opposition of another truth. Spiritualism coming in answer to a known want would mingle with science, and from the compound would result the new gospel which the age demanded, which would satisfy the reason, would also feed the faculty of aspiration. Spiritualism did not fear the criticism of science; it was not in the nature of things that any true, however glorious its fruit, should be all fruit—the trunk, the limb, the leaf, were necessary to the process of fruit-raising—and the winnowing of scientific inquiry, while it proved this to be true regarding our cause, would also strengthen that cause rather than injure it.

The speaker referred to the want of courage on the part of resident scientists which led them to refuse to investigate the Spiritual Philosophy and phenomena, and said conservative England had, through her Crookes, Wallace, Varley and others, set progressive America a lesson in this regard. Spiritualism answered the demand of the present to know of life beyond the grave—to know of adequate results flowing from earthly trials. It brought us to day a glorious realization of the dim hope which was shadowed down to us from the past, and was a religion destined to be a comfort and blessing to all mankind. And it was to proclaim this glad gospel that we were assembled at the present hour. No gospel or truth, however, could reach itself—it must reach the aid of its well-wishers, and he hoped few offerings would be bestowed by the present audience to sustain the Committee in their labor of making this course of meetings a success.

Song by the choir.

The lecturer then proceeded to the consideration of his announced subject, "The New Gospel and the New Temple." Referring to the rapid progress which the new Gospel of Spiritualism—the destined religion of humanity for the future—was making, he took occasion to criticize those thinkers who obstinately placed the "golden age" in the past and looked upon it with a retrospective instead of anticipatory gaze. The voice of Theodore Parker—who with others had spoken so faithfully and bravely for truth in the by-gone years—had enunciated as a fact which experience was proving to be incontrovertible, that the present was as rich in good as the past had ever been, and that the future was to outshine both in its outcome in this regard. The further down the river of time the wider the stream; it was not at the source but the mouth of the Nile that the great ships entered, bringing the produce of many lands.

The past was good in its place, but we could not live on that past if we tried—our place was in the present. The crumbling creeds of that past—the childhood of the race—could not be made to coincide with the light of the living manhood of the present, any more than the limited scientific acquisitions of antiquity could be made to square with the larger attainments of our times, because man's needs in the direction of moral and religious matters were continually widening, and presenting new demands of which the past knew nothing. Only as we cherished the idea of the fullness of the present could we have good hope for the future. Laments for the "good old days" of our fathers, Jeremiahs uttered over the ruins of the old temple, which was giving place to the new, and for old and narrow creeds which were dying after performing their office for the good of man, could not help us. We must work in the present for the upbuilding of a new temple on earth broad enough for all men, and the spread of the new gospel of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. This new temple was found in Nature—the great world of matter—the new gospel in Spiritualism, which had been the inspiration of all previous systems of religion, and was the only ground upon which a religion could be safely based; Spiritualism, which by its new unfoldments proved the falsity of the church's declaration that the canon of revelation closed with the advent of the Christian system, and that the angels' visits, and mighty works which characterized its birth hour, were all that were necessary to prove man's immortality. The present needed such revelation as much, and even more, than the past ever did. Man was learning that the true idea of religion was not the massing of power to build up and sustain a church organization, but rather a system which would lead men to draw inspiration from their daily lives by doing good deeds one toward another, and by seeking to make the most of all opportunities looking toward universal progress. This new gospel revealed to us the facts that the kingdom of heaven must be found within us—that hell as painted by Orthodox had no existence—that we had no devil to fear—that we had no angry God to appease, but only to satisfy the righteous demands of our own nature which we had wronged in the divine name—that not the Ten Commandments written on tables of stone alone claimed our obedience, but the thousand that had been written on our interior selves.

But some may say, if you take away all these, the central points of the creeds, what is left? Why, man is left! free to advance hereafter according to the full power and capability of his nature. Man's body—a part of the great temple

of matter—had been condemned and derided by the theology of the past, in order that his soul might be exalted to undue prominence, but the new gospel preached physiology, and demanded a healthy habitation for the indwelling spirit—a healthy tree for the production of good fruit. The new gospel taught us that as whatever we ate to-day went toward sustaining or injuring our bodies on the morrow, so our every act in mortal went to strengthen or weaken the spirit-body which we were here nursing for the future. The new gospel took away man's fear of dissolution, teaching him that death was but the inductive process to a higher order of being, and that life, not death, was working in the world through nature's every transformation.

The new gospel teaches us that we can worship a God, though we see him not, because as the heavens are round about the earth, so his presence is round about us. Thus may our hearts be touched with reverence as we walk the corridors of time, as we pass up and down the great temple that is so beautiful and blessed on earth; and may the new gospel of the skies—which is for the healing and glory of the nations—speak unto our ears and be responded to by our souls, keeping us pure and true, forevermore.

Mr. Bruntton will speak again at Beethoven Hall, on the afternoon of Sunday, Oct. 18th. Subject, "No Seats in Heaven—A Lesson in Toleration."

The Spiritualists' Union.

The meetings of the Boston Spiritualists' Union at Rochester (formerly Fraternity) Hall, No. 554 Washington street, have for several Sunday evenings proved exceedingly interesting. They are conducted upon the plan of engaging some suitable medium to submit to spirit-control, when questions in Spiritual Philosophy are proposed for explanation. Following the remarks by the controlling spirit are new inquiries and replies, or a general discussion.

For three evenings Dr. H. B. Storer has kindly consented to be entranced, and the replies to questions have been characterized by great breadth of vision, deep spiritual insight, and calm, clear and dispassionate treatment. The presence of higher intelligences has been clearly indicated by both manner and method. The close attention given has attested the sense of the audience, that the occasions are most fruitful for spiritual instruction.

On Sunday evening, the 11th inst., the first question proposed was as follows:

"If all the particles of the human body are changed once in seven years, does such change affect the spiritual body?"

In entering upon the discussion the spirit said: It becomes a matter of some importance that all minds be focalized upon the subject discussed. Unconsciously you all contribute some elements of which we make use in our control. If any minds are withdrawn, it necessarily affects the character of that control. To understand this law, and observe it, will aid your investigations. Whether you wish simply that your emotions be stimulated, your spiritual faculties be awakened, or more physical manifestations be sought, in any case attend to what you are doing!

The intelligence questioned the evidences of any such periodical change as the inquiry assumed, but affirmed that constant change is the law of life. We die daily, and are daily born. No single particle occupies precisely the same position two successive moments.

But the human body is subject to the government of the spiritual body. That which we have called the soul, which clothes the spirit, is the source by which the physical body is built up. The spirit is the mechanic, so to speak, that fashions the garment it is to wear in accordance with its ideal, and the uses it is to serve. When the spiritual organization becomes more highly endowed, the body will be found possessed of rare faculties, now latent.

The body changes in accordance with the condition and changes of the spiritual body, and that changes according to the development of the spirit itself. Man, as to his spiritual nature, is one with the Infinite Spirit; as to his spiritual body, one with the soul-matter of the universe; and as to his physical body one with the elements of physical matter.

Matter itself is constantly subject to progress inherent in it. The soul or spiritual body is more plastic than the physical. It is more subject to interior intelligence, can be more easily directed and controlled.

Reference was made to the various inventions for locomotion as proof that the spirit desires to transcend the limitations of the body in movement.

Sensation in a recently dismembered limb was explained by the fact that long habit of dependence on the limb prevented immediate dependence on the imperfect body, and hence the spirit-body is not immediately wholly withdrawn from the absent member.

Malformations and deformities always impress a sense of dissatisfaction upon the mind. With increasing intelligence and faith, it will be possible in many cases to remove or correct such deformities.

In reply to a second question: "Is there any method by which spirit identity can be demonstrated to mortals?" the guiding intelligence suggested that the ability to identify another dwells within each spirit; that power must be developed before the person can be satisfied.

Sensitives can detect a spirit, because of certain nervous vibrations. If another person approaches you, his sphere infringes upon your own; the vibrations are different. You may recognize these by their familiarity, or resemblance to those which the presence of that individual occasions.

Our ability to sense the accuracy of these vibrations is imperfect, just as sight is imperfect, and hence is not infallible. None can be sure till the power is developed. In this developed consciousness there is something so positive and decided that it is worth more to the individual than any amount of testimony. It is a knowledge surpassing belief.

The identity of persons is a question of relationship. The absolute identity is known only to the individual. He never doubts it. It is self-evident.

We should be tolerant with all claims. What has convinced one, will not necessarily convince another. But no spirit nor being, no matter how great or glorious, has a right to demand your credence for any statement he may make.

There will never come a time of peace, until the faculties of the individual are accepted as the ultimatum, determining to the individual what he shall believe, what speak and how act.

In concluding, the spirit suggested that there was a relationship established by the occasion, whereby they would be able to suggest thoughts that would aid the progress of each individual.

Nothing short of a full report would do justice to the speaker on this occasion.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Austen E. Simmons will make engagements to speak in the vicinity of Boston on intermediate evenings from the 1st to the 10th of November.

W. F. Jamieson will lecture in Parker Fraternity Hall, Boston, Sunday afternoon, Oct. 19th, at three o'clock, and evening at a quarter to eight. Afternoon subject: "Paganism Superior to Christianity;" evening—"The Young Men's Christian Association—The Protestant Results of America."

John Brown Smith, M. D., will lecture anywhere in New England. Permanent address, Amherst, Mass.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, inspirational speaker, will make engagements to lecture the coming fall and winter. Address box 87, Wollaston Heights, Mass.

John A. Carpenter, address 129 Congress street, Troy, N. Y., writes that he is about to take the field as a trance speaker.

William Bruntton will lecture at Springfield, Mass., during November; at Troy, N. Y., in January and March; at Philadelphia, Penn., in February; and at Stafford Springs, Ct., in April. Would like engagements for December.

John A. Carpenter, address 129 Congress street, Troy, N. Y., writes that he is about to take the field as a trance speaker.

Mrs. E. Smith, trance speaker, is at present lecturing at 577 Broadway street, Newark, N. J.

Dr. Abbie E. Cutter will answer calls to lecture, attend funerals, give instruction in forming developing circles, &c. Address 711 Tremont street, Boston.

To Book-Buyers.

At our new location, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street, Boston, we have a fine Bookstore on the ground floor of the Building, where we keep on sale a large stock of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works, to which we invite your attention.

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In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condemned or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of important facts, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

Banner of Light.

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The Episcopal Convention.

We simply take this representative ecclesiastical assembly in New York as the text for an open commentary on the aims and spirit of them all. This particular body wanted nothing in dignity, learning, distinction or authority to make it powerfully impressive on the public mind. Its elements were combined as well as any similar ones could be for the ordinary purposes of ecclesiastical action, and perhaps advancement. Every State in the Union was represented in it. On the surface there was harmony, and at the outset there was a profuse professing of Christian fraternity and love. Yet everybody knew that the Church in this country never was internally torn with profounder excitement over questions which concern its very life, and that on any day an explosion was liable to occur that would rend the entire organization, numerically so powerful, into fragments. The question of ritualism is one that has got to be squarely met sooner or later, and in whichever way it is decided there is certain to be a sundering of the organization. Churchmen may bewail the fact, but religious men cannot. They see that it is only another of those facts which lie in the right place on the road of human progress, and that it will faithfully serve its turn when summoned to come forth. Looking over the proceedings of this Episcopal Convention, we find not much but manifestations of soliloquy about matters of form, of authority, of advantage and of power.

All through, it is the church that is put before religion and religious progress. The idea of numbers dazzles the Convention's imagination. The points raised for debate are on rubrics and prayer-books, whether a clergyman may safely do this or say that, how far he may go without straining the ropes of ecclesiastical authority; if the church will receive damage from employing a word more or less in the public baptism of a child, what is to be said or sung, done or not done, worn or put off, and offered or withdrawn in the countless cases of ceremony which too obviously fill up the measure of what passes by the name of worship to God. Now any kind of an organization or association, established for the promotion of religious ends, must be held within the restraining limits of certain rules, though only so long as those rules may be said to be adapted to its interior and outflowing life; but to assemble a large body of men of intellect and learning for the sole, or main, purpose of filing off rigid rules for praying and preaching, and fixing more firmly the forms of government and discipline, is to lose sight entirely of the real object professed by the organization, and shows plainly enough that the original life has degenerated into method, mechanism, and general spiritual mummery. But this is only the natural course of things in the world, and we witness the illustration of it more frequently than ever in our own times. It is exactly when a church shows itself in all its pride and pomp and power that the judgment descends, and is executed by the church upon itself.

The Episcopal Church is not especially different, that we know, from all the other churches on this point. Taken as one united body, discordant as they prefer to be each with its little creed in its arms, they manifest the growth of a fondness for authority and power, rather than for love, charity, and humility. If religion contains any particular elements and characteristics, we believe it must be conceded to be these. The churches, in order to live and flourish, have need chiefly to cherish and cultivate these cardinal points of religion. Instead of that, while still keeping their banners erected, they struggle for the accumulation of power and property, for the building up and consolidation of authority, for the rigid establishment of forms, which it is determined shall contain all the essence of religion, and for a spreading reputation which shall make them the easier to float down the stream of a tortuous and treacherous popularity. This is the standard for which the churches strive to-day, and it is idle to deny it. Protestants cannot charge such an aim upon Catholics, for both are equally engaged in the business. They have a perfect right to engage in it, too; but when they claim to be the exclusive representatives of religion, it amounts to a different thing. No one organization, nor any number of them combined, can presume to dam up the free stream of divine influence, and peddle it out as it thinks prudent for the use of human souls. Religion is above churches, and ever will be.

And that is the moral of this Episcopal gathering in New York. It is not disputed that good men compose it, and men who fully believe that they are serving the divine purposes, perhaps, above all others. But their error is in supposing that the spirit of God, the Creator, which is the spirit of Love and Wisdom, does not and cannot enter into the hearts of men, save through the channels which they have digged and tended. They worship too narrowly; if not in too bigoted a spirit, to suppose it possible that the Divine can operate just as freely, and far more so in this our day, outside of ecclesiastical organizations than inside them. There is no help for such

binding and blinding errors save in their decay and disorganization, and that is what is silently but surely going on all about us at the present hour. The churches do not realize it, but patronize the world without in the same complacent tone as ever. Yet the facts tell the story as it is. There is far more church property in the country than there are church members to proportion to it. The tendency is too openly to wealth and power, and that necessarily implies the decay of spirituality. That seeks men's hearts, not their pockets; it appeals to their affections, not to their ambition; it is the ever-living thing, and cannot decay or degenerate. The age preaches the fact of the great revolution which is going on in this regard. It is prophetic in all its signs, not of increased ecclesiastical power, but of expanded individual freedom. The angels are the priests and teachers of men, and nothing is worship that is not spiritual.

Call for a Public Meeting in Behalf of the Indians.

A subscription paper is now in circulation in Boston and vicinity for the purpose of defraying the expenses of a meeting to be held sometime next week, at some central point in the city (particulars as to time and place to be given hereafter in the daily press), whereat Father John Beeson (the Indian's friend), Col. A. B. Meacham, (a prominent Methodist, who, as a member of the Peace Commission, narrowly escaped death at the hands of the Modocs at the time of the Canby massacre,) and other parties, from the West, fully conversant with matters in that section, will set forth the claims for justice which the Indian proffers to his white brother. The object of said meeting is to consider some practical plan for national adoption by which peace and good will may be permanently established between the different races of men now under the control of our government. The meeting will be entirely unsectarian as to its nature—the signers to the call being of all shades of belief—and it is to be hoped will be largely attended.

At a time when aggressive whites seek to rob the red man of his last refuge, and when the starving Indian is driven by thieving speculators to take the war path for food for himself, and his little ones, it is all important that the true state of the case should be explained to the public at large by men who thoroughly understand it. That something is necessary to be done in the premises, is made strongly apparent by the following specimen items from the telegraphic accounts contained in the morning papers of Oct. 14th:

"A Cheyenne dispatch confirms previous reports of the frauds in the distribution of rations. The Indians say that the agents are drawing rations for two thousand more Indians than he has on the reservation, and issue flour, coffee and sugar in less than required quantities."

"Commissioner of Indian Affairs Smith today transmitted to the Acting Secretary of the Interior the report made to him recently by the Commissioner appointed to investigate the facts relative to the killing of Osage Indians, last August, by a party of Kansas militia. Commenting severely upon this report, Commissioner Smith says that twenty-five men, completely armed, attacked eighteen unarmed friendly Indians, with women and children, and killed four of them; that the Governor of Kansas endorsed this outrage by enlisting these men in the Kansas militia, ante-dating their commissions ten days to cover it, and that the Commission, headed by ex-Gov. Shannon, of Kansas, after finding these facts, recommended merely that the Kansas authorities be requested to give up some property which was captured from the Osages at the time of their murder, and that, if this was refused, the Federal Government should reimburse the Indians to that extent. He accounts, however, for what he deems the noticeable mildness of this recommendation, by remarking that our Government is without power to induce any other action, and that it was doubtless realized by the Commissioners that criminal proceedings against these murderers would be tried by sympathizing neighbors, and even if conviction could be procured, the ante-dating of their commission by the Governor is a sure pledge of Executive clemency."

The Truth in a Nutshell.

A contemporary says: "A newspaper and a newspaper editor that people don't talk about and sometimes abuse, are rather poor concerns. The men and business that an editor sometimes feels it a duty to defend at a risk of making enemies of another class, are often the very first to show ingratitude. The editor who expects to receive much charity or gratitude will soon find out his mistake; but he should go ahead, and say and do what he conscientiously thinks right, without regard to frowns or smiles."

Sunday, October 11th, was an eventful day in the history of the churches in Boston, three ministers—two Universalist (Revs. A. A. Miner, D.D., and H. I. Cushman) and one Congregationalist, (Rev. W. H. H. Murray of Park street memory)—tendering their resignations. In their closing offerings, all these clergymen intimated that strong causes were at work in their congregations, impelling them to the step. Mr. Murray evidently finds the "brimstone" straight-jacket too yarm for his comfort, while Dr. Miner had rather fulminate "prohibitory" thunder, and preside over Tufts College, than continue to "break the bread" for a congregation which perhaps he finds is growing too liberal for him.

Kind and just Spiritualist friends in New York write to us as follows: "My dear wife and self fully sympathize with you in the arduous duties of your vocation. We can readily imagine the difficulty of gratifying at all times the egotism of self-styled friends, and the capriciousness of a greedy public. We have an abiding faith in the integrity of your purposes, and in the earnestness of your life and labors. Hence, brother, you may rest assured that, amid the tumultuous evolutions of public sentiment incident to this our day of mental and social convulsions, we shall ever be found among your warmest adherents and most earnest defenders."

An esteemed New York correspondent sends us an article headed "Mediomania Marvin." Although we think it not advisable to print said MS. on account of the personal nature of its contents, we have not the slightest doubt that its asseverations are true. Better send it to the New York press, brother.

A noted Spiritualist medium, writing recently from New York City, says: "I am kept busy and made happy by the wonderful evidences which come daily of a life beyond. Spiritualism seems to be permeating the hearts and homes of all classes of men."

Martin Luther believed in animals' souls, and in their immortality. He consoled a child grieving over the death of her dog by telling her that she would have her pet to play with in Heaven. "Personal and pertinent."

"Do animals inhabit spirit-life?" "Why do I not receive a message?" "Where is our hope of ultimate happiness?" and other questions find answer on our sixth page; Theodore Parker makes an appeal in behalf of the public mediums of the spiritual dispensation; John P. Allen communicates with his friend Wheeler; Clarence Waller, of California, speaks to his parents; Lulu Prentice, of Nashville, Tenn., sends comforting words to her mother and her negro nurse; James Gordon Bennett replies to the demand of a friend; William Schouler refers to the monument to his memory; Edward L. Stevens, of Brighton, Mass., informs his kin that "it is all well with me"; Miss Sarah Salter, of Portsmouth, N. H., regrets the state in which her affairs were left by herself; T. Bigelow Lawrence reports progress in his efforts at materialization; and Caroline Herschel answers a question asked her at a séance held in London, Eng.

On Thursday evening, Oct. 8th, a large number of the Parker Fraternity Society of Boston assembled at the residence of Mrs. Theodore Parker, on Exeter Place. The occasion was partly commemorative and partly a sort of leave-taking. It was the custom of Mr. Parker to entertain his parishioners on the first and third Thursdays of every month at his home. The home his widow is now about to give up, owing to the press of business which has crowded into the vicinity and threatens to break through from Hayward Place, making removal inevitable, sooner or later. Mr. Parker's study, which a loving care has kept intact since his death, must now be disturbed, much to the sorrow of his widow and friends. Mr. Parker was, in spirit, we are assured, an interested though silent spectator of the closing scene.

George Riddle made his debut before Redpath's Lyceum, at the Lower Tremont Temple, on the evening of Monday, Oct. 12th, as a dramatic reader. His programme was long and varied—the selections from "The Tempest" being especially meritorious—and was received with unbounded applause by his auditors. Choice floral offerings also greeted some of his principal efforts. Mr. Riddle is a young man of great promise, and we wish him abundant success in the field for which nature and inclination seem alike to have peculiarly fitted him.

We desire to return our sincere thanks to Mr. Frank T. Ripley, the test medium, Mr. G. M. Musso, of Lynn, and others of the friends who have of late made our Free Circle Table beautiful by their floral offerings; also to T. C. Goding of East Hampton, for a fine box of "autumn leaves from forest trees in Maine."

At the solicitation of many, who were present at the Spiritualist meeting in Beethoven Hall, last Sunday afternoon, tickets securing reserved seats in the front row around the Balcony have been issued at \$4 per seat for the season. See notice in another column.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe delivered the opening address at the session of the American Woman Suffrage Association at Detroit, Mich. On Tuesday evening, Oct. 13th, a public meeting was addressed by Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Livermore, Miss Eastman and others.

Mrs. Wells, of Charlestown, (Bunker Hill District), held a very interesting public circle on Sunday evening last, in presence of an appreciative audience. These circles, we understand, give general satisfaction.

If Miss Sarah F. Brooks, a medium, formerly of Buffalo, N. Y., will send her address to this office, she will hear of something greatly to her advantage.

The Holmeses.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT—I see by your paper that the Holmeses are going back to Philadelphia, owing, as I gather, from the ill treatment they have received at Blissfield, from capricious Spiritualists or malignant skeptics. I do wish that these, as well as all other "mediums," would adopt the plan of excluding from their circles all the individuals their spirit guides may disapprove of. I am satisfied that the admission of such persons never has and never can do them any good, whilst their presence not only prevents others from receiving benefit, but severely taxes the medium's health, both mental and physical.

It is evident from the gospel record that the presence of such persons incapacitated Jesus, the great medium of Galilee, from doing "many mighty works," not because of an honest but of a capacious unbelief; and we find the rule fully confirmed by what occurs in the presence of the spirit mediums of our day.

I have before narrated in the Banner my experiences at a séance held by the Holmeses in Philadelphia last spring, wherein the manifestations were greatly marred by the behavior of one or more persons, in or near the circle, and also of another séance before the same mediums where, there being no disturbing elements, the manifestations were strong and satisfactory to those present, though they were many of them skeptical in their belief of the alleged character of the phenomena.

As well may we expect a medal at the bottom of agitated water to reflect its true character on the surface, as that spiritual truths should be conveyed correctly through the agitated mind of a sensitive medium, such as Mrs. Holmes undoubtedly is, as any one who has been in her presence cannot fail to perceive. As a straw man show which way the wind blows, so a little incident that occurred at the last-named séance was of itself sufficient to satisfy me, and doubtless at least one other in the circle, of the genuineness of the Holmes' mediumship.

We had just been sitting, as is usual, with clasped hands, in the dark, and a little time after the gas was lighted, I found myself unconsciously playing with a piece of black braid a yard or more in length. Shortly after my attention was turned to it, I observed to Mrs. Holmes that I did not know how I got the braid, but supposed it belonged to her, and tossed it into her lap. She quietly took it up and laid it in the window. On this, a lady who sat three removes from me in the circle, said, with some emotion: "Why, no! that braid belongs to me!" and then observed, that just before the light was put out and hands clasped, she had wound the braid in a compact form, and placed it at the bottom of her pocket, accompanied with a mental wish that if it was true that the phenomena that were transpiring in her presence were the work of spirits, they would take the braid out of her pocket. Thus, I think, one new believer in Spiritualism was made that evening by the Holmeses.

THOMAS R. HAZARD.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

Oliver H. Swain, a well-known business man in Lynn, Mass., passed, to the higher life instantly in his counting-room on the 16th of October, while apparently in good health. He was an esteemed citizen, and one of the most prominent and active spiritualists in that city. His age was 58.

An English physician, during a lecture to a female audience, on the use of alcoholic beverages, asserted that the "babies of London are never sober from their birth until they are weaned."

It is said that a movement is on foot among the students of St. Andrew's University, Scotland, to elect Darwin to the Lord Rectorship of that institution. At the last election Huxley failed by three votes of obtaining the position.

An Alabama editor who has an editorial on the corn crop with the remark: "We have an exhibition in our garden a pair of magnificent ears."

A Sunday School teacher in this city had for his lesson one Sunday the story of miracles, and on being asked "What is a miracle?" replied, "You know Jesus turned water into wine at Cana. That was a miracle." "Pook!" exclaimed one of the boys, "my father does that every day!"

David Lee Child, the husband of Lydia Maria Child, died at Wayland, Mass., last Friday, aged 81. He was a graduate of Harvard in the class with C. C. Cushing, George Bancroft, and Samuel J. May, and distinguished himself in the early days of the Anti-Slavery reform by his bold and able advocacy.

EXPERIMENTAL CREMATION IN GERMANY.—A trial has just been made at Breslau, Prussia, of a new cremation apparatus, with the following result: Half an hour after the corpse was placed in the furnace the soft parts of the body were thoroughly consumed; in one hour the bones were reduced to a fine white ash.

And still the Carlist war "drags its slow length along," although the daily increasing indications are that the Republic will conquer the haughty Don. Franco's army at last being stirred up to take measures to prevent the adorning across his borders of contraband supplies for the insurgents, and this latter step will prove disastrous to them, if fully carried out.

A delegation of the Navajo Indians of New Mexico, consisting of twelve of their principal men, are now en route for Washington, D. C. Mr. L. E. Dudley, the late Superintendent of Indian Affairs for New Mexico, reports that the Navajo tribe are among the best Indians in the country; that they number about 10,000 souls, and are very nearly self-sustaining. They have about 300,000 sheep, 10,000 horses and some cattle. They raise corn, wheat, melons and a variety of vegetables. Manilla, the war chief, and one of the delegation, is described as an unusually large and fine-looking man, gifted with great ability, and exceedingly friendly to the whites.

George T. Angell (President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals) is an angel, whose mission is to bring about the redemption of the poor beasts above the Orthodox God. —*Hill's Chronicle.*

A smart Vermontor was some time since drawn on a jury to try the case of a man accused of shooting a neighbor's dog. The supposed culprit was tried and convicted. But before the verdict was given the juror was himself the one who shot the dog, which fact he confessed afterward, and said that he gave his sworn verdict against the other man because his juror's oath required him to decide the case "according to law and evidence," and it was fairly proved by the same that the other man killed the dog. And yet people will complain of the uncertainties of jurisprudence.

Jones takes, on Thursdays, call his head and pluck and ox-tail soup for his dinner, and then calls it "making both ends meet."

Vice appears everywhere, and lies not hid; It is easy of approach, and dwells at hand; But before you can reach it, you must have a good deal of money. The way to it is long, rugged and steep at first; but gain the top, then that which was once rough becomes all smooth. —*Lifeboat.*

A school-boy spelled "soul," and when asked to define it, blundered out: "It means when a fellow don't want to cry, and it bursts out itself." Another defined a command as "period with a tail."

"I want to know," said a creditor fiercely, "when you are going to pay me what you owe me?" "I give it you," replied the debtor. "Ask me something easy."

A little girl remarked to her mamma, on going to bed, "I am not afraid of the dark." "No, of course you are not," replied her mamma, "I was a little afraid once when I went into the pantry to get a tart." "What were you afraid of?" asked her mamma. "I was afraid I couldn't find the tart."

Breach of promise. "Did my client enter into a positive agreement to marry you?" "Not exactly," she replied. "But he courted me a good deal, and he told me after that he intended to marry into my family."

A guest at one of the fashionable hotels at the South-End took his seat at the dinner-table one day last week, but no one appearing to wait upon him, he remarked, "Have they any waiters in this hotel?" "Yes," responded a wag, on the opposite side of the table, "the waiters are the waiters!"

Political affairs at the South look warlike. No wonder. Adams & Co. have issued a circular entitled "A Sure Way to Make Money." It is not sure in such matters; but as there are a great number of people out of employment just now, perhaps some of them might be benefited peculiarly by calling at No. 4 Pearl street, and securing the said circular.

There is a striking contrast between Harum's first and second marriage. When he was "Taylor Harum," helping his widowed mother, who kept tavern in Danbury, he courted Charity Hallett, "a sewing girl." Charity Hallett yielded to the youth's ardent affection, and became his bride. They commenced housekeeping in the second story of a small building, on the first floor of which the bridegroom kept an oyster saloon. Lot this he compared with the Harum of to-day, with a property of three millions, and with a palace at Bridgeport surrounded by a park, the establishment being unequalled in all New England.

Vienna has decided to adopt cremation. Chicago and Boston have each tried the method twice, and don't think much of it, as they only succeeded in cremating rats.

"I would not be a woman, for then I could not love her," says Montague. Lady M. W. Montague says: "The only objection I have to be a man is, that I should then have to marry a woman."

Said a Detroit lady to a small boy who found crying in the street, the other day: "Will you stop crying if I give you a penny?" "No," said he; "but if you'll make it two cents, I'll stop if it kills me."

Tender-hearted persons who have read of the fierce raids of Texas steers through the streets of St. Louis, New York and Boston, will be pleased to learn from the market reports that "there is a better feeling in Texas cattle."

The physicians of the Dispensary for Women and Children find many of their patients suffering from want of proper clothing. Any second-hand clothes for women or children that are sent to the care of Dr. Faris at the Dispensary, 315 Tremont street, Boston, will be gladly received, and distributed among the sick and destitute.

At Cambridge, England, recently, a most unseemly disturbance arose in the theatre because the curtain was lowered just at the critical moment when the "heavy villain" of the company was to be hanged for murder. The manager appeared and endeavored to pacify the people by stating that he could not hang the actor unless he was willing; and of course that individual was not—and the "gallery gods" retired, venting forth their fierce discontent upon the evening air.

Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Hall celebrated their golden wedding in London on the 20th ult. Mr. Hall is one of the most noticeable men in London literary circles. His age is 73. He and his wife, Anna Maria Hall, have produced between them some 200 volumes. The pair are staunch believers in Spiritualism.

God's Poor Fund. Since our last report, we have received the following sum, to be added to the fund for the relief of the suffering poor, to which object it will be sacredly applied, as have been the donations previously received:

A Friend.....\$2.50
Since our last report we have received the following sums in aid of our suffering brother, Austin Kent, of Stockholm, N. Y.:

"Obscure Friend," Waltham, Mass.....\$2.00
G. Torgerson, M. D., Clifton, Tex.....\$2.00

Mrs. D. C. Kendall, of Boston, well known as a medium and spirit artist, has closed her earthly career and entered upon the realities of the higher life.

Spiritualist Lectures and Lyceums.

Beethoven Hall.—The Music Hall Society of Spiritualists, 141 Washington street, near the corner of Boylston street, for its eighth annual course of lectures on the Spiritual Philosophy. Meetings on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 8 o'clock precisely. Wm. Brunton will lecture on October 18, Mrs. Emma Harding on October 25, and Mrs. S. A. Simmonds on October 29. The lectures are engaging and speakers of known ability and eloquence, whose names will be announced hereafter. Singing by a select quartette. Tickets securing reserved seats for the season can be procured at the graduated price of \$10, \$5, and \$3, according to location on the lower floor, and \$1 in the front row around the balcony, on application to Mr. Lewis B. Wilson, Chairman, Mrs. C. C. Hayward, President; or to the Secretary, Mrs. S. A. Floyd, at 24 and 75 p. m. The audience privileged to ask any proper questions on spiritualism. Tickets for the course of lectures, on application to Mr. Lewis B. Wilson, Chairman, at 24 and 75 p. m. The audience privileged to ask any proper questions on spiritualism. Tickets for the course of lectures, on application to Mr. Lewis B. Wilson, Chairman, at 24 and 75 p. m. The audience privileged to ask any proper questions on spiritualism.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

SPECIAL NOTICES.—Forty cents per line, minimum, each insertion. BUSINESS CARDS.—Thirty cents per line, Agate, each insertion. Payments in all cases in advance.

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

Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our office before 12 M. on Monday.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

GLEASON'S MONTHLY COMPANION.—This Magazine is without any exception the cheapest monthly in existence. The price is only \$1 per annum, and a large \$5 oil chromo, 13x16, free. F. GLEASON, Publisher, 562 Washington St., Boston, Mass. 4w—O.17.

THE HOME CIRCLE.—This elegant weekly is the best and cheapest illustrated literary paper in the United States—brimful of good things every week. Only \$2 a year, besides a large, elegant \$5 oil chromo, 15x19, free. Elegant premiums given for clubs, or cash commission to agents. Sample copies free. For sale by all newsdealers at 5 cents per copy. F. GLEASON, Publisher, 562 Washington St., Boston, Mass. 0.17—4w

HENRY SLADE, Clairvoyant, No. 25 E. 21st street, New York. 0.17.

MRS. NELLIE M. FENT, Electrician, Healing and Developing Medium, office No. 200 Jordan street, cor. Court st., opposite City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. From 10 to 4. 4w—O.10.

MRS. M. GRAY, Clairvoyant and Trance Medium, No. 177 Flatbush avenue, near Fifth av., Brooklyn, N. Y. Hours from 9 to 4. Fee \$1. 0.10—9w*

\$10 to \$1000 Invested in Stocks and Gold pays 200 per cent. a month. Send for particulars. TUMBRIDGE & Co., Bankers, 2 Wall st., N. Y. 13w—S.28.

CHARLES H. FOSTER, No. 14 West 24th street, New York. 0.17—O.3.

DUMONT C. DAKE, M.D., the distinguished Magnetic Physician (late of Chicago), is now located at 43 West 28th street, New York City. Magnetic Remedies sent to invalids unable to call. "Dr. Dake can be classed among the leading spiritual physicians of this age. He is having grand success, and fully merits it." —*Banner of Light.* 0.3.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT—MRS. C. M. MORRISON. Diagnosing disease by lock of hair, \$1.00. Give age and sex. Boston, Mass. Lock box 2017. 13w—Jy.25.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FINE, 30 West 24th street, New York. Terms \$2 and three stamps. Money refunded if not answered. S.28—13w.

Public Reception Room for Spiritualists.—The Publishers of the Banner of Light have fitted up a suitable room in their Establishment EXPRESSLY FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF SPIRITUALISTS, where they can meet friends, write letters, etc. Strangers visiting the city are invited to make their Headquarters. Room open from 7 A. M. till 6 P. M.

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth av., New York. Terms, \$5 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. 0.3.

A COMPETENT PHYSICIAN.—Dr. J. T. Gilman, whose office is located at the PAVILION, No. 57 TREMONT STREET, (Room C), Boston, is cordially recommended to the Public as one of the most competent practitioners in the State. He compounds his own medicines, is a mesmerizer, skillfully applies the electro-magnetic battery when required, administers medicines with his own hands, has had great experience as a physician, and been very successful in his practice. He gives close attention to nervous complaints.

BUSINESS CARDS.

WHAT WE KNOW.
We know this world is a curious place,
Where many curious things are done;
We know they're happy and the face
Where every one is smiling when we
We know there's much men wish and do
Which better not be said of done;
We know if all men would but run,
More smoothly every thing would run.
We know which boys may need new CLOTHES,
Coats, Pants, Vest, Hat and Shoes complete,
The place to buy them is FENN'S,
Corner of Bech and Washington street.

HARTFORD, CONN. BOOK DEPOT.
A. ROSE, 56 Tremont street, Hartford, Conn., keeps constantly for sale the *Banner of Light* and a full supply of the *Spiritualist* and *Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., BOOK DEPOT.
At No. 319 Kearney street (up stairs) may be found on sale the *Banner of Light*, and a general variety of *Spiritualist* and *Reform Books*, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s *Golden Pen*, *Pineapple*, *Spence's Positive and Negative*, *Forward's Orion*, *Anti-Tobacco Preparations*, Dr. Mott's *Nutritive Compound*, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. For sale by order of HERMAN SNOW, P. O. box 177, San Francisco, Cal.

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT.
HENRY T. CHILDS, M. D., 84 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed agent for the *Banner of Light*, and will take orders for all of Colby & Rich's Publications, which boys may need new CLOTHES, Coats, Pants, Vest, Hat and Shoes complete, The place to buy them is FENN'S, Corner of Bech and Washington street.

ERIE, P.A., BOOK DEPOT.
OLIVER SPANGLER, 62 North 5th street, Erie, Pa., keeps for sale the *Banner of Light*, and a full supply of the *Spiritualist* and *Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

NEW YORK BOOK DEPOT.
A. J. DAVIS & Co., Booksellers and Publishers of standard books and Periodicals, 414 Broadway, New York, keep for sale the *Banner of Light*, and a full supply of the *Spiritualist* and *Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

ST. LOUIS, MO., BOOK DEPOT.
H. L. MURPHY, 122 North 3rd street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the *Banner of Light*, and a full supply of the *Spiritualist* and *Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

CLEVELAND, O., BOOK DEPOT.
LEES & BAZAAR, 16 Woodland avenue, Cleveland, O., All the *Spiritualist* and *Reform Books* and Papers kept for sale.

VERMONT BOOK DEPOT.
J. G. DARRING & Co., Lunenburg, Vt., keep for sale the *Spiritualist*, *Reform* and *Miscellaneous Books*, published by Colby & Rich.

ROCHESTER, N.Y., BOOK DEPOT.
D. M. DEWEY, Bookseller, Arcade Hall, Rochester, N. Y., keeps for sale the *Banner of Light*, and a full supply of the *Spiritualist* and *Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich. Give him a call.

WASHINGTON BOOK DEPOT.
RICHARD ROBERTS, Bookseller, No. 1225 Seventh street, Washington, D. C., keeps for sale the *Banner of Light*, and a full supply of the *Spiritualist* and *Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

AUSTRALIAN BOOK DEPOT.
And Agency for the *Banner of Light*. W. H. FERRY, No. 95 Russell street, Melbourne, Australia, has for sale

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Banner of Light is a claim, made 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 spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life, and that, whether for good or evil, but those who leave the earth, whether in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

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

The Banner of Light Free Circle Meetings. Are held at No. 9 Montgomery Place, (second story) corner of Province street, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, at 7 o'clock, services commencing at precisely three, at which time the doors will be closed, neither allowing entrance nor exit, and the congregation of the circle, even if there be a necessity. Under such circumstances the party should be in the room, when permission will be granted to enter after the expiration of five minutes. Our reasons for this will be obvious to every reflective mind. Disturbing influences prove injurious, and this our spirit friends particularly object to. In view of this, as these circles are free, we have no need of visitors who will readily conform to our request in this particular.

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 correspondents.

Donations of flowers for our Circle-room collected.

Mrs. Conant receives her visitors at her residence on Monday, Tuesday, or Thursday, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

SEAL LETTERS. Visitors have the privilege of placing sealed letters in the hands of the spirits. They will write one or two proper questions, addressing the spirit questioned by his or her full name, then put them in an envelope, sealed with their own hands, and place them in the hands of the spirits. The Chairman will return the letter to the writer. Questions should not place letters for answer upon the circle table, excepting place letters, otherwise they will be rejected.

LEWIS W. WILSON, Chairman.

Invocation.

Thou Infinite Jehovah, we thy children, the living and the dead, are here assembled, praying for a baptism of the Holy Spirit of Truth, that which shall lead us into all truth, that which shall dispel the darkness and give us true light, that which shall fill our hands so that we can go on doing deeds of clarity and love, that which shall inspire our hearts to work in unison with all nature in performing good deeds, in thinking good thoughts and in obeying thy laws. So then, oh Holy Spirit, we wait this hour, and wait, asking that thou wilt give us a renewed baptism of thy Holy Spirit. Amen. May 12.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, if you have any questions to offer, I can hear them.

QUES.—[From a correspondent.] I would ask if I am to understand that "birds, dogs, and other animals" do really inhabit spirit-life? And if so, how does the spiritual theory of to-day differ from the Hindu creed? I have not been able, yet, to find a single phase of Spiritualism with which I was not familiar many years ago; and in fact, in many instances the Hindu mythology is far in advance of our present system of religion. Please explain.

ANS.—The Hindus were Spiritualists; the Spiritualists of the time, the condition in which they lived. Soul is immortal, and if everything possesses a soul, then everything is immortal. Not necessarily in form—forms are not immortal—they are perpetually changing. But the idea, the principle, the thought involved in the form is immortal, and progresses from form to form, slowly but distinctly. This being true, birds, flowers, animals, indeed all that you have here, must find an expression in the spirit-world. The Hindus had the right idea of these things, but the Christian of to-day calls them heathens, and desires to christianize them, in other words, to baptize them into a faith which is entirely foreign to nature and truth. They have the truth of the matter. Christianity has not.

Q.—[From the audience.] Will you tell why it is that some people who believe in Spiritualism, and have for fifteen or twenty years, never can receive a test or message in any form whatever?

A.—It is doubtless to be attributed to the fact that they never have met with any medium who could give them spiritual food adapted to their needs. Spiritualism, like every other ism, like all the conditions of life, is but an action of chemical forces, and therefore subject to the most rigid law. Those persons who desire to receive messages from their friends in the other life, and do not, are in a degree unfortunate, because they cannot meet with those who hold the golden key for them. These mediums might hold the golden key for millions of other people, but have nothing for them. May 12.

John P. Allen.

Friend Wheeler, I am here? I sense him. [Willard Wheeler, Esq., being in the audience responded.] Well, I owe you an apology, and cannot rest till I make it. My name is Allen—John P. Allen. Do you know me? [Mr. W.—Oh, yes, very well.] Lured my influence against you when you were trying to get some reform works into our library. [Mr. W.—I did not think that of you.] Well, I did it, and I am sorry for it. I see now where I was wrong and you were right. Good God! your infidel ideas stretched further into eternity than I had any idea that they did. I call myself an honest man, and being an honest man, I come back here to apologize. I did you that wrong. I feel sorry for it. [Mr. W.—Well, I forgive you so far as I am concerned.] Of course you will forgive me, but I shan't forgive myself till I've outworked it. You were trying to sow good seeds, and I was trying to prevent you. I did not expect to realize the truth of your notions so quick.

[Mr. W.—You went out rather suddenly.] Yes. I rather thought you would go first, and then I thought you'd be in pretty hard shelling on the other side; but the tables are turned. I do not know as I am very bad off; but I am disappointed. I hardly know how to grasp life, for, I tell you what it is, I was shoved off at the little end of nothing and found myself on nothing. I did not know what was to become of me; but some of your ideas just roused me to life, and I began to look about myself, and I very soon found that you were right and I was wrong, and I tell you what it is, I've been pretty busy ever since. I never worked harder at the devil than I've worked in trying to get rid of those old ideas, that stick to me like leeches, but I am determined to get rid of 'em. Well, stick to your infidel ideas, that's my advice—if infidel they are; I suppose they are, to all the churches. Stick to 'em, they'll bring you out all right. [Mr. W.—There's no danger of my changing, I think.] No, I don't think there is. I see you are pretty well rooted and grounded in the faith. You'll have something more than a shadow to lean upon when you get here in this life, because you'll realize your expectations, and I did not, you see. Well, I shall feel better now I've dropped that load, as "Christian" did. I shall feel better now, I take it.

If you see any of my friends, tell 'em I've turned Spiritualist, will you? [Mr. W.—Yes; and I'll show 'em your message.] Do! do!

May 12.

Clarence Waller.

My name was Clarence Waller. I was born in California, and died there. My father's name is Thomas H. Waller; my mother's, Harriet Maria. I was fourteen years old. I promised to come back here, if I could; but I do not know what to say now I've got here. I am happy; I am well. I am living a natural life, and getting along finely. I do not think I've lost anything by going out of this world, but I've gained a good deal. I think. Good day, sir. May 12.

Lulu Prentice.

My name was Lulu Prentice. I am from Nashville, Tenn. I was eight years old. I've been dead six weeks; and I want my mamma and old mammy to know that I am alive, and that by and by they will come to me and we shall all live together nicely. Tell old mammy not to cry any more about me, because I'm alive, and she'll see me again. She says if she was only sure she'd see me again, she'd feel better about it. Mammy, you will see me again, sure. You will see me; I shall be the first to help you when you get ready to come. Old mammy is my negro nurse, and is not it right for me to send her a letter? [Oh, certainly.] I love you, old mammy, just as much as I ever did. I will watch over you, and make everybody I can influence, good to you. I reckon, mammy, I can do you more good than if I'd staid here. You know you used to say that when I grew up I should take care of you—you'd be old, then, and I should take care of you. Well, I shall do it now, just the same. So, do not worry, mammy, about my going away. It's all right.

Good-by, mister. [Come again.] Yes, sir; if it does mother and old mammy any good. If it don't, it ain't no use to come. May 12.

James Gordon Bennett.

I have a friend, in answer to whose call I have responded in presenting myself here this afternoon. I have to say to him that he asks too much. There are some things, Thomas, that God himself can't do. Yes, I repeat it—God himself can't do some things; and I doubt if he could do what you ask me to do. Now, then, I think I have given you sufficient evidence of my continued existence—sufficient for any reasonable mind, certainly; and if you can't digest that, you certainly could not something more powerful. You would only label it, and lay it on the shelf as not to be understood. Now, I know you better than you know yourself; and, however anxious I may be to convince you of the truth of this Modern Spiritualism, I am not anxious enough to run counter to the laws that point distinctly the way I should go, or to endeavor to. You ought to be satisfied, certainly, with reference to my identity. If you are not, I know of nothing that I could bring here, or anywhere else, that would satisfy you. Now, let me turn spiritual doctor, and prescribe for you: Wait until you grow in spiritual matters, and then what you've got will be of use to you. Do not ask for anything more, until you grow up to what you have already received. From your friend, James Gordon Bennett. May 12.

William Schouler.

Some of my good friends in mortal have informed me that they have been perfecting a little piece of art with which they design to perpetuate my memory. Well, so far as that goes, friends, it is all well enough; but if I can't live in your hearts without an outer symbol, I'd rather not live with you at all. The outer symbol is all right enough, provided the inner life is there; but if it is without a soul, if it is a mere thing of art, why then, it is of no satisfaction to me. However, I thank you for your kind feelings, and come to this place for the two-fold object of assuring you of my thanks, and also to say that I am or have been cognizant of what is going on, and that, to you, should add another proof to the already largely accumulated testimony in favor of the return of the dead. William Schouler. May 12.

Séance conducted by Father Fitz James.

Invocation.

Infinite Jehovah, we ask that thy blessing may rest upon us while we worship thee, this hour. We ask that the light of thy Holy Spirit shall lead us into all truth, shall give us clear spiritual waters to drink, and that daily bread which can come alone from thee, which shall nourish the soul for eternity. We do not pray unto thee, oh God, because we fear that thou hast forsaken us, or that thou wilt not timely remember all our needs. We pray unto thee because of the necessity that exists within our souls, because we would make of prayer a spiral staircase reaching from the human to the divine, and down that staircase we would bring thine angels of mercy and love, and truth and power, that shall aid thy sons and thy daughters struggling here in a mortal life to all good deeds and works, and to a knowledge of thy truth, now and forever. Amen. May 14.

Questions and Answers.

QUES.—Do evil-minded spirits in the other life have much power to interfere with or control the well-disposed or good spirits?

ANS.—Yes, under certain conditions. If these conditions favor the ascendancy of the evil power, why, it has the ascendancy despite the good; but if these conditions do not favor it, it cannot obtain it. All the movements of life, whether in this world or the other, are subject to conditions, to law, and however much there may be said about the breaking of law, we know that no law ever was broken if it was of God. It may be infringed upon; you may war against it, but you cannot break it. These evil-disposed spirits are in opposition to the good, always, and whenever they find conditions favoring their action, they have the power in their hands; but if these conditions do not favor them, then they are in the minority.

Q.—If the constituents of the human body determine whether a man shall be rich or poor, what is the use of human effort to do away with poverty?

A.—The constituents of the human body also determine these efforts to do away with poverty. The action of them is quite as necessary as the action of any other force or forces in Nature. You might as well say, if God rules everywhere, and does all things as pleases him, what is the use of my trying to do good or to do evil? I am but a chip upon the waves of Time. These same physical constituents determine for you that you shall make the effort, and that you shall be responsible.

Q.—If there is as much good and as much evil in the world at this time as there ever was at any time, and as there ever will be, where is our hope

of ultimate happiness? What is progression but the increase of good and the diminution of evil?

A.—I do not believe that there is as much of evil in the world now, as there ever was at any period; on the contrary, I believe that it is in the order of Nature and divine law that good shall overcome all evil, else we were poor indeed; and the world is millions of ages old; it has been growing these millions of years, and growing out of crude conditions into finer ones, losing its grossness, taking on more perfect conditions—those better adapted to human happiness, those nearer to divine law. Now, then, if this is so, there cannot be as much of evil on the earth now as at any other period. May 14.

Edward L. Stevens.

My name, sir, was Edward L. Stevens, while here on earth. I belonged in Brighton, Mass. I was First Lieutenant in the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, Company H. I was killed on the 18th of April, 1865, just nine days after the surrender of General Lee. I suppose there is a record made of the different actions through which the Fifty-fourth, as other regiments, passed, and of the number of killed, and the names; but I don't know. I am anxious to reach my friends, because I know they are not exactly in the light about these things. I would like to have them know that it is all well with me, that I am still living, and satisfied with the life after death, and don't think I should want to make a backward exchange. Good day, sir. May 14.

Miss Sarah Salter.

My name—Miss Sarah Salter, of Portsmouth, N. H. I was sixty-three years old. I desire my brothers to know that I live, and can return, and that, if I had the privilege of coming back again, I should make a very great change in all my affairs; so they will see I am not exactly satisfied with what I did; but there is no help for it now. Unfortunately, we have not the privilege of speaking for ourselves with reference to the affairs that were once ours. If we could have that privilege, what an overturning there would be! what a grand army there would be coming back to undo the wrong they have done! But it cannot be; so, by slow degrees, we must outlive it, and do what we can toward influencing others not to make the same mistake. Good day, sir. May 14.

T. Bigelow Lawrence.

I have recently been making an attempt to manifest by way of a material covering that should represent the body I laid off at death, and so my friends wish to know—some of them who have been aware of the experiments I was making—wish to know if they were deceived or not, or did they see a representation of myself. How much it represented the old body I laid off, I am unable to say. I know it was imperfect; I was not satisfied with it, but I shall make the attempt as often as I have an opportunity, and doubtless, by-and-by, I shall succeed very well. T. Bigelow Lawrence. Good day. May 14.

Caroline Herschel.

The question asked me at a séance held in London, Eng., I propose to briefly answer here. The question was this: "Do you and your friends intend to entirely upset all our old notions of astronomy, substituting for the old a something which, at present, we cannot understand—if we have gained a correct idea of your meaning?" No, good friends, we do not propose to upset the old; we only propose to incorporate new ideas, to make an addition that will be of no disadvantage. Now, don't be alarmed, and run away frightened, because you cannot understand at the first hearing. Wait! have patience! and we will have patience with you. By-and-by you will come to a more perfect understanding; you will see that you are not so far out of the way as you now imagine. Your friend, Caroline Herschel. May 14.

Séance conducted by Rabbi Stromberg.

Theodore Parker on the Eddys and Other Media.

[At the Circle, Sept. 25th, spirit Theodore Parker made the following remarks.]

I have been requested—and I gladly respond to the request—by the band of spirits controlling the Eddy mediums, to make an appeal at this place, and through the columns of the Banner of Light, in their behalf; and in making an appeal in their behalf, I must necessarily make it in behalf of all mediums, and particularly for those who are used publicly and specially.

But for these mediums, I am told by the band controlling them that they are frequently found fault with, because they do not furnish what would seem to be better conditions for the giving of that peculiar class of manifestations. These persons demand that they should fit up their dwelling, and make it comfortable for travelers who wish to abide there while witnessing the manifestations, and that they should do a variety of other things in that line; but these same persons do not furnish them with means to carry out this idea, not even to the smallest extent; but they have the audacity to say to them, "Now, these gifts cost you nothing, and you are at no expense in giving these manifestations, therefore it is your duty to give them for nothing, or, at least, mainly so. You have not studied to obtain the power; you did not buy it; it is the gift of God, and, therefore, should be used freely."

Well, now, let us see. These intelligent inquirers assert, in the first place, that it costs these mediums nothing to produce these manifestations. Well, now, perhaps it does not cost them gold and silver; in a legitimate external sense, but it costs them what is worth to them far more than anything else. Now, in producing one single materialization, that is produced at the smallest possible expense to the medium, it has been ascertained by spirit chemists that the subtle power or force used to produce this one materialization is equivalent to the taking of thirteen and one-half ounces of the best blood from the medium, and would suffer no greater loss of strength and vital force if the surgeon applied his lance and took thirteen and one-half ounces of good blood from his body. At each materialization this is done. That is the smallest expense. Some spirits require a great deal more—some double it, some treble it, and the result is, the mediums are left entirely exhausted; their physical powers are below par; they are unable to do anything else to provide for the needs of the body; they are unable, sometimes, to even give a pleasant, intelligible answer to those who question them concerning these manifestations, so much have they been thrown out of their normal balance by this great drain.

Now, then, does it cost them nothing? Would

these same inquirers be willing to pay the price for these manifestations that these mediums pay? I vote not.

In making this simple appeal in behalf of these mediums, I use a power from this medium which is equivalent to seven ounces of good blood. She would suffer no more if the surgeon applied his lance and took from her seven ounces of good blood. Now, you may tell me, these mediums are so constituted that they very soon recuperate from these taxations. Not always; sometimes they are months and years in getting back that which has been taken from them to prove to humanity that there is a life after death; that the inhabitants of the world of spirits can return, communicating with those who remain here. Sometimes the draft is speedily made up, when the mediums have a harmonious, good audience. Then the power controlling them can supply in a great measure, sometimes entirely, the draft that has been made upon them; but these are the exceptions, not the rule. The rule is, they are left exhausted after the manifestations; they are angular, because thrown off a normal balance; their very best vital powers have been taken, and their worst left. Is it a wonder, then, that they are sometimes found doing things that would shock humanity? Is it a wonder? No, certainly not. Now, then, I contend that mediums pay the very largest fee to receive these manifestations, and those persons who are in the habit of finding fault, particularly with these Eddy mediums, should bear this in mind: that the mediums are in the hands of a band of spirits, so far as these manifestations are concerned, who give just so much as they can give, without taking the life of the medium; who know better what can be given, and what cannot be given, than those who call so loudly to be satisfied. Now, if these same persons who manifest so much dissatisfaction at that place, could be placed in perfect physical rapport with these mediums, and kept sensibly drafted to produce these manifestations, I think they would soon cry out, "Hold!—enough!" But as it is, it costs them little or nothing, and they are glad to receive, but quite unwilling to give. Then, there is a class of people who are in the habit of visiting public media, who honestly believe—I do them the credit to believe they honestly believe—that mediums have no right to make any charge for spiritual manifestations, because they are the gift of God, and because, as I have before remarked, it costs them nothing in their estimation, to receive the gift, or to give manifestations of it.

Now it would be well for those persons, one and all, to remember that all things are the gift of God. The merchant who goes to these mediums should remember it; the agriculturist should remember it; the physician should remember it; the scientist should remember it; all—should remember it; and instead of looking so much at the letter of the thing, they should look more to the spirit. They say we pay our ministers, because it costs them something to obtain their theological education. Oh, yes, but it costs these mediums far more. And again, these mediums, and particularly those who are used publicly, are exceedingly sensitive to the conditions in which they find themselves. If these surroundings are pleasant, harmonious, good, just what they should be, it adds just so much happiness, peace and comfort to the medium, and consequently aids the medium in drawing back again from Nature what he has lost in the giving of these manifestations. So it becomes an absolute necessity to the well-being of the public who desire to receive truth and not falsehood, that mediums should be comfortably, pleasantly, happily situated. Rest assured, those who are not, cannot give out to you so much of that divine, inner life as they would give to you under other circumstances.

It becomes a necessity with the band controlling each medium, that they should take care of their mediums. Sometimes, these mediums, it would seem, are left uncared for, but they never are. These same spirits are struggling all the while to take care of them—doing their best for them, and mourning, perhaps, because they cannot do well for them. One of the band may be your mother, your father, your sister, your brother, or the entire band some of your dear ones, and yet you let them go mourning.

Now, it has been cited as evidence against mediums charging fees for the manifestations that were given through their mediumship, that this medium made no charge. Happily, this medium has friends in the body and out of the body, who are willing to take care of her. It's not always so with those for whom we make an appeal. Oh no; and therefore friends should not cite her as evidence against others who make charge, but if you receive a gem from the other life, be willing to give something for it to take care of these human machines that give up the very best of their physical lives to produce this gem for you. That I believe the manifestations given through these Eddy mediums to be genuine—ay, more, that I know them to be, I need not affirm, after what I have said. Those people who are so fast to charge fraud upon them, had better look into the thing a little more closely, instead of skimming the surface, and perhaps getting a rude, harsh word from the mediums, and then flying off to denounce them as humbugs. I say, it would be better to look beyond the surface—investigate thoroughly, and then my word for it, you will not cry humbug. Sept. 28.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, June 15.—Robert Owen; Robert Garrett, of Boston; Eliza Patten, of New Jersey; to his mother, Joseph Libby.

Tuesday, June 16.—John Von Ziehlke, of New Orleans, to his wife, Maria; to his mother, John Von Ziehlke, to his friend George; Warren Fawcett, to his mother in Lowell, Mass.; Little Ross, of Loch Lomond, Scotland, to his brother James.

Thursday, June 18.—Harriet R. Washburn; Hiram Paine, of Fredericktown, Pa.; Mary Jenkinson, of New York City; Alanson Abbott, of Flatbush, N. Y., to his father, Obadiah, (an Indian name), of Alfred, Me.

Monday, June 22.—James Halliburton, of Boston, to his son, Capt. John Williams, of New Bedford, to his sons; Ebenezer Wallace, to his wife; Emma Albro, of New York City, to her mother.

Tuesday, June 23.—Charles Sumner; Maggie Hamill, of New York, N. Y.; Freddie Carson, of New York City; Henry Wright.

Thursday, June 25.—Jane French, of Hillsboro', N. H., to her mother, Lucy Abbott, of Chicago, to her mother; Anne Jackson, of New York City.

Monday, Sept. 7.—Atkins Clark, of Boston, to his friends; Matthew Hogan, of Kilton, Ireland.

Tuesday, Sept. 8.—Jennie Johnson, to her parents; Capt. Jared Perkins, of New Bedford, Mass.; Moses Chase, of New Bedford, to his mother.

Monday, Sept. 10.—Pe-sacasia Aspinwall, to her mother; Rev. Matthew W. Jackson, of Buffalo, N. Y., to his friends in America; Alice Wilton, of Alfred, Me., to her mother; Joseph C. Worthington.

Tuesday, Oct. 6.—Mary Thomas, of Prince Edward's Island, to her mother, who died to-day in Rome, to her friends in America; Alice Wilton, of Alfred, Me., to her mother; Thomas Wilkins, to friends in Boston.

Thursday, Oct. 8.—Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, Scotland; Alfred Toon Williams; Mary Ellen Mayhew, of Georgetown, D. C.; Abigail Furber, of New Market, N. H.

Monday, Oct. 12.—Jane Perkins, of Dover, N. H.; Geo. W. Keat; Samuel Abbott, of Portsmouth, N. H.; John Kilby, to his brother David; Timothy Farrel, of Cowes, Kilney Co., Ireland, to his wife Ellen.

Special Notice.

As many persons misunderstand the nature of the duties of Mrs. J. H. Conant in connection with this paper, we wish it fully understood that she is engaged solely as medium between the two worlds at our Public Free Circle Meetings, knows nothing in regard to our business affairs, and has no desire to. Moreover, being an unconscious medium, she knows nothing whatever of the utterances of the invisibles through her instrumentality. Hence letters to her address, forwarded to this office, in reference to our business matters and the utterances of spirits at the public circles, never reach her, it being her earnest wish that they should not. Those who understand in the remotest degree the laws governing mediumship will comprehend the purport of this paragraph.

It may be well to add at this time that Mrs. Conant is simply an humble instrument in the hands of the invisible powers—the same as thousands of others are—and seeks neither fame nor reward more than is vouchsafed in the consciousness of having done her earthly duties well.

To the Liberal-Minded.

As the "Banner of Light Establishment" is not an incorporated institution, and as we could not therefore legally hold bequests made to us in that name, we give below the form in which such a bequest should be worded in order to stand the test of law:

"I give, devise and bequeath unto Luther Colby and Isaac B. Rich, of Boston, Massachusetts, Publishers, [here insert the description of the property to be willed] strictly upon trust, that they shall appropriate and expend the same in such way and manner as they shall deem expedient and proper for the promulgation of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and its eternal progression."

Passed to Spirit-Life:

From Ware Center, N. H., Sept. 15th, Mrs. Jerusha Breed, aged 66 years.
Mrs. Breed was a devoted husband, Moses Breed, was early in the temperance reform. With warm heart's alive to suffering humanity, they could not but feel and labor for the millions in more than Egyptian bondage. Their two sons, the paternal home, to help put down the rebels, and break the chains forged by Church and State. The body of one of these sons has been in southern soil, but his spirit has often been with the loved and loving ones left behind. Mrs. Breed has been a patient sufferer for years. She and her husband have been called and strengthened in their journey to the other world. The reform of the day by the person of the Banner of Light, which has for years been a welcome visitor to their happy home. With the assurance of a reunion hereafter with their own, she truly says, "Oh death! where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory?" Mrs. Breed's words and works of love for humanity will long be remembered by all who were recipients of her unselfish deeds of kindness. R. H. OREN.

From Lynn, Mass., Oct. 8th, Oliver H. Swain, aged 56 years.

Mr. Swain was once a resident of Lynn, and was universally beloved and respected. He was a consistent and devoted Spiritualist, and took a leading part in the meetings held by the Spiritual Society of that city. His transition from the material to the spiritual world was a most peaceful and instantaneous, passing from apparent good health into the spirit-world in a moment. The earthly friends will miss one of their dearest and best loved companions, while the world of spirits will be enriched by the addition of one of the brightest spirits. It is a true fact that we have for our future home a habitation and a beautiful and good deeds done in this life. Bro. Swain's spirit mansion must indeed be a paradise. E. J. D.

From Afton, Minnesota, Sept. 29th, 1874, Mrs. Elmira Newcomb Chase, wife of N. M. Chase.
She was a firm believer in the Spiritual Faith. Funeral services were conducted by Bro. George T. Harris, of St. Paul. N. M. CHASE.

From Stoneham, Mass., Oct. 1st, Miss R. Lavina Cowdrey, aged 42 years and 6 months.
Miss Cowdrey died of that fatal disease, consumption, and slowly dying much by much for many months, her kind spirit took its flight as quietly as a child sleeping on the bosom of its mother, to become a bright and eminent spirit in the spirit-world. S. C. COWDREY.

From Newport, R. I., Oct. 23, Charles A., only child of George A. and the late Emma Eddy, of Newport, aged 10 months.

When the babe was only a few days old, its mother clasped it and went away from earth. Who can deny but that she returned and claimed her own? The remains were taken to the paternal home, to help put down the rebels, and break the chains forged by Church and State. The body of one of these sons has been in southern soil, but his spirit has often been with the loved and loving ones left behind. Mrs. Breed has been a patient sufferer for years. She and her husband have been called and strengthened in their journey to the other world. The reform of the day by the person of the Banner of Light, which has for years been a welcome visitor to their happy home. With the assurance of a reunion hereafter with their own, she truly says, "Oh death! where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory?" Mrs. Breed's words and works of love for humanity will long be remembered by all who were recipients of her unselfish deeds of kindness. R. H. OREN.

From Whitefield, N. H., July 31st, Mabel Florence, aged 3 years, and Aug. 10th, Carl Averill, aged 3 days, children of Warren G. and Lottie Brown.

From Plymouth, N. H., Aug. 30th, of typhoid fever, James W., oldest son of Hanson and Mary A. Chase, aged 23 years.

[Notice for insertion in this Department will be twenty cents per line for the first week, and ten cents for each subsequent week or less inserted gratuitously. No poetry printed under the above heading.]

PUBLIC MEETINGS, ETC.

Mediums' and Speakers' Convention.
The Spiritualists of Western New York will hold their next quarterly convention in the city of Oswego, N. Y., on Saturday, the 7th of November, and continue two days. The Atlantic and Western Railroad passes through Jamestown from east to west. Parties going via Dunkirk will take the Dunkirk and Warren Railroad. A cordial invitation is extended to mediums and speakers, and all who are large enough to hear the truth.
J. W. SEEVER,
A. E. TILDEN, Committee.
G. W. TAYLOR.

Annual Convention.
The Vermont State Spiritualist Association will hold its next Annual Convention at St. Johnsbury, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, October 17th, 18th and 19th. All speakers will be in attendance. Board at the Avenue House at one dollar per day. Return checks issued to those who pay full fare one way over the Central Vermont R. R. to attend the Convention. A cordial invitation extended. For order Committee.
A. E. STANLEY, Secretary.
Leicester, Sept. 21st, 1874.

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THE PROOF PALPABLE OF IMMORTALITY.

BY EPHEN SARGENT.

[Continued from our last issue.]

G. E. Stahl (1660-1731), going somewhat further than Leibnitz, and anticipating the doctrine of unconscious cerebration, shows that there are mental operations independent of consciousness. He teaches that the true principle of life is the soul. Were this soul blind and unintelligent, it would do no more and no better than matter itself; but if it is capable of directing the movements of the body towards an end, it is because it is intelligent; in what then does it differ from the rational soul of spirit? True, in our normal state, it may not have a consciousness of all its acts; but from this it does not at all follow that it may not perform them.

The facts of double consciousness, apparent in the phenomena of somnambulism, mesmerism, and Spiritualism, confirm these views. They show that the nature of the soul is complex; that this complexity may include the vital processes; and that both intelligence and life may be the results of a single force.

"No proof of the soul's immortality," says Papillon, "is so strong as that we draw from the necessary simplicity and eternity of all the principles of force. Nothing bears witness so powerfully to the majestic reality of a God as the spectacle of those diversities, all harmonious, which rule the infinite range of forces, and bind in unity the ordered pulses of the world."

There is a principle of moral and intellectual unity, and we call it reason. Were all the facts of observation established as absolute truths, admitted by science, discussion would cease and there would be no more diversity of opinion. Now psychology demonstrates that the two or three general formulas or principles of reason are but the analytical development of one single idea, to which we may give what name we see fit, but which religion and philosophy almost unanimously call the idea of God.

"This idea," says Burnouf, "constitutes the basis of thought in all its degrees. In man it leads to the highest regions of speculation; to all animals it gives the means of motion, of alimentation, of reproduction; to every living thing it gives the general form of life. It resides in the cell; it gives unity to the infinite movements and to the innumerable shapes of the universe."

"All existence," says Oersted, "is a dominion of Reason. The laws of Nature are laws of reason, and all together form an endless unity of reason, one and the same throughout the universe."

Thus in physical science, in astronomy and chemistry, for the inorganic world, and in physiology and psychology for the world of living beings, the tendency at this moment is toward unity, and all the analyses of science, physical and psychical, converge in this direction.

"What do we know of an atom, apart from force?" asks Faraday. "You conceive a nucleus, which may be called *a*, and you surround it with forces, which may be called *m*; to my mind, your *a*, or nucleus, vanishes, and substance consists in the energy of *m*. In fact, what notion can we form of a nucleus, independent of its energy?"

Thus scientific thought forever shadowing forth the hypothesis that matter, in its last analysis, must be resolved into force; and thus we find it is no chimerical dream to suppose that the definite idea constitutes at once the essential form and the substance of things.

If the prospect is that in this all-embracing unity matter and spirit will be made to appear as phenomenal manifestations of one divine substance, let us not be alarmed. Pantheism is true as far as it goes, but it must be supplemented by Theism before the whole truth can be apprehended; nor is there contradiction in this. The notion of a creation out of nothing is now so modified by the most advanced Christian theologians, that it is virtually abandoned. At once intramundane and supramundane, immanent and transcendent, God appears, more and more to the modern conception, as both automatic Nature and absolute Spirit.

"The difficulties of thought," says Pictet, "the silence of the heavens, the actual breathing, deathless, beauty of creation, command us, with an inspiration which the age will not resist, to see God not so much as the meditative Designer who makes; but rather as the Eternal Power which constitutes and is the All in All."

As we draw nearer to a principle of unity, we draw nearer to a conception of God. What relations has Spiritualism to this conception? The answer was given when we found that Spiritualism, like every other science, teaches the unity of all forces and all phenomena. But the question shall have a further consideration.

CHAPTER XV.

The thinking spirit being itself of a divine, an immortal nature, the search after God seems inseparable from the development of our moral and intellectual faculties. Having, at least in our lower and normal state, consciousness, no explanation within ourselves of our existence, we rise to the conception of an infinite, uncaused, intelligent Power, having his reason for being within himself, and from whom the principle of our limited being is mysteriously derived.

What bearing do the facts of Modern Spiritualism have on this theistic conception?

D'Holbach (1723-1789), author of "La Systeme de la Nature," and still perhaps the most famous of all atheistic writers, says: "It is necessary to fall back on the doctrine, so little probable, of a future life and of the immortality of the soul, in order to justify a belief in Divinity."

Even in D'Holbach's view, the one belief necessarily involved the other. He could not well see how a Spiritualist could be an atheist. But he did not make allowance for all the inconsistencies of human thought.

"That we are to live hereafter," says Bishop Butler, "is just as reconcilable with the scheme of atheism, as well to be accounted for by it, as that we are now alive is: and therefore nothing can be more absurd than to argue from that scheme that there can be no future state."

Bishop Butler is right. Strange as it may seem, there are atheistic seers and atheistic spirits.

At the first glance a belief in spirits would seem to facilitate belief in a Supreme Spirit, author and ruler of all; and so it does. For one of the principal arguments of speculative atheism is annihilated by the very fact of the existence of a spirit, exercising clairvoyant powers, and independent of the material impediments of space and time. But history shows that a sincere belief in spirits and a future life may exist independently of any belief in a God. The old polytheism was largely a belief in mere spirits; and the uncivilized tribes who believe fully in spirits are often found without a notion of any other deities than their departed ancestors and great men.

Man, however, as he advances in culture, is forced to struggle with the theistic idea. That such a problem as the existence of a God is placed before him is itself an earnest of his being that his profound questionings shall some day be answered.

"Great," says Aimé-Martin, "is the creature to whom it is allowed to imagine questions to which a God only can reply."

So stupendous seems the question of a God in its proportions to our faculties as normally limited, that it is not surprising so many reverent minds should shrink from it altogether. "It is when we acknowledge that we do not know God, that we know him best," says St. Denis, the areopagite. "That which I conceive," says Fichte, "becomes finite through my very conception of it; and this can never, even by endless exaltation, rise into the Infinite."

But broader views of man's complex nature lead us to realize that the unfathomable exists in the human soul as well as in the nature of God; that we do not see the whole of man in his normal and material limitations; that he has powers and a hidden intelligence, altogether unexplained by any experience-theory, or any theory of hereditary transmission, or of

knowledge got through the physical senses; and we begin to have glimpses of actual relations of the finite to the Infinite. We learn, upon reflection, that it is not less difficult to comprehend how a finite, derived and dependent being can exist, than to form a conception of an absolute, omnipotent and omniscient God.

To say that we bring God down to some measure of anthropomorphism by the very conception of him, is simply to beg the whole question, and to deny the inference which the phenomena of clairvoyance and Spiritualism abundantly authorize—the inference, namely, that man has in himself an element relating him to the Infinite.

The same motive that would keep us from studying the infinite, ought to deter us from studying the finite, since the finite is everywhere involved in it, and both are, in themselves, inseparable. In every bud there is a mystery. Nothing, in its essence, can be known. The growth of a blade of grass is as unintelligible to us as the existence of a Supreme Being.

From our own imperfections we are led to ask, Does not the finite and dependent require the infinite and absolute? Does not derivative being require the conception of the Undeived? Does not an effect require a cause; and, in the regress of causes, must we not stop at the uncaused Cause, the one Being who has within himself his reason of existence?

In the eloquent words of Descartes: "We are the imperfect; we are the finite; we are the caused. There must be One who is the complement of our being, the infinity of our finitude, the perfection of our imperfection; a mind which gives us that which we have not from ourselves."

The late Emile Saissset has given so beautiful a paraphrase of these ideas, that I cannot resist the temptation of translating it here from the French:

"I turn my thoughts in upon myself, and I say, Whence comes it that I cannot help thinking on God? I exist, I live, I love to exist and to live; I find around me thousands of objects capable of pleasing and of interesting me; what need I more for satisfying my soul, and why do I search for something beyond?"

"Why? It is, too well I see, because I am imperfect, and surrounded by perfection. When I consider my being, I see it flow on like a rapid wave; my ideas, my sensations, my desires all change from hour to hour, and around me I find no being that does not pass from movement to repose, from progress to decline, from life to death. Amid these vicissitudes, even as one wave is pushed on by other waves, I roll onward in the immense torrent which is sweeping all things to unknown shores. Change, unceasing change, is the universal law, and such is my condition."

"And the more I reflect, the more I see that this condition attaches to the very nature of things. Within me and without, all being is changing because it is limited. Here am I, shut up in a corner of space and time; in vain do I stretch all the springs of my frail corporeal machine; I can take in only the small number of objects which are proportioned and near to me. I think; but among the innumerable truths of which I catch a glimpse, I can seize only a few, and even those on condition of concentrating my thought in a narrow circle, outside of which I see confusedly, or see not at all. I love, but my power of loving, which goes forth easily toward everything suggestive of some perfection, open or secret, can attach itself only to objects fragile, changing and perishable, none of which give me what they had promised. Everywhere is limitation. Within me is an indefinite power of development which aspires to display itself in a thousand different senses, and which, encountering everywhere limitations, sometimes strives vehemently to overleap them, and sometimes falls back weary, sinking and discouraged. This is why I change unceasingly, and why everything around me changes: it is because we are all—guests of this world, great or small, thinking atoms, or blades of grass, or grains of sand—we are all, in different degrees, and under forms infinitely variable, incomplete beings, striving for completion, and approaching it only partially and imperfectly."

"But why am I incomplete, and why under such a form, to such a degree, in such a time, in such a place? Why, indeed, do I exist, instead of not existing? I am ignorant. And this proves to me inevitably that I have not within myself my reason of existence; that my being is not the primal and absolute being, but a being relative and borrowed."

"Now, every time that I regard my being as radically incomplete and incapable of existing by itself, I see dawning upon my soul the idea of the perfect one. I conceive of him as accomplished in all the infinite powers of his being. While I strive to reassemble, in this brief, fleeting span of time, the dispersed fragments of my life, and to develop some of my faculties, he, concentrated in an immutable Present, enjoys the absolute plenitude of his being eternally unfolded. Everywhere I meet limits; whether in the beings who surround and press upon me, or in the number, form and degree of my own faculties. But he is the being without limitations, the being unique and above all, the being to whom nothing can be wanting. All the potencies of life are in him—not only those of which I know something, but the infinite number of which I know nothing. Unequal and bounded in incomplete beings, they are there, the prey to struggle, to negation and to discord. In him, all is infinite, positive, full, equal, unique, harmonious. This plenitude, this harmony, this unity of all the potencies of being—this is the good supreme, the first, the absolutely fair, the being of beings, God."

"This idea of the perfect being commands my admiration. How vast it is—how sublime! But is it not too far from me? Not at all. It is intimately near. Plunged in the movement of things that pass, I yield for an instant to the seduction of their attractions. In the spirit of pride and self-reliance, I may at times be dazzled and misled by the sentiment of my energy, of my knowledge and my powers; but this is when I regard only the surface. As soon as I enter into and examine myself intimately, I am dismayed at my utter feebleness, my inconsistency, the incurable fragility of my being; and I feel that it would vanish away, had it not its support in the one veritable being. There is in this no effort of mind, no circuit of thought, no reasoning; it is a sudden, spontaneous, irresistible sense of my imperfect soul, referring itself to its eternal principle, feeling itself to live and to be through him."

"When I come to reflect and to reason upon these two objects of my thought, the being imperfect that I am, and the being perfect by whom I exist, I see that to suppress either one of these two terms would be an insensate enterprise. I find them at the end of all my analyses, at the beginning of all my reasonings. They form, in their indissoluble union, the permanent ground of my consciousness."

"Can I think of the duration that is flowing, always preceded and always followed by another duration, without conceiving of eternity? Can I represent to myself a certain space, enveloping a smaller space, and enveloped by a larger, without conceiving of immensity? Can I contemplate the finite being, the mobile, the developing, without conceiving of the infinite, the immutable, the accomplished? These two ideas suggest, the one the other, and are enchaind by a necessary relation. Prior to the being imperfect, there is the being perfect; prior to that which exists only in a manner temporary, local, relative, there is that which exists fully and absolutely. Behold that which is simple, clear, evident; it is a natural axiom, the first of axioms; it is the supreme law of my reason. Shall I attempt to destroy by an artifice of my reason what Nature has so profoundly graved in my consciousness?"

"No! Man without God is an enigma, an inexplicable chimera. He has no longer a mission on this earth, nor a hope in worlds beyond. In losing his divine ideal, in essaying to take himself for his ideal, he falls below himself, and in having wished to make himself God, he ceases to be man."

But all theistic speculation is dismissed as unscientific and unprofitable by the experience-philosophy of J. S. Mill, Herbert Spencer, G. H. Lewes, and others. They tell us that science deals only with observed phenomena; that cause, in the scientific sense, is the name given to the required conditions that antedate phenomenal changes; and that the human mind has no right to reason about real cause and final purpose in the universe.

But the experience-philosophy is shattered, from turret to foundation-stone, by the facts of clairvoyance and of Spiritualism; for the experience-philosophy rests on the assumption that we have no ideas independent of experience; whereas the facts of this volume demonstrate at every step* that we have ideas that come to us through no gate of the senses, through no experience, and through no "inheritance from preceding organisms."

In regard to this last expression, it should be borne in mind that in the philosophy of both Mr. Spencer and Mr. Lewes, the innateness of ideas that are seemingly independent of experience, is explained by the doctrine of inherited forms of thought, shaped by the accumulated experience of preceding organisms. Spiritualism accepts this as a partial, but not as an entire truth.

Innumerable well-authenticated instances of prevision and clairvoyance have been cited, in which a knowledge transcending all that more experience could supply is clearly manifested. Spiritualism opens to us a new world of observed phenomena, indicating superpersonal powers; phenomena that have been scientifically tested and proved by thousands of competent witnesses. The sphere of Causation must be enlarged to take in these new facts, or rather these old facts confirmed in the light of modern science.

So inevitable is this conclusion, so astounding is the prospect of the introduction of a body of phenomena which must revolutionize philosophy, and awaken many self-complacent scientists to a mortifying sense of their stubborn ignorance, that the Tyndalls, Huxleys, and Carpenters of our day can undervalue our facts only by denying them outright; a mode of warfare which may serve our assailants for a time, but which must terminate in their utter discomfiture at some not distant day. Through Dr. Bächner of Germany, the Materialism claiming to be scientific tells us that "the phenomena of clairvoyance are now proved to be idle fancies;" that "the perception of external objects without the aid of the physical senses is an impossibility," and that "all that we know comes through those senses."

Thus one of the leading representatives of the atheistic Materialism of our day bases his theory largely on the denial of facts which all Spiritualists know to be true, and which are already in the keeping of experimental science!

The limits, then, which are set up by that system of philosophy that has regard solely to experience and to associations got through the physical senses, are found to be arbitrary, and contrary to known facts. Spiritualism, by its inductions, leads us to realize that the visible universe is not all; that the unseen must vastly exceed the seen.

But does Spiritualism prove a God?

Spiritualism is science, though science of a unique and transcendent character; and "Science," says Chevreul, "can neither prove nor disprove a God; though the reasoning by which it would prove a God is more in conformity with its own experimental methods than that by which it would disprove a God."

Since God has in himself alone the reason and necessity of his own being—since he is the one absolute substance—he cannot be proved, for the proof of a thing must be in something higher than itself. "If the existence of God could be proved," says Jacobi, "then God would be derived from a ground before and above him."

We must accept Him, then, as a postulate of the reason and of the heart; of the reason, because of the intelligence in Nature and in the mind of man, and because the producing Cause of the Universe must be higher than any of its manifestations; of the heart, because of the love which mounts from the endeared finite objects on whom it is tenderly fixed, to One in whom those objects have their reason of being, and their only earnest of unending life. How many, after a great bereavement, can say, "Never was faith in Providence, never was the hope of another and a higher life so clear a certainty, so intense a reality as it has become since sorrow made it, to me, a spiritual necessity! I want no argument now!"

A knowledge of immortality cannot be barren in its relation to the question of the divine existence. "It is an error," says Fichte, "to say that it is doubtful whether or not there is a God. It is not doubtful, but the most certain of all certainties, the one absolutely valid objective truth, that there is a moral order in the world."

"A single aspiration of the soul," says Hemsterhuis, "after the future, the better, the perfect, is a demonstration more than geometric of Divinity."

"To tell me that I do not and cannot know what substance is, that I never can know anything but phenomena, neither convinces me of illusion, nor drives the thought of ultimate eternal reality from my mind. My ignorance is precisely of that kind which asserts its own incomprehensible object. We cannot mark phenomena without thinking of substance. We cannot feel the world's heart beat in the ceaseless energy of living things without adoring an all-pervading Life."

"The unity which we seek behind the diversities of the visible world cannot be physical, because out of merely physical unity the diversity of things could not have been evolved. There must have been a primary differentiation, not involved in the laws of matter as such. Simple, naked, materialistic Atheism—that is to say, the system which would resolve all into the laws of mere matter—is thus shown to be scientifically false; and this from data afforded by the sciences of matter alone, without referring to those of life and mind. The ultimate unity must be spiritual, in the sense, at least, of not being material."

"Before one can assert," says Christlieb, "that the world is without a God, one must first have become thoroughly conversant with the entire universe. One must have searched through all the systems of suns and stars, as well as through the history of all ages; he must have wandered through the whole realm of space and time, in order to be able to assert with sincerity, 'Nowhere has a trace of God been found.' He must be acquainted with every force in the whole universe; for should one escape him, that very one might be God. He must be able to count up with certainty all the causes of existence; for were there one that he did not know, that one might be God. He must be in absolute possession of all the elements of truth, which form the whole body of our knowledge; for else the one factor that he did not possess might be just the very truth that there is a God."

"In short, to be able to affirm authoritatively that no God exists, a man must be omniscient and omnipresent, that is, he himself must be God; and then, after all, there would be one. Atheism, much more than Theism, depends on faith, that is, on assumptions which cannot be proved."

A scientific philosophy of ignorance thus proves that dogmatic atheism has no basis in logic or in science.

By inductive science we are brought to the conclusion that the universe and the race of man had their beginning in time. The history of the universe is a history of the aggregation of matter. Geology tells us there was a time when man did not exist on our planet. How did he get there? Materialism replies that he was evolved from the forces of matter. Spiritualism says, then those forces must be spiritual, for mind must come from mind; to which Materialism retorts, that a God uncaused, and existing from eternity, is fully as incomprehensible as Matter uncaused, and existing from eternity. And to this the conclusive reply is, But you make your Matter a God, if you make it the generator of mind and consciousness.

*Phenomena of daily occurrence prove my position. Hardly was the ink dry on the above sentence, when I received a letter from a sister in Davenport, Iowa, in which she writes (Sept. 28th, 1874): "Bishop Lee died on the 26th inst. Some two months ago he got up in the night, and took a bath. In returning to his room he stepped on a long flight of stairs, and landed at the foot with a tremendous crash, as he was very heavy. He was slightly bruised, and his right hand a little lamed. Mr. A. I, and myself called on him two days after, and while telling us of the fall, the bishop mentioned this coincidence. He had a letter in his hand, just received from his son Henry, living at Kansas City (several hundred miles distant). Henry wrote: 'As you well know, I had a dream that troubled me. I heard a crash, and standing up said to my wife, Did you hear that crash? I dreamed that father had a fall and was dead. I got up and looked at my watch, and it was two o'clock. I could not sleep again, so vivid was the dream.' The bishop remarked that the dream must have occurred at the very hour of the same night of the accident, for his own watch showed quarter past two, making it at the same moment, allowing for difference of time. The fall finally caused the bishop's death. His hand became intensely painful, and gangrene set in, which, after two weeks of suffering, terminated his life. Will Mr. Lewes please explain, by his experience-philosophy, how Henry Lee was made aware of the accident to his father?"

*J. Alanson Pictet, author of "The Mystery of Matter": London: Macmillan & Co., 1873.

*From "The Scientific Bases of Faith," by J. J. Murphy: London: 1872.

[To be continued.]

FROM WASHINGTON TO TEXA.

NUMBER TWO.

BY A LADY LAWYER.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Leaving Huntington, the coal beds of Virginia and the Alleghenies behind, on one of the elegant line of packet steamers that ply between that point and Cincinnati, we were soon steaming down the Ohio. At the first little town touched by the packet, where the New forms a confluence with the latter river, you look simultaneously into the three States—Virginia, Ohio and Kentucky. On board of the steamer was a group of ladies just returning from a summer tour to the White Sulphur Springs, portions of which resided in the three respective States, and each was endeavoring to show the superior merits of her own native State. The springs and watering places are being discovered early this year, pleasure seekers somehow discovering that it is just possible that there may be some comfort and enjoyment at home.

The Ohio is not a beautiful river, with its broad yellow waters, but it is grand and majestic; and as we sailed down it, on that pleasant evening, with the rich sunset gilding the hills, tops, and painting, with gorgeous tints, the sky, one bank fringed with the soft boughs of the willow, and the other studded with villages and hamlets, whose red lights, as the evening wore on, gleamed over the water like long streaks of lurid fire, and the moon came forth with her fair face reflected from every wavelet, the scene was not devoid of beauty, nor was waiting in comfort. The breeze was blowing fresh, the meals served were appetizing, and the state-rooms commodious.

The next morning at eleven o'clock, we reached Cincinnati. It has an arid, dusty look. Most of her shipping is lying idle in the river, because the water is too low for anything but vessels of light draught. Business is dull, money scarce, real estate low, and absolutely no sales at that. The coming Exposition, in September, is arousing somewhat the pride and enthusiasm of her citizens. The new building is a light, beautiful structure, entirely of wood, painted a bright buff and ornamented with brown trimmings. It is composed of a main central building, with two wings running back and forming a court, occupying more than an entire square, and extending from Broad to Canal street. It is opposite Washington Square, fully one-half of which has been appropriated, and a building erected for a gallery of art. This building is connected with the main building by a beautiful covered archway spanning the street, so that one may step from the one to the other with the utmost convenience.

Cincinnati is to have a fine new post office soon to take the place of the old one, now dingy and black with time and the smoke of her bituminous coal. The Presbyterians are building an elegant new church on Broad street, a little way from the Exposition, to be constructed of Ohio sandstone; but aside from this, there is very little building in progress in the city. Her new fountain, in full play, not far from the court house, is about the freshest thing seen. It is an immense casting in brass, the design of which I will not attempt to describe, the gift of Fuller Davidson to the city, and cost fifty thousand dollars. The ornamental surroundings, pavement and fencing were supplied by the city, and cost fifty thousand more. These public benefactions, which are blessings to the poor as well as the rich, reflect more upon the donors than splendid mausoleums or funeral pageants. The crops through Ohio have suffered somewhat from the dry weather, but are tolerably good.

Indiana, the central portion of which we passed through, looks fresh and blooming. Vast acres of wavy corn-fields greeted us on either hand, promising an abundant harvest. Apples, peaches, and melons are plentiful, and of good quality, and the grape crop is being gathered.

The effects of the drought are more perceptible in Illinois, and the corn has suffered thereby, but will still be an average yield. The wheat crop is said to have been better in that State this year than for several years preceding. The market price for this staple is at present only ninety cents, and farmers are withholding sales for one dollar. A ready sale of large quantities, it is thought, would be procured for this price. There does not seem to be a perceptible lack of the circulating medium in this State for commercial purposes. Short loans are readily made at ten per cent., and loans on long time at eight per cent. Fruit is abundant, and the market-stalls and fruit-stands groan under loads of melons and luscious peaches and grapes. The fields, fenced in with Osage orange hedges, give the country a picturesque appearance, relieving the monotony of the prairie, and beautifying the more rolling portions of the State, as you approach the Mississippi.

Hannibal, the terminus of the Wabash railroad, is built close down to the levee of the Mississippi, in full view of the steamers that ply on her waters, and extends back to the bluff, where the most beautiful portion of the city is located. She boasts of fourteen thousand inhabitants, and has a fine rolling agricultural country beyond her limits. A Sprightly daily, the Hannibal Courier, is published here; schools and churches abound, and altogether this beginning of "beyond the Mississippi" is favorable.

The heat has been moderate and breezes good since our journey began, with only two slight sprinkles of rain since the 18th. Wraps and blankets do not come amiss of a night. Colorado and the Rocky Mountain region are beginning to be the resort of invalids. We are learning too late that too much of civilization is not favorable to mind and muscle. A healthful necessity for labor is, after all, the great life-preserver. Hannibal, Mo., August 22d, 1874. B. A. L.

"Book on Mediums."

Whatever else may have been done by Spiritualism, it has brought out a great many books, though whether the world is really any wiser for them, in regard to a hereafter, may be a question. But be that as it may, our Spiritualist neighbors, Messrs. Colby & Rich, to whom we are largely indebted for Spiritual literature, have courteously sent us another volume of the same, entitled "Book on Mediums, or Guide for Mediums and Investigators, containing the special instruction of the spirits on the theory of all kinds of manifestations, the means of communicating with the invisible world, &c., &c., &c., by Allan Kardec—translated by Emma A. Wood."

It is a very nice-looking volume, printed on tinted paper and handsomely bound up in green covers, as if Mr. Kardec was an Irishman and a Fenian. He was a foreigner, at any rate, and in high repute among the Spiritualists of other nations. But we have not been able to obtain any light from Mr. Kardec's treatise, concerning the main point—that is, whether there are any spirits on the outside? He appears to think there are, but as we do not at present, we have no faith in the supposed origin of Spiritual communications. But as they are rather curious, whatever their source, they should be investigated, and the inquirer will find at the Bookstore of Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery Place, everything that has been written in favor of Spiritualism for the last twenty-six years.—Perhaps to take much stock in such books, is not exactly the best investment that could be made, but it is better than buying Theology, for Spiritualism, though an illusion, probably has a number of advantages over Christianity, and of two evils choose the least.—Boston Investigator.

With reference to the much-mooted question of our common school system and the methods observed in regard to carrying it into operation, the Boston Herald of a late date, in the course of a lengthy editorial, uses the following unmis-takable language:

"We want the best men, [for duty on committees, to serve as members of boards of education, or trustees, etc., etc.] whether they be Methodists or Roman Catholics or Universalists, but we do not want anybody because he is a Methodist or Roman Catholic or Universalist. The public schools are not for religious instruction. That must be given outside. * * * We would rather see the Bible banished from the schools everywhere, than to have it retained to the injury of the system. Outside the schools proselytism may be made and instruction given, but the public money must not be used to maintain schools in which the doctrines of any church are taught. This, as we understand it, is the sentiment of the people."

BRITTON'S JOURNAL holds its head up grandly. The recommendations it, or its editor, has received, it appears to me, in their spirit and scope, exceed any honors of the kind I have ever known bestowed on any one person. My first thought on reading them was: "He can well afford to suffer, if only for the sake of standing in this high place, thus crowned with honors." And then I came back to the labor and the struggle, and the often unequal effort; and I was asked to think that people who recognize both the man and his work, should not yet "feel in the right place," and, occasionally at least, get up a little sensation in the region of the pocket. But let the brave worker go on. The ages come and go tardily, but they shall not diminish the luster of his fame.

I read those critical testimonies of the press, so full of high praise, with a triumphant sense of their absolute truth and justice. EUNICE STRYKER.

All Spiritualists who accept the Bible and believe in Christianity are invited to a conference at Harvard Rooms, 6th avenue, corner of 42d street, New York City, on Sunday, Oct. 18th, at 10 A. M.

There will also be a Conference every Tuesday evening at Mrs. Taylor's, 329 West 43d street, to which those Spiritualists who value the teachings of the Bible are especially invited.