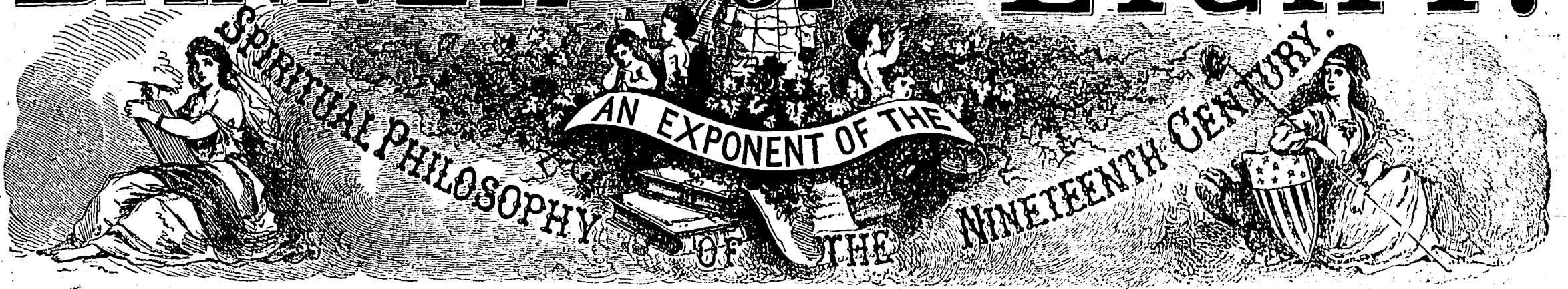


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Free Thought.

CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN NEW YORK.

The Government Surrenders its Judiciary, Law Officers, Sheriffs and Turnkeys into the hands of the masters of medicine to compel the people to submit to their malpractice and extortion, under pain of fine and imprisonment.

BY THOMAS R. HAZARD.

PART IV.

There is scarce any end to the instances where, in the lives of patients have been saved through the administering to them cold water at the most critical period of their disease, against the positive orders of their attending physicians, and God and the angels only know how many millions of lives have been sacrificed from the commands of the doctor rather than Nature's appeals.

A lady friend has just narrated to me some of the particulars of a most distressful case of this kind, that once occurred at a summer boarding house in New York State where she was staying, wherein a little girl of some six or eight summers died while almost in the act of begging her natural protectors for water to quench her burning thirst. But it was all in vain. A diplomatic physician had ordered that not a drop should be put to her parched lips until it had stood long enough in a tumbler to become stale and lifeless. The poor child asked her parents "for bread, and they gave it a stone." She died with all her little might to her father and mother for a cup of water drawn all fresh, elastic and sparkling with life-giving elements from the cool bubbling spring, and the weeping priest and doctor-ridden fools gave their dying daughter a lukewarm emetic instead. She died, as millions upon millions have died, not through the virulence of disease, but from the diabolical malpractice of diplomatic physicians, whose ideal of torture by thirst can nowhere be found except in the fire and brimstone flames of a medieval orthodox hell.

Whilst the regular faculty are slow to adopt any improved methods of administering to the sick that emanate from without their pale, they are nevertheless addicted to constant minor changes of practice within it.

Hence at one period we find them prescribing a milk diet for every conceivable malady. After awhile the symptoms of all human ailments (if we are to believe them) undergo a change, and milk being discarded, fat mutton is substituted.

Again, cod liver oil becomes their panacea, and still again, all these being dropped from their medical calendar, Bourbon whiskey is made the doctor's cure all.

And again, no longer permitted through the presence of a sounder public opinion than formerly prevailed to mitigate pain or oppression, or other symptoms of disease, at the expense of an aggravation of the cause through letting of blood, or of sufficiently stultifying the action of the vital forces by internal applications of morphia (through stomachs worn out by its frequent use) to produce in all cases a like effect, the faculty have of late years, seemingly through sheer inability to banish symptoms of disease by striking at and removing their cause, resorted to the stupid and hurtful expedient of benumbing the vital organs by ejecting the poisonous opiate beneath the skin by means of a little *squirt-gun* or syringe invented for the purpose.

Still again, iron is declared to be the grand restorer of strength to the human system and tonic for the blood, forgetful or ignorant of the fact that by Nature's unvarying law no crude mineral can be assimilated with the blood of the animal kingdom until it has been first prepared and qualified by natural absorption through the sap (or blood) of the vegetable, the next kingdom of life in divine order beneath and in affinity with the animal, as the mineral kingdom is still next below and in like affinity with the vegetable.

A striking illustration of this ascending principle in Nature occurred in the experiences of the medical staff attached to the East India Company's troops some years ago, wherein a certain phosphate had been proved to be a certain cure for a mortal disease incident to Europeans in India. The specific was costly, and the Company, tempted by its comparative cheapness, were induced to buy the article at other hands, not, however, before having it thoroughly tested and analyzed by the best of chemists, who could not detect the least difference in the two preparations. It proved, on actual trial, however, worse than useless, aggravating rather than diminishing the virulence of the disease that the original preparation was so efficacious in curing. On a thorough examination into the apparent mystery, the fact was elicited that the worthless phosphate was made from the crude mineral, whereas the life-saving specific was derived from the bones of animals into which, of course, the vegetable kingdom had entered on the ascending scale.

If instead of having the phosphates analyzed by a material chemist, they had been put into the hands of an unlearned clairvoyant, his controlling spirit physician from the higher interior plane of knowledge would at once have detected

and explained not only the minute external difference in the two compositions, that the earthly chemist could not detect, but shown also why the one would have ministered to the principle of life, whilst the other would have conveyed a savor of death.

Man being the last and most perfect of God's earthly creations, may be truly said to be an epitome of all things beneath him, including every specimen of the mineral as well as the vegetable kingdom. If from some cause any of the former become deficient in his organization, it is necessary that the natural way should be supplied, which the materialistic doctors vainly seek to do by a direct application of preparations of the crude mineral itself, which can only act as a temporary stimulant that tends in the end to weaken rather than restore the vitality of their patients. On the contrary, the clairvoyant physician, whose spirit vision sweeps at a glance throughout the whole realm of the three kingdoms, selects therefrom the precise vegetable that most absorbs the mineral properties needed, and which after having been subjected to the refining process incident to vegetable absorption and growth, is thereby fitted not to stimulate, but to assimilate with the functions of animal life.

If, for instance, iron be lacking in the blood, preparations of the elderberry, which is largely impregnated with the properties of that mineral, will perhaps be prescribed by the spiritual physician, instead of the raw material itself—it being patent to his superior understanding that the latter can only stimulate and thereby weaken the natural forces, whereas the former will assimilate or enter into the circulation and strengthen them, and so on to the end of the chapter, each and every vegetable growth absorbing its appropriate mineral and other qualities adapted to the wants of animal life from the earth and that great receptacle of every element—the atmosphere that surrounds and enters through all the climatic kingdoms of the world.

These are truths that educated minds are slow to learn, and, last of all, those who, being taught in medical schools, have imbibed false theories in the art of healing; for, as Buckle wisely observes, when the average mind has been led to adopt a false theory in youth, it is seldom that facts, however forcibly presented in after life, will suffice to overthrow it.

The truth of this aphorism is well illustrated in the case of Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, which was bitterly controverted in its day by physicians forty years old and upward, for these were of the class of men referred to by that shrewd observer, Helvetius, in his remark that "He who is falsely learned, and has lost his reason when he thought to improve it, has purchased his stupidity at too dear a rate ever to renounce it."

We read that but few men of learning and science gave heed to the divine precept of the unlettered Galilean, but that "the common people heard him gladly." And why was this? Simply because the "ignorant man," as Helvetius also says truly, "is as much above the falsely learned as he is below him of real science, ignorance being the middle point between true and false learning." Consequently the ignorant man has nothing to do but to learn, whereas the falsely learned, before being fitted, are obliged to give up and unlearn all their pride of opinion and false theories before they can commence to learn the truth.

One of the latest and most startling inventions of the faculty in the art of healing that I have observed is the *stuffed* system, whereby they seek to restore their exhausted patient's strength by stuffing him full to repletion, the learned blackheads being seemingly unaware of the fact that all that is forced into the stomach beyond what the organs can digest and assimilate, tends to weaken rather than strengthen the functions of life.

A case in point recently transpired within my knowledge, that in enormity almost beggars belief, wherein a most estimable man was, in the last days of his life, under advice of his physicians, made to swallow, every twenty-four hours, all the boiled-down fluid that could be extracted from *two to five pounds of beef, the whites of from ten to twelve eggs, and one quart of brandy!* However improbable, not to say impossible, this may seem, I will pledge my word to prove the fact to be as stated, if it be authoritatively denied.

This stuffing mode of cure, or rather method of killing, was probably conceived in the addle brain of some medical student who had observed how both the lamb body and limbs of a rag-baby and the limp sausage-casing may be stiffened into lifelike form by filling the one to repletion with sand or sawdust and the other with minced-meat. "Hence," argued the ingenious sprig of medical science, "if such be the effect produced by stuffing the rag-baby and hogs' intestines, why may not the same methods be applied with like results toward resuscitating and restoring to his natural form the man whose intestines have from some mysterious cause, not as yet guessed at by the faculty, become as limp as the unstuffed sausage-casing, and his body as flaccid as that of an unfilled rag-baby?"—Q. E. D.

Probably the same brilliant brain conceived a method some physicians have adopted of staying the progress of cutaneous diseases by enclosing them in a *cordon of paint*, beyond which they cannot penetrate, *a la maitre*.

A habit rather peculiar to the faculty of instituting general rules from accidental and insufficient causes is well illustrated in the trite anecdote of the physician who, having prescribed a beef steak for fever both to an Englishman and Frenchman, one of whom died whilst the other recovered, entered on his note-book, "Beef steak cures an Englishman of fever, but kills a Frenchman."

Not many years ago I perused a paper that was read before a medical society in a New England State by one of its most prominent physicians, wherein he claimed to have discovered a specific for the cure of tetanus or lock-jaw, (which nine times out of ten is caused by Dr. Morphia's malpractice.) Before closing his discourse the doctor remarked that if there were any present who doubted the efficacy of his specific on the ground that the true nature of the disease might not have been fully established, and that some other malady than tetanus may have been present, that he could readily remove such apprehension, from the fact, continued the learned doctor, that whether there was or was not any other malady whatever present, the nature of the medicine he gave was such that it could not have failed to kill his patient outright had tetanus not been there. This shows how exceedingly careful and minute patients should be in describing their symptoms to diplomatic physicians, lest their malady be mistaken for tetanus, when unpleasant results would be sure to follow more speedily than might be desirable to those who had not become despairingly weary of this life.

If Spiritualists should conclude, as I sincerely hope they may, to inaugurate a movement to

carry the war that is now being waged against them by the M. D.s "into Africa," and thus fight them on their own ground, I think one of the most vulnerable points of attack may be found in their business or professional dealings with the street corner druggists.

Although the criminal practices of the faculty have, through force of public opinion and influence of the more rational homeopath, hydropath and other quack physicians, been somewhat modified in these respects, still many can room when the atmosphere of the sick room (as it now often is,) was rendered stifling with the smell of almost every "villainous compound" imaginable, emitted from the countless boxes, bottles and packages of drugs which the attending doctor had ordered, in visiting from day to day, under the real or convenient pretext of change of symptoms. In many if not in most instances, although it may not be often susceptible of proof, I have scarce a doubt that the physician who orders and the apothecary who furnishes these drugs are in reality confederates, and share the profits.

A friend in Philadelphia complained, not very long since, that, in a serious case of illness that occurred in his family, the principal anxiety evinced by the attending physician was lest the medicines he ordered might not be got from a designated apothecary.

Apart from this criminally drugging their wretched victims to death for the sake of sharing in the spoils, the prepared medicines in the drug stores in New York, if we are to believe one of their own profession, used to be and are probably now compounded, in great measure, of stale and unmerchandise drugs and of the leavings and sweepings of the bottles and boxes on the shelves. Such, I have been told by the late Lowell S. Haskell, was the case when he himself instituted and in part accomplished a reform of the vile nuisance. Haskell also told me that, on occasion of his going to France to procure certain valuable medicines and drugs from first hands, the dealers manifested much surprise at his selecting the best qualities, and remarked that such had never been before ordered for the New York market.

(Continued in next issue.)

Spiritual Phenomena.

A New Medium.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Knowing the interest that is felt in the community in relation to physical manifestations, I will give you a brief account of Mrs. Adams' mediumship. Something more than one year ago she first received flowers at her séances; since then she has increased in power, and now large quantities of the choicest material flowers are brought when harmonious and adapted magnetism is supplied by those composing her séances.

While the doors and windows are closed, flowers are brought, and also plants with roots upon them, which have been transplanted and are now growing finely, and in some instances birds and fish are said to have been brought. Mrs. A. has visited some of the homes of our prominent citizens, and in one instance was placed in a bag, (after the manner in which Mrs. Thayer was tested,) still the flowers came just as they did when not under absolute test conditions, thus doing away with the theory of confederates, "trap-door," and the effect of a psychological influence.

The costly flowers brought, if purchased, would cost more than the money received at her séances. She has given her circles successfully in a country village, twenty-five miles from the city, where no hot-house flowers are raised, and by no way except the spirits could they have been produced without the medium carrying them there, and in such a case she no doubt would have been detected, as their fragrance could not have been confined neither would they have been kept fresh, and free from being bruised.

Sunday evening, Feb. 20th, I attended a séance held at her residence, 50 Baldwin street, this city. This was my first visit to a flower séance. There were fourteen persons present besides the medium; all but two were strangers to me. Good harmony prevailed; no one asked for strict test conditions; the room was up one flight of stairs, and but one door led into it. We all joined hands. The medium and the family, also all external surroundings, had not the slightest appearance of deception or fraud, and I believe that honesty for facts and truth prevailed with the entire company. The medium was unconsciously entranced by a little spirit, who calls herself "Topsy." She gave me several satisfactory tests, the subject-matter concerning which was not in my mind, neither could it have been in the mind of any one present. Afterwards each person present received a rose, the flowers differing in quality and shade; four of the company received each a calla lily, also all of us were sprinkled with water, none being seen in or about the room before the séance. An Indian spirit came, with a full bass voice, and said many good things. The great injury to have positive individuals present, who were constantly desiring test conditions. The inference that I drew from the remark was, that the element of suspicion destroyed the vital forces of the medium, or, in other words, made it hard for the spirits to overcome the obstacle. The spirit said if the public still persisted in placing test conditions upon the medium for every skeptic that wanted to be personally satisfied, they should be obliged to withdraw their power, or it would take her to the spirit-world.

The medium has given her séances in the light, but it takes much more of her strength, therefore she now gives them in darkness, with the exception of a spirit-light, which is seen occasionally. So great is the public interest in this phase of development, that she is engaged weeks in advance.

I am fully satisfied that there is an intelligent invisible power that can convey material things into rooms when the doors and windows are perfectly closed. How it is done is beyond my comprehension. A. S. HAYWARD.

Boston, Mass.

A Splendid New Serial.

DAISY DOANE:

OR,

SUNSHINE AFTER DARKNESS.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. A. E. PORTER.

Author of "Dora Moore;" "Country Neighbors;" "The Two Orphans;" "Rocky Hook—A Tale for the Times;" "Bertha Lee;" "My Husband's Secret;" "Daisy Gray;" "Pictures of Real Life in New York;" "The Two Cousins;" "Sunshine and Tempest;" "The Lights and Shadows of One Woman's Life," etc., etc., etc.

God is the master of the scenes; we must not choose which part we shall act; it concerns us only to be careful that we do it well, always saying, "If this please God, let it be as it is."—JEREMY TAYLOR.

CHAPTER X.

Reverses in Fortune.

The Brothers Doane were in earnest conversation in Uncle Joe's room. Sam was walking to and fro with an anxious face.

"I see no harm in it, Joe. Joan's property is by right ours. We are her legal heirs. Three years have passed, and no will has been found, why should we not take it, and relieve ourselves from present embarrassment?"

"Were I not assured that she made a will, and that she did not intend to leave her property to us, I should feel and act otherwise," said the elder brother. "But she said again and again that she should make a will, and that as we needed nothing, we would receive nothing from her. Judge Minot told us that he drew up a will for her; his successor in office says that he signed such a document, but has no remembrance of its contents. I cannot, Sam, give my consent at present to diverting her fortune to our own use."

Sam continued his walk. For a few minutes he said nothing, but at length burst out suddenly and rapidly: "It is worse than you think, Joe. The ship is gone, lost! There is no hope of her now, the underwriters tell me."

"Yes, I feared so," said Joe; "and what is worse, we cannot retrieve our loss by building another, as my father might have done, for shipping is prostrate; our vessels are rotting at the wharves."

"True," said Sam; "had it been otherwise, I would have had one on the stocks before this day."

"It is not a total loss, Sam; master and crew were saved, God be thanked, and then the insurance."

Sam groaned aloud. "Is worthless," he said.

"I never completed the papers. We have always insured our vessels, and finding how much we had paid out, and all for nothing, so to speak, never having lost a vessel before, I was indifferent to the matter."

"Oh, Sam, this is bad business," said Joe, but he spoke with his usual calmness of manner.

"Yes, Brother Joe. In my haste to be rich, I have been reckless. To leave a fortune to my boy, I have impoverished my family. I thought perhaps I could retrieve with more capital, and it seemed no wrong to use that which rightly belongs to us."

"If it does belong to us, Sam! She had a right to do what she pleased with her own, and in my heart I believe she did not give it to us; or to express it more strongly, I believe she gave it to others."

"Then she should have seen to it that the will could be produced at her death."

"I have no doubt she did. It will come to light some day, and if then we should find we had wronged others, and be unable to replace it—what then, Brother Sam?"

"I trust we should be in a situation to refund every dollar."

"I dare not risk it, Sam. Let us try another way out of our difficulty."

"I know of none," said Sam, sitting down passive, like one resigned to his fate.

This conversation took place nearly three years after Joan's death. The ship, the beautiful ship *Carlotta*, had fulfilled Joan's prophecy. They all understood now those ominous words—"sad fate; early death, blasted hopes." Like the beloved Princess Charlotte, when the hopes of the British nation were fixed upon her and her heir, she died with the scion of royalty at her side, and a nation mourned for her.

The ship was wrecked in the Southern Ocean. The master and crew were picked up by a Spanish vessel, carried into a distant port, and thus the brothers had remained a long time in suspense. Now the Captain had returned; the sad tale was told, and nothing remained but submission to loss. How great the loss the elder brother learned slowly, and by degrees. He had trusted the business to Sam, in whom he had confidence, but Joan was right when she said that the latter needed the prudence of his elder brother to guide him.

"Come, Sam," said his brother, "we will not despair. 'Never give up the ship!' To-morrow morning we will begin and make an investigation, a thorough one, and learn just where we are—that we have lost and how much we possess. I will take a walk now with Daisy, as I promised."

"Joe," said Sam, "you make no reproaches! I alone am to blame. Why do n't you blame me?"

"My brother! best beloved! all of my own blood that I have left to me! Can I reproach you for errors of judgment, for mistakes? No; I would not reproach you if you were guilty of a crime, much less for the loss of patrimony! Whatever else we lose let us keep our friendship—hold sacred our brotherhood!"

"I cannot tell you how my heart is lightened," replied Sam. "If you know how much I had dreaded this interview you would pity me."

Joe came and threw his arm about his brother, and thus they walked into the garden. Sam had suffered much—had grown thin and melancholy, so much had he dreaded his brother's displeasure. How little had he understood that generous heart! As they parted at the garden gate where Daisy waited, Joe said, "Sam, you will conceal nothing? Let us know the worst."

"I promise," said his brother, but how much that promise involved, Mr. Doane little knew.

Sam was busy at his desk all that day and evening. Had it not been for these words—"Whatever else we lose let us not lose our love and brotherhood," he would have gone away and perhaps have done something desperate, for his temper was quick and impulsive. These words buoyed him up, while his promise to reveal all was held as sacred.

Four o'clock by the Old South! Mr. Doane is again walking down Fair street as he used to do before his sojourn in Europe. Uncle Paul lies on his bed, a martyr to suffering, but, like Saint Paul, he says, "Neither tribulation nor distress, persecution, famine, nakedness, peril nor sword shall separate me from the love of Christ. I am more than conqueror through him that loves me." Strong in spirit, he comforted the weak; full of sympathy for human suffering, everybody in trouble felt better for an hour spent in his room. He had heard of the wreck of the *Carlotta*. Of the suspense of the brothers he had not been ignorant. When he learned, in answer to his question, that the vessel had not been insured, he was silent an instant, then said:

"Brother Doane, it is of no use to soothe ourselves with false comfort. You were wrong—it was a blunder, almost a crime, not to insure so valuable a craft! You must submit to it now as a just punishment for great carelessness. I wonder at you! but then wise men do foolish things."

Mr. Joe smiled. He did not say, "Saw was to blame." He only replied, "If I were younger I should profit by the experience."

"Now a Christian submission may be all your duty," said Uncle Paul. "I need not preach to you, for you know what our favorite author, Jeremy Taylor, says, 'When our fortunes are changed, our spirits are unchanged if they always stood in the suburb and expectation of sorrow. The apostles, who every day knocked at the gate of death and looked upon it continually, went to their martyrdom in peace and evenness.' He says also, 'Let us, in all trouble, take sanctuary in religion, and, by innocence, cast out anchors for our souls, to keep them from shipwreck, though they be not kept from storm.'"

Daisy staid a few minutes with Uncle Paul, and then went on to Peaceful Hall to await Uncle Joe there. She could not help shedding tears when she told them the story of the wreck, which she had heard from the Captain.

"Oh, Miss Sybil, do you believe Miss Joan knew what was going to happen? I shall be afraid of dying people now. I wish we had heeded her, and then papa would not be in so much trouble."

"You must not feel so, my dear," said Miss Sybil. "Miss Joan read the papers, and understood how the change of times was affecting our commerce. It was a risk to build a vessel at that time, but I think if it had not been for the storm, the brothers would never have been sorry that they built the *Carlotta*. It is strange, Daisy, that Miss Joan's will has not been found. Are you sure she made one?"

"Yes, Miss Sybil; she told me so, and she said to Betty that she must always stay with Uncle Joe, for she had provided for her in her will."

"Where is Nurse Coffin? Can she tell us nothing about it?"

"She says," replied Daisy, "that she saw a paper that she thought was a will lying upon the bed, and as I came in soon afterwards, she supposed that Miss Joan asked me to put it away."

"Didn't you, Daisy? You must try to remember. It would be a great relief to our friends if that will could be found."

"I am very sure she did not ask me, Miss Sybil. We all think Judge Minot took it away; he was old and forgetful, and may have misplaced it."

"I will have his office searched to-morrow," said Miss Sybil, in her quick, decided way. She did do it, going herself to help, but no will was found, only a loose paper with these memoranda upon it: "Made Joan Doane's will—obstinate woman that—will leave nothing to her brothers, nor to her cousins Sybil and Patsy—will make it up to those ladies myself before I die. Mem."

Scientific.

THE LESSON OF THE LITTLE.

BY GEORGE WENTZ, M. D.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It may be seriously questioned, whether, in the light of science, there be, in this world, or in any other that we know of, anything little. In the sense of being insignificant. The far-reaching action of the little leaven which leaveneth the whole lump, was an early observation; yet we are not usually attracted by what is minute, so visible though it be, but have a natural weakness for the large, the vivid, the blatant. Voltaire expressed this mental tendency when, speaking of history, he said: "We must look at things in large, for the very reason that the human mind is small, and sinks under the weight of minute." We gaze at the heavens through the telescope, which is well enough; but in our daily view of the common things around us, we make use of the reverse end of the glass, and see them in diminished perspective. We are so accustomed to expect large results, so habituated to the grosser forms of perception, that the more delicate shades and refined conditions of material surroundings remain unnoticed and unexplored. Not that it is necessary to see with the eye of a fly, but it is desirable that we should observe more with the eye of the mind. It is not a very striking fact that an apple should fall to the ground; but when the law of its falling is revealed, the fact takes place at once in the category of phenomena which associate worlds together. The steam which lifts the lid of a tea-kettle attracts but slight notice; but when we come to write the history of arts and inventions, we find it to be the indicator of a force which holds up the superstructure of modern civilization. A child swinging a red light in front of a locomotive engine moving at the rate of thirty miles an hour, has by this means saved a number of persons from sudden death or horrible injury. Upon casual observation, there is nothing in this object, as to the means employed, at all commensurate with the results produced. Let us examine this object and its action more closely; let us turn upon it the large end of the telescope. The light in the lantern which the child swings, is the sun himself, derived, if the flaming material be petroleum, from the slow combustion of forests of fern untold centuries ago, or if it be a tallow candle, laid up by his wonderful organic chemistry in the corn and grass of the field, to be afterwards elaborated by the still more wonderful vital chemistry of the ox or sheep. The light itself rushes through space at the rate of four hundred miles in one stroke of the pendulum. The glass through which the light is seen, is the outcome of the stupendous power of frost which ground down the flint hills. The red stain in the glass through which the light glares is that refrangible portion of white light which vibrates 454 millions of millions of wave-lengths upon the eye in one second of time.

The child moves its arm by reason of a will and nerve-force transmitted to it through a race of ancestors whose line reaches back into that dim and limitless region which stretches between geology and human history. As for the child itself, it is what Goethe, Shakespeare, Bacon, Jesus, as children, once were; and in itself, or in those it saves from death, is the possible means of philosophy vitalized, culture made popular, knowledge increased, society advanced, a world made glad.

The statement, therefore, that the child has stopped the moving engine, means something like this: the sun has traveled ninety-five millions of miles in eight minutes and a quarter, storing up its beams through long ages by wonderful organic, or by still more wonderful vital processes, in order to be adapted to man's use; to make which use possible, there is a necessity for a God by whose creative power there should be born a being of independent volition, with a faculty to apprehend danger, a mind to deduce the consequences of acting in opposition to physical law, a heart to feel for the possible sufferings of his fellow-creatures which he has determined to avert by moving his arm in their behalf: back of all which again are the long ages before the present, the slow progress of men, the heavy burdens of humanity, the ameliorations and achievements of the races, the organization of society, and the vast flood of Western civilization, as utter necessities, to render this child's existence and condition such as to make his action possible and useful.

Now, it is impossible to contemplate this occurrence in such a view, and fail to regard it as of the order great, both in itself and in its consequences. Yet all Nature teems with just such lessons of the little, equally unnoticed, in assertion of its claim of divine right to be and to do in a sphere where everything is great, and God is law. Nothing, however humble may be its office, or unobtrusive its existence, or limited its action, but is compendious in its significance of Supreme Intelligence.

A failure to perceive the proper proportions of an object, is usually accompanied by an inability to comprehend its appropriate functions. Not only is there a prevalent idea that things are insignificant because they are small, but also an equally erroneous one that they are mean; as if anything which is necessary, can at the same time be unimportant. The very air we breathe, and without which we die; which is unseen and unfeeling, except under conditions not its own, exciting in us a consciousness of its necessity only, when we are about to be deprived of it, falls from a height of fifty miles upon the most delicate balances without disturbing their equilibrium, and yet presses upon all objects at the surface of the earth with a force of fifteen pounds to the square inch. The unobtrusiveness of its presence is only equalled by the vast importance of its functions. That busy little organ, the heart, within our breasts, propelling twenty-seven pounds of blood per minute, has, at the end of a single day, lifted thirty-eight thousand fluid pounds, and yet leaves its trim health, unconscious not merely of its immense activity, but even of its existence.

And now it appears that not content with referring great natural processes to the molecule of air, which one would suppose were going quite far enough, we must descend to minute sources still. Prof. Tyndall says that he at one time regarded radiation and absorption of heat as the acts of the molecule of air as a whole, but subsequent experiments demonstrated them to be mainly the work of the constituent atoms of the molecule. Must it not intensify the awe and wonder with which we contemplate these grand atmospheric processes, which are so intimately associated with all life upon the globe, to find

them hanging in such fine sources of action—atoms of molecules! Microscopic in form, but world-wide and gigantic in effects, from the dew to the avalanche, the support of what is in continual fluctuation and change, yet themselves unchangeable and indestructible!

The atomic divisibility of matter, and its capability of acting and of being acted on in states of extreme tenuity, will be best illustrated by the late researches of Prof. Tyndall on heat. This distinguished experimenter says he will not venture to answer the question how far the quantity of vapor may be reduced before its absorption of heat ceases, but he has succeeded in measuring the radiation of an amount of vapor possessing a pressure of less than the thousand-millionth of an atmosphere! "A platinum wire heated to whiteness in a vacuum by an electric current, becomes comparatively cold within a second after the current has been interrupted; yet that wire, while ignited, was the repository of an immense amount of mechanical energy. What has become of this? It has been conveyed away by a substance so attenuated that its very existence must remain an hypothesis. But here is matter [the vapor of boracic ether] that we can weigh, measure, taste and smell, proved to be reducible to an attenuation which, though expressible by numbers, defies the imagination to conceive it. Still, we see it competent to arrest and originate quantities of energy which in comparison with its own mass must be almost infinite." While oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and atmospheric air, confined in a tube, absorbed but a fractional part of the heat of boiling water transmitted through them, olefiant gas absorbed more than seven-ninths, or eighty-one per cent of it. And what was the density of the gas which arrested this vast volume of heat? "Assuming that each fiftieth part of a cubic inch of the gas had to diffuse itself through a space of two hundred and twenty cubic inches, a single measure of the gas thus diffused would be the one-eleven thousandth (1/11,000) of an atmosphere, a pressure capable of depressing the mercurial column connected with the pump one three hundred and sixty-seventh of an inch!" Tyndall tells us that "experiments are recorded which show the infinitesimal action of elementary gases, and the perfectly enormous action of some of the compound gases, upon radiant heat. To render these contrasting results secure, and to avoid impurities which, though infinitesimal when measured chemically, were found competent in the case of the feeblest gases to entirely vitiate the results, some thousands of experiments were executed." A state of matter in which an infinitesimal impurity (that is, matter merely out of place) was so powerful as entirely to vitiate results, to obviate which some thousands of experiments, that is, time and skill, ingenuity of thought and mechanical contrivance, were required. The insignificance and unimportance of even so small an amount of misplaced matter are not half so apparent as its undoubted importance and meaning are real and striking.

It would seem, then, that the word "mean," as well as all words which level expressions of contempt either against agencies in Nature, or positions in society, will sometime hereafter, by the force of scientific revelation, be obliged to undergo very considerable modification if they are not altogether up-rooted and cast out of the vocabulary, to lie foreign in language as fossils do in Nature, exciting the curiosity of the student as to the strange conditions in which such ungainly forms of thought arose and were maintained. It is not too much to say that science will hereafter make it plain that conceptions of the mean and ignoble are the products of association of ideas, and not substantialities; and that when the consensus of minds shall have become cleared of old time and old world notions, such misnomers, having no natural analogies, will lose their arbitrary significations and disappear from speech.

Is it not also true that where there is least light and progress, there first appear only faint glimmerings and feeble movements, and not sudden illumination and tremendous upheavals? The enormous cataclysms of the elder geologists are giving place to the more general but not less effective operation of the minor forces. How slow the progress of the Christian system, even after it received the sanction of the State under Constantine; of all general ameliorations; of the nations themselves. Mr. John Morley says: "Nearly all lovers of improvement are apt to forget that if all the world were ready to embrace their cause, their improvement could hardly be needed. It is one of the hardest conditions of things that the more numerous and resolute the enemies of reform, then the more unmistakably urgent the necessity for it."

The higher organisms, also, exhibit this principle of the infinitesimal; they reach their more elaborate perfection of form and function by minute steps of growth taken in longer time. The gnat, which a few hours of sunlight brings forth, dies in a day; while the leafy giant of Californian forests slowly reaches its thousands of years. The order of natural procession may be stated thus: what is good grows slow, what is better grows slower, what is best grows slowest. The great inventions and discoveries which appear to start up at once before the world, present in this respect a fallacious aspect. They are really the collective results of the labors of many minds whose slow accumulations of thought in a special direction eventually coalesce and burst, like a surcharged cloud, in a shower of practical applications. The discovery or invention would seem to exist in the general contemplation, as shown, in one instance, by the almost simultaneous invention of the electric telegraph in two quarters, France and America, and the suggestion of which, indeed, had been made long prior to the date of its appearance, by an English experimenter. Long before the discovery of America, pieces of carved wood floated eastward, as well as the strange stories of seafarers, indicated land in a direction which Columbus afterwards took only for the purpose of visiting the Great Kahn of the East, for whom he had a letter.

Not the less in morals, as in science and society, is what is small the indicator and necessary accompaniment of what is great. That the moral world is based on the principle of good, no one will deny; though not a few will be found ready to assert that it is constructed upon the principles of both good and evil. To account for the existence of evil in a system of things admittedly proceeding from Supreme Goodness, has been the great difficulty of a philosophy too superficially informed by science. That there is evil in the world is undoubted; but what and whence is it? Has it an independent existence, or is it a thing of relations—a dependency? In the physical world we find in regard to the two states of heat and cold, that one is absolute, and the other merely its negative condition; that is to say,

heat is a positive force, and cold merely an index of its absence in lesser degrees of it; or, like colors, which are conditions of colorless light dependent upon the degree of its refrangibility. Cold, therefore, is the negative state of heat, whose existence is inferred from its absence; as sound, which is all of one extraction—sonorous vibration—depends upon its arrangement to produce harmony or noise. And so in the moral world: if its primary principle be good, then it is the absence of good—a less amount of it—which is evil; evil being not *sui generis*, but negatively conditional. Upon this one essential principle rests all the machinery of the social organism; society being constructed originally not upon the principle of good and evil, but upon the theory of good as against a want of it. In the biblical view of creation in Genesis, good is shown to be fundamental and primary, and evil an after-thought depending on the voluntary relations of the subject to the source of government. In the conduct of human affairs we see evil operating, not of itself nor on account of itself, but as against something else which is prior and dominant, the possibility of its manifestation depending upon the existence of a force already in action against which it may be thrown in contrast. How often do we find that misdirected action might have been omitted, and thus indirectness of results prevented? But when good is done, who ever thinks of correcting that? The maxim, let well enough alone, is founded less upon the idea that a small sum of good may be intensified by interference, than on the belief that, however little there may be of it, it can take care of itself. But by contrast we see best; and in some predominance of shade we perceive how much more excellent is the light. The contemplation of a level of unbroken goodness might be monotonous, like the unvarying plain of the pampas, where an occasional jut of rugged mountain-chain would be a relief to the eye of the traveler. So civilization, as the positive outcome of its various propagating forces, may be seen shining the brighter for the Dark Ages which lower beside it. The presence of evil may serve, like a rock or shoal, both to quicken the vigilance of the sailor and intensify his enjoyment of seas which are deep and safe.

Evil, then, being a thing of relations, has no proper force of its own; a fluctuating quantity dependent upon the greater or less predominance of a positive and primary factor. Its objects are, accomplished when an endeavor is made to put its agencies in active operation by a force outside of itself; by a stimulation of what is the opposite of itself. For there is no more effective way of doing evil than by giving it the similitude of goodness.

In our secret selves we most likely feel toward eternal things—the absolutely good and true and beautiful—and the difficulty of their attainment, much as the child feels who struggles to attain all of the best that lies so far before him, or beyond him in the world. In his desire to reach the higher sphere of manhood, he may become impatient of restrictions which are the preparatives for future action, but he does not therefore doubt their necessity, or despise the advantages they will confer. His vigorous youth will teach him that gain of strength lies in the constant overcoming of successive impediments, accompanied also with increased facility in surmounting the greatest of them; and as he progresses, the burden of his retrospect is lightened by the reflection that had it not been for such obstructions, he would never have been able to stand so high. And if this be not the use of evil in this world, then it must be of the nature of

—a goal.

By us not understood.

The distribution of goodness in human nature may be illustrated by an analogous distribution in the material world. Since the discovery of the metal lithium in very minute quantities in mineral waters by the celebrated Bunsen, it has been ascertained that substances heretofore supposed to exist in small quantity in rare localities, are really distributed universally, though minutely, through nature. Gold, for example, is found so disseminated through brick clay that a space of several inches in extent on the surface of every brick molded might be covered with a thin film of the precious metal, were it not that the quantity of it is too small to pay for the cost of extraction. There is little of it, to be sure, but it is gold nevertheless. It is pleasing to be able to record this fact, which may be fairly considered a natural protest against the atrocious doctrine of the innate depravity of the human heart—a doctrine which little children in any age of the world, and even the lower animals, under certain circumstances, would show to be a dogmatic label upon the highest order of creation. We are all just, magnanimous, humane and virtuous, but no one is as much so as he might be; and between the extremes of what we are not and what we may be, lie all the degrees of excellence to which it is our privilege to aspire, and with which it is our right to be rewarded.

The lesson then is, that the little exists only in point of comparison, and not absolutely; that the small is the necessary accompaniment of the great, and that its action in a world of law not only connects it with causes which are great, but impresses greatness upon it as an independent quality; that terms of comparison do not necessarily affix definitions of the odious to the thing compared, nor to its consequences; and that what may seem anomalous, disconnected, or in consequence, or trivial, either in the things of nature or in society, are not so much substantial defects in them, but rather a want of perfect vision in ourselves.

The Lunacies of Speculation.

Some time since Prof. S. B. Brittan spoke on this subject before the New York Republican Hall Spiritualist Society. In the course of his remarks he said:

I honor the struggling millions who bear the burdens of society, the great chafing-gang of the honest poor, in whom a worthy ambition is restrained; whose hands are tied by the poverty of their circumstances. Their faith and hope and patience are sublime. Their palms are open, but their lips are sealed; they work and wait; they suffer and are mute. They are the victims of a false system and of cunning men who madly speculate in the world's misfortunes. In an ordinary lunatic breaks your window, you have him shut up; but the fashionable lunatic, who goes "on change" and keeps a large bank balance, may take your whole house, from sleeper to sleeper, and reduce an entire family to beggary, and he is left to run at large. The most stupendous fictions originate in the business world. They are created by the lunacies of speculation, who watch for lawful opportunities to do wrong. They set snares for the simple-minded; they qualify the truth in many ways, until ordinary lying seems by contrast quite respectable. They buy up things necessary to subsistence; they seize the staff of life and hold on to it, and thus starve the poor. If a noble but destitute man, like Hugo's Jean Valjean, steal a loaf of bread

for a starving family, he is arrested, tried for largely and locked up in a cold, damp cell. There is no disguising the fact that the laboring classes, even in this country, are suffering under great wrongs that demand instant redress. A poor man may not sell a fresh shad or a dried herring in the street without a vendor's license. He must pay the public authorities for this poor, beggarly privilege. Even this is not the worst aspect of this oppression. If an indigent widow wants three ounces of medicine to save the life of a sick child, she must pay for the government stamp on the bottle! And yet the government allows mere gamblers in public securities to freely buy and sell millions without one cent for tribute. The vind of cordial must be taxed, and sick babies contribute to the public revenue; but the boards of philanthropists require no stamp. This is rank injustice, that challenges retribution. Can oppression transcend these limits under other forms of government? In the presence of such wrongs the seeds of revolution germinate. Our freedom is "a tinkling cymbal." Where is liberty when the wolf is at the door? American independence is a pale shadow without substance when strong men with large families must work all day on the Midland Railroad for eighty cents. Our boasted democracy is little better than a pitiful show until the burdens of society are left to fall on those who can bear them, and even-handed justice is meted out to all.

Review of Allen Putnam's Article, the "Remissness of Spiritualists."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In your issue of Feb. 12th an article from the facile pen of your able correspondent, Allen Putnam, Esq., explaining the apparent "remissness of Spiritualists," as alleged in Col. Oleott's lecture reported in the Banner of Feb. 5th, seems to merit some consideration from another point of view; and without presuming to speak for Col. Oleott, (who is abundantly able to speak for himself,) or desiring any controversy with Mr. Putnam, for whom I have great respect, perhaps a brief review of the article in question may be allowed space in your valuable paper.

In perusing the report of Col. Oleott's lecture, Mr. Putnam finds one passage to which he can say "Amen," and proceeds to use said passage as a text, which he elaborates into an argument against the positions taken in other parts of the lecture, not forgetting to apologize for the alleged "remissness of Spiritualists," and to show the folly of organization, the "accumulation of funds" for "erecting costly structures," and "the absorption of the individual in associations," etc.

Most Spiritualists probably would be willing to endorse the quotation alluded to, viz., "the best method of investigating is, when possible, to institute spirit circles at home, among the family," but it may not always be possible; therefore many—among them Col. Oleott—believe in the utility, as well as the necessity, of other and more extended methods, by which the "family" circle may be enlarged into associations, through which the investigation may be carried on more systematically, and the facts and phenomena scientifically demonstrated to the world preparatory to establishing a consistent and comprehensive philosophy; and the advocacy of such measures always seems to greatly alarm a number of our prominent writers and speakers, who are ever ready to warn the faithful against "hampering creeds," the danger of "absorption of individualities in associations," etc., as if the soul once made free could ever be bound again, or that any one could lose their individuality.

Personally I consider Col. Oleott's criticism on the remissness of Spiritualists, for the last twenty years, eminently just, and his emphatic endorsement of the need of organization creditable to his good judgment.

Why these senseless diatribes against organization? Has there ever been a valid reason (save the abuses of associations) given, or a logical argument advanced, why Spiritualists should not associate themselves together like other people, for their own improvement and the advancement of their cause and the cause of humanity? Why should they not use their means for building halls for social enjoyment, temples for religious worship, and institutions of learning for the promulgation of their faith?

Mr. Putnam says, "this youngest of all sons" "is the most vigorous, potential and aggressive of them all, and has done, and is doing, its work with but little aid from wealth or organized bands of embodied laborers; it is under the supervision of supernals, who are our financiers and guides, and whose plans it may be unwise for us to try to supersede or supplement by any that may be hatched in our tyro brains. These controllers have succeeded admirably during the past, are doing well now." We answer, Yes, they have done well, and are doing well now, in spite of the "remissness of Spiritualists;" but have we any reason to believe that much more might not be accomplished if we should heed the suggestions of the spirits, and render such aid and assistance as they always insist must necessarily come from the material plane of life? Do not the spirits themselves urge us to contribute of our wealth and material means, and to concentrate our efforts for the more rapid spread of our faith and philosophy among the people? Are they really willing or able to become our "financiers," and successfully manage our material affairs on earth? Possibly, in some cases. But have we really nothing to do except to sit passively at the feet of a medium, and enjoy the sweet assurance that our friends who have left the form still live and are interested in our welfare? Shall we fold our hands in idleness, and leave the management of our affairs entirely to the spirits?

Should we not rather feel—having been, through spirit communion, satisfied of our immortal existence—that our active life has but just begun, and that we for the first time fully realize the importance of earnest labor for individual improvement and the elevation of the race, in view of the stupendous fact that all our acts count for eternity?

With our knowledge our responsibilities increase. If we have received light and truth beyond our fellows, it becomes our duty to put our "light upon a hill," not "under a bushel," that those yet in darkness may be attracted to it, by which means the whole world may know the truth.

How can this be done more effectually than through the union of individuals in associations? Therefore let us not be afraid of "large contributions of funds" for "the rearing of temples," the "formation of guiding and cramping associations," or "any of the means extensively applied by sectarists," that promise to aid our work and the cause of humanity. Experience has taught us to avoid the abuses of other organizations, and our cardinal doctrine, progression, admits of the largest liberty to change our methods and plans to meet the needs of the hour, and their harmonization with future experience and wisdom.

Spiritualism is something more than a fact or phenomenon. It is a comprehensive philosophy,

a science, and a religion, and requires the same organic methods for properly presenting it to the world that other great truths require. Its mission is not merely to cater to our curiosity, or our happiness even, and it needs not only passive but active mediums, without which its divine mission on earth will be greatly retarded.

Certainly there is no occasion for applying brakes or "checks" to our people for fear they, in a fit of generosity, may waste their "accumulated funds" in building temples, or losing their individuality in noble endeavors for the good of others in organization.

Spiritualists deserve no apology for their remissness, neither will any good be accomplished by an appeal to their prejudices against organization, or to the individual selfish side of human nature. Rather let us have some sound reasons, or logical arguments, to show us why we should not organize and form associations to carry forward the great work we feel should be done. It is not sufficient for us to feel that everything is "all right" as it is, that "we are doing very well" now, and that the spirits will manage us and their cause, and console ourselves with the false idea that no hard work is required of us.

Such reformers never move the world. There is much to be said on this subject, but your space is limited. In closing, permit me to say that should we confine our investigations to the narrow limits of the "home circle among the family," then your free circle-room, which so many consider one of the best means of investigating the spiritual phenomena, would be closed, and the many thousands who are weakly fed by that worthy association of spirits and mortals would be starving for the bread of life.

H. S. WILLIAMS.

AN HORatian LYRIC.

Oh, blessed is he, from business free,
Who has no care, no anxious thought,
Who sits his hand with his own stout hand,
And knows not the just of gold.
No soldier, no sailor, no priest,
And he shuns the town and the haughty frown
Of the courtiers' fawning herd.
But he bids the vine with her tendrils twine
Around the poplar tall,
And he adds a great bush with a gardener's craft,
To the tree that climbs his wall.
Or a grassy green, on the pasture's green
He sees his own flock;
Or he gazes for a while at his own flock,
Of his little herd he knows.
And when autumn at length, in his manly strength,
Has raised his fruit-crowned head,
He plucks the fruit with his own hand,
And the grapes with his own hand.
With his knee on the sod he checks his head
For his own flock, and his own flock,
And he has his own flock, and his own flock,
Of the flock in the old oak tree.
While the waters glide with the rippling tide,
And the ship is on the water,
Of the ship on the water, and the ship on the water,
And the ship on the water.
But when thundering down from his store above
Spouts white snow and rain,
And the ship is on the water, and the ship on the water,
Lay bound in his icy chain.
With a hand a hand, in the wood around,
He hunts the grey fox,
And he adds a great bush with a gardener's craft,
To the tree that climbs his wall.
When the sun has set he spreads his net,
And the porcupine, the fox, the deer,
He takes the hare in his own hand,
And the crane, a goodly prize.
Mid joys like these, the old man's life—
Who would remember pain?
He feels no wrong, and he laughs at the throng
Of the courtiers' fawning herd.
If a loving wife, the best of life,
Be his, and he is free,
The fire burns bright with his ready light,
His homeward step to cheer.
At the cottage door, when his wife is old,
She stands with a smile so sweet,
And he looks up her face with a modest grace,
His welcome kiss to meet.
And children glad swim round their dad,
But the happy man must die,
So he spreads his net, and he spreads his net,
While she pours out her home-made wine.
(Blackwood's Magazine.)

They Say.

Well, what if they do? It may not be true. A great many false reports are circulated, and the reputation of a good man may be sadly sullied by a baseless rumor. Have you reason to believe that what they say concerning your brother is true? If not, why should you permit your name to be included among "they" who circulate the scandal?

They say—Who says? Is any person responsible for the assertion? Such abuses are frequently used to conceal the point of an enemy's judgment who thus, in a meanly-stricken one whom he dares not openly assail. Are you helping the cowardly attack? If "they" means nobody, then regard the same as nothing.

They say—Why do they say so? Is any good purpose secured by the circulation of the report? Will it benefit the individual to have it known; or will any interests of society be promoted by whispering it about? If not, you had better apply time and speech to some more worthy purpose.

They say—To whom do they say it? To those who have no business in the affair? To those who cannot hold it or mend it, or prevent any unpleasant results? That shows a tattling, scandal-loving spirit that ought to be rebuked.

They say—Well, do they say it to him? Or are they very apt to whisper it in places he cannot hear, and to persons who are known not to be his friends? Would they dare to say it to him, as well as about him? No one has a right to say that concerning another which he is not ready to speak in his own ear.

They say—Well, suppose it is true? Are you not sorry for it; or do you rejoice that a brother has been discovered erring? Oh, pity him that he has fallen into sin, and pray for him that he may be forgiven and restored.

If it should be true, don't put it abroad to his injury. It will not benefit you or him, nor society, to publish his faults. You are as liable to be slandered, or to err as your brother; as you would that he should defend, or excuse, or forgive you, do ye even so to him.

"The Battle for Bread."

Such is the title of a small, neat 25-cent pamphlet, now lying before me, the production of that noble brother and indefatigable worker for the cause of humanity, Mrs. A. Townsend. I have long been familiar with the name of this uplifting philanthropist, and have often wished the work could be blessed with more such earnest laborers. "The Battle for Bread!" How pregnant with meaning! How significant these words grow when we think of our fellow countrymen are nearing the door of starvation! How appropriate such a work in an age when social advance is snatching "the staff of life" from the laboring poor—the only class entitled by "heaven's just law" or a court of strict moral justice to receive it. In a country where religion is strictly fostered, its disciples to lay up treasure on earth, and impose the solemn, rigid, and imperative injunction, "Having food and raiment, herewith be content," we need in nearly all its leading professions striving to live the life of a Dives, and yet hoping at death to receive the reward of a Lazarus. Vain hope! Fatal delusion! The teachings of their own Bible can be relied upon. For it declares a man is to be "rewarded according to his deeds," and not according to his desires. How they can perform the deeds of Dives and expect to escape the awful fate of Dives is a mystery that can only be explained by reference to the solemn fact that their whole practice is a hypocrisy to follow as "a guide in faith and practice." They are practical infidels at the most important and uncondemned command. Ever since Christ gave forth the command, "Lay not up treasure on earth," there seems to have been almost a universal strife and rivalry among his disciples to see who can get the greatest length in violating this solemn injunction, and thus virtually making him a fool for having given utterance to it. Friends, buy this little work of Mrs. Townsend. It is like ice cold on the altar of humanity, and will awaken an ardent sympathy in your souls for the suffering millions who are struggling in the noble work of trying to do something to relieve them.

Richmond, Ind.

E. GRAYES.

Charles H. Foster is still located at 722 Thirteenth street, Washington, D. C., and the Sunday Herald, and the Capital, of that city, Feb. 27th, give good assurances that he is not idle.

Message Department.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

During the last twenty years hundreds of spirits have come forth from the spirit-world, through the mediumship of Mrs. Danksin, while she was in the entranced condition. It is not unusual.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond, whether for good or evil, consequently those who pass from the earth sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress to 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 perceive to be true.

Introductory.

(Part First.)

BY WASH. A. DANKSIN.

One of the most pleasant among our many pleasant experiences in connection with the subject of spirit-intercourse, grew out of the residence in our home, for a few months, of a young lady who had been brought up under the strong magnetic influences of the Roman Catholic Church, her family for generations having been among the most earnest and devoted adherents of that faith.

At the breaking out of the late civil war, my adopted son, a youth of twenty, became deeply impressed with the idea that it was his duty to aid in sustaining the government. Consequently he sought and obtained a commission in the Federal army, and after taking an active part in raising the Third Maryland Regiment, went with it to the field.

His wife and child (for he was married some four months before reaching his eighteenth year) were left in care of her father's family. She was near his own age, peculiarly gifted intellectually, and physically beautiful, but, raised as she had been religiously, she looked upon Spiritualism as the wildest of fanaticisms, or the most insane of delusions. Consequently she wondered why people who seemed to have intelligence should be led away by such folly.

Objecting, as I did, to marriage at so early an age, I had not sought her acquaintance. But Mrs. Danksin paid her a visit during her husband's absence, and informed me upon her return that Rose was dying of consumption. She said that, in her opinion, the disease was so firmly established that but one result could be anticipated. We determined to bring her to our home, which we did, and then occurred those incidents which we will give in the next part of our "Introductory."

Admiral Silas H. Stringham.

Only on a venture I come, for it's a matter in which I think very little truth can be found. Silas H. Stringham—I suppose the details have to be told: Admiral of the United States Navy; died in Hick street, Brooklyn. [To the Chairman:] Be a little patient, I've got to feel my way in this new fangled channel. I was very feeble for a long time, but about the first of December I was confined to my bed, and wasted away very much in flesh. After that I rallied a little with kind attention and physicians doing all they could, but a relapse came, and death ensued.

There's a strangeness comes over me. I've left a widow and daughter behind. I do not know but what they would like to hear from me, though they stood around my bed of death and I was calm and quiet. I had traveled much over the rough ground of earth, and I felt within my soul—which I knew was the eternal life-principle—that joy, light and happiness would in a degree be mine.

In my twelfth year—youthful indeed—I passed into the service of the United States, and the first duty that I rendered was on board the frigate President.

Now in its partial details I have spoken through the lips of another my history, sending it, if it is best, to the four quarters of the globe, whereby those interested in me may know that if physical death does overtake a man, that life perpetual in the spirit is given from the Creator to his creatures.

My knowledge of the natural laws of life taught me that the finite could only draw in degree toward the infinite, and in that I find I was not mistaken.

Religious opinions and religious ideas do not in any wise prevent a man whose heart is clean from ascending the ladder of progression.

I now stoop over, looking into the placid waters, and there I see old age passing in its stead, and youth and vigor coming in its stead. What a glorious realization! Beautiful grand! sublime! surpassing the understanding of man! To thee, Master, King and Lord, give I thanks for having laid low my poor diseased form, and, from its seeming death, given me eternal life.

Now, wife and children, if the privilege be yours, read and rehearse the tale that has been told by a husband and a father, at your own fire-side, and I will be in your midst.

I wish to give thanks to Commodore Creighton, my son-in-law, for his kindness to me, and his attention to my burial. It was entirely satisfactory to me. I am content.

Jim.

I come here a bummer and a vagabond. You see, the schooner McShane, she came into Norfolk, and then we near Fort Powhatan on the James river, and there I was drowned. My name was Jim. I don't know any other name but Jim. I was in a terribly destitute condition. I always was in a destitute condition. You see, some time ago, not so very long, I come from Liverpool, but that's no consequence; I come to tell you about my getting drowned off of that bridge. The lady [Mrs. Conant] that's showing me how to talk through this other lady, says all this will go in the newspaper, and the people down at Norfolk can see it, and that will make 'em wonder. For you see they'll say if a fellow like Jim can go among ladies and gentlemen and talk when he's dead, then anybody can. You see, I went down into the water, and then I come up again.

I wasn't such a bad feller—I was a right clever sort of a feller—and a sociable kind of a feller, but misfortunes come around me, and kept coming around me, and I couldn't help it, and so I was called a bummer and a vagabond, but howsoever it's not so much importance about the body, after all, if the other part is all right.

There used to be some of them old women that was all the time wanting me to get religion. Well, you see, I didn't get religion, but for all that I was about as good as any of the others.

It's a kind of curiosity that fetched me around

these diggings, for you see I thought I'd come and see what kind of fish you caught around here. I can't see, for the life of me, what the use of all these people thronging around here! What good are they going to get? It's a matter that I've got to ponder. I was down in the water, but I'm up. I'm out of the water and I'm here—come with this lady [spirit] and I'm telling a story all about my own self. Well, I suppose it's all right; but I'll ease up now—be off. [To the Chairman:] Good luck to you, sir, good luck.

Alexander McCormick, Manlius, Allegan Co., Michigan.

I went to the spirit land, and now I've come back to earth for a moment to tell of my beautiful life. Aleck McCormick was my name. I was the son of James McCormick, of Manlius, Allegan Co., Michigan; I was twenty-three years old; I died of consumption. However dark the days of earth may be, father and friends, your son can return and demonstrate the fact of life beyond the grave. I have no harrowing tale to tell of death; it is only the beautiful quickening of life. I am not feeding upon the husks of the past; I am only taking in, as fast as I can, the Tuscan fruit of the present—that which will give me knowledge. I am not now enmeshed in the poor crippled form, but I am free in all the departments of my manhood; able to come to one through whom I can converse.

Frank, believe me that death is not given to any one; any more to the beggar than it is to the prince; any more to the king than it is to the beggar. He that would come up high must be righteous in all his deeds, pure in all his thoughts, and then the spirit world will look on, so beautiful! Ah, yes, to such the streets are paved with gold, the domes are studded with precious stones, for in this world of beatitude everything is given to beauty, to edify and to make happy the mortals, or, I should say, the immortals who dwell therein.

I am told by the spiritual supervisor that these letters are given to the world for the inspection of friends and kindred. This may make some heart happy among those who knew me.

James Taylor.

James Taylor was my name. I was a native of Londonderry, Ireland. I was thirty-eight years of age. For twenty-four years I was a resident of Baltimore. My home was No. 263 Canton Avenue, and when the night closed and the day opened there was rejoicing in Jerusalem, for he that was dead had arisen in manifest glory. I am a worshiper at the shrine of universal love. I feel that an omnipotent, an omniscient, and an all-wise Creator has fashioned his children for ultimate safety; and in that grand belief I find I have not been mistaken; for the very gushing of the waters tells the story of God's power, the early warbler gives praise in song to his Creator, the tiny ant with never-ceasing industry shows his gratitude to the Creator, and why should the mind of man gather in doubts of God's almightiness to protect him, and to uplift him, and to shield him from harm? I ask him why, when everything in God's natural works bids him to be hopeful and cheerful, should he let the depressing influence of doubt gather around him?

Those who read these few lines may fashion to themselves that death had no sting for me; that the grave is not so dark and dreary but the Master can make it light and beautiful.

Farewell, farewell, God bless you! May angels protect you in all your outings and incomings. With this I will rise again to join the grand oratorio which the angels are singing in praise of their Creator.

Blanche Newton, Philadelphia.

My name is Blanche Newton. I am the youngest daughter of Charles Newton. I was only nine years old, and was taken to the grave from the house of W. H. Newell, Philadelphia.

You see, I'm in search after my own people, and my spirit guide said, "Little girl, don't cry, for you'll find friends in this new home that you've come to." I know it's all nice and pretty, yet I'd rather be back again, for they love me and I love them. I'm going to search for my father, for I have not seen him yet; but the lady says I'll find him. She'll be good to me and kind, and learn me my lessons, so that I can tell them at my old home all about my new home in heaven.

The angels are pretty, they are robed in white, and they go round and round doing good to everybody. They do not cry, nor fret, nor do anything that is bad or out of the way, but they are always happy. It is not hard for any one to die, they go into such a beautiful place, where so many pretty children are, where everybody looks as bright as the sun.

The lady [spirit] says some of my people will read this, and then they will know that the little girl they cried over so much has only gone to heaven to join the angels.

I've been here so long talking that I've got tired, and I can't say any more—but that's enough. Good by.

Margaret Brown.

I'm told to give my name; it was Margaret Brown; my sickness was short but painful. I was the wife of Benjamin Brown. I lived on West Lexington street. Death came to me in January; and they stood around my bed with heads bowed in grief, knowing that the morning would remove me from their outer sight; but beloved husband and friends, God has given me an inner sight wherewith to see, and thus to know and feel your deep anguish at my loss. I know death always leaves a pall in the house; the chair is vacant, the footsteps are not heard, the voice in its mortal sound vibrates no more to the ear of those we love. But do not mourn, for you must know that joy and happiness are mine beyond the grave.

Why do I return? you will doubtless ask. To tell you that she that was mortal has put on immortality. Death has become victor over the grave.

Now Margaret closes with peace and love to all who ever knew her.

This is unexpected to you, and was unexpected to me.

Mary Jane Medford.

I lived in Annapolis; died in February, 2d or 3d. My name was Mary Jane. I was the beloved daughter of Daniel Medford. My mother, she is dead; her name was Sarah E. Medford. It's a gift to be treasured, this seeing and knowing all those we loved and have left behind us; it's a power beautiful indeed, and full of joy, to feel safely housed after our earthly life is over, and the debt of the physical body is paid. This mode of speaking I do not understand, but the lady who came with me does, and tells me how to speak, which makes it much more pleasant and easy for me to send this message of love to my friends of earth. I cannot say any more, except that I love all those whom I have left behind me, and feel that God, in his own good time, will bring them home to rest.

THE BANNER MESSAGE DEPARTMENT.

BY WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

For some thirteen years I have been a reader of the Banner of Light, and have now laid away nearly a complete file for the entire period, intending sometime to have them bound. The Message Department I have ever esteemed a most important feature, and when on the translation of Mrs. Conant the Department was necessarily interrupted, there was a hiatus; a want unsatisfied, a link gone in the chain uniting the worlds visible and invisible.

I know these message columns are not appreciated by some, who affect to believe that they are of little literary merit. Such have a very imperfect estimate of the power of the spirit or the nature of the soul to suppose that "death" is to transmute all souls into symmetrical, equal entities. The truth is, each individual spirit passes on with its peculiar characteristics, which it will not must manifest, for a season at least, when it returns to the earth sphere. If the communications were all in the same style—if they exhibited equal literary ability—there would be good reason to believe they were the emanations of the same mind. But varying, as they do, running through all grades of literary ability, and developing traits, peculiarities and idiosyncrasies, which in many cases are distinctly recognized as pertaining to the persons or spirits from whom they purport to come, we must conclude the communications are from the departed, who send their own longings and answer the anxious cravings of those they have left behind.

The spirits come back stamped with their own individuality, demonstrating the truthfulness of spirit communion and the honesty of mediumship. Take the thousands who have come to the Banner Circle Room, and through Mrs. Conant publicly told their tales of woe, or poured out their benedictions of love for their friends yet wrestling with the burdens of mortality, and we have a mass of facts of vast significance and wide influence.

The resumption of the Department is to be inaugurated by restoring to the Banner its old influence and offering from week to week irrefragable evidence that the so-called "dead" are alive, ever mindful of friends, ever loving, and ever seeking to lift humanity up to a higher plane.

It is unfortunate that Mrs. Danksin cannot occupy the circle-room at your office for the public delivery of the communications given through her organism, the same as Mrs. Conant did, as it would add ten-fold to their efficacy. The mediumship of Mrs. D. is unquestionable, and the work of the Invisibles through her will not be without its results. But the Banner needs the Public Circle as of old, for through it came many influences which tended to strengthen in the paper readers the faith of the seers of the spirit world. Strangers attracted there had their attention arrested, and from doubters became believers. Many a tiny seed planted in that room has germinated and shot upward a great tree, whose fruit has been for the healing of souls. I frequently hear the inquiry, "When will the Banner Circle be resumed?" May we not hope it will be soon? There are many hallowed associations connected with that "upper chamber," and it seems a pity that the waiting crowds both sides of the veil cannot enter in to bless and be blessed.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

LIST OF LECTURERS.

(To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever and wherever they occur. This column is devoted exclusively to lecturers, and the names of any person not a lecturer should by mistake appear, we desire to be so informed.)

REV. WILLIAM ALCOCK, trance and inspirational lecturer, Buckland, Franklin Co., Mass.

J. MADISON ALLEN, trance and inspirational lecturer, 127 North Main street, Boston, Mass.

REV. J. B. ALLEN, trance and inspirational lecturer, 127 North Main street, Boston, Mass.

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MARY L. FRECH, Townsend Harbor, Mass.

MRS. F. H. FULLER, Saratoga, Santa Clara Co., Cal.

MRS. M. A. FULLERTON, inspirational lecturer, Lowell, Mass.

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Mrs. SOPHIA WOODS, trance speaker, Burlington, Vt.

Mrs. S. WOODS, trance speaker, Burlington, Vt.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1876.

Anniversary Festivities.

The evening of Wednesday, February 23d, which date marked the forty-ninth anniversary of the birth into mortal experiences of our partner, Isaac B. Rich—was made memorable by a pleasant assemblage of friends convened at his residence, No. 35 Chambers street, Boston, to express their kindly congratulations, and to wish him continued prosperity for the future. The entertainment was of the nature of a surprise to Mr. Rich, proposed by his wife, Mrs. Fannie Rich, and carried to a successful termination by herself and several ladies and gentlemen who assisted in working up the preliminary details.

The spacious parlors had been fitted up for the evening, after the style of the proscenium and auditorium of a theatre—rich curtains descending to the floor from the ceiling above, and a mimic stage, with foot lights, scenery, etc., etc., being arranged with the most delicate taste. The services proper began by the formal introduction of Mr. Rich to his assembled guests—the having been detained from home till about half-past eight o'clock, by some plan on the part of the conspirators, which worked to a charm. In a few words he thanked the ladies and gentlemen before him for their presence, but declined making any formal remarks.

Mrs. Nellie L. Palmer, of Portland, Me., then stepped forward, and in the name of the well-known Boston florists, Messrs. Dev & Doyle, presented to Mr. Rich a splendid collection of rare blossoms as a token of their esteem. The voice of Nature (she said) through its every avenue was sweet, and most assuredly was this true when it spoke through the tips of the floral kingdom. Each one of these flowers was a symbol of affection, and gave utterance to a language which, though human speech could ill avail to interpret, instinctively impressed its significance upon the heart, and intuitively sought the serene depths of the receptive soul. The blossoms presented, while they bore a type likeness to the good wishes of the gentlemen who had presented them, also voiced the kindly sentiments of those seated before him, and more—of those unseen ones who, viewless to the eye of the physical, were yet surely present and keenly alive to the harmonious and joyful influence which pervaded the present hour, and who were also additionally interested by the floral display in that they often in our generation brought flowers into the presence of certain earthly media. She hoped, in closing, that he might attain to yet forty nine more years of earth life, and that on each subsequent anniversary it would be his lot to receive not only bright evidences of friendly regard like that which it was her charge to present, but also the assurance of continued appreciation on the part of an ever-widening circle of worthy associates.

At this point a stroke from a call-bell, the curtains were drawn quickly aside, and the foot-lights and chandelier flamed up, discovering the stage set for a parlor scene, the back being decorated with a life-size photographic likeness of Mr. Rich, festooned with flowers, with the figures "B" beneath it in white and red pinks. The following programme, which met a most enthusiastic reception at the hands of the guests, was then carried out:

Fine selections on the piano-forte, furnished by Edward E. Rice; introductory address and original poem, by Mrs. Love M. Willis; scenes from "School for Scandal," rendered in an admirable manner by Dr. Willis, Mrs. Rich, and Miss Edith L. Willis; selections on the piano-forte by Mr. Fred A. Choate; and an original song and chorus, dedicated to Isaac B. Rich, Esq., by Mrs. Love M. Willis, music by Mr. Edward E. Rice, which song was finely executed by Miss Abbie M. Rich. These, with recitations of a high order of merit by Miss Edith L. Willis, tableaux, choice vocal quartettes, and interesting charades, completed the first part of the exercises.

The company were then invited to the dining-room, where some time was passed happily in the enjoyment of a luxurious repast, in listening to the sweet strains of the male quartette, and in that of hand inter-change of thought through social badinage which while it does not perhaps aspire to the ground of staid and sober speech-making, is often much more efficient in expressing the pleasant sentiments of any assembly.

At a late hour the guests retired to their various homes, leaving many good wishes behind for the future welfare of their estimable host and hostess, in all which we heartily join. The following is the original poem above referred to, which was written for and delivered on the occasion by Mrs. Love M. Willis:

THE FOUNTAIN OF PERPETUAL YOUTH.
Inspired to Mr. and Mrs. Isaac B. Rich, on Mr. Rich's birthday, Feb. 23d, 1876, by Love M. Willis.

"I was told in ancient song and story,
When earth was young and life a dream,
When men waged war for love and glory,
And vowed their truth in sabres' gleam—

That in some sylvan glen secluded,
Afar from worldly rush and noise,
A place in which no care intruded,
A place for lovers' simple joys—

There might be found, by aid of witches,
And arts of magic, black and white,
And use of all the fabled riches
Of fay and fairy, sylph and sprite,

That dream of hope—of life eternal,
The fountain of perpetual youth,
That brought a spring forever vernal
To those who found more joy than ruth

In all this world of toil and bubble,
And made of life a happy dream,
A scene of hope and not of trouble,
Or like a sunny, singing stream.

We all say now, alas, what folly!
Like children crying for the moon,
Or dancing under buds of holly,
Or four-leaved clover, found in June.

But if that fount for us were flowing,
And if we found no myth or dream,
If we could touch those waters glowing,
And have in that eternal stream—

Ah! then we'd have the joy of knowing
That added years gave added grace,
And find that all the seed we're sowing
Would bring the blossoms in their place.

We'd then of birthdays make no mention,
We'd never think of bygone years,
We'd bid of beauty no detraction,
For passing bliss we'd shed no tears.

Ab, what a time! No sad grimaces
From women of a doubtful age,
No tell tale wrinkles, and no traces
Of tragic scenes on life's great stage;

No dimming of the outer senses,
No "silver threads among the gold,"
No women's wilts and old men's fancies,
No worn-out stories ten times told;

No lack of thought for simple duties,
No memory lost and never found,
No clinging to life's faded beauties,
No list'ning to life's empty sound.

Ah, if we could—could find that fountain,
Would we not search remotest isle,
And climb the snow-capped rugged mountain,
And feel no chill with hope's glad smile?

I've sometimes thought in that now-fable
That now is sweeping o'er the land—
When all lost arts are proved as stable
As is the ocean's boundless strand—

We should maybe read out the story,
Find all the mystery we would know,
And in an Olden's fame and glory,
Repeat the myths of long ago.

That sprites and fays, like witches olden,
Those elementals, Kymdels, gray,
That come and go, forever hidden
By strongest wills and Nature's sway,

Would tell us all about the beauty
Of growing young while growing old,
And lead us to that pleasant dawning
Of hiding from death's grasp—so cold.

But ah! as soon as come has vanished
That hope, that wish, that idle dream,
The fancy from my brain is banished,
And things return to what they seem;

For if we could, would we, departing
From tender Nature's best made laws,
Take from our lives their noble, their smarting,
Seal up our past, its breaks and flaws?

Give up the sweet, the sacred pleasure
Of care for those of waning years?
Forget our mother's best loved treasure,
Her head grown silver by her tears?

Forget our father's form bowed lowly
In reverent trust and loving care?
Forget the feeble step, now slowly
Nearing the golden gates, up there?

Would we shut out that blessed angel
Who comes with beauty in his hand,
And brings to us the sweet evangel
From out that brighter, better land?

Oh, then best fount of youth eternal!
Thou art no dream that fancy gave;
Thou comest from life and love eternal,
Thy flow doth touch with life the grave!

Thy source is Truth: in that once bathing,
Our spirits know no night or gloom;
We are like flowers in sunlight laying,
While giving beauty, death consume.

Unto that fount forever flowing
We're led by no magician's power;
Our loved ones, ever coming, going,
Conduct us onward hour by hour.

Our heads grow gray, our forms are bending—
Perhaps with age or swift decay—
But still, within, our souls are tending
To life's eternal, sunny May.

'Tis Love that leads us to that fountain,
'Tis Truth that showers us with its flood,
And on the bright, celestial mountain
Of Faith we walk, secure in God.

Then let us hail the coming, going,
Of these glad seasons, fraught with bliss,
And find each hour how rich we're growing
In treasures we can never miss.

And let us all unite in speeding
This joyous year so well begun,
With wish and hope and prayer succeeding
For earthly good, for work well done.

And for that brighter, better blessing
The peace and rest that come from love;
The wisdom that, with grace possessing,
Fits human souls for heaven above.

The People's Course at Paine Hall.

Dr. H. F. Gardner's current course of Spiritualist lectures at this place was further continued, Sunday afternoon, Feb. 27th, by Loring Moody, who at that time gave his second address—the subject being "Mind, Evolution—The Triumph of Science." An immense audience attended. The ground taken by the lecturer was that we are the products of Nature, which has given us existence, and has furnished us with hopes, longings, aspirations, cravings for good to come, and wrought them as essences of our being, so that infinity alone can satisfy our desires or needs.

The main question which Mr. Moody undertook to answer in this lecture, was the following: "If Nature could bring us here, and endow us with all our wonderful capacities, and superadd thereto the desire and expectation of an immortal existence, above these material conditions and necessities, could she not also add the fact of such existence?" If she could give us the prophecy and the promise, could she not also give us their fulfillment?" He then inquired, "What is Nature? and what has she the power of doing?"

In order to get a clue to what are the essential attributes and powers of Nature, he carried his analysis back to the first effects of creation, from products to the power which produced them, and showed that, as grain, wheat, fruit, gold, silver, must be in the earth, in order to come from it; that as light must be in the stars and suns, in order to come from them, and as these are in Nature and the products of it, so is it with all living forms. And as the body of man is a product of Nature, so is his mind. The intellect of man, with all his passions, impulses, emotions, are derived from, and so are products of the Infinite Intelligence of Nature. He claimed that mind is the uncreated and indestructible essence which fills, pervades, and governs the movements of the universe; that if Space is the Eternal Negation, Mind is the Eternal Affirmation. The eternal nothing cannot produce something; and so the eternal something must exist first. We cannot go behind the fact of mind to inquire what caused it, for the reason that mind is the only power which can examine the creative process; while, at the same time, mind is the only power which can institute and conduct the process of causation. Nor do we gain anything by saying mind was "evolved," for this again takes us right back to mind as the only power which could set in motion the powers of evolution.

Mind, then, is the sum total of the Spirit of Nature—is "the bottom fact" of the universe, beyond which the human mind cannot inquire. To us the analysis ends here.

To the objection that "mind cannot exist independent of organized matter," he answered: "But matter exists independent of organic forms; why may not mind so exist as well? Matter may exist before it can be organized. The organization of matter does not create it; nor does the organization of mind create that; for it is mind alone which can organize matter. And furthermore, the Infinite Mind of Nature organizes the finite mind of man; and in the process, it only puts some of its own varied spiritual attributes or parts together, in such finite or specialized relations with matter, as to give this complex human mind outward or material expression."

Then he took the ground that the essential attributes of Nature are indestructible and immortal; that material forms are not essential; these change. The sun, planets, stars, and all they contain, are products of the essential forces of Nature; that these solid bodies might all be resolved to nebulae and gas, and yet these forces would continue, and might recombine these bodies, and set them in their orbits again. While outward forms perish, the power which produced them continues. And as no effect can be greater than its cause, so the power which produced man could furnish or endow him with no quality or attribute which it did not first contain in itself. And so finite man is, as to his essence—his mind—a specialization of the Infinite essence of Nature. And the mind of Nature is, in its very essence, imperishable and eternal. And as the mind of man is one and the same with the mind of Nature—as she holds and includes him, as integral with herself—the immortality of man is as certain as the eternity and immortality of Nature.

So the conclusion reached is, that Nature not only can fulfill, but by the operations of her own

laws of continuity and the persistence of force, she cannot help fulfilling every promise and prophecy of immortal life with which she has impregnated the human soul.

But no mere sketch can do justice to the powerful statements contained in these lectures. They must be heard in full, with the clear and strong illustrations, as presented by the lecturer himself, in order to get their full scope and meaning. We consider them as containing as complete an answer to materialism as can well be found in so small a compass.

Letter from J. M. Peebles.

We subjoin the following, received from this well known gentleman at too late a date to allow its appearance in the extended report of the exercises held on the anniversary of the sixty-fourth birthday of Dr. H. F. Gardner of Boston, which we published last week:

Isaac B. Rich, Luther Colby, Allen Putnam, and others, Committee.

GENTLEMEN:—If the telegraph and the steam engine have nearly annihilated time and space, Spiritualism, lifting the heavy curtain of the future, has demonstrated the fact of man's consciousness existing before the grave. The question "If a man die shall he live again?" is settled; and may not the satisfactory settling of this question be considered the crowning glory of the nineteenth century?

Though the marvels and mysteries connected with Spiritualism have existed under different forms in Eastern countries, through weary ages, it remained for the last two decades to see these phenomena in a measure systematized, and a rational philosophy deduced therefrom. And among the vigilant followers, the faithful students, and ardent promoters of this new science, it is Dr. H. F. Gardner, whose birthday you celebrate, permit me to assure the Doctor, through you, that distance alone prevents my being one of your number, enjoying if not adding to the interests of the occasion.

Will you pardon me, gentlemen, for using the present opportunity for expressing surprise mingled with joy at the rapidity with which Spiritualism has moved forward during the last decade, not only in this, and other English-speaking countries, but throughout all the enlightened portions of the world. No longer local, it is already cosmopolitan, and must soon become universal. Only the ignorant, the prejudiced, or bigoted, presume to ignore the reality of phenomena sufficiently startling to arrest the attention of scientists, convince materialists, modify American pulpit, liberalize the press, and enable millions of devotees to triumphantly exclaim: "Oh death, where is thy sting?" Oh grave, where is thy victory?"

It was to me a source of satisfaction almost inexpressible when, reaching Calcutta, India, to find Spiritualists; the works of our prominent authors; the Banner of Light, and different English periodicals devoted to Spiritualism, in the hands of the Brahmins, the Buddhists of China, and the Parsees of Persia are becoming quite conversant with Modern Spiritualistic Literature. And thus do the East and the West shake hands over ocean channels, rejoicing with "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

While demonstrating the reality, and showing the naturalness of converse with the spirit-world through sympathy, vision, trance, clairvoyance, impressions and inspirations, the tendency of true Spiritualism is to elevate the thoughts, encourage fidelity, cultivate purity, spiritualize the emotions and promote the principles of polarity and equality. Kindling in all souls the loftiest endeavor, its prayers are good deeds; its music the sweet breathings of guardian angels; its ideal the celestial life of perfection, and its temple the measureless universe of God!

Hoping that Dr. Gardner may live to have many birthday jubilees for reviving old memories and the greeting of new friends, and trusting that you will have a most enjoyable season, I beg to subscribe myself, most truly yours,

J. M. PEEBLES.

New Orleans, La., Feb. 1876.

Obituary.

MRS. F. W. BALDWIN.
A peculiarly sad death occurred on Tuesday morning, in the decease of Mrs. F. W. Baldwin, who gave birth to twins last Sunday morning. She was a daughter of Mrs. A. J. Davis, her maiden name being Love. For several years previous to her marriage, she was a teacher in the public schools of Orange, in which position she won the esteem of the Board of Education and the love of her fellow-teachers and pupils. Hers was a remarkably amiable disposition, and her friends were bound to her with the strongest cords of love. While teaching, her health was so feeble, that on one occasion she was compelled to take a vacation. The cares of married life, which she assumed more than fifty years since, still further impaired her strength, and for some time previous to her last illness, her friends were apprehensive of a fatal result. She was scarcely conscious from the hour of her confinement until death relieved her of her sufferings. Mrs. Baldwin leaves four children, the eldest being about four years of age. Of all the bereavements of this life, there is none sadder than for a family to lose a young and loving mother.

Mrs. Baldwin was buried from her home on Thursday afternoon (Feb. 24th). The attendance of relatives and friends was very large, and the services, as was natural under the circumstances, were unusually interesting.

The corpse was encased in a neat but beautiful casket, and with the exception of the head and one hand, was covered with choice exotics, tributes from her numerous friends. A very large number of other floral contributions decorated the room, and the air was laden with the incense of these sweet memorials. There was no regular service, but discourses were delivered by Mr. Harrison, of Vineland, and Andrew Jackson Davis, each paying high tribute to the goodness of the deceased, and urging their hearers to believe in the doctrines they profess and promulgate.—Orange (N. J.) Journal.

A Spiritualist and Liberalist Convention.

Will be held at Liberty Hall, Springfield, Mass., Friday, March 31st, April 1st and 2d. The first day's sessions will be held to celebrate the twenty-eighth anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism; morning meeting at ten o'clock, volunteer speakers; afternoon at two, addresses by some of our ablest lecturers; evening, from eight to twelve, a sociable, including music and dancing.

April 1st, at ten A. M., the LAKE PLEASANT CAMP MEETING ASSOCIATION will hear the report of their committee, and make arrangements for the camp meeting next August. In the afternoon speeches will be in order. In the evening a dramatic entertainment will take place.

April 2d, Sunday, lecture will be given at ten A. M., two and seven o'clock P. M. Speakers, mediums and the public are invited.

The Boston & Albany Railroad charge two-thirds fare. On this road call for Convention tickets. Passengers by other roads will receive return tickets at the Convention.

For further particulars address Harvey Lyman, Springfield, Mass.

Per order of the Committee.

The Colorado Utes complain that the government agreed to pay them \$25,000 a year to release a part of their reservation in Southwestern Colorado, where gold was discovered, and that they have never received a dollar, though the agreement was made two years ago. No wonder we have Indian wars.—Boston Herald.

The grand organ in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, was formally opened recently, with a concert by some of the principal organists of the city.

New Publications.

THE RELATIONS OF THE SEXES, by Mrs. E. B. Duffey, author of "What Women Should Know," "No Sex in Education," &c. Is the title of a book especially timely when the discussion over the marriage laws is going on, and a desire for more light and knowledge on the subject is generally felt. The author has assembled a good sound book; and if she holds fast by the statutes as they exist, it is only intelligently and with intent to inspire them with a larger and better meaning. The perils of an abrogation of all marriage laws she depicts in almost startling language, bringing them home to men as well as women. She refuses to believe that, in matters pertaining to the most important instincts of human life, ignorance is innocence, and a total lack of interest proof of purity of character. Her purpose, as she herself announces it, is to show how an enlightened understanding alone is able to cope with problems which our complicated social systems are incapable of solving at the beginning, she traces out the natural laws of sex, afterwards taking up the several forms and phases of social life, dating back from earliest history, nothing, as she says, the evidences of growth in man's moral nature and the consequent improvement of these social systems. Polygamy and free love are discussed by her openly, and these chapters of the book will be read with profit and genuine instruction. The marriage relation worthily occupies a large share of the book, for that is held to be the central truth, or fact around which all social life revolves, the family being the germ and ground of all possible civil government. Both the baneful and beneficial phases of married life are treated, and in each case only to add in the genuine advancement of humanity. Published by Wood & Lothrop, New York.

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