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VOL. I.

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NO. 4.

Harmonia.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

Improvised and given inspirationally through Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels at the close of a lecture in Washington, Sunday evening.

There's a beautiful country not far away, with its shores of emerald green,
Where rise the beautiful hills of Day, from meadows of amber and sheen;
There beautiful flowers forever blow, with beautiful names which ye may not know.

There are beautiful walks, star paven and bright, which lead up to beautiful homes;
And beautiful temples, all carved in white, with golden and sapphire domes,
And beautiful gates, which swing so slow, to beautiful symbols ye may not know.

There are beautiful valleys and mountains high, with rivers, and forests and hills;
And beautiful fountains leap to the sky, then descend in murmuring rills;
There beautiful "life trees" forever grow, with beautiful names which ye do not know.

There is beautiful music borne on the air, from bright birds with flashing wings;
And beautiful odors float everywhere, which an unseen censer flings;
And a beautiful stream near that land doth flow, with a beautiful name which ye do not know.

Across this beautiful mystical stream, flash rare scintillations bright;
And many a witching, mysterious dream, is born on the pinions of night;
And the stream is spanned by a beautiful bow, with a beautiful name which ye do not know.

And the beautiful gondolas, formed of pearl, come, laden with wonderful stores;
While beautiful banners their folds unfurl, to the dipping of musical oars;
And beautiful beings cross to and fro, with beautiful names which ye do not know.

Could ye know the name of this Beautiful Land where the emerald waters roll
The waves on a beautiful strand? It is called *The Land of the Soul*.
Beautiful flowers which ever blow, are the beautiful thoughts which ye have below.

Beautiful walks are your *life deeds*, which fashion your future;
And grand are the world's great needs, and its Saviours have their homes.
Beautiful gates which swing so slow, come the beautiful truths which ye learn below.

And the beautiful landscapes are formed of thought, of all that *the world has been*;
And the beautiful fountains are tears outwrought, through immortal sunlight seen;
And the beautiful life-trees, which ever grow, are the beautiful *hopes* which ye cherish below.

And the beautiful melody is *prayer*, but is coiled in music's powers;
And the beautiful perfumes floating there, are the *spirits of all the flowers*.
And the beautiful stream which divides you so, is the beautiful river named *Death* below.

And the beautiful flashes across the stream, are your *inspirations* grand;
While the beautiful *meaning* of every dream is the *real* in this fair land.
And the beautiful million-colored bow, is your beautiful *tears for each other's woe*.

And the beautiful barges are all the *years* which bear ye away from pain;
And the beautiful banners, transformed from *fear*, are returning to bless you again;
And the beautiful forms, crossing to and fro, are the *beautiful ones ye have loved below*.

—Banner of Light.

Written expressly for the WHITE BANNER.

TO MOTHER.

They are waiting for us mother, waiting on the "shining shore,"
Where the pangs of care and sorrow will disturb them nevermore;
When they left us we were weeping, and our home was sad and lone,
How we felt our heart-strings quiver, when we saw that they had gone.

They have crossed o'er death's dark river, crossed the dreaded, silent flood,
Now the angels are rejoicing—another spirit born to God.
But will they forget us? never, their affections will live on,
Through the vast eternal ages their love for us will be as strong.

As when on earth they dwelt among us, in their mortal bodies clothed,
Now they come from heaven to cheer us, and to whisper words of love.
Weep no more then, dearest Mother, he who loved you is at rest;
He will be the first to greet you in that land of perfect rest.

BELLA.

THE FORSAKEN.

Sitting beside the casement till the stars gleam through the firs;
The large tears drop slow and cold on those folded hands of hers,
They glitter as bright in the red fire light as the diamond that she wore,
Ere she drew it off—the mocking pledge of a troth whose truth was o'er.
The hollow darkness round her creeps, the days long watch is run,
And all that they swore only death could do, a few short months has done.

REALITIES.

BY H. T. CHILD, M. D.

Bishop Berkeley, a celebrated Irish metaphysician, startled the world with the idea that all material existences were only subjective and ideal, in the beginning of the 18th century. He maintained "that the belief in the existence of an exterior material world, is false and inconsistent with itself; that those things which are called *sensible material objects*, are not external, but exist in the mind, and are merely impressions made on our minds by the immediate act of God, according to certain rules, termed *laws of nature*, from which he never deviates; and, that the steady adherence of the Supreme Spirit to these rules, is what constitutes the reality of things to his creatures, and so effectually distinguishes the ideas perceived by sense, from such as are the work of the mind itself, or of dreams; that there is no more danger of confounding them together on this hypothesis, than on that of the existence of matter.

This theory has been ridiculed and rejected by most persons, and it has but little to recommend it; yet, on this subject of realities, I have often thought they were not only measured by the human mind, but they were also a measure of its development.

Although almost every individual has a standard for their realities, yet we may class them under a few heads.

First. There are those who believe only in those things that are to be seen and felt by our outward senses—the granite rock, and the material elements of this universe. This class of philosophers, for they consider themselves especially as such, declare that these are the only realities in the universe, and are loud in their protestations against all imaginary and subjective realities.

Next to these we may consider the intellectual philosophers, who perceive that the granite rock and all material substances are held together by forces which are superior to them; hence, they look upon these as more real than the external masses, which are but expressions of these forces. This class has no sympathy with the first, nor will they admit that there are any realities beyond these.

Another class of philosophers has existed in all ages, consisting of persons who believe that the laws which produce the realities of the intellectual philosophers, are but expressions of more profound spiritual principles, which not only manifest themselves in these, but are to be found in the interior of all things, visible and invisible. The spiritual philosophers do not deny the existence of any of the realities which either of the other two classes have presented, but they claim, in the language of A. J. Davis, that there are more "real realities" than either of these present, to be found in the realm of the spiritual. We should have charity for those who think they have all the realities of the universe; and remember that we were children once, and saw many wonderful realities which have ceased to be real to us.

It is a beautiful thought that we can grow to be so pure and good that we can overlook the faults and shortcomings of those who have not seen all that is to be seen and all that is to be known in this life. The nearer we approach a solution of the spiritual and divine principles, the more will we feel that all our brethren and sisters are working their way up the mountain of science and religion, and that sooner or later all will come to a higher knowledge of the "real realities of the universe, which will be found in the realm of the spiritual.

INVOCATION.

BY

MRS. CORA L. V. DANIELS.

Delivered at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, Sunday Afternoon Dec. 29th, 1868.

Phonographically reported by Henry T. Child, M. D.

Infinite Spirit of harmony and peace! Thou whom we call God, and from that word strive to comprehend the meaning of Thy infinite being. Thou whom we call Jehovah, Lord, or by whatever name we may address Thee! yet whose spirit is the essential principle of all life; whose mind is the essence of all thought; whose power is the expression of law. Thou Infinite Good! we praise Thee, for the Earth is filled with Thy work, and the Heavens express the glory of Thy mind. We praise Thee for all that the ages that have been, have revealed the wondrous perfectness of Thy laws, and we know that the ages that are to come are ripe with untold promises of Thy perfect being. We praise Thee, for the world which Thy children inhabit, is but a type of all those worlds, where

in Thou dost express, in infinite variety, the infinite loveliness of Thy being. We praise thee for the voices of harmony that can never be hushed, nor the sounds of rejoicing refuse to express their feelings.

We praise Thee for life, that which encompasses and enfolds us; we praise Thee for mind, that which thrills and inspires us; we praise Thee for spirit, that which is all that we can be, or ever hope to attain.

Thou spirit! shining on through the darkness of matter. even as the sun shines through the depth of space. Oh Thou enkindling fire! Thou everlasting flame! Thou all abiding love! We praise Thee because our souls respond to Thy gladness, and for every bud which Thou hast made; for all created things of earth and air and sky; for every change of season; for every law which regulates matter.

We do praise Thee for the light of day and glories of the night; for the bursting spring time; for the glad summer; the rich autumn, with its golden fruitage; for the snowy winter; for all changes that have come to the nations of the earth; for wars; for pestilences; for peace; for progress.

We praise Thee for all human governments that are the stepping stone to Thy universal government of righteousness.

We praise Thee for all forms of religion, which are the expressions of Thy divine spirit, and stepping stones to the perfect worship of Thee. We praise Thee for all conceptions of science and art, since these have revealed Thy manifestations in Nature, and given us the key to the great storehouse of Thy knowledge.

But more than for all these, and ineffably greater is our thanksgiving for the human spirit and its unfoldments; for that growth which, step by step, as the leaf unfolds until it becomes the flower, is the divine incarnation breathed into matter, which expresses thyself. For this wonderful human spirit, with its affections, its aspirations, its desires, its hopes, its faith; for all these do we praise Thee, even as these flowers praise Thee in their bloom and fragrance, and as the world praises Thee for its revolvings, even as the stars praise Thee for their light.

Oh! we bless Thee that the relations of man, the ties of human affection, the achievements of human knowledge.

The fulfilment of the prophecies of the human soul, are as boundless as thy love, as infinite as thy power, and as all pervading as thine own life. Thy children would lay their offerings ever on the altars of their souls upon thy shrine. They would bring their enfolded thoughts, the germs of mind, the feeble efforts to attain truth, the strivings and strugglings of all their years of sorrow and disappointment of blasted hopes and blighted lives.

They would bring thee their own heart struggles, wherein they have sought to find thy truth, though as yet they are seeking in darkness. They would bring all their feelings to thee, knowing that in the infinite light of thine infinite mercy, thy hand is forever extended, and thy spirit forever uplifts us. We bring all our weaknesses that thy strength may shine upon them. We bring our imperfections, that thy perfection may cover them. We bring our falterings that thy great courage may assist us. We bring all our errors, that they may be blotted out by thy truth.

We bring all our hatred and revenge, that they may be obscured and enveloped by thy divine love.

We bring all our tears and all our sorrows and all our disappointments, that thy tenderness may overshadow and sustain us. We bring all our aspirations, that thy great fulfillment may lead us on to them. We bring our faith, that it may be lost in knowledge; that we may receive thy certainty in our uncertainty; thine all pervading loveliness, in our unloveliness.

Written expressly for the WHITE BANNER.

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MEDIA;

OR

The Charmed Life:

A STORY OF FACT, PHENOMENA AND MYSTERY.

CHAPTER VI—(Continued).

"My business?" the stranger echoed.

"Yes, what do you wish in my line?"

"Money," was again the brief reply.

"What have you to give in exchange?"

"Ahem—information sir?"

The miser pawnbroker shuddered, as his mind reverted to Dudley Clarendon. He suspected this another, who knowing his secret had come to extort money and thus purchase silence. He furtively glanced at the youthful stranger, a thrill passed quickly through the miser's veins, as he fancied he saw a marvellous resemblance of the countenance now before him, to that of Dudley Clarendon.

"Where is your daughter, sir?" the stranger inquired.

"Humph, I never had one."

"Mayhap, you speak truly, but tell me please, where Miss Rachel Grimps is?"

"In New York," mayhap."

"Wrong sir, she is not in New York."

"Where is she then?" Grimps asked eagerly.

"Beyond your reach; but I come to solicit aid for her."

"Ha! ha! In want eh! Ah, then let her come to me."

"I will bring her, if you place the means within my hands."

"Ah, no! Ha, ha! She must come here herself, and I will assist her," the miser replied, with a chuckle of triumph.

"Perdition seize your narrow heart!" the stranger exclaimed, springing quickly to his feet and fixing a fiery glance on the stolid Jew, continued, "Will you assist me, or must I force you?"

"Ah, have a care, young man. Do not threaten me."

The stranger paused a moment, then said,

"You refuse to aid your daughter, do you?"

"No, but she must receive it at my hands," said Grimps.

"You will never see her then," the stranger continued stepping to the door. "But beware of her vengeance—I warn you."

"Stay! exclaimed the old man." "Tell me where she is?"

"No sir, I will not do that."

"But I must know. I will give you the sum you require, if you will bring her here."

"Then give me a hundred dollars, and you shall see her."

"For sure, - will you swear it?"

"I will pledge you my word, my honor. Place the sum on that table and I will show you your daughter, Rachael."

The miser did so, though reluctantly and then the stranger off his shabby suit of male attire, our beautiful Media stood the astonished Jew. Caleb Seigle glared upon his suddenly transformed late protegee with amazement, mingled with delight. At length she broke the spell and gathering up the cash, remarked,

"I have kept my promise, Mr. Seigle."

"But Rachael," cried the delighted old man, "why have you deceived me so?"

"To obtain needed assistance."

"And why have you left your aunt?"

"She was not agreeable."

"You are too unyielding, Rachael."

"Sir, my name is not Rachael."

"Girl, you are mad—what is it then?"

"No, I am not mad, I am perfectly sane, Caleb Seigle."

"What! Did I not forbid you calling me by that name, since we left Kensington," he passionately exclaimed.

"Yes sir, you did. But I care very little, if you like the name or not. I know more probably than you suppose, and as surely know that my name is not Rachael Seigle."

"Ha, what is that other knowledge you have?"

"A secret, which I shall retain until its revelation will crush you."

"But, I will see you again?"

"Where do you live?"

"O, that is immaterial, quite. Caleb Seigle, I bid you good night." Again, the miser was alone.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SOCIABLE,—BELLES AND BEAUTIES,—THE RENT DAY—DISTRESS,—THE UNKNOWN.

Life, made up as it is of a phantasmagoria of many and varied dissolving views—the incidents and scenes ever changing, ever new—we raise the curtain upon other characters and other scenery, which are to figure in our story of Media, in the midst of the most brilliant, Spiritual and liberal sociable ever convened in our happy city.

Philadelphia on a New Year's eve—theatre, opera, circus, concert and fair were overflowing with the excitement of the hilarious season, and crowded with the elite and the gay. But the happiest assemblage of them all was the festive entertainment given by the liberal ladies and gentlemen under the auspices of the American Spiritual Association. The fair daughters and sons of even fortune were there, flashing with their emblems, jewels and other ornaments in profusion. No vulgar distinction of caste or position intruded on the merry festive scene; but a happy congenial social mingling of all, contributed unbounded pleasure. All was gaiety—all was happiest enjoyment.

Brighter and brighter shone laughing eyes—lighter and lighter tripped fairy feet in the gay and graceful dance. Blazing, dazzling the belles and gazelle-eyed beauties passed before the spectator's bewilderment. Softly, sweetly rolled the enchanting music from the full voiced chime—brilliant chandeliers glittered over the scene, and gaiety and beauty held high revel. The dance ceased. Randolph Haines, the favorite gallant, escorted to a more remote hall two accomplished ladies, beautiful as any that graced the scene. They sank together on a seat, while Randolph remained in an easy attitude near them, and drank in with admiration transforming beauty and pleasure around him.

"How does Miss Rogers enjoy herself this evening?"

"Tired Media of her young friend, in gay and happy tones."

"Charmingly, I assure you, Media; it is indeed delightful."

"Seventeen to-day. This is a joyous birthday anniversary, truly."

"Promising indeed——"

"Oh, Annie, may your life continue as bright as this glorious new year's eve!"

"Thanks, many thanks, Media; yet you know I am blest with large hope; but here comes Josephine and Amelia with their beaux. They have promised me an introduction. They come, I expect, to fulfil the word. And see, there is Miss Russell and Linda—they have Harry Milford, that tease, with them."

"Good evening, girls; a joyous new-year's eve. Permit us please to introduce to you Mr. Shermer and Mr. Weldon," said the vivacious and gay Josephine Kennedy, coming up to where they were sitting. Media and Annie arose and greeted them pleasantly, and all were soon busy in converse light and glad, in happy harmony with the festive hour, and Randolph, who had become almost lost in distant observation, was now suddenly brought to himself, and enlivened the social tete-a-tete with frequent flashes of humor and mirth.

"Media—glance toward the door—quick—the Count has arrived, whispered Annie to her friend, who blushing said: "Charles you mean."

The next moment her lover was by her side. His presence was hailed by all with infinite pleasure. Charles Orsay was passably handsome, lovely natured, and the life and soul of society. He was called social the "Count." In reality his station was that of a Chestnut street hatter.

Music soft and sweet again called many to their feet. And anon bright eyes and jewels, as gaiety whirled through the giddy waltz and polka sparkled and glittered like a fairy sea of enchantment. Annie preferring not to join the present set, herself and companion were soon mingling with other acquaintances round the happy room, and anon they were conversatively alone again, deeply enwrapped in converse, low and sweet.

"So you are seventeen to-day, Annie?"

"So I believe," Annie replied gaily.

"A happy anniversary this. The last night of the year. The old year blusters and struggles with old father time. He dies, slow, though sure, and by twelve o'clock to night; the way it now storms without, his winning sheet will be an ample shroud of snow. But within we shall welcome in the first hours of the new-born year right merrily."

And to-morrow, to the music of the bells, glide gaily through your 'shroud' of snow, in a merry, merry sleigh ride—but stay, who is this handsome gentleman who bowed to you just now?"

"Indeed I can scarcely say, for as yet I have not the honor of his name."

"He is of splendid form, and such bright jetty eyes. What a noble face is his—such a massive open brow. You say you have not known him long?"

"Scarcely a year."

"The first I have met with features and form come up so well to the

beautiful descriptions I have read of the Belvidere Apollo—full of grace so matchless—so divine.

"Come, come, Annie, you must cease this. It makes me feel strangely to hear you speak thus of another. Perhaps the first risings of jealousy. How I dislike the very word, yet you have made me feel very strangely."

"Ahem—have I?—higho," she sighed: "I believe, Randolph, I've been dreaming—dreaming of the loved ones, dear."

"Yes, a momentary trance; and now, as you are so interested in the stranger, I will relate to you the circumstances under which I first met him."

"Oh, I should love much to hear them."

"It was one of the coldest days of last winter. I was collecting the rents of father's property, in the southern part of the city. I had nearly accomplished my task, and entered one of our poorest tenements, the occupant of which, a poor woman, had become greatly straitened in circumstances, and now owed us for several months. I entered the place, and it looked dreary enough. There was no carpet on the floor, nor a stove in the room; the furniture consisted of a small pine table, that had under gone some hard use, three or four broken wood seat, chairs greatly worn, and an old water bucket frozen with ice to the bottom. To economize in fuel and bed clothing she had removed her bedding from the second floor down to the first. And here it was that I first met 'the Unknown.' As I entered, he was standing near the middle of the room conversing in anxious tones with the woman who was lying on the bed sick. Beside her was her only child, a little girl, also sick, and with scarcely sufficient covering to shield them from the piercing cold. A fire burned in the grate it is true; but it was now dying out consuming the last of her fuel. He had listened patiently to her story of distress, and as I entered had arisen to his feet, about to depart, to make effort to further administer to the sick woman's comfort. He bowed to me respectfully, and as though he knew me.

"I presume, sir, you have called for your rent," said he.

"Yes, sir, such is my business here."

"How much is there due you?"

"For five months to-day. Five and twenty dollars."

"Make a receipt in full," said he, placing the money in my hand. Astonished at this, I objected; I was not yet accustomed to meet with such pure disinterested unselfish friendship, and scarcely knew how to act in the matter. For an entire stranger to thus step forward and voluntarily pay the poor woman's rent. I glanced at him, and then toward the bed; the sick one afforded no explanation. I only heard the helpless woman thanking the angels for sending the timely relief. I pushed his money toward him, gave him my card, and requested him to call at the office and see father about it. He received the card, but insisted on my accepting from him the rent. I did so at length, urging him to call at the office.

"Now," said he, "Young man, I have a request to make of you, remain here until I order some fuel brought, and until I return with a physician."

"I will do so," I replied, and the next moment he was gone, and I was alone with the sick. I drew near to her and said, "Well, Mrs. Ray, you have found a friend indeed. Who is the gentleman?"

"Oh, sir, I do not know; I only know he is a good man. Surely the angels have sent him."

"Have you been sick?"

"Almost three weeks, 'tis now."

"Without assistance?"

"Entirely without any until now."

"When a Physician to see you?"

"Not one."

"Why did you not let us know, that you were in this helpless condition."

"No one had I to send."

"Where was your little girl?"

"Taken sick ere I became so ill."

"Have none of your neighbors been in to see you?"

"None of them."

"This is hard—you must now receive some attention."

"My last speech was shortened by the opening of the door, and the stranger walking in with a pair of good blankets beneath his arm, followed indeed by a couple of our most effective mediums. A feather bed and a stove soon arrived, and the two sick ones were soon changed into a more comfortable condition. The magnetic influence of mediumistic power to heal was soon perceptible in the sudden reanimation of the sick. While the process of healing was progressing, a load of fuel was cast into the cellar; next came the cart of the grocer and provision dealer, and anon the cheerful happy effect produced within the old tenement would have done your heart good Annie, to behold—"

"All produced by the sweet influence of the unknown."

"The gentleman who bowed so politely to me just now."

"One of nature's noblemen—just what I should have guessed of him. His benevolent face reveals the true index of his amiable character."

"Yes, his is a noble nature, and his whole life and fortune seems devoted to such like acts of kindness, and withal he strives hard to keep his charities concealed. In this he is eccentric. But see—again the dancing has ceased. What is the additional programme? Oh, I see. Why, Annie, bless you, 'Happy new year.' 'Tis the birth of the New year—"

"Thank you, Randolph; the same to you with all my heart," Annie answered feelingly. And there, in that gay throng, their hands were pressed with more than usual fervor and affection. His touch seemed to the blushing Annie the renewal and holy confirmation of all his warmest affection. It was no idle "happy new year" that passed the pure virgin lips of Annie Rogers, unlike what is frequently spoken—it welled up from her warm, earnest heart with all the devotion of fervent prayer.

"The very soul's sincere desire—unuttered or expressed;"

"The motion of a hidden fire, that trembles in the breast."

"Happy new year" passed from lip to lip in gay and merry tones. Randolph and Annie mingled again with the gay company, and soon stood face to face again with the Unknown.

"Happy new year," said Randolph, smiling pleasantly, and extending his hand. Annie also returned pleasantly the Unknown's salutation.

"Happy new year," he mused, as he halted a moment. "Happy to some it may be—but to many it will be—but who may know the future—to the many it is a sealed volume, and perhaps wisely so." He glided away. Randolph looked up to catch another glimpse of him, but he had disappeared.

"Somewhat eccentric," Annie mused, "and so sentimental too. Still he is no misanthrope; he appears pleased to administer to the pleasure and witness the happiness of others."

An hour later and this vast assemblage and greatest sociable of the season, had poured into the streets, and the place which had been the late scene of such refined and joyous revel, was anon shrouded in profound darkness—the lights were extinguished, and the banquet hall deserted.

"Thus, in the still night, while nature's charms surround me; Fond memory brings the light of other days gone by me."

(To be Continued.)

Written expressly for the White Banner.

MEMOIRS OF SATAN.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY,

BY BELL DEMONIO.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

Were it possible to suspend the law of atmospheric friction, and a ball, discharged from the mouth of a cannon, should still require more than six thousand years to reach the sun, 'tis scarce within the province of human imagination to conceive the immense swiftness of this diabolical flight, the infernal passage which Lucifer and his Satanic crew made from the wrath-glistening battlements of Heaven, down, down to the dark, chaotic confines of Pandemonium. Fast driving this; in direct violation, certainly, of the law of—well, of personal safety. Such a frightful flight one would think sufficient to waft away from the cranium's summit, all the capillary substance which is usually expected to vegetate there, and take the life, at least the breath away. Such an aerial chaffing would shave cleanly and close an Esau or an Ishmael; and we sincerely question, that falling at such a frightful rate, if even yet the poor Devil has ascertained what it was that hurt him.

But we find that he soon recovers from the infernal shock, and Richard; or, Old Dick, is "himself again," and in devilish resolution strong as ever.

"Fallen cherubs, to be weak is miserable, doing or suffering. So resolves Apollyon, 'but of this be sure, to do aught good will never be our task, but ever to do ill our sole delight, as being contrary to His high will whom we resist. If, then, his providence out of our evil seek to bring forth good, our labor must be to prevent that end, and out of good, still find means of evil.'"

The Devil, and his hosts of innumerable angels, form, indeed, no inconsiderable mass. For though we are not sufficiently wise in arithmetic, to correctly cast the mystic number of the prophetic beast, still St. Francis, we believe, or some other Jesuit, dividing the troops of Satan into three lines, has told the number of devils of all sorts in each battalion, namely: ten thousand millions of the first line, fifty millions of times as many in the second line, and three hundred times as many as both of these in the third line. This, indeed, then is an immense army of immortal warriors. Their shadow in their aerial flight is indeed sufficient to darken not only our globe, but also the sun. But what was this immense concourse of beings doing during the long interval which must have elapsed from the beginning, whenever that was, or rather from their signal expulsion from Heaven, to the creation of this world, and man to dwell on the face of the earth, which time is given by some as twenty thousand years. But, let this as it may, others have intimated that the Devil employed himself, at least, during a portion of the interval by mimicking his Maker in his wondrous works of creation; that in imitation of the stars which now so gloriously bespangle the Heavens, Satan made comets, but the composition of them being combustible, when they came to wander in the vast abyss, rolling by irregular, ill-grounded motion, they took fire in their approach to some of those great bodies of flame, the stars, and being thus kindled (like fireworks unskillfully let off), they took wild and eccentric, as also different motions of their own, altogether out of the Dragon's direction, and beyond his power to regulate ever after.

What wonder, then, that even to this day, the sudden appearance of eclipses, comets, and meteors, cause the uninformed to tremble and fear. The illiterate see prodigies, miracles, and wonders, in all those striking, mayhap alarming effects, the cause of which they are unacquainted with.

CHAPTER III.

But as time wore on and away, the Devil being the great Prince and Power of the air, and the great antagonist of Deity and good, and having at length, after long wandering about through the air, and going to and fro through the earth, and walking up and down on it, busily, stealthily seeking whom or what he may devour, espied at length from an immense distance, surrounded indeed with all conceivable felicity, the holy pair in the Edenic garden. The heavenly sight, to him extremely provoking, inflamed him with all the unrestrained and raging fires of jealousy, and straightway he planned a fresh campaign against the good works of Him, against whom he still burned with pent up rage and implacable hate. He at once determined the betrayal and overthrow of these newly formed creatures, and the usurpation of the dominion of the new world.

He found this creature called "man," says Deſoe, was, however, mean, and small in appearance, a kind of seraphic species, made in the very image of his Maker, endowed with reasoning faculties to know good and evil, and possessed of—O! mystery of mysteries—a substance may we call it, hitherto unknown, and in hell, unheard of; namely: that though made indeed of the lowest and coarsest material, yet God, breathing into him the breath of life, he became suddenly possessed of a living immortal soul, a mysterious emanation from Deity; hence, the divine substance in man. That he possessed the most sublime faculties infused into his organization, making him capable of not only knowing and contemplating Jehovah, but also of eventually enjoying him fully, in effable glory; aye, and which was more to Satan, whose rebellious jealousy was now fully aroused, that being of an angelic nature, though strangely mixed with, and for the present confined to mortal flesh, yet was man. This man intended to be removed from this earth, after a limited probation of discipline, to inhabit forever and aye, that Heaven, and enjoy that very glory and felicity, from which the Devil and his angels had been before expelled.

(To be Continued.)

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February 15, 1869.

COMPENSATION.

There are few words in our language so little understood as this, comprehending as it does some of the grandest ideas that belong to the human soul. The first impression which is made upon most persons is that of some pecuniary payment for value received.

But this is a narrow and selfish view of this great subject. In all departments of nature, from the Supreme Architect of the Universe, through all the varied grades of spiritual and physical life, and down to the very lowest forms of inorganic matter, this great law of compensation prevails. It is as universal and unvarying as gravitation.

In the earlier geological periods, when earthquakes and volcanoes expended their power in breaking up the crust of old mother earth, laying the foundations of "the everlasting hills," scooping out the valleys and the beds of the oceans, and all seemed chaos and confusion, there were beautiful compensations in the preparation for that magnificent display of floral grandeur which sprang upon this soil, and in turn, as these massive forests laid their silent forms in the grave of the coal beds, the compensation was that they were to become the light of the world, the power of the nations in after ages.

Each plant, every living organization, has been a lever in the hands of the Infinite, lifting matter to higher conditions. They have been the "John the Baptists" crying in the wilderness: make way for the higher, and they have ever had their compensation.

Not alone on the outward planes of existence are these compensations beautifully manifested; they are far more grand in the spiritual realm. We have our baptisms of suffering, and after these come sweet and holy compensations, and as we walk through life ministering to the wants of the poor and the needy, the weak and the suffering ones, how often have we received, in the tear of gratitude, and the cheering words of thankfulness, that compensation which no language can express, but which thrills our souls, and inspires us with desires to work on, work ever. In the beautiful beyond, where the angels dwell, these compensations come to be more real and valuable, just in proportion to the purity and goodness of our spirits.

In the clear visions of that light which dawns upon the purely unfolded spiritual being, there are magnificent compensations which far transcend anything that we can realize now, and from those lofty heights we may look back over life's checkered scenes, and perceive how each dark or bright, sad or happy, has had its own beautiful compensation, and in that compensation, we shall realize all that we could desire.

Oh, ye toiling millions of earth, groaning beneath the weight of burdens that seem hard, too hard to bear, pause for a moment and take comfort in the blessed thought that your compensations are all as sure as your very existence, and that sooner or later eternal right will reign triumphant, and all the undevelopment, ignorance and error which at times confuses your pathways, and makes them seem to be dark and uncertain, will pass away before the glorious sunlight of truth and beauty, which is shining on for ever, though clouds may sometimes hide it from your vision. Know this truth that a just and righteous compensation awaits every condition of life, and in this we may rest in peace.

Our circle, under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State Society, was held on Friday evening, Jan. 29th, at the City Assembly Rooms, south-west corner of Ninth and Spring Garden, at which there were present at least six hundred people, nearly all of whom appeared interested, and were desirous to witness spiritual manifestation. Though so large and mixed a congregation is unfavorable for convincing and interesting manifestations, yet quite a number were entranced and made short speeches; while others were influenced for different manifestations. The circle was interesting, and the large number that attended it speaks well for the rapid increase of the spiritual sentiment in the hearts of the people.

The circle was opened by a prayer of thanksgiving, through the mediumship of Miss Robinson—thanking God for all the blessings and comforts of this life, and for the certain revelation of another and better life; for the holy truth, now revealed to us, of God's infinite love, reaching every heart and drawing all unto himself; fervently praying that God, in his own good time, would fill every heart with inspiration and love, which would be crowned with hope, joy and gladness.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

A number of communications crowded out of our present issue will appear in our next.

ESPECIAL NOTICE.

Subscriptions for the *White Banner* handed to the following-named ladies and gentlemen will be duly accredited on our books, and the paper delivered as faithfully as if sent to the office of publication:

Dr. Henry T. Child, No. 634 Race Street.
Dr. Joel H. Rhodes, No. 255 North Twelfth street.
Joseph Johns, Esq., Secretary Academy Fine Arts, Chestnut above Tenth Street.
George Ballenger, Esq., No. 1110 South Sixth Street.
Thomas Marston, No. 14 Market Street.
Mr. C. B. Rogers, No. 133 Market Street.
Mr. John Whiteman, Lyceum, Thompson Street, below Front.
Miss Alice Tyson, No. 1362 Hanover Street.
Mrs. Trego, No. 1220 Coates street.
Mrs. H. J. French, 1018 Parrish Street.
Mrs. Katie B. Robinson, 3123 Brandywine Street.
Mrs. S. A. Anthony, 703 Chestnut Street.
Mrs. Dr. Murr, 734 South Ninth Street.

Come liberal friends pass in your "encouragements" promptly, and you will possess the lasting pleasure of establishing a pure and truthful exponent of the harmonial philosophy in Philadelphia.

CAUTION.—NOTICE EXTRA.

The man Henry Harding, who has been collecting subscriptions for the *White Banner*, is an impostor, and is not authorized to receipt for not collect anything on our account. If the friends who have given their names to him will please send their names to the office, we will see that they get the paper.

OUR POSITION ON THE RUM TRAFFIC.

Believing as we do Intemperance to be the pregnant source of the majority of the crime committed among men,

Therefore, as Reformers, we will do all in our power to stop the very manufacture of the debasing stuff, as a beverage. This we deem LEGISLATIVE DUTY.

Our usefulness and happiness are best promoted by the strict observance of temperance in all things—refraining from the use of tobacco and other stimulants that poison and pollute the fountains of life. The tendency of labor has an ennobling and elevating influence upon the character of woman, as well as man. Hence, the equal services of the sexes deserve equal compensation. To effect the above reforms permanently, the ballot must be placed in the free hand of woman.

OUR LECTURE.

We have received copies of the very excellent invocation and lecture on the word "WHITE," given by our talented inspirational public speaker, Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels, and admitted by all to be the rarest gem of her happiest effort in oratory and philosophy. Our intellectual readers have a rich feast before them. The Invocation, also her beautiful poem of the "Beautiful Land," we give on our first page. The lecture shall appear in our next.

We are also arranging our list of regular contributors to the *White Banner*, which we feel sure, when completed, will afford ample ground to our friends who have responded to our earnest efforts in journalism.

A VERY INTERESTING PUBLIC CIRCLE.

Was held on Thursday evening, 28th inst., at the hall of the SPIRITUAL PROGRESSIVES, Thompson, east of Front Street.

Communications were received through the mediumship of Mrs. Emma Powell and Mr. Blaker. Some excellent music and singing was given by a young lad whose name we regret we failed to get. Miss Alice Tyson, as ever, was very happy and felicitous in all she had to say to us.

The uptown friends especially should turn out in large numbers and assist to keep up these meetings. The room is a nice cleanly, cozy and comfortable one in which to convene public seances, and at them there is much to learn and enjoy. Public circles are held here on Thursday and Sunday evenings. Come friends; your spirit friends are waiting and anxious to meet with you. The atmosphere prevailing here is inviting. "The Spirit and the bride say come; yea, whosoever will, let him come and partake of the waters of spirit life freely."

SUPPORT THE BEST.

At one of our public meetings last Sunday, a gentleman, in the course of his remarks, took occasion to urge *ex passant* that Spiritualists support our liberal newspapers, especially the "best" of them.

Now, friends, the *White Banner* is not the largest; yet, as has been truthfully spoken by another; "Its contents are of excellent quality," and, in this respect, please allow us to say, we consider our little unpretending sheet among the "best." Let each subscriber use a little effort to send us the name of another, and we shall aim to make the *White Banner* the very best spiritually progressive paper published, and just so soon as our subscription list warrants us in so doing, we shall enlarge and issue every week.

Is there not enterprise, ambition and pride sufficient? We know there is capital among us as a people to establish a Liberal Journal in Philadelphia, second to none in the country. Then to work friends, brothers and sisters, and let us prove ourselves worthy of the "best" exponent of the Harmonial Philosophy published.

WANTED—A MAN.

We are in want of a trustworthy active man, to call on our citizens, and receipt subscriptions for the *White Banner*. INDUCEMENTS REASONABLE. References must be undoubted. Please apply from 12 to 2 o'clock at office of publication, 23 North Sixth Street, Second floor front.

TRAVELING AGENTS FOR THE WHITE BANNER.

Our friends abroad will please hand their subscriptions, if they prefer, to the following named, or to any of the ladies or gentlemen whose names appear in our column of liberal lecturers.

Bro. A. B. Child, M. D.

Mrs. H. T. Sterns, Missionary of American Spiritual Association for Pennsylvania.

Wm. H. Lambdin, Voluntary Missionary.

WAVELETS OF OUR BANNER.

Believe us friends, it is our extreme modesty alone which has prevented us transferring to our columns promptly, the many laudatory notices which the *White Banner* has received at the hands of our journalistic brethren. From many we select:

"THE WHITE BANNER.—A literary journal of progressive philosophy, bearing the motto—'Charity for all, malice toward none'—is a handsomely printed and well edited quarto semi-monthly, at the low price of one dollar a year.—*American Spiritualist*, Cleveland, O.

"A spirited paper issued every two weeks, which the editors promise to enlarge and make weekly, soon as their subscription list will enable them to do so. We welcome the *White Banner* into the reform field."—*Banner of Light*.

"NEW SPIRITUAL PAPER—THE WHITE BANNER.—This paper does credit to the earnest, reformatory, and progressive spirit of its publishers, and as it is furnished at a price that can little more than cover cost, we trust that the Liberalists of the great Keystone State will give it a liberal patronage.

This enterprising firm are also publishing the *Starling Progressive Papers*, in pamphlet form, at 25 cents per number, one of which we have before us, containing essays upon eight important subjects—a good deal of reading matter for a little money.

We extend the cordial hand of fellowship to our brothers, and trust that their worthy undertaking will prove successful."—*Present Age*, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

"We have long had the *Banner of Light*, and for a time we had the *Banner of Progress*, and now before us lies a new Spiritual paper, the *White Banner*. It is an eight page, double column (wide measure), and presents a very neat and beautiful appearance. We welcome it to our sanctum, trusting it may long live in the cause of truth and true spirituality, to flaunt its Banner in the face of superstition and error.

It is published semi-monthly by Reichner & Co., at 23 North Sixth street, at one dollar a year. In their greeting they say:

"Friends, Spiritualists, Liberal Christians without reference to creed, caste or color, we present for your acceptance in the *White Banner*, though yet incomplete in size and form, an Ideal, which we have entered for a long time.

We have waited for more than a year, hoping that some of the more solid men, older in the liberal Spiritual movement in our city, would take earnest hold and establish a proper public organ of our philosophy in Philadelphia.

The past twelve months have added to the list of liberal newspapers, outside of our city, several ably conducted contemporaries, and yet there appears a strata of mind, a large class of men and women unreached by these higher toned and higher priced periodicals—to whom we feel called to minister. Not that we assume to teach or presume to preach, but to all minds seeking to know more of the vast realm of thought and spirituality, we are learners with them.

We shall adjust the mirror up to nature correctly, so that all who look may receive reliable reflection. Encouraged with the good wishes and assistance of several gentlemen, of large and liberal mind, our aim shall be to make our peaceful *Banner* a welcome visitor to every humble household willing to admit the sweet sunshine of Spiritual and Progressive Literature. Seeking ever to keep pace with the rapid progress of the race, our motto shall be: "Justice without FEAR, and the greatest good for the largest number;" "enmity to none. CHARITY for ALL."

Our valued and sprightly contemporary, the *White Banner*, pleases us much to see it taking such high ground in behalf of truth, or truth on this, "What is evil," as on other questions, that we gladly transfer it to our columns."—*Religio Philosophical Journal*, S. S. Jones, Editor, Chicago, Ill.

TO THE BUSINESS COMMUNITY.

Advertisements of a suitable character will be prominently displayed in the *WHITE BANNER*, at the cheap rate of *Twenty Cents per line*, first insertion, subsequent insertions, *Ten Cents per line*. Six months or yearly contracts made of especial advantage to the advertiser.

SPIRITUAL FREE MEETINGS.

The American Spiritual Association, hold their public meetings regularly at Concert Hall, Chestnut Street above 12th, 10 o'clock, A. M., every Sunday, the Children's Progressive Lyceum, Mr. M. B. Dyott, Conductor. At 3, and 7½, P. M. Lecture, Mr. Belrose, Chairman. The Spiritual Union Lyceum, meets every Sunday morning, 10 o'clock, at Washington Hall, Spring Garden and Eighth Sts., Mr. Geo. Ballenger, Conductor; Lecture at 7½ o'clock, P. M. Mr. Rhen, Chairman. Spiritual Progressives, meet every Sunday, in their hall, Thompson Street, near Frankford Road.

During the month of February, Dr. H. P. Fairfield will lecture before the "Spiritual Union," of this city, at Washington Hall, S. W. cor. Spring Garden and Eighth streets. Isaac Rhen, Chairman.

At Concert Hall, Chestnut, west of Twelfth street, N. Frank White, of Massachusetts. Louis Belrose, Chairman. Meetings at 3½ and 8 P. M., on each Sunday.

WAVELETS.

—Untruthful communications are, for the most part, caused by the untruthfulness of those who receive them, not by the spirit or medium.

—There is not one person who has honestly and thoroughly investigated the subject of spiritual communion, that has not had his doubts banished.

—When Spiritualism shall become popular, and that will be ere long, there will be no reviling, no obloquy and scorn poured upon it.

IN THE FIRELIGHT.

Often in this winter fire-light, while the shrill-voiced cricket sings,

Slowly rise the quiet beech-woods, and the world is glad with Spring.

Embers shine and shadows flutter, but I see the violets grow;

Under foot the brown leaves lingering, and the wild anemones blow.

And my darling, in her coffin, loves me as in days of yore;

Thirty years have flowered and faded, but a dead grief lives once more.

Wild-birds call and May-flowers beckon, and my sweetheart, gone to rest,

Sits beneath the swinging larches, with the anemones in her breast.

Night-winds sigh and snow is falling; but with firelight, fancies flow

Back to how we loved and parted in the spring-time, years ago.

—The manufacture and importation of distilled liquors should be prohibited by law, and the grain protected for its legitimate purposes of food for man and beast.

It is estimated that four hundred pounds of corn-meal will make one hundred pounds of pork. Corn-meal has seventy per cent. of good human food, pork has about thirty-two per cent. of scrofulous and exciting elements, if then it be true that, "man grows like what he feeds on," what wonder, to draw it mild, that pork eaters gradually grow "piggish."

Seriously, what is the duty of the law-making power—our pulic servants?

Prudence would dictate, that instead of legalizing the damning traffic in rum, they should legislate illegal the very manufacture of the vile stuff. This would be simply national economy, the first duty of a government emanating from the consent of the governed, a free and enlightened people.

—Somebody, evidently an old bachelor used to such things, thus describes how they do in Maine: "Quaker young ladies in the Maine Law State, it is said, still continue to kiss the lips of the young temperance men to see if they had been tampering with liquor. Just imagine a beautiful young temperance woman, with all the dignity of an executive officer, and the innocence of a dove, with the charge, 'Mr. —, the ladies believe you are in the habit of tampering with liquor, and they have appointed me to examine you according to our established rules: are you willing?' You nod acquiescence. She gently steps closer to you, lays her white arms around your neck, dashes back her raven curls, raises her sylph-form upon tip-toe, her snowy, heaving bosom against your own, and with her angelic features lit up with a smile as sweet as heaven, place her rich, rosy, pouty, sugar, molasses, lily, rose-bud, cream-tart, apple-pie, peach-pudding, apple-dumpling, gingerbread, nectar lips against yours, and (O, Jerusalem, hold us!) kisses you. Hurrah for the gals and the Maine Law, and death to all opposition!"

—OBSCENITY.—Even profanity, in its worst garb, does not more surely tend to moral decrepitude and death than the habit so very prevalent among young men of indulging in obscene remarks, and stories which are pointed only with filth. This evil is a great and growing one, and is the more to be deprecated because it has the countenance of—or at least is tolerated by—those who are esteemed good men and christians. If it be true that "out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh"—and we have the highest authority for it—there is great need of a "change of heart" among a large class of professing Christians.

—SPEAK LOW.—I know some houses, well built and handsomely furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp, angry tones resound through them from morning till night, and the influence is as contagious as the measles, and much more to be dreaded. The children catch it, and it lasts for life. A friend had such a neighbor within hearing of her house, and even Poll Parrot has caught the tune, and delights in screaming and scolding, until she has been sent into the country to improve her habits. Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots, and it is a much more expensive habit. Where mother sets the example, you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in the play with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are bidden, while in many a home where the low, firm voice of the mother, or a decided look of her eye is law, they never think of disobedience, either in or out of her sight. Oh, mothers, it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in woman," a low, sweet voice. If you are ever so much tried by the mischievous or wilful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you, even to try and be patient and cheerful, if you cannot wholly succeed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens, for they only make them ten times heavier. For your own, as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember, that one tone when you are under the willows.

—Oh, this happy watching for every single green leaf, for the opening of every bud. The most beautiful thing in nature is that it never makes haste; it can wait, and our whole work is to wait for her.

—WHOEVER presses his bosom against the heart of any Sect, finds it as cold as ice.—T. L. Harris.

THE MYSTIC WATER from David's Well—see advertisement in another column—stands pre-eminently at the head of all known remedies for the cure of all diseases arising from a disordered and debilitated condition of the Digestive Organs.

CORRY, PA.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in Good Templar's Hall, every Sunday at 10 A. M. Mrs. Langston, Conductor; Mrs. Tibbals, Guardian.

VINELAND, N. J.—Friends of Progress meetings are held in Plum Street Hall every Sunday at 10½ A. M., and evening. President, C. B. Campbell; Vice President, H. H. Ladd; Treasurer, S. G. Sylvester; Corresponding Secretary, L. K. Coonley. Children's Lyceum meets at 12½ P. M. Dr. David Allen, Conductor; Mrs. Portia Gage, Guardian; Mrs. Julia Brigham Assistant Guardian. Speakers desiring to address said Society, should write to the Corresponding Secretary.

BALTIMORE, Md.—Saratoga Hall—The "First Spiritualist Congregation of Baltimore" hold meetings on Sunday and Wednesday evenings, at Saratoga Hall, southeast corner of Calvert and Saratoga streets. Mrs. F. O. Hyzer speaks till further notice. Children's Progressive Lyceum meet every Sunday at 10 A. M.

Spirit Gleams.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

"Vox Populi. Vox Dei."

BY DEAN CLARK.

The religion of Spiritualism is based upon a recognition of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, as taught by Confucius and many of the ancient philosophers, and afterwards embraced and exemplified by Jesus Christ, and it exacts of every adherent personal purity, and fidelity to the principles of justice, and to all the relations which God has established between the sexes for social order, harmony, and holiness. Its code of morality is expressed in these words: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and as no rational person will do violence to himself or herself, so when governed by this precept, none will trespass upon the rights of others, nor ignore the principles of probity, chastity and virtue. No system of religion has ever been taught, so exacting in its personal requirements as spiritualism.

It teaches personal responsibility, that every human being must atone for every misdeed, by personal suffering and sacrifice, and that no one can pay the penalty of violated law, moral more than physical, by faith in any "vicarious atonement" ever devised and imposed upon human ignorance and credulity, but that "not one jot or tittle of the law" of compensation, "shall pass away, till all is fulfilled" in the life experience of every wrong-doer.

Instead of giving license to vice of any kind, it imposes the greatest possible barrier to its practice, by showing the inevitable consequence to be individual remorse and suffering, proportioned in time and character to the enormity of the crime and the needs of the sinner, for the production of complete reformation.

There is not one precept in its philosophy that justifies or tolerates immorality. On the contrary, its whole tendency is toward purity and spirituality. It is true that a few nominal spiritualists have advocated, and may have practiced, the abomination known as "free love" (more properly called "free lust"), but no acknowledged teacher in our ranks inculcates it, but all repudiate it, as indirect opposition to our philosophy, and contrary to the instructions which came from the Higher Life.

If there is any thing that is calculated to repress all impure thoughts, and correct evil tendencies in our nature, it is a belief in the presence of our sainted kindred, who know our every thought and deed, however covert we may be from human gaze, for there is something sacred and elevating in the very thought of their hallowed presence, which displaces all grovelling thoughts, and lifts the soul into the realm of spirituality and angelic purity.

The ethics of Jesus of Nazareth is the moral code of all true spiritualists, and the beautiful spiritual truths which He uttered are recognized and embraced, by our philosophical religion. We have no censorship established to try and condemn the transgressor, knowing God has established the tribunal of retributive justice in every human soul, so that "whoso doeth wrong, shall suffer for the wrong which he hath done," as surely as effect follows cause. Therefore we do not cast stones at the evil doer, but say: "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more," believing that every man must work out his own salvation, by overcoming evil with good.—*Present Age*.

UTILITY THE ONLY REASONABLE STANDARD.

In these days of the race's progressive conflict, when "sacred" assertion no longer holds the reasoning mind in awe, nor written authority checks the restless spirit of investigation. Utility in all things is the only accepted standard for man's measurement of real merit.

The disintegrating spirit of utilitarianism, like the point of a sharp two-edged sword, seems turning every way, pinning mere orthodox authority to the wall, and as with angel palm, graciously unfolding the pleasant way to the genuine art and logic of life.

Spirit is the great alkaliest of nature, dissolving and changing all things, yet in itself ever remaining as immutable as the Great Jehovah, in the hollow of whose hand vast worlds hang trembling.

RIGHT SHARP.

BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

Heaven and Hell—what and where are they? What they are not, human nature decides at once. As the infallible interpreter, or prophet of God, humanity, as embodied and made manifest in the experience of every human being, decides that Heaven (i. e., man's highest conception of happiness) is not a material appeal to the material senses; not a great city, whose streets are paved, and whose houses are built with transparent gold; whose walls and gates are made of diamonds and most costly gems; which is watered by a cool, deep, broad river of purest water: whose banks are lined with trees, whose leaves are for the healing of all diseases, and whose fruits are competent to supply all with food.

There is not a pope, cardinal, bishop nor priest in Christendom who does not know there is no such city nor Heaven for man after he leaves the body. They all know it is as pure a fiction as is the palace or lamp of Aladdin; yet they all preach it as a reality.

Hell, as a lake of fire and brimstone, whose fires are kindled by the hot wrath and fiery vengeance of an Almighty God, they all know is as pure a fiction as was the Hades of Grecian mythology, having no existence but in the scheming brains of the priesthood and their deluded votaries. They all know there is no such lake of fire, into which the greater portion of mankind—all who never heard the name of Christ, and know nothing of his sufferings and death, and have never been "washed in the blood of Christ," (an expression so common, yet so revolting!)—must be plunged, there to writhe and agonize in eternal burning.

They all know there is no such hell, yet they preach it, and try to make the people think it a reality.

AS TO THEIR LOCATION.—Heaven, or the city of God, the New Jerusalem—as it is called—is located above us, somewhere, far, far above the skies, and beyond the confines of earth; and hell, or the lake of fire, is beneath us, far down in some bottomless pit, into which by far the greater part of men, women and children that have left the body, have been plunged, and in which they are now writhing in torments that are to be eternal. Children and all are taught to look up for Heaven, and down for hell.

To die and go to Heaven is to die and ascend, and be carried by bright

and beautiful angels up to a place above the earth, and above the influences of earth. To die and go to hell, is to die and be dragged down into a bottomless pit below the earth. They forget the fact that the earth is a round ball, and turns on its axis once in twenty-four hours; that we turn with it, so that Heaven and hell change places every twelve hours; where heaven is at noon hell is at midnight.

But, friend, what do you say about our enjoying heaven, or suffering hell, after we are dead? If the men or women be dead, how can heaven or hell be their doom? If the man be dead, as Christendom affirms, heaven and hell are but mockeries. But the system of religion that talks of men and women as dead and buried, and heaven and hell as some golden city or some lake of fire and brimstone, is simply a system of materialism, making man simply a material being, knowing no heaven or hell but a material one, mere sensualistic enjoyment or suffering.

Such views of heaven and hell may serve the purposes of a priesthood, ambitious to gain power over the souls and purses of men and women, but they are most degrading (all lies are) to the morals of the people.

A "RAP" FROM THE AUTHORESS OF "THE FALLACY OF STRIFE."

When we penned our leader entitled "SPIRITUAL VASSALAGE," as published in No. 3 of our little unpretending sheet, we had no idea that we were stirring up, so early in our Editorial career a nest of *Bury Bees*, or queries, about our ears.

But we feel sufficiently brotherly to let our sister in the good cause be heard through the columns of the *White Banner*, and hope she will again and again favor us with emanations from her prolific pen. In her present reply to us she says:

"It is refreshing to encounter, as one's first opponent upon the spiritual highway one who carries the banner—the white Banner—as the sign of progressive philosophy.

"It quite astounds one to see a proselyte to the harmonial philosophy taking up the cause of 'strife,' the aim of which article," says the critic, "appears to be to show the folly of the great universal struggle for existence—the life of the human race." Do we live through struggle, or does struggle impair the life? Is breathing a convulsive effort, or a calm respiration? Is action a spasmodic throe, or is it the peaceful exercise of the faculties? Is thought a general commotion in the brain—a mental revolt, headed by some brilliant chimera—or is it the reflection induced by quiet and repose? Is intuition a conquest of the mind, or is it a star that glimmers through the clear heavens? Is health a struggle, or is it natural condition? What are the elements of strife? Disorder, passion and brutal predominance. A diseased body is a scene of strife. Mental derangement is a scene of strife—moral confusion is a scene of strife. Social oppressions involve struggles that are a disgrace not only to our boasted civilization, but to the spirit within us which counsels us differently. Misery, destitution, vice, are so many wrecks which this lauded struggle has strewn upon all shores. The sad relics of a battlefield—the wounded, dead, and dying, are not more palpable results of the conflict, than are earth's suffering children: the painful, living evidence of the desolating ravages of violence. Violation is initiatory strife—violation backed by brute force is the world's approved method of action. Struggle never commences until there is something radically wrong. What is the cause of misery? The enslavement of the higher nature—the supremacy of error. What is the cause of destitution? The spoliation of the weak by the strong—the monopoly of benefits—the usurpation of privilege. What causes vice? Moral obliteration; the brute has the ascendancy, and wretchedness is the sole survivor of the strife. But must not the wrong be overcome? Decidedly; but not by drawing up another wrong for a vis-a-vis combat. Two combatants are on precisely the same plane of violence—the savage is uppermost—however honorable the one theory of defence, however treasonable the other. Evil must be overcome with good. If the good is insufficient, evil will continue to rage.

"Let us consider a moment how much ease a woman can enjoy in this tumultuous outer life, when she espouses a principle, or, more daring still, a spiritus! principle as her guide. The mild intuition appears to lead her right into the heart of the conflict. When she is there which requires the most nerve—to fight her way through, or to trust that she will be delivered? This struggle is not so brave a thing as it is fancied. To keep calm in the midst of the storm is true courage. A pampered woman is not likely to conceive and promulgate radical ideas; a taste of the bitterness of experience tones one up to that degree of vigor. The life of ease engenders more self-love than is compatible with serious consideration of evils and their eradication. Society has never yet prepared a bed of down for its reformers; the modicum of "cake and wine" is infinitesimal, and were it more lavishly proffered dietetic convictions would find indulgence. The thrilling picture of want and woe vouchsafed to the ignorant child of luxury is, according to the writer's own confession, the result of violence and oppression, the striving of the sordid for personal aggrandizement—"the rivalry and antagonism existing in society. How shall we repair these ravages—by inaugurating a new strife? Is perpetuation of the evil a cure for the evil? When the helpless are extricated, it is not through strife, but through the mediation of mercy. Universal warfare is the secret of universal suffering—the clash of conflict is between nation and nation—man and man. It is bitterly false, and hostile to the soul's welfare. The retribution is fearful, yet this agony will sometime disclose the true endeavor. We shall suffer until we learn the ways of peace; we shall never conquer, but we shall grow steadfast in faith and harmonious in action."

MARIE A. BROWN.

Boston, January 29th.

—SINGING is the natural language of masses of men. Reading is not. Reading leaves its edges ragged and irregular. But singing is a flowing stream that hide the roughness of its bottom, and lifts its finest waters up around the bank till they meet the appropriate edge of grass and flower, hiding deformity and revealing grace and beauty. But there is no river that flows on earth that, for majesty and sublimity, can equal the stream of song in God's sanctuary, of thousands of worshippers. It is like the voice of thunder, but more significant. It is like the sound of many waters. It may fitly be called a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of our God.

THE MEDIUM,



"The Spiritual world is all about us."

"ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TO ALL MEN."—*The Angels.*
THE RED MAN IN COUNCIL.

A MESSAGE FROM ONE OF OUR FRIENDLY CHIEFS.

"We are glad to meet the representatives of the great father in Washington. I remember the talk we had together last year. I have kept my word; neither my old warriors or my young braves have fought the white man since. I have tried to make the chiefs of the bands to the North understand that peace was better for all parties than war. I want peace, for all of us are brothers, and the Great Spirit smiles upon us all in the sun and stars alike. My daughter loved the whites, and is buried among them at Fort Laramie. I like peace. My old men and squaws like peace the best. I have unstrung my bow, broken my arrow, laid aside the war-paint, and felled trees across the war trail.

Your great father must be rich, or he could not build the long fiery trail, and send his braves so far to our council. We are poor; our papposes' hearts cry with hunger. White men have killed some of our chiefs, destroyed our game, burned our timber and dug our lands; and now you must give us a big heap of presents.

We take the words you say to us in our hands but some things you promise slip through. White men do not always keep their word. They cheat, and their presents are not good.

Our fathers, many moons in the past, gave white men meat, buffalo skins to keep them warm, and guided them through the mountain passes toward the far-off sunset.

Our hands to-day are warm, and our souls true to all true and peaceable pale-faced men; but we are poor; you must give us blankets, arms to shoot the game, hatchets to hew poles for tents, and many presents, for our squaws and papposes are hungry, and rain comes from their eyes.

My braves are not children. They do not fear to die. They do not ask for pity or sympathy, only for justice and good feeling. Remove your soldiers from our hunting grounds, and peace would come to us all. I will go with you to Laramie, to induce Red Cloud, chief of all the war parties, and Ogallala to make peace as Satanti, Black Kettle, and other chiefs have done. The old chief, Man-afraid-of-his-horses, is for peace, and he gave Red Cloud his daughter in marriage early last fall to keep the peace.

I do not want to see the white man's blood flow, but want to live in peace with him, and in peace with all my brother tribes, and dying, to enter the peaceful hunting grounds of my fathers.

Tell your great father we were glad to see you. It made our hearts feel good. The Great Spirit looks down into our peace council, and is pleased."

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

BY WM. H. LAMBDIN, VOLUNTARY MISSIONARY.

Some weeks ago, I stopped for the night with a Mr. Joseph Clynick, Chester county, Pa. A storm of sleet detained me two days. I found Mr. C. a "philosophical spiritualist," and one of the most benevolent minds. He is a healing medium. One evening a lady present proposed to sit around the table, to see it move. It did not move, nor did we have a rap. It seems the spirits were concentrating their power in another direction.

I began to recall to memory the following lines, in order to sing them—

"Sweetly singing, hear it ringing,
Hallowed notes of melody;
A message loving, from the roving,
Hosts of angels comes to thee!

In 1856, while a prisoner in Richmond, Va., I was one night awakened from a deep sleep, by hearing these lines, "ringing" in my ears—the most delicious music I ever heard. My very soul seemed filled with unutterable blissful melody! I was astonished I could not recall any part of those familiar verses. I soon discovered that the spirits were trying to do something with me. My hand was moved, and then suddenly my whole body used by the spirits to personate some one, I knew not whom. When the scene was over, Mr. C. and the lady both told me they recognized the personation as perfect. I was suddenly seized, and made to personate exquisite happiness! (I felt it also, and shall never forget the intense bliss.) When this was ended, I asked Mr. C.:

"Did you or the lady ask any question?"

He seemed too full of emotion to answer. At length he replied:

"I asked if she was happy!"

I afterwards learned that I had personated his wife, and also she had answered his mental question, by making me personate happiness!

I was also made to answer some mental questions, by moving my right arm for yes; left, for no, &c.

This little scene occurred wholly unexpected to me, or any present.

At Dr. Hayden's, Boston, one evening—his wife was a "rapping medium"—she sat at one end of a long table, I at the other. Among the number of visitors, myself and two Danish sailors. I examined everything to see there was no deception. Among the number of messages received through the alphabet, I got one in which I could not make out a single word. After some moments the thought flashed through my mind, "this is for those two sailors." (They were brothers, sat next me—came with me from a Danish ship at the same wharf where my vessel was. I pushed the paper with the letters that the spirits had given me, over to them, and they soon discovered that it was a message to them, in Danish, and from their father, who had died twenty years or more ago, in Copenhagen.

A week ago, I met a Prof. Mills, mesmerizer, &c., in Oxford, Pa. He says that he can prove that "spiritualism" is about three-fourths lies, and the other one-fourth self-psycholization. I challenged him in the presence of the crowd (whom he was haranguing) for a debate. He would not accept, and yet he spreads the report that the Spiritualists of Boston, Vineland, &c., are afraid to meet him.

To be brief as possible. I will give anybody \$100 who will prove that any of my own hundreds of spiritual experiences are either "lies"

or caused by anything except the very spirits who claim to have produced them.

Commence with the two here given; analyze them thoroughly; try them by every rule of philosophical deduction—nothing will explain them them except the spiritual theory, founded on millions of similar phenomena.

Furthermore, I challenge any man or set of men on earth, to stand before me; and try to refute these propositions:

1st. Our spirit friends can, and do desire to commune with us, and it is perfectly proper and natural for them to do so, and for us to commune with them.

2d. Nature is full of inferential proof of immortality, and of the nature of that immortality. Modern spiritual phenomena are required to aid the Bible and the analogical proofs from nature. The three combined explain each other.

—Would you be happy? Embrace the true philosophy that leads to happiness. To be happy we must be true to ourselves and to God, living out the beautiful principles that underlie the great and glorious truths that spiritualism proclaims; to which, we must go nobly to work, not with the pioneers of freedom, but face the skeptics; meet the opposition unmoved; stand on a platform as firm as the granite; let nothing shake you in your endeavors, until you conquer. Make the souls free that are surrounded with darkness; scatter the great truths broadcast. The mass of the people are anxiously waiting for these truths. They are being instilled through the awakening spirit of the clergy; the scales are falling, and through the teachings of Spiritualism, they will all be brought out of their narrow views in regard to immortality. They are preaching Spiritualism as fast as they can, but the people are not quite ready to receive it. Then to work! and rid this skepticism from the path of justice. Let us have equality and truth for our corner stone, and our walls will stand on a firm foundation.

Mrs. HATTIE J. FRENCH.

PLEA FOR MEDIA.

Not apologizing the least for imposture, not defending a speculative spirit that seeks to monopolize the divine forces of angel ministry, and always in the experiment blasts every spiritual undertaking it espouses, but, "with malice toward none, and charity toward all," we enter a brief plea in behalf of our suffering and faithful mediums. They are harps touched by angel fingers, sensitive instruments psychologically affected by every passing breath, yet the chosen mediators between this and the spirit realms of existence, and through whom we derive all our objective knowledge of immortality. They are often non-appreciated because not understood; called unstable, because the negative subjects of influences visible and invisible; considered whimsical, because sympathetically affected by others' conditions.

Many a poor medium has been pressed unconsciously and unintentionally to assist the spirits, when conditions produced by repellant batteries were unfavorable. Mercilessly by churchal society—reputed as having a most contemptible profession, the same as religious fashionable said of Jesus—"a seditionist! a wine-bibber! a gluttonous man!"—many a chosen one, unable any longer to support the dead weight heaped upon the soul in a moment of despair, has by over-anxiety or unassuageable sorrow, cut the delicate telegraphing that connects with the divine, and sunk back bleeding and fainting in spiritual darkness. Who shall accurately describe what agonies the mediums have suffered? what persecutions endured? what injustice experienced? The heart, all sore, exposed to friendless society, is compelled to hide its grief. Their crowns are wreaths of thorns! Their crucifixions are on Golgothas of enmity! They suffer all this, endure all this, conscious at the same time of a holy ministry guarding and directing them; and looking up there, through tearful eyes, they do see rain-bows of hope yet to come! Oh, yes, ye weary, abused, persecuted and villified brothers and sisters, there are rainbows for you forming already in the dark clouds. Ye are defended and protected by the faithful of earth and heaven. Ye are loved and appreciated, and your falsifiers will yet call you their saviors. "Ye shall reap if ye faint not." There is a brighter day dawning! Persevere! be firm in the right! defend justice at all hazard! stand up in the dignity and glory of moral independence! develop your powers unto full-orbed stature! Ye shall find treasure in the earth's depths, in forests, seas, and mountains—treasure in human hearts—treasure in the Summer Land.—*The Practical of Spiritualism.* By J. M. PEEBLES.

MESSRS. RIECHNER & Co.

Brothers: I would like to state the wonderful test I received at a circle held in this city last week, by a medium, Mr. E. D. Keene. I am a perfect stranger in the city, and attended this circle. On seeing so many tests given, I really thought he must have known the parties. At that moment he came and called my full name, gave me my two sister's names, who had died ten years ago, and my mother's name in full, and many other incidents that occurred when I was a boy in Canada. Now this is a most startling communication. It left me no longer in doubt that spirits do return. I have been heretofore a Catholic. I am sorry to say this medium is going to give but three more circles in this city, at the south-west corner of Ninth and Spring Garden, on the evenings of Feb 8, 10, and 15. All wishing to be convinced, I would recommend to these circles.

Respectfully,

HENRY WILLIAMS.

PUBLIC SPIRITUAL CIRCLES,

—Are held every Sunday Afternoon, also on Friday Evening, at Harmony Hall, 736 Arch St.; and on Wednesday Evenings, at 1105 Coates St., Dr. Joel H. Rhodes, Chairman of Committee. (See advertisement in another column.)

—Every MONDAY Evening, 7½, at Mrs. S. A. Anthony's, No. 70 Chestnut St., and Mrs. Trego's, 7½, No. 1220 Coates St.

—Every TUESDAY Evening, 7½, at Mrs. H. J. French's, No. 1018 Park St.

—Every WEDNESDAY Evening, at Thompson St. Church, Mrs. S. A. Anthony, Medium.

—THURSDAY Evening, 7½ o'clock, Mrs. H. J. French, No. 1018, Park St., and at Church of Spiritual Progressives, Thompson St. near Frankford Road.

—FRIDAY Evenings, at Harmony Hall, No. 736 Arch St., 7½ o'clock and at Mrs. Roberts, 1035 Coates St.

—Every SATURDAY Evening, at Mechanics Hall, No. 1105 Coates St. If our friends know of any omitted, they will oblige by apprising us of the same, and they shall appear. We want this list to prove a reliable "stranger's guide to all the spiritual circles in our city."

BETTER VIEWS OF LIVING; OR, LIFE ACCORDING TO THE DOCTRINE WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT. By A. B. Child, M. D., author of "Whatever is, is Right," "Christ and the People," etc. Boston: published by Adams & Co; 25 Broomfield street. 1869.

This book opens with views of religion and morality, entirely unrecognized by the State and the Church. It presents a platform for all the people to stand upon, without the necessity of party lines and sectarian bondage. Its platform is infinitude, it is the broadest liberalism and the deepest christianity. It recognizes the optimism of nature as the infinitude of God.

The author tells us that religion is spontaneous, unadulterated desire; that every object worshipped, is the worship of God, for God is in all objects.

One of the fundamental ideas of the book is, that God governs man through and by man's natural desires, through and by man's spontaneous love.

If the hitherto untrodden ground our author takes in the three chapters, "Religion," "Worship," and "Pre natal Influences," be true, there must, sooner or later, come a revolution that will vastly benefit the human world, for they are in keeping with changes that thinking people are everywhere reaching, longing and praying for. "When the heart pulsates for better modes of living, it is a prophecy that sooner or later shall be fulfilled."

So this book, though it only shows better views of living, is a promise which we hope will be fulfilled.

Whoever presents original thoughts, he must be bold and fearless, and be prepared for contradictions and revilings; for in this world of sorrows the greatest discoveries will first be scourged and purified by the ordeal of evil sayings, obloquy, and scorn.

No standard of virtue and chastity, purity, mercy and love, in the world's present condition, is greater than the standard of this book. It claims that Christianity is a development of integral manhood, great chaste, and powerful, that comes from spontaneous growth, never from the teachings of books, masters, or ministers; that the Devil is not a person, but is only what we hate; is an element forever at secret war with earthly glory and selfish love; that "the fruit of acts is the treasure we lay up on earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and thieves break through and steal; and the experience of acts is the treasure we lay up in heaven, where moth and rust doth not corrupt, and thieves cannot break through and steal;" that "in the whole dominion of nature, within or without man, there is nothing that gives holiness or sacredness to Sunday above any of the other six days of the week."

This book contains six chapters on the different modes of living, viz: sensuous, social, individual, miserly, virtuous and chaste living. We quote:

"The demands of the five senses make the sum of human effort." * * * "The world is full of invisible beauty; it is full of silent eloquence; it is full of unuttered music; it is full of unborn sweetness; it is full of taste, divinely chaste; it is full of latent love; it is full of the electric touch of angels, and the ever present touch of God; all of which the five senses in their cruder condition, are yet unable to recognize; but the experiences in sensuous living will educate, refine and prepare them for the full revelation and recognition of what, to our cruder sensuous development, now seems a mystery."

Our space is too limited for a full review of these chapters on living, but suffice it to say, they are full of thought and chastity, love and power.

The problem of death is pleasantly disposed of by showing, "that death is lost in life, is swallowed up in the victory of immortality, which immortality is before as well as after death;" that "hell is only a phantom of man's vindictive love, and must be swallowed up in the victory of his better love;" "it is only superstitious arrogance and vindictive speculation that has declared the salvation of a few and the damnation of many;" "the religious teachings of the past have hindered us from seeing the places and the mansions that are prepared for us in the great spiritual heavens, in the infinite temple of our Father, to which death is only the door of entrance."

The chapter on the power and purpose of spirituality claims for spiritualism a power which is heretofore unknown to the earth," and "a purpose grander and greater than man has dreamed of;" "moral and religious changes, that shall be the revolution of revolutions and the revelation of revelations."

The book closes with a chapter on heart and head, claiming that God does ever lead his children by their love alone; "love is the unseen bridge that carries to the spiritual world;" "it is our only passport from earth to the company of angels."

Is there a soul in all the universe that does not long for "better views of living." The better life—it is for this we all aspire.

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