

BANNER LIGHT.



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NO. 23.

The Spirit-World.

THE FIRST EXPERIENCE OF VOLTAIRE AS A SPIRIT.

(In the Banner of Feb. 11th, we printed the first, second and third parts of "Voltaire's Experience as a Spirit," through the kindness of Mrs. S. S. SWEET, of New York. A few days since we received from Mr. Sweet a copy of the fourth part in continuation, (which was printed in the Christian Spiritualist, at the time the communication was given,) which we transfer to the columns of the Banner this week, with the full assurance that our readers will be interested in its perusal. Mr. Sweet says, in his note to us, that "it is to be regretted that, the falling death of Mrs. S. did not permit him (the spirit) to again take sufficient possession of her to continue or complete a narrative so remarkable and interesting.")

PART FOUR.

And now turn over another leaf, and I will reveal to you further what was given me to know in my infant existence, while treading the wonderful courts of the upper spheres.

As I became more conscious of the wisdom shut out from my view, so did I daily feel how my greatness had made me as nothing, when weighed in the scale of actual and divine value. I had arrayed myself in regal robes, and turned my gaze above, thinking to pierce with my untutored eyes the realms of grander beauty than those plains on which I stood. The mountain path seemed easy of ascent, and the road looked inviting and pleasant in the distance, and I said, "I need none to guide me, I will press onward alone. There can be no foes to impede my pathway, no obstacle to turn me back, when worlds so sublime in their inviting grandeur beckon me upward. My companions would persuade me to tarry with them longer; but not my soul had partaken of the richest feast which they could present, and I would away to where celestial wonders would satisfy my longing appetite. They told me I would need a guide; but who and what were they which would render such a companion necessary?"

Fearlessly I started to mount upward; the stars beneath my feet sang a hymn of joy, and the atmosphere surrounding me was filled with thousands of loving friends, bidding me God-speed on my journey up the holy mount.

Joyful and elate, I waved them adieu, and soon was lost to their sight in the winding and mysterious pathway, with no guide but my irresistible thirst for knowledge, and my intense desire for an unobscured knowledge which gives to man earth's loftiest power.

Who shall describe the marvels of that journey? Alone, and yet millions of voices seemed penetrating my heart by their silent tones; my being seemed perforated with mingling thoughts not its own. I had thought to run, yea, with rapid strides, to climb the mountain which leads to the City of God. Presumptuous spirit! how mistaken still in thy ambitious soarings. I cannot, nay, I dare not, tread the holy ground without having first earned the right, the privilege to touch its consecrated surface. I entered the pathway, and surely it is paved with the eternal rocks of holy thought, and its verdure contains essences, subtle to penetrate, to vitalize and vivify the darling immortal who treads its passages. Already had my soul been overcome by its invisible power, had not some viewless presence held me erect.

The pathway is a strange one; it seemed short and easy to climb, it seemed wondrously beautiful to enter; but souls, who have but entered the first habitation of spirit-life and reality; ye who have put on pleasure as a garment, and joy as a bridal robe, ye know not how many vistas of changing thought thy souls shall give birth to, nor ye know not how the child shall merge into the man, before ye emerge out of that path of life-producing wisdom. The spirit seems baptized as in the waters of a new river; it exults in what it hath found; and yet the sparkling waters but tempt with their glancing brightness far deeper draughts.

There again did I pause to learn a new lesson. I had quaffed of the river of knowledge; my soul had been made glad, and light, and joyous; but oh, I must pay for the boon! I must plunge beneath the surface, that I may seek myself with gems which shall light my path, and precious stones which shall prove the depth of my research, the ardor of my wishes; and on each shall be written words which shall open to me the barred gates of greater joys.

Lo! the river is passed, and I am met by one who seems to wear the human form; and yet I dare not speak of him as human, for around him there breathes melodious airs; he seems to be a living wave of harmony—a thought, which one harsh sound might cause to vanish. He speaks to me, and my spirit takes note of what he says in humblest reverence.

"What art thou seeking, solitary child of the spirit? Hast thou soon become dissatisfied with thy first birth? Did the lower valley of peace, where so many of thy memory dwell, fail to satisfy thee? Methinks thou hast soon wearied of the first land of promise in which thou wert placed. If thou dost think to penetrate this avenue, thy soul must indeed be filled with great love, mighty faith, and holy ardor. Earth's children labor long and diligently where thou hast come from; and even then they do not enter the sacred precincts alone. Look to the right and to the left, and thou wilt behold that which thy secret thoughts had never imagined. The handwork of Wisdom, in its great creative universe, will now be opened before thee as a changing panorama. The causes which brought thee into being, the changes through which thy spirit must pass, and the eternal destiny to which thou art tending. The secrets of thine olden earth-home shall be to thee as a well read book; and that which seemed secret and subtle to thy understanding, will disclose itself as volumes, containing no mystery, but replete with the voice of God's Power, making thy wisdom a thing to be ashamed of."

And thus I had entered upon a journey of which

I knew not. Its perils seemed as naught in comparison with the glories beyond. But my spirit seemed to have lived through centuries while traversing so short a distance as I had already proceeded. The beautiful one said to me: "Thou canst not return; thou hast tasted of the waters of knowledge; thou hast gazed upon the eternal storehouse wherein is the power to exalt and beautify."

"Nay," I said, "I have no wish to return. But the way seems long, and the path is not a path, but a succession of overwhelming revelations. I am but as one man; how then shall I be able to gaze upon that which is to come? This expansion of thought necessary to receive but a portion of these divine joys will crush out the small spark which now seems to animate my being. I had thought to grasp every power, and hold it in my hand. I had sought to be whatever man might be in his upward career to the fount, the centre of life; and now I have but taken the first few steps, and heard a few sounds of wisdom from the vast birthplace of light, and I totter and tremble with a feeling of nothingness and of the vanity which prompted such lofty ambition. Oh, spirit of purity and harmony! I feel that I am but the breath of a thought, but the faintest echo of living life. Let me depart, let me shrink into my own nothingness, for the magnitude of intelligence from which I sprung, the grandeur of conception from whose vast mind I emanated, will take no note of me; let me but shrivel and die, as the moth who flutters around the flame—too mighty hath been the ordeal for my fainting, withering spirit to rise and live through."

Again the white presence spoke, in tones thrilling and solemn:

"Up, child of earth and of spirit. Hath the blessing been too big for thee to bear? Doth thy spirit already shrink, which started so boldly and fearlessly to tread the holy mount? Be strong with the breath of supreme life in thy being, and press onward. Many have gone before thee, and many will come after thee forever; but they who are born of earth must pass through numberless births of purified being, of rarefied existence—expanding and concentrating power and force, wisdom and being, in mighty and massive development—ere they reach that inner court. When thou shalt have traveled beyond me, strength and hope will again make thee bold and fearless. Behold! even now thy brow is radiant with newborn thought, thine eyes are filled with a light which passeth the boundaries of thine own being. Thou dost desire knowledge; here thou must obtain it before thou canst pass further on. Be not rash nor impatient, but wait that it may flow into thy soul as a river of music, a flood, which will bear thee on its bosom, and set thee on the throne of those who rule because of their unfolded wisdom. Wouldst thou know the power by which Deity holds the universe of worlds and life and thought in His hand? Then seek within thine own soul for some hidden germ of power which thou hast not seen. Wouldst thou be the wise philosopher, wouldst thou make science thy servant, and all wisdom thy handmaiden? Then seek to grasp but a little at a time; gradually it will grow upon thee. Thou shalt bring out latent qualities, yea, Godlike attributes, which are still lurking in thine own soul but dare not reveal themselves because of thy limited development. Even as God is thy Father, and thou art his child, so doth great power descend upon thee as a mantle, and as a child art thou led through the changing phases of earth life and spirit being. And as thou dost gradually expand, like the opening flower beneath the rays of the Sun of Wisdom, by degrees are the keys given to thee one by one to unlock the grand and Godlike powers slumbering in thy panting soul. Press on, young spirit; thou art only tasting and gaining glimpses of the feast prepared for thee above; for there is not in the depth of thy soul one hungering wish, one far-off vision of dreamy splendor and towering sublimity, but thy Father hath placed it there, and also hath given within thy power the means whereby to reach it."

And again I wept. My manhood had brought me back to childhood; self was forgotten, and gratitude was triumphant in my soul that I was the child of so glorious a Father. I laughed, I danced with delight, because here was a new birth. As I approached nearer in thought and spirit and desire to my Father, he owned his child, for he filled my heart with love and rejoicing un-speakable.

He who had told me such marvelous things now blessed me and left me; and again I pressed onward. The way seemed easier, the air was softer, my spirits more elastic; childhood feelings pervaded my being. I seemed to have thrown away all the memories which had ever been mine. I had emerged into a new state of youth and happy innocence. Strange and significant were the things which now greeted me at every turn. Here I met some of earth's children still tarrying by the wayside, from whose memory thousands of years had passed; yea, for many paths diverge from that and lead to others, but all lesser, and all being one link connecting with the great chain. Here they had found what their spirits had longed and yearned for; here was the long sought Eureka, the beautiful path which led to the knowledge their lifeline desired. No marvel if they stopped by the wayside, if they turned into the flower-fringed path, and forgot for many of their years the great object of their journey. And when I spoke to them they wept, as earth's children weep, with joy; and they asked me news of the place which I had left. "Be absorbed were they in their treasure; whose image had been born on earth, but given them in heaven, that they hugged it to their bosoms regardless of everything else, nor wished to leave it. Ah! they tarried by the wayside. I bade them adieu and passed on." I gleaned a little from each, which gave me strength to glide onward.

I could tell thee of stately palaces, I could tell thee of all beauty, which giveth to mortals peace

ure while on earth, both of nature and of art, in high degrees of perfection, which lured many a traveler to tarry by the way. Some had indeed forgotten that there were other heavens beyond; they craved no greater, no brighter, no better. They enjoined me to stay. The sage would tell me the wonders of his lore, the heaven of his research. The artist, the poet, the dreamer, would all persuade me that heaven was there with them, none other beyond; and I sought of my soul an answer, and from the deep came its whisper clear and strong, "I hunger, hunger still!"

I left them as milestones to point the way, to measure the distance if I were permitted to return. A higher destiny beckoned me on; the chain seemed brightening and sparkling as I ascended, and the light above me was filled with sounds, as if angelic beings guarded my pathway. Above me were voices which spoke in thunder tones, and shook the foundations of my soul, filling me with mighty impulses, showing to me the glorified state of those whose hearts were filled with the knowledge and love of the Father, and who labored as Gods to uplift and beautify, to purify and develop those below them. Below me were the obstacles which belonged to myself. Ah! these were they which troubled me most. I had thought never to falter, nor turn aside again, but who shall mark out his footsteps? Who shall know whither they point when treading the hallowed ground of the heavenly spheres? I might go forward, but how many things hold me back. Pursuits befitting all rational minds are here presented in their harmonious perfection of art and beauty; all that which is wise and useful in man's organic being, which has only found utterance on earth as a rivulet, here becomes a great ocean in the perfection of its symmetrical development. Countless pursuits, of countless minds, bear man on the tide of research to their haunts, to their cities, to their beautiful dwellings of peace and joy. Why do I hunger or thirst more? Do I not stand on the walls which enclose the city, the land of my labor? Sentinels guard its entrance, they float through the air in cloud-like garments of all beautiful hues; rainbows arch the firmament with a promise of welcome to the wandering soul. The road which I entered seemed narrow at the beginning, and lo! it hath become a broad, that mine eyes cannot measure its great dimensions. Bands of sweet-voiced spirits all around, they bear in their hands fresh and dewy flowers, emblems of truth and purity. But although they smile on me, they do not bid me enter. I had thought to have entered the gate. Why am I forbidden?

A group approaches me; they form about me a circle, and one, a gentle and beautiful being—all she looks as my mother once looked in my infant eyes—she speaks, and my soul inclines to her voice.

"Why doth thy face look sad, and thy steps become slow; didst thou hope to enter suddenly upon the sacred boundaries of our upper heavens? We welcome thy presence, as a new born spirit among our ranks; but not yet, hasty traveler, art thou prepared to enter within the holy of holies—the city of God. No talent of earth, or its sister sphere, may linger upon thy garments, nor permeate thy being, but wisdom, whose expansive power shall make thy soul glow and burn as the sun in the firmament of heaven, must purify and beautify thine outer being, and Divine Love, of whose essence the angels breathe, must blend and unite with that wisdom, that thou mayest be a meet companion for those whose dwelling is beyond. Thou hast but tried the first slight of thy fledgling wings; thou but knowest thy own weakness. How like to the seed thou art, which would fain burst into a flower; but take heed lest the light be too great for thy strength, and consume what is gained. Let thy soul be contented to dwell in the outer courts of the sacred mansion. Seek not to dazzle thine eyesight before thou art prepared to enter as one of the chosen band, who have earned that garden, by countless years of toil, by agonizing thought and labor-laden bondage. Look abroad, and let thine eyes behold the treasures scattered about thee. Did thy childhood or thy youth ever dream of aught so beautiful in thy shadowy imaginings? or did thy practical manhood ever seek for more real and tangible foundations on which to erect eternal structures. Ask what thou wilt for the good of thy soul's expanding power, and straightway art thou directed to bathe in the knowledge which giveth a more perfected understanding. But do not ask for that which thou knowest not of, or thou wilt be as the foolish ones who grovel below. Thou canst not be an archangel in flight; thou canst not soar from world to world on viewless wings, carrying divinity's thoughts to make alive other systems; thou hast not yet lived to forget the birth of thy humanity in earth's dust and ashes, but thou dost stand as one glittering, living star among many others; thy light is wavering, now faint, now strong.

Thou hast risen on the wings of faith and gazed beyond the boundaries of the past, but thy soul is yet a trembling, unsteady intelligence, amid this grandeur of divine mechanism. Thou must still be as one of thy brethren, who are striving beneath thee; and as spark by spark, the divine fire glows forth which is within thee, in the strength and majesty of its kindred with Deity; then shall thine eyes see and thy spirit know that man becometh great in power as he ascendeth; that he is God-like in wisdom, that the elements are his slaves, that the keys of Nature's hidden mysteries are in his hands, that unspeakable grandeur and glory descendeth upon him from the smile of his Father, and because of his love he hath created us like unto himself, he hath made of us kings and priests in wisdom and love. And as dome after dome opens in our upward flight, we change and are changing, but still the same spark, faint though it were, living and individualizing each being, ever burns clear and undimmed. We know ourselves, and in that knowledge we know our God. The future destiny which awaits the earth-bound spirit is no fleeting shadow, no airy mystery, but it hath form and

thought, far reaching as the thought of infinity. The shadow is earth, the reality is spirit; the earthly life is the vision, the waking of the spirit is the chain whose broken links first waked thee to being. Thy span of life, what is it? a thought, a flash, which but wakes thee to the journey before thee. Oh, earth's surface would seem too small for thee to stand upon while hearing the one great voice through which infinity speaks to thy blossoming intellect! Return to thy labor, illimitable as it appears. Gird thyself about with the wisdom thou hast earned; if thou hast made it thine own, then has it become to thee a power and a staff. Open broad the window of thy soul, that it may expand and glow in the new light which giveth vitality and power. And when thy wishes and thy labors, thy manhood and thy powers have become harmonized into one blending of angel-shaped harmony, then mayst thou knock for entrance at the silvery gate; and then will the archangel bid thee enter in majesty and joy; and upon thy head will be placed a crown of rejoicing forevermore.

Spirit, go back with the vision in thy heart, and see that thou dost profit by its teachings, ere thou dost venture and hunger again to climb up the pathway of the holy mount.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,
192 WEST 27TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(LIZON FLOW.)

A LOVE STORY;

OR,
UNCLE PHILIP'S FOURTH SERMON.

"Do you think it would be improper for me to ask you a question, uncle Philip?" said Sue, timidly.

"How could I tell, pray, till the question is asked? Yet I am sure there is one way for us all to judge what is proper. Would you be willing that any one should ask you a similar question?"

"I think I should," said Sue, "if they loved me as well as I love you, and did not mean to pry into other people's affairs, but only to know about what seemed strange."

"Well, then, Sue, let us have your question," said uncle Philip, rising and placing himself before her with folded hands, as if he expected to be catechised severely, while all the children looked on greatly amused.

"Now you needn't answer it if you do not wish to; but I have thought about it so much, and wondered, and wondered, and wished you'd tell us. I want to know why—why you never—well, why you never got married?"

"And what made that young heart of yours wonder about it?" said uncle Philip, with a shade of sadness on his face.

"I think I must have wondered first," said Sue, "when I thought of you all alone, with nobody to talk to at any time; and then when I found how much you loved everybody, I wondered how it happened you had not some one to love you best of all, and ever so many children to play round your great big fire, and—"

"And to be blessed in your great big heart," said Rod.

"And to have lots of your candy, uncle Philip; and to go a convalling with you," said Kitty.

"All very proper wonders for little hearts," said uncle Philip; "and I have had a mind, several times, to tell you a short history; but one does not like to talk too much about one's self. But as I go back to the days I am to speak of, I feel as if I was almost another person, so far off do they seem. Yet a light shines from them to me, that makes beautiful every day of my present life."

I left home a young man, full of hope, and anxious to do the best I could for myself and others. I had never forgotten that lesson of the snow, and I kept continually wishing that I could have a garden of beauty ever about me; and I believe that the blessed angel that gave me that dream knew my wish and tried to help me.

I went to the city, as I have told you, and commenced my labors as a clerk, and tried to be faithful in all things. But I was often troubled at the sight of suffering and poverty, and wished myself a rich man that I might help those who suffered. I had not learned then that there are other ways of blessing the needy. I was sometimes very impatient that I was only a poor clerk, and wondered why rich men seemed to care so little to bless others. I have found out since that if we have only loving hearts, we can find a great many ways of doing good; and that unless we have our money will not help us very much, for we shall not know how to make it do the most good.

I was out late one night, and on my way to my room, I saw a girl sitting on a curbstone, and leaning against a lamp post, crying piteously. She was the most wretched looking being I ever saw. Her clothes were tattered and soiled. I could hardly tell the color of her skin for the dirt upon it. Her hair hung in tangled masses about her face and neck. She seemed to be about twelve years old. I spoke to her, but she did not answer. I offered her money, but she threw it back to me. At last, she said:

"Why do you kick me and go along?"

"Dear child," said I, "I wish I could help you. Do take this money, and let me lead you home."

"I have not got any," said she.

"Then let me take you to some place where you can be cared for," said I.

"To the poor-house, I suppose," said she, sharply. "No, sir, I thank ye; I'll die first!"

"But I do not wish to leave you here. What can I do for you?"

"You'll be glad to when you see me," said she. "They've turned me out there, and there—pointing to a street near by—and nobody'll take me in. I've got the—" and she whispered a contagious

disease—now run, will you? run fast, or it'll catch you; don't stop; that's the way they all do. Let 's see how the heels of your boots shine."

I was shocked and frightened. I felt indeed like running, and bellow I should have then disgraced myself, if something had not seemed to whisper, distinctly, "Inasmuch as ye do it to these poor, miserable, forsaken ones, ye do it unto the Lord." All fear left me, and I resolved to do something, but I hardly knew what to do. At last I said:

"Come with me, I will not leave you."

But I found she could not walk; her strength had so left her that the moment she tried to stand she fell. I called for the city watch, but none seemed near; no passer-by came through the street. I did not know what to do. Again I heard the voice repeating, "Inasmuch as ye give shelter and love to the poor and suffering, ye do it unto the Lord."

I hesitated no longer. I took this sick, weak, filthy child in my arms, and carried her to my room, which, fortunately, was not connected with that of any one else. She seemed to have fainted when I reached there. I bathed her face and hands gently, and smoothed her hair, and gave her such simple remedies as I knew of. I watched beside her all night, wrapping her up in my blankets and making her as comfortable as I knew how. Sometimes she moaned piteously; sometimes she fretted and seemed ill-natured; but I bore all patiently, for my heart was full of pity. As I looked on her face, now that it was clean, and not half covered by her tangled hair, I saw that she was very noble looking, but her face had a distressed and fretful look, as if she had never felt any love or gentleness. She spoke always as if she expected to be scolded, and so intended to begin to scold first herself. She did not seem thankful for anything I did, but constantly repeated, "do n't, be still." "I won't have it; go 'long." I saw that her poor heart had been frozen all over by unkindness, and so I answered gently.

I think I never know so long and dreary a night as that; but at last the daylight dawned, and I had resolved what to do. I knew I could send her to the hospital, but something seemed to bid me not, for she would surely die. I found a woman who was willing to come to my room to care for her; but she demanded a sum of money equal to my whole wages, but I promised it to her and she came; and I found another room for myself.

Dreadful days of sickness followed for the poor child, and it seemed as if she would really die; but constant care restored her at last, and she began to recover. As she grew better, all her fretfulness returned. She was pleased with nothing, and thankful for nothing, but continually complained, and seemed to think every one meant some harm to her.

Little by little I learned her history. She had loved, tender parents, and a good home; but misfortune came to them, and they died, and this child was left to an unkind and selfish world. She had never known a word of tender love since her mother kissed her good-by, and her father gave her his last look of love. She had become soured by unkindness. I used to think I never knew a more disagreeable girl, and I determined to let her go and reap the reward of her disagreeable ways, as soon as she recovered; but every time I thought of doing this I heard the same voice, saying, "Love is the key that opens the gate of heaven."

"Do please tell us," said Mary, "this poor girl's name."

"She bore the sweet name of Lily; but every one had called her Lily, she said, and I could not think that the beautiful, pure flower could ever seem to be fitted to her rough, unloving ways. But one night I had a dream. I seemed to be standing in a field, rough and wild. As I walked along, however, I noticed there were many stunted flowers and shrubs—some trying to bloom, and others trying to put forth leaves; but they looked so thirsty, and to be in so hard a soil, that I wondered how they could keep even a leaf in freshness. I came across a garden lily, that flower of beauty, that looks as if it bloomed to tell us that we may be sure that there is a world of purity and love, and that we can know of it, if we ourselves look up trustfully and lovingly in our purity, as the lily does to the sun.

But this lily in the field was surrounded by stubble and weeds. Tangled briar bushes ran over it; great weeds shaded it, and thistles and brambles all tried to take the food it needed. I stooped, in my dream, and tore away the weeds and brambles as gently as I could, and behold! there were little tender buds trying to put forth, and fresh green leaves; and as I worked carefully about it, and let the sunshine in, I saw the buds start and grow, and the green leaves become fresh. As I worked away carefully and tenderly, I saw my lily send up its beautiful branch of buds that opened as if to bless me, and shed their sweet fragrance all about me.

I awoke from my dream, but I knew that some one had been teaching me a lesson, and so I determined to benefit by it. Lily needed kind care and love, that her pure nature might open and expand, and send up the blossoms of purity. When she was well enough, I found a kind and loving woman who would take care of her and board me also, and we together determined to see what kindness would do for this poor child.

I learned from her how she had been whipped and shut up in dark cellars, and punished in every way for wrong acts that she had not done, until she began to do what she had to be punished for. So she taught herself to lie and cheat to save herself from suffering. No wonder that she could not understand why we were kind to her. She seemed to expect that we meant finally to do her some harm. We taught her, and were ever patient with her, until little by little she saw that it was true love that was trying to bless her.

Then her whole conduct seemed to change; she became gentle and loving, and tried to please us

in. I've got the—and she whispered a contagious

sluggishness, and the conservative force of custom. When these barriers are removed, and our children shall accomplish more in one year than they do now in all their school days...

SOUL HARMONY BETWEEN THE SEXES.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

The most wonderful element in human nature is the power of blending into perfect harmony an union of souls, so there shall exist congeniality of tastes and feelings, causing two persons to have but one sentiment in common...

Sincere rapport of soul with soul is but seldom met with even in the marriage relation; for what is thought to be so often admiration blended into love, in the world's conception of the term...

We may become attracted to persons whose tastes, objects and sentiments resemble our own, like to be near them, but with whom we have no soul affinity whatever. Let such strive to harmonize, and they will experience as much happiness as generally falls to the share of human beings...

"THE ORIGIN OF MAN" AGAIN.

BY H. BETTS.

Allow me space in the Banner for a few remarks upon Bro. Tuttle's article in your issue of January 14th. He remarks, first, that the theory is not his, but "belongs to the invisible ones who have led him through the wilderness of darkness toward the light."

Again, he says, "God might have made man perfect and complete during the coal period, &c." The question is, not what he might, or might not have done, but did he do it? Evidently not...

Another idea of Bro. Tuttle's is, that since man has qualities in common with the lower animals, he must necessarily have sprung from an inferior type, or a lower order. This appears to me as a very weak argument, and casts a slur upon the character of the Supreme Intelligence we worship...

A few words more and I have done. I quote from the reply: "To ask why one race is not more developed now into another, or why the orang outang is not advanced, is like asking why the higher branches of a tree do not spring from the lower. All the branches originate in, and are bound together by, a common trunk."

alike, whether on a higher limb or a lower one, and every variety of trees have different and distinct peculiarities by which they are recognized. So with the animal creation, man included. Each retains their distinct organism and peculiar characteristics...

Written for the Banner of Light. LUCY, DARLING. INSCRIBED TO MRS. L. A. F. SWAIN, OF RICE COUNTY, MINN.

BY LOIS WAIBROOKE.

Oh darling, Lucy, darling, The sun down the west Is sinking in his grandeur, As a god would sink to rest; While clouds of floating amber, That deck the vault above, Are reflected in the waters, As a heart reflects its love.

The splendor of the sunset, The vault of azure blue, The sky, and glassy waters, But make me think of you; For the beauty they are showing, Sun, water, cloud and sky— Are all combined together, In your love-lit, angel eye.

Then, darling, Lucy, darling, Where'er I roam or rest, My heart to you 'll be turning, As the friend I love the best; For the beauty of your spirit, Surpassing form and face, Has left on mine an image, That naught can e'er efface.

Correspondence.

Notes from the West.

I do not know how many weeks it has been, Mr. Editor—but they have grown into months—since I promised myself I would write you and my friends, through your Banner. I remember I was West, and an account of the yearly meetings of the Friends of Progress at Richmond, Ind., was to find a place in my writings. It would be odd to write now of a meeting held in Oct. 1864, but I remember distinctly that we had a royal, loyal good time, with more persons present, more interest and enthusiasm than had been manifested at similar meetings for years, or ever before, in Richmond. Not a wild exultation, not clamorous expectation of marvels to be wrought, but a poised, steady expression of purpose such as moves the world.

I remember, too, my journey eastward to New York; through Ohio, and finally via the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, and wonder if all the travelers East and West have "passed that way," and enjoyed what any lover of Nature must enjoy: the mountain scenery. It may be hard for persons to associate real pleasure with the weariness and vexation of a long journey, but whoever views the mountain slopes and peaks, the gentle declivity, the precipitous descent, the wild gorges, the dancing Juniata and wide-spreading Susquehanna, all of which meet the eye as the traveler passes along this road, making a picture at once beautiful and grand, cannot fail to treasure in memory, as a perpetual pleasure, the associations of such a journey. I hope to review the picture many times, for I know it is good for the soul.

Mr. Editor, are you aware how times are changing? Once it was thought that a woman needed a man for a protector, especially if they traveled; now it occurs to me that whoever wears "pantaloons" and would be protected from the sound of oaths, the stench of tobacco and bad whiskey and both compounded in one breath, must be attended by a woman and thus insure a seat in a clean car with clean company. [I hereby petition to all Railroad Companies that all tobacco smokers and chippers and drinkers of whiskey be allowed to travel on an extra car attached to the "cattle train," that all men and women who wish to keep clean and breathe unethy air may know what train to take to be accommodated.]

October 21st, I arrived in New York with an engagement to return to this place to speak one-half of the time, commencing November 6th; but I wanted to help Father Abraham and the Republic to victory, union and freedom, so I remained, and shall ever be glad that I was among those who gave a salute of five hundred thousand majority to LIBERTY on the 8th of November, 1864.

BATTLE CREEK.

November 13th I found the good people here waiting not alone to hear what might be said, but to engage in a practical effort

"For the cause that lacks assistance, For the wrong that needs resistance, For the future in the distance, And the Good that they could do."

For it was understood that our engagement and association meant work, not simply talk, to "large and intelligent" or "spell-bound" audiences. Our first work was for the freedmen, for a cry came up to us from the desolate South that they were naked and must have clothes or perish. A Committee was appointed, the city allotted by section to parts of the Committee to canvas for clothes; and it would have done any soul that had the sense of feeling, good, to have seen the wagons drive up to our store-room, filled with bundles and baskets full of garments, many of them as whole and warm as those we wore ourselves. One of the happiest days I have known was the one in which I went from house to house in my section of the city and gathered clothes for my stranger brothers and sisters. When I returned home with my wagon full, gathered from all sects and denominations, I had more knowledge than ever before of the divinity of the human heart. The ladies of our society have met from time to time and put in order the garments that needed it, and we have forwarded several hundred by our State agent, who personally attends to their distribution.

November 20th we organized a "Children's Progressive Lyceum," from the day of its organization to the present it has received the undivided support of the Society and Friends of Progress, grows in numbers and gains in interest. We have a session of two hours each Sunday, P. M., in which we instruct each other in physical, mental, moral and spiritual uses, believing that what we have properly cultivated and used, in all we need to make us well and happy. Christmas Eve the members and friends of our Lyceum held their first festival and exhibition, the entertainment consisting of tableaux, recitations, songs, instrumental music, &c.; concluded with a presentation of gifts by the "Queen of Favors" to all members of the Lyceum. A small fee at the door paid all of our expenses, including the buying of presents, and left us between forty and fifty dollars in the treasury of the Lyceum. We propose to hold our second festival and exhibition during the coming month; early in this month to give more directness and system to our work of benevolence,

and enable us to cooperate with other societies that have expressed their belief in practical religion. We organized a "Moral Police Fraternity," which receives the attention and support of the Society. The members of the Fraternity still continue their work for the freedmen. You will find the Moral Police in Temperance Lodges, among our City Council and City Police, on our Board of Education, and in the Evening Free School, and they all feel that their responsibility is increased by every opportunity to do good. I do not know what other people and societies may deem their duty, or what they may think they are capable of doing with the means they have; but, Mr. Editor, it seems to me that the greatest need among Spiritualists is that they do something; some benevolent, practical work; something that shall relate them to the whole humanity. The spirit of the coming era is universalism, unsectarianized and clothed in philosophy. And the shadow of death hangs over every sect and every bigot; every idler and every would-be leader in the land; FRATERNITY is the watchword, and to do good the PURPOSE of this blessed time. Wishing you well, and with kind greetings to my friends and co-laborers, I am yours for human progress. E. L. WADSWORTH. Battle Creek, Mich., Jan. 31, 1865.

New York.

FRIENDS OF PROGRESS—MORAL POLICE FRATERNITY—PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM—MR. DAVIS, & CO. I presume all the readers of the Banner delight in hearing of the progress of truth in all places, and with your leave, I wish to report my observations upon the condition of our movement in the great commercial metropolis of the nation.

A few years have wrought a vast change in the aspect of things in New York, and I am happy to record that the change has been in the right direction—upward and onward. The "Friends of Progress" are "friends indeed," for they do not content themselves with assuming the name merely, but they add thereto the corresponding works. Conscious that mere desultory efforts must necessarily be fragmentary and comparatively useless, they have organized themselves in Society capacity, and finding Dodworth's Hall becoming too limited for their needs, have removed to Irving Hall, opposite the Academy of Music. They are not afraid of organization, and they hope in a few years to meet in a hall of their own, appropriate to the sublime philosophy of the New Dispensation. They propose to secure the best utterances of the divinest truths from their platform.

They are not, however, satisfied with giving wings to thought by platform speeches and conference debates alone, but by means of another coadjutory organization—"the Moral Police Fraternity"—they investigate all reported cases of want and sorrow, and contribute such relief as the case seems to demand. It is not a system of indiscriminate giving, which is the curse of almost all that is denominated benevolence, but it inaugurates a systematic effort to benefit those who seek its aid, by helping them to help themselves. A "Ladies' Sewing Union" is auxiliary to this society. The ultimate aim of the Fraternity is to revolutionize the existing system of dealing with pauperism and crime.

But the crowning excellence of practical manifestation is the "Children's Progressive Lyceum." Without assuming anything like perfection for this system, I am safe in affirming that it contains the ideals of method which must, in the future, entirely revolutionize our system of teaching the young. And these ideals are so finely wrought out in the method of conducting the Lyceum, that I have no criticism to suggest, except the length of time employed, which I think is too long. This, however, is a mere technicality, and does not correct itself. One remarkable feature of the Lyceum, which at once arrests the attention of a stranger, is the deep, earnest enthusiasm of pupils and leaders; an enthusiasm which defies cold and storm alike to keep the members from their places. It is not to be denied, nor should it be concealed, that our Brother A. J. Davis, sustains a very important relation to this movement. So far as organization and inauguration is concerned, he is the founder and centre; and when I saw him moving among those scores of youthful souls, whose every look was a benediction of joy and love, and looking forward into the fast coming years of the immediate future, beheld this germ expanded so as to embrace the millions, I felt that however vast his ambition, he might feel entirely satisfied.

Persons disposed to carp may say, "Ah, when Davis is not there the thing will die; it is the influence of himself and wife which makes it so far a success." To this may be replied that the system is a success elsewhere than in New York City. More than this, Mr. Davis is not the system, but as he most justly and forcibly remarked to the writer, "This is not mine, or yours; it is humanity's." Yes, it is humanity's; and though Mr. Davis may pass to the Summer-Land, or what is vastly more probable, to the old church, still this system—the Lyceum—will live and work out its results. May the copy which has been set to improved and widely imitated.

For five consecutive Sundays I addressed the increasing audiences upon the high themes of our present duties and our future glory. And nowhere have I ever realized a more powerful support and inspiration from the audience than there. The cultivated thought, the warm-hearted, loving emotion, and the lofty sublimity of aspiration, seemed to be in harmonious balance in the congregation, making it a pleasure, instead of a task, to address them. As I close, allow me to hint to the Bostonians that they will be left far in the rear, unless they bestir themselves right soon. J. S. LOVELAND. Willmantic, Conn., Feb. 4, 1865.

Dr. C. D. Griswold.

Many have asked of me, in different places, "What has become of Dr. Griswold?" I have scarcely heard of him since he ceased his editorial labors. Nevertheless, he has not been inactive. Since he left the army, in which he did well-appealed labor as surgeon, he has given much of his time to the beautiful art of painting. If you were to step into his rooms, in Cleveland, you would see the fine results of his efforts, and his seclusion. Beautiful Madonnas, with cherubs peeping through the clouds at their holy faces, spiritual visions embodied, and portraits now and then, among which may be seen that of his erudite brother, the late Rufus E. Griswold.

The Doctor and his pictures were brought before me to-night, by the reception of a photograph of his last production, "The Descent of the Angels," which is indeed beautiful. It symbolizes the approaching Era, when the Christ-principle shall be the law of mankind on the Earth.

In the centre of the upper distance is the form of Jesus of Nazareth, with outstretched hands, looking toward the earth, and surrounded, and partly enveloped in an orange light, which seems to radiate from him, and called the "divine glory." In a semi-circle above and upon either hand, are twelve spirits, enveloped, except the head and

shoulders, in a luminous atmosphere varying from a dark orange to a purple.

In the middle distance, is a broad crest of rolling clouds of grey, silver and orange tint, in the convolutions of which appear twelve choruses, some looking up to him who loved children so well when on the earth, while others turn toward the earth.

The immediate foreground is a light cloud, upon which stands Elijah the Prophet in the centre, his left hand resting upon the ring of an anchor, with the left foot upon one of its flukes; while in his right hand he holds a staff with a flag, upon which was seen this inscription: "Come with me, Children, learn of our Father, of Truth and Justice, Mercy, Love with Hope, come with Elijah." The figure wears a massive beard, and is robed in a mantle of blue, bordered with red. Upon the right hand of the central figure is Mary the Mother of Jesus, robed in pearly white and blue, while upon the left is the figure of Humility, with face turned modestly downward, with the right hand pointing to the coming "Son of Man." Her robe is purple and white. Around the head of each of these three figures is a halo of orange light.

Photographs of this fine painting can be obtained by ordering them from the artist. The small ones for twenty-five cents. Large, ten by twelve inches, finished in India ink, five dollars; in oil, ten dollars. Those who have any love for the beautiful, should patronize this brother. His health is poor, and he would thank you for it. In benefiting him you will obtain that which will be a real compensation. Address Dr. C. D. Griswold, Cleveland, Ohio. EMMA TUTTLE.

Speaking, Personating and Poet Medium.

Mrs. Emma Martin, an accomplished young lady, is one of the most perfectly controlled mediums of the age. Each character manifested through her organism appears perfect in itself. She is controlled by a great number of different spirits, the individuality of each being very marked. Even the change of countenance corresponds with the different influences.

In private or public circles, either large or small, her medium powers are for variety, interest and intellectual entertainment unsurpassed. Her manner of address in public is of the most pleasing, winning character, and often eloquent. Her discourses are deep and logical, evincing on the part of the controlling power an intimate acquaintance with the beauties and truths of Nature.

Mrs. Martin permits her audiences to select subjects both for singing and speaking. Those who engage her to lecture will enjoy a rich treat. She has suffered keenly on account of her spiritual belief, enduring violent opposition from friends; but like a brave, true little heroine, she has at last conquered all opposition in her efforts to be true to her own soul.

Let our spiritual friends not be remiss in their duty of sustaining such truth-loving advocates. They are in demand. Call them out, friends, that the strongholds of error may come down in order to the upbuilding of a philosophical religion which never wars with truth.

Mrs. Martin may be addressed at Birmingham, Michigan. W. F. JAMESON.

THOUGHTS ON THE WING.

NUMBER THREE.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

Gentle as the ripples on the Revolver's crystal sea, Mr. Editor, was my spirit made in Portland, by the quiet and solitude of a three weeks' confinement in a dark room, from inflamed eyes. I am situated at the residence of J. C. Woodman Esq., author of that timely reply to Dr. Dwight's attack upon Spiritualism. The kindnesses of my family I shall ever hold in precious memory. They say Portland is a beautiful city. I did not see it, being conducted "blindfolded and hoodwinked" to the lecture hall, "gaining admission" by a friend, and there poorly reading musty manuscripts to a patient and continually increasing audience.

The German Goethe said, "When anything lies heavy on me I work it off; and whenever I have a sorrow I have managed to get a song out of it." Admirable, this working off of sorrow, and mastery of the skill that can warm songs out of affliction! Let us become pupils in this school of discipline. It is all smiles and sunshine around me now. Calms ever follow storms, and flowers crystal snowflakes. Change is a law of the universe. Artemus Ward said he found "change everywhere, except in his pocket."

Portland has many true and faithful friends of reform. On their free platform have stood not only the prominent Spiritualist lecturers of the country, but such literary celebrities as Emerson, Hassell, Higginson, Johnson, Pierpont and Geo. Thompson, ex-member of the British Parliament.

Will some one tell me why great female geniuses are seldom highly inspired, or even happy in married life? Mrs. Butler separated from her husband. Mrs. Sigourney's domestic infidelity was universally known. Mrs. Hemans did not live with her husband for twenty years prior to her departure into spirit-life. Mrs. Norton, one of England's most gifted daughters of song, fresh with the graces of true womanhood, and, in many respects, the equal of Mrs. Browning, separated from her husband a long time since. Mrs. Farnham did not write her great work, "Woman and her Era," till released from her marital chains. Is it strange that Maria Edgeworth rejoiced in the freedom of being a "maiden lady." Cora Wilburn, Gail Hamilton, Payson, Hardings, Doten, Dickinson, and others that wield tongue and pen in the realm of literature, revel in the rose-lands of single blessedness. My advice is—ladies, continue reveling!

A BEAUTIFUL MANIFESTATION.

Sitting with my mediumistic friend and brother, E. C. Dunn, of Rockford, last June, just as the sun was kissing vale and prairie a sweet "good-night," and holding both of his hands for the reception of vital and magnetic forces from his circle, something flew in at the second story open window, darting to the ceiling, now slightly touching our heads, and then sailing with almost lightning speed to every portion of the apartment. Was it insect, beetle, bat? We both saw it, felt it, heard it. Finally it dropped gently upon his shoulders two beautiful fresh rosebuds. "Mark well," our hands remained joined till I unloosed them and took up the treasure, borne by angel-hands from an adjoining garden. I have them still. They symbolize a brotherly sympathy of soul, eternal as the ages, with correspondences in the heavens.

Of course, Church skeptics will wag their heads at the above, and "mock," yet piously believe the "whole story" with the making of woman from one of Adam's ribs. All fossils are not under ground; nor all men buried that are dead—moral dead! But there is a good time coming. To me it has come. I have a bread to eat that many

know not of—a nectar to drink that in the classic days of Greece and Rome quenched the thirst of the gods. Immortality is a blessed certainty. Spirit-communion, positive knowledge, and by my dear guides that have summured long in the blissful regions of eternity, am I ever impressed and inspired; and heaven forbid that I ignore them. It is not wisdom to kick at the ladder by which we ascended. Appreciation is just, and gratitude divinely beautiful. Chicopee Falls, Mass., Feb. 2, 1865.

The Lecture Room.

"What God is there in Spiritualism?"

Extract from a Recent Lecture by Hudson Tuttle.

My grey-haired friend, years ago you were called to lay in the cold and narrow grave the loved companion who had made life a constant June-day of joy. You wept then; and now, as I lift the misty veil of the past, you weep. Your heart grows sad as I tread the halls of its sacred memories. The years have gone with iron feet, but they never have obliterated the memory of the departed, which, like the mountain evergreen beneath the pelting frosts, grows fresher. Ah, you consigned only the body back to mother Earth; the spirit, fledged in immortal life, rested over you, unseen, perhaps unfelt.

Has that spirit departed? Are you left lonely and forsaken, a weary pilgrim without hope? Let me raise the veil. Let me show you how intimately the world of spirits blends with the world of men. Could I open your spiritual sight and quicken your perceptions, I could show you that loved one, the same as when you first knew her in youth and beauty, a guardian-angel by your side. You are susceptible to her holy influence, and have realized many a time in the past, a gentle voice saying you from error.

Mother, you have wept for a darling child, a young flower you had watched with tenderest care, and saw, with a joy a mother only can feel, its intellect bursting into bloom. Just when you thought your fruition complete, when your life became most involved in that of the loved one, a chilling breath snatched him from you.

A little grass hillock in the church-yard—a little white slab with a name—is that not your child?

Nay, the body resting there is not your child, but his worn garments. Your child basks in the sunshine of heaven. It was a cruel stroke which tore him from your bosom, and your very heart-strings broke with the blow. You are sad now, as you look through the long vista of events, and a fear wells from your mother's heart; but look! Is your child lost? Does he sleep with the body in the church-yard? Has he gone far away, where, until death—perhaps not then—you will not behold him? Nay, the years which to you have dragged their dead weight along, he has used for progress, and now he stands before you a beautiful youth, with an affection for you heightened by the harmony of his angel-life.

You have heard of the happy dying—how beautifully shone the light of heaven over their calm features, and even after the dissolution, a smile like the radiance of sunset played over their calm features. Oh, death is the key whereby the spiritual perceptions are unlocked, and long before its final stroke it opens man's vision to the future, and he sees the bright springs and clear waters, the green fields and radiant spirits immortal. Never an individual met the great change without attending angels to welcome him to their world.

Grey-haired friend, weeping mother, and all who mourn the departed, Spiritualism teaches you that they exist, that they are with you, that their affections are increased, that their soft hands will open the portals of the spirit-world, and usher you into immortality.

Many, alas! too many of you have sent your loved ones forth to the red-handed battle. Tattering grandmothers, who saw your grandchild gird on the sword; who, with eyes filled with tears, yet admiring, told the tale of his grandsons, like him, joining the army of freemen in revolutionary times, and bid him be true to that grandeur's name and fame. You heard in a short year that he had been true, and had fallen. Your head, over which a century of storms have beaten, quivered by the shock; you uttered an exclamation as you bowed your silvery head to the blast—an exclamation coming down from time immemorial, "Thy will be done."

But why do I particularize? Look through our neighborhoods. Here are weeping orphans, there a young wife—wife no more, but a widow in weeds of woe. Yonder a sister—there a mother—all around us death has reaped a rich harvest.

Where are they? One died in the fierce struggle of Antietam, pierced by sharp bayonets; another was torn to fragments by a Parrot shell, and scattered to the winds; another went down in a fierce cavalry charge; his dear form was battered by the iron heels of a thousand horse, as they swept like a whirlwind over the plain; another lay wounded amid piles of dead, and his precious life went out beneath the crumpling wheels of ponderous artillery.

Now, mother, when you observe the vacant chair at eventide meal, you will think of your absent one never to return. Weeping wife, when the prattling infant asks for its father, you must say to it that it has no father. He went forth to the strife, and was drawn into the fierce whirlpool of death. All that he has left is his proud name and your immeasurable sorrow.

We all have losses to mourn. Fathers, brothers, sons, friends, who went forth with high hopes and lofty aspirations, are now gone beyond the veil of darkness, and on earth we write their names no more. The poor privilege of gazing on their inanimate clay is denied us, and we think of them as bleaching in the Southern jungle, or with rude hands scarcely concealed in a common grave, where the wreck of valor is indiscriminately plunged.

And is this the reward of your sacrifice, your pain and tears? Ask this question of Spiritualism, and its answer is a balm more precious than Gilead's. Grey-haired friend, weeping mother, and all who mourn the departed, Spiritualism teaches you that they exist, that they are with you often, their affections are increased, that their soft hands will open the portals of the spirit-world, and usher you into immortality.

"What good is there in Spiritualism?" Ask that aged friend, that mother; ask any one who has lost dear ones, and believe that they can and do communicate with them.

Like the sound of the waterfall to the traveler in the desert, comes the silvery voice of departed friends, softening and subduing the asperities of life, cheering us onward in better aims and loftier endeavors. It calls with a voice sweet and musical, "Ah, man, brother, sister, come up hither, partake of these fountains, and thirst no more."

"I think I now see a new feature in this case," as the lawyer said when his client informed him that he had plenty of money.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENGLAND, KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to the spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine inspiration in Man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

The Friendship of Necessity.

It is the fashion, or the custom, in going through life, to exclaim against everything that has gone against the grain, and to say that but for obstacles our career would have been a complete success. This view only betrays our unhappy short-sightedness. Little think we that we are thus denouncing and decrying our best friends. If there were no difficulties for us to encounter, we should remain utter strangers to our faculties and powers. The problem of life always is, to overcome. A smooth pathway offers no advantages whatever. We cannot stumble in it and get up again; we cannot meet with obstructions that require us to make exertion to overcome them; we are absolved from that need of self-control which is forced upon us by disappointment; and there are no leading points about life for us to take hold of, and make us realize that we do indeed live.

Whoever complains of his necessities, let them be as stern as they may, evidently knows little of life's purpose and meaning. He would eat fruits which require no ripening, would not be at the trouble of breaking through the bitter rind to reach the sweet savors of the kernel. It is a child's view which would be content with the superficial only. The mere material creation is of no particular beauty except for the spiritual expression it is made at length to take on in our eyes; and that expression depends on the work which we expend upon it, as sculptors work at their lifeless marble.

A cheerful temper is half the battle, in this life. Even prize-fighters teach us that lesson. Whoever goes out with a high heart to meet fate, carries with him a pledge of fate for marked and lasting favors. Despondency is a great tyrant. We gain no headway by it, but do unfortunately part with a large volume of energy. Not only is it necessary that we should accept with cheerfulness what is sent to us in this sphere, but we should discipline ourselves to that point at which we can readily see that nothing better could be sent—that the combinations into which we have been thrown are the best possible for our growth—and that we are powerful, and great, and happy, accordingly as we are successful in laying everything around us under tribute to our purpose to obtain the coveted mastery.

What should we do, if we were compelled to do nothing? The obvious answer of every one is, we should do nothing. Some declare with great readiness, however, that they would certainly seek their pleasure, and they are very sure they could better find it if they were permitted the privilege of going where they chose in quest of it; but they cannot truly answer for that, either; we all understand how listless and purposeless and wretched he should soon become, even in the pursuit of mere pleasure, were we not held up, and braced, and strengthened, by the power that resides in necessity. So that we should soon tire of our very pleasures, if we had nothing to do but go in quest of them. We need a tonic of some sort, to keep us continually in health and vigor; and the wide world supplies none like that which is to be found in such obstacles as necessity everywhere opposes to us.

The man who falls into a habit of finding fault with fortune, because he has managed to wring nothing more than a subsistence from her unwilling hand, is a whippersnapper and white-livered, thinking sweetmeats and sugar plums to be the great ends and rewards of life, instead of a closer and more thorough acquaintance with himself and his own power, and a grand residence at home in his nature, solitary and truly spiritual. It is this very knowledge of self which we call adversity begets; in this sense, adversity is not such at all, for it makes for us instead of against us. When we get along a little further, a few years, perhaps, and look back over what is past, seeing how this and that incident, obstacle, and disappointment, which at the time we disliked as children hate medicine, has been for our good alone, we shall realize what all these conditions in life have meant, and how they were sent to us as friends rather than enemies, and friends, too, of the very first value and character. We cannot see the matter in that light now, because we are too near the circumstances to view them in their true dimensions or their proper relations; but experience, which includes both time and patience, gives larger scope to the vision, we get at the relations of things with less trouble, there is little feeling mixed up with the judgment, and we understand what was meant with more clearness. In this sense, perspective is always essential to a true view of things; and perspective in events is what is furnished by time alone.

Were we fully convinced of the soundness of this view, and therefore able to welcome necessities as our best friends, instead of fighting them as our worst enemies, it would be surprising to us what a different look life would be made to wear at all points. Where shadows fall thickly now, we should see all made light and cheerful. We should find that the aspect of existence lay rather in ourselves than in the objects and conditions which are presented to us to act upon and act through. And with regained cheerfulness, elasticity of spirits and refreshment of energy would come, too. We should have many times the strength we now have to carry our loads with, since they would be less loads than they ever were before. A new energy would be infused into all our endeavors, which would wrestle playfully with what we now consider as obstacles, and achieve victory without such a needless expenditure of the vital force.

Temperament goes a long way in a person's favor, in this present life of ours, and a happy one is as good as a fortune to anybody; but a deficiency in this regard may finally be made up by the practice of steady resolutions, and by forming and maintaining habits which inevitably conduce to the end desired. A happy temperament is just what we all want, if we would see life in its true

and healthy light, if we would not be diverted from the right course by accidental circumstances and temporary conditions, if we would make the most of what we are and what has been given us. It is essential to true progress and a healthy growth. It saves so much of our resources to us, by keeping us from a waste of those energies which ought to be reserved for service. We should strive to make all things and all persons friends; even to our enemies, as well as our obstacles. Let us try it for a single day, and the result will fully vindicate the experiment.

The Bequest of Spiritualism.

We find in a new monthly magazine entitled "The Friend of Progress," a contribution by T. W. Higginson, ex-clergyman and ex-colonel, which, under the caption of "The Bequest of Spiritualism," contains some remarks which claim our notice. Col. Higginson is, if we are not mistaken, a sincere believer in the fundamental facts of the modern spiritual movement. He has spoken bravely and well his convictions on the subject; and those convictions seem to be as fixed and earnest now as ever. But he experiences a want, to which he refers in the following extract from his remarks:

"Strong and cultivated minds cannot long retain their interest in a movement that has not some suitable nutriment to offer them. The literature and lectures of 'Spiritualism' offering no such nutriment, there was nothing to digest but the facts or phenomena. And the supply of those having for some unexplained reason, fallen away—or at least the quality of the supply not improving—many of the more intelligent advocates have apparently fallen away also.

The desertion is, however, only apparent. The main fulcrum of the religious life being the belief in personal immortality, whatever touches any person on that point, touches him deeply, and the influence is not soon forgotten. If that influence does not create new creeds and customs, at least it makes the old ones seem very secondary, and so helps the progress of emancipation. It is therefore saying a great deal for Spiritualism, to say that it has pulverized the soil very widely, and left large regions open to the sun and air. Its organized results, or even its organized results, may be inconsiderable, but the work of preparation which it has done is enormous. It has awakened a vast, scattered, and rather indefinite public, not highly educated nor very discriminating, but ready and eager for the best thoughts."

It seems to us that there is a fallacy in this mode of putting the case. "Strong and cultivated minds," the Colonel tells us, "cannot long retain their interest in a movement that has not some suitable nutriment to offer them." On the contrary, it seems to us that "strong and cultivated minds" are the very minds to which the bare, unencumbered facts of Spiritualism ought to offer more nutriment than they can digest or assimilate in a lifetime; facts that ought to suggest and develop principles, aspirations, certainties, enough to feed, to the fullest of its cravings, their moral and devotional nature. Take the simple fact of the immortality of the soul. Let it be established beyond all doubt and peradventure—beyond the reach of even a transitory skepticism—in "a strong and cultivated mind," and what more ought such a mind to ask in this mortal stage of its progress? The belief in God and absolute goodness must follow as a necessary deduction.

"Nothing to digest but the facts and phenomena!" One would think that these would be all sufficient to "a strong and cultivated mind." They are certainly a good deal more than the best of such minds can master. The supply of these facts, the Colonel tells us, "has fallen away," or at least the "quality" is not "improving." Our own experience leads us to believe that these assertions are a mistake. There has never been a time when the opportunities for satisfying one's self of the genuineness of the great, momentous phenomena of Spiritualism, whether of a mental or physical nature, abstract or concrete, have been so ample so varied, as now. All that is required for an investigation is patience, humility, candor, or on the part of the investigator. There are many good mediums for both classes of phenomena, who would give their time willingly and gratuitously, could they afford it, to the task of convincing the world of the truths they are privileged to manifest; but if people are so indifferent or apathetic as to grudge the small sum necessary to be paid to enable mediums to devote themselves to the development of the phenomena, whose fault is it, if good, trustworthy mediums are rare?

It is a mistake to imagine that Spiritualism is to do everything for us and we nothing for Spiritualism. The facts are offered—soil so broad and; if they fall on barren, reluctant soil, so much the worse for the soil, but not for the facts. If we can't find any nutriment in the tremendous fact of the exhibition and touch of a spirit-hand or the sound of a spirit-voice, then would we hardly be roused to a salutary exercise of our intellectual faculties, even though one should rise from the dead. "I can give you arguments, sir, not brains," said Dr. Johnson once to a thick-headed disputant. Very much the same reply might Spiritualism give to those persons who complain of a lack of "suitable nutriment" in the pregnant, the august facts which it offers in proof of the soul's existence after the dissolution of the mortal body. "I give you the facts," a spirit might say; "if you are too lazy, careless, or apathetic to deduce the facts, the worse for you. You will be a lotterer in the great race of progress that has been going on ever since the world was peopled by intelligent beings. My advice to you is to wake up and do a little thinking on your own account; and not to expect others to do it for you."

A Long Winter.

We hear of seventy days of sleighing this winter. Such a steady, even, and, on the whole, cold and healthy winter, has not been known in many years. The boys and girls have had a good time if it nobody else has. Such weeks and weeks of first rate coasting and skating and sleighing—! brings back memories and traditions of old-time winters which we had begun to think were never to be dispensed again out of the sky. Cold weather is bracing and exhilarating. It is excellent for the spirits. It makes people lively, just as the heat of the summer solstice makes them languid. The poor have suffered this winter, of course, and will rejoice that the season is drawing to its close. It is the rule of human affairs—some must suffer while others have abundance. Each should think of the other.

New Steam Rams.

A Paris letter mentions two large and powerful iron-clad steam rams which have for some time past been building at Bordeaux, France, for the Confederates. They are reported to be now at sea. Their names are the Sphinx and Onoeps. The story at first was that they had been disposed of to the Danes and Prussians, and an order was previously given by the Government for their detention, in consequence of the representations made by our minister, Mr. Dayton. The rumor further says that these powerful iron-clad monsters are to have their names changed to the Stonewall and Rapidan and one account states that they will attempt to run the batteries in New York Harbor, and come up and lay that city under contribution.

A Patriotic Poem.

Mrs Lizzie Doten delivered an address at Lyceum Hall, Boston, on Sunday evening, Feb. 12th, on the recent Amendment to the Constitution, giving the spirits' view of the same, at the close of which, after a change of the controlling influence, she gave the following original, noble and patriotic Poem, composed in spirit-life, entitled:—

THE TRIUMPH OF FREEDOM.

Rejoice! O blood-stained Nation! in darkness wandering long, For Freedom is triumphant, and Right hath overpowered Wrong. To-day, the glorious birthright the patriot Fathers gave, Makes, through Eternal Justice, a freeman of the slave.

And swift the glorious tidings, rolling majestic on, Thrills from old Massachusetts to the shores of Oregon: The grey old mountain-echoes shout it loudly to the sea, And the wild winds join the chorus in the "anthem of the free,"

For this, the God of nations sealed this land as sacred soil, And thenceforth made it holy, with blood, and sweat, and toil.

For this, the lonely May-Flower spread her white wings to the breeze, And bore the Pilgrim Fathers across the stormy seas.

For this, the blood of patriots baptized old Bunker Hill, And Lexington and Concord made known the people's will.

For this, both Saratoga and Yorktown's fields were won, And Fame's unfading laurels wreathed the brow of WASHINGTON.

For this, your glorious CHANNING plead on the "weaker side," And PARKER, brave and fearless, sought to stem Oppression's tide.

For this, the lips of PHILLIPS burned with Athenian fire, Till every flaming sentence leapt forth in righteous ire.

And GARRISON, the dauntless, declared: "I will be heard!" O thou sturdy, war-worn veteran! well hast thou kept thy word!

Thou hast sent the foul Hyena howling fiercely to his den, And thy battle-cry was "Freedom!" till the cannon said,—"AMEN!"

For this, like royal Caesar, within the Senate Hall, On the noble head of SUMNER did the blows of Slavery fall;

And for this, that band of heroes, with their Spartan chief, JOHN BROWN, As a sacrifice to Freedom, their precious lives laid down.

And for this you bore and suffered, "till forbearance ceased to be A virtue," and High Heaven called on you to be free.

Then, once more, the blood of heroes leapt like fire within each vein, And the long-slumbering Lion rose, and, wrathful, shook his mane.

O! the page of future history, shall, with truthful record, tell How you met the fearful issue, how bravely and how well!

How you gave ungodly treasures from out your toil-won hoard, And how, as free as water, heroic blood was poured.

How GRANT, with stern persistence, smote the foeman day by day: How SHERIDAN and SHERMAN urged their victorious way;

How FARRAGUT and PORTER swept triumphant o'er the sea, And how the gallant WINSLOW, won his glorious victory.

And alas! how noble ELLSWORTH fell in his youthful pride, And WINTHROP, BAKER, LYON, for Freedom bled and died.

And true, brave hearts unnumbered, before the cannon's breath, On the wild, red sea of slaughter, swept down the tide of death.

And how, amid the tumult, in every battle pause, Was heard the cry for "Justice to the bondman and his cause."

O! your fathers' slumbering ashes cried "Amen!" from out each grave, When your grand old Constitution, gave freedom to the slave.

And, as the glorious tidings upon the nation fell, Satan, with all his legions, went howling down to Hell.

Of crime and blood no longer, could he freely drink his fill, For the cursed demon, Slavery, had best performed his will.

Let words of deep thanksgiving, blend with the tears you shed, For the hosts of noble martyrs, who in Freedom's cause have bled.

Though they fell before the sickle which reaps the battle-plain, Yet, to-day, they know in heaven, that they perished not in vain.

Your nation's glorious Eagle, with an unflinching flight, Hath perched at length in triumph, on Freedom's loftiest height;

The stars upon your banner, burn with a fairer flame, And the radiant stripes no longer, are emblems of your shame.

The slave, made, like his master, "in the image of his God," Shall bare his back no longer to the oppressor's rod;

His night of pain and anguish, of woe and woe has past, And Freedom's radiant morning has dawned on him at last.

O thou Recording Angel! turn to that page, whereon Is traced in undimmed brightness, the name of WASHINGTON, And, with thy pen immortal, in characters of fame,

To stand henceforth and ever, write also LINCOLN's name! The first, hurled back the tyrant in the country's hour of need,

The last, divinely guided, hath made her free indeed.

Let a nation's grateful tribute, to each, alike, be given, While the kingdom, power and glory are ascribed alone to Heaven.

"Ethiopia no longer stretcheth forth her hands" in vain; On the demon of Rebellion she hath left her servile chain;

Then swell the shout of triumph, till the nations hear afar: Three cheers—three cheers for Freedom! Huzzah! Huzzah! Huzzah!

The Return of Spirits.

We are in receipt of many letters, wherein the writers call for their spirit-friends to manifest at our public circles; that they should be far better satisfied with the messages published in our columns, did their friends respond, etc.

That they do not manifest is no fault of our medium, no fault of any one on the earth, and no fault of the spirits that wish to communicate. Conditions environ them which prevent their coming, as potent as the conditions are that prevent mortals from walking upon the surface of the Atlantic Ocean.

Thousands of spirits congregate in the vicinity of our medium at every sitting—some to listen to the proceedings, with no desire to return and communicate; some extremely anxious to reach their earth-friends through the agency of the medium, but have not the power to do so; while others, who are equally as anxious to speak, have the power, and only await the right conditions to commune.

Several spirits that have lately manifested, inform us that they have been for a long time patiently waiting for the conditions to change—we mean by this the condition of the atmosphere, the condition of the medium, and the condition of the spirit—to enable them to send messages to their earth-friends. Thus it will be seen that these matters are governed by law, a law of nature so subtle that the least deviation from it will change the manifestations entirely. For instance, we have known a spirit that had possession of a medium, and who was speaking at the time, to lose control in a moment, and another spirit, who had more will-power, take its place and communicate. The latter assigned as a reason why he was dispossessed the speaker thus abruptly, was that it was his time to come, and that he had a perfect right to improve it, otherwise perhaps years would elapse ere he should have another opportunity to speak.

The *modus operandi* by which spirits return, is learned only and understood fully by witnessing the manifestations, in all their multitudinous phases, for a long period of time. But, when so learned, there is no mystery, no miracle in the matter, although it is very difficult to explain the theory satisfactorily to skeptics. Yet spirit-return is a great, a momentous truth; and we are full of hope that at no distant day the scientific world will take the subject in hand, and demonstrate many points, satisfactorily to themselves and to others, that we at the present time can but imperfectly explain.

The True History of Jesus.

A most remarkable book has recently been dictated by the spirits through a competent medium, entitled as above. It tears away all the webs of fable and sophistry which have been woven before the story of the Jesus who is the adoration of the world, and presents him to the reader in a rational view, so that he learns to regard him as one of the chosen of his Maker as all pure, powerful and disinterested men are chosen. The statement is simply this: that Jesus is here revealed to the world in his true character, and the circumstances and causes of his tragic death, are duly set forth. The medium in the composition of this volume is an humble man, named Alexander Smyth. He tells us that Jesus was by no means a man with God for his sire, nor was he a God born of a virgin woman; but he was a true man, having parents as other men had, though he did not choose to know them while in the earthly condition. He is shown at no time to have paid his adoration to the God of the Jews, but only to the true God of Nature. He did not believe in the Jewish God, nor in their history and legends, but at all times exposed their absurdities and ridiculous fables. He shows that, not Christ, but Saul of Tarsus, who was among the most learned of the Jews, and once a bitter enemy of Jesus, was the real author of the Christian religion as it is now known to us, and that it is not what Christ himself preached and taught while on earth. This is but a brief outline of the purpose of this remarkable book, which is filled with interest from beginning to end. The spirits have directed its publication, with all the interesting details, in a book; and we have a handsome volume of three hundred and nineteen pages. It is for sale at this office, at \$2.00 per copy.

Self-Sustaining Industrial Colleges.

Education is the most effective weapon that can be used for the moral elevation of the people; and in a country like ours the opportunities should be increased and the facilities for a good education brought within the means of all those who truly desire to attain such a blessing. A system, combining industry and study, is what is needed, which will enable any healthy boy or girl of common intellect to pay for board, clothing, tuition, and all other instrumentalities of education, and to so single study with the labor necessary for that end as to enable the student to acquire, at the age of twenty-one years, a good scholastic education, and at the same time a thorough practical knowledge of agriculture or some mechanical trade. With a view of establishing colleges that will carry out some such plan, Ira Porter, Esq., a gentleman of large experience, who has given this important subject his most careful reflection, has written an article, embodying his views and a plan, in a succinct yet comprehensive manner, which will be found on the third page of our paper this week; and we call the especial attention of our readers to it, for we think they will readily perceive that the idea is a practicable one, and needs only to be started right, to prove a success. A more laudable undertaking could not well be devised.

Fortunes in India.

They are blowing up their bubble in India as well as ourselves. Over there, it is all about cotton. A Bombay correspondent of the London Times writes that the development of the cotton resources of Bombay, during the past year, brought not less than sixty millions sterling in hard cash into that city alone, and enormous fortunes have been created for both natives and Europeans. The rich have suddenly grown richer, and the poor poorer. A merchant who was lately an under-cloth at thirty pounds a year, is now worth two millions. On the other hand, prices are so high that salaried Englishmen have to send their families home; because they cannot support them in India. It is said there are captains in the Queen's service there who cannot afford to have buther's meat upon their table more than once a week. They are rather worse off there, on the whole, than we are here.

New Publications.

REAL AND IDEAL. By John W. Montclair. Philadelphia: Fred Leypoldt. Second Edition. The true inspiration of poetry is at once discoverable in this elegant volume of poems, which has quickly made its appearance; and found so many appreciative friends that a second edition has already been issued. The author's soul is fired with the beauty of the spiritualistic faith. In one of his poems entitled "The Spirit Revelation," he thus sings of the dwellers in the real life:

"Forms beloved, whose memory haunts me, In memories near me dwell, Or they come in evening visions, Or in dreams their legends tell. Sad and lonely, but unspoken, Fancy reaches far away, When some sudden thrill awakes me, And a seraph seems to say."

and then after clothing the spirit's "revelation" in a beautiful poetic garb, he gives expression to a living truth:

"Never can the tie be severed 'Twixt the hearts that truly love; And for every friend departed, One ye greet in heaven above."

On our second page will be found another specimen of the author's style, in the poem entitled "The Progress of the Age." We commend this volume of poems to our friends, for their real poetic merit.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW.

The contents of the February number of this organ of the Institution of Odd Fellowship, are varied and interesting. It is embellished with a fine steel engraving of Rev. Alonzo G. Shears, M. A., M. D., Grand Chaplain of the G. L. of Connecticut.

GOOD WORDS.

The February number of this illustrated English monthly, is for sale in this city by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Lee and Shepard: Nothing but Money, by T. S. Arthur; Ballads, by Amelia B. Edwards; Railroad and Insurance Almanac; The Snobias Ball.

The Lieutenant General.

General Grant was in Washington not long ago, and appeared before the committee of inquiry respecting the fall of Fort Fisher. He gave in his testimony, and afterwards visited the Hall of Representatives in company with several friends. A motion was made to adjourn the House, and carried. The members crowded around him to get a chance to shake hands with him, and to length the Speaker introduced him to the whole body from his desk, to which he had escorted him. The Lieutenant-General bowed his respects in return for the verbal introduction of the Speaker, but he said nothing. He is the man of action not of words. He is a silent man who revolves his thoughts instead of uttering them, as too many do in this talking day, before they come. Wherever he goes, General Grant receives the tribute of admiration.

The New Duke.

It seems that the new Duke of Napoleon's creation, named Duke Gwin, is not so much of a character after all. He is not going to enter upon his possessions at present. This way of doing business did not suit Maximilian, the new Emperor of Mexico. These newly made characters are rather difficult in points of power and etiquette, and fall out with one another as easily as brook ery out of a basket that is too full. Duke Gwin had given out that he was going to purchase a dukedom with men from the Southern States, from California; at which Maximilian took alarm, too well knowing that it was but another step towards wresting that country from the foreign power which had usurped it, and getting it under the control of the people, if not the government of the United States.

The Freedmen.

In speaking of what ought to be done with and for the freed blacks, the Boston Traveller indulges in the following suggestion, along with others: "One art more we should like to see appropriated, and attained by this unfortunate race, and that is a vessel, navigated and manned by sable mariners, crossing the Atlantic, going to Calcutta, sailing among the Philippine Islands, going round the globe, not a white man on board. Why the negroes have so seldom gone to sea except as cooks, we do not know. Certainly navigation is not an art beyond their reach. If a ship of eight hundred tons were to come into Boston harbor, manned by negroes, owned by a negro, and with a negro master, we fancy it would produce some impression."

Spirit-Visions Portrayed on Canvas.

The gift of clairvoyance is rare among mortals, but when one is so gifted, and possesses the genius of portraying on canvas, as vividly as material means will allow, the spiritual visions which he has been permitted to behold, is doubly blessed, and can impart, for the benefit of others, an idea of the glorious scenes which have passed before his vision. In our friend and contributor, Dr. G. D. Griswold, of Cleveland, O., are combined these two gifts, and he has transferred to the canvas some of his visions of the spirit-world, photograph specimens of which can be seen at this office. For a fuller description of them, we refer our readers to the letter of Emma Tuttle on the third page of our paper.

Agent for the Sale of the Banner in Philadelphia.

We have appointed as our agent for the sale of the BANNER in Philadelphia, Mr. T. B. PUGH, Book-seller and Stationer, Newspaper and Periodical Dealer, whose place of business is at the corner of Sixth and Chestnut streets. He will also keep for sale all the spiritual works published by us. Our Philadelphia friends, therefore, will hereafter find the Banner on Mr. P.'s counter, as he intends to keep a full supply.

The Manifestations in the Light.

Those who have not witnessed the wonderful spiritual manifestations, through the agency of the Allen Boy, at No. 8 Avon place, should do so at once; as the agent, Mr. J. H. Randall, will proceed East with him next week.

Daniel D. Home, the Medium.

Mr. Home arrived in this city last week from his visit to New York, Painesville, &c. He intends to return to Europe sometime in April.

We were mistaken in stating last week that a gentleman in Plymouth County had received from a lady-medium there, portraits of his spirit children. One picture only was painted for Mr. D. Dunlap, of Plymouth, the gentleman alluded to. Upon examining it, he recognized a likeness of his spirit-mother, sitting at an "old-fashioned spinning-wheel, and also the likeness of a spirit-sister. We should be pleased to give a full description of this picture from the gentleman above named; and any other particulars that he may be pleased to give.

FEBI... ALL... interesting by spirits... VOLTAI... part of his... In the ar... of the last... It does n... The blind... Many pr... first men... There ar... opinionate... strated tri... the first to... We did... Bro. Ch... field, and... As I am... acres of a... two acres... strawber... Carpenter... of Boston... hung in th... The Bo... short-life... material a... Digby c... that do n... street ne... Mrs. I... West Ch... here h... land, th... month in... ing city, C... "SACR... A horri... he looked... paper."... CUTO... ures cann... elected L... aware th... the Franc... of paper... and on th... mark a li... tive vote... paper to... result... Only th... aginary y... intelligenc... The co... ery was... Legislat... unanimou... s Legis... now full... House h... the Sen... has reject... Why to... land like... to the... Amoth... Me, says... of age, y... nor dra... nor say... Edwar... achuset... paratus... of which... lighted... headqu... wires, r... each of... by which... same thi... ator... Danie... and die... months... April 1... seventy... different... was the... The... reports... that the... New E... the pe... where... wound... The... ate ha... arm tw... for th... of arm... issued... fire-ar... A co... cutane... part a... their... says, I... Lov... and o... heart... A l... this c... York... husek... slight... for t... signe... Tan... York... for... from... adu... pur... harr... orn... M... a... dom...

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was written by the Spirit who came to the writer through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. B. Conant.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 138 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS.

DONATIONS IN AID OF OUR PUBLIC FREE CIRCLES.

Table listing names and donation amounts for public free circles, including John Lowe, Masillon, O., and others.

BREAD TICKET FUND.

Table listing names and donation amounts for the bread ticket fund, including Thomas Hood, New Berlin, Wis., and others.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, Jan. 13 - Invocation: Questions and Answers; Mrs. J. B. Conant; Mrs. J. B. Conant; Mrs. J. B. Conant.

Invocation.

"And there shall be no night there." Oh Holy Spirit of Infinite Life, if there are any present around whose soul the shades of night have fallen...

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are now ready to consider whatever propositions you may have from correspondents or the audience.

Q.—A correspondent asks the following question: "Please ask at your circle whether there be extant conclusive historic evidence that the Jesus mentioned in the Gospels ever lived in the form in Judea."

Phil was rich. He had a great big plantation and lots of slaves, and if it had not been for him and folks like him there would not have been any war and my father would not have been killed.

war, but not justified by that which would produce peace. Now from the fact that war exists, and ever has, so far as we are able to learn, among the human family, we are to believe that it is a necessity growing out of human life; just as much a necessity as your storms, your earthquakes, your violent tornadoes are a necessity of the elemental life.

sent from one brother to another, until I finally brought that Brother, where I was kept most death, when I was exchanged, but I didn't live to get home.

Translated, on month, daughter in law, in the residence, in a room, in the city of which is in...

SPIRITUALISM--ITS GROWTH AND STATUS.

BY EMMA HARDINGE.

Sixteen months ago I left the Eastern States for the far West, strongly impressed with the fact that the innate vitality of Spiritualism, both in its phenomenal and religious aspect, would enable it to outlive the present and vitalize many future generations. I viewed its triumph over all prejudice, ignorance and misrepresentation, as inevitable, not only because I find in it the answer to the two great demands of the age, namely, a science of mind, and a religion based upon scientific and demonstrable facts; but, in addition, I saw it triumphantly flourishing amidst the disruptions of war and national agitations, that were calculated to sweep every institution, not founded upon some constituent element in human nature, out of existence. That the love for, trust in, and resolve to uphold Spiritualism during the catastrophic and searching action of this fiery war, should still continue, might be evidence enough that it is a part in itself of the great national movement; underlies it, and in its revolutionary spirit, is at work in the hearts of men, who are not--as the superficial observer may conclude--so much moved by sectional interests in this great war, as stirred by a "Divine fury," so that the will of the Divine Spirit may ultimately rule the land, in the initiation of that true justice, which is the very essence of the spiritual doctrine. And so people still seek Spiritualism, not only to comfort them in the bereavement of the war by its phenomenal communion, but because its just and reasonable doctrines clearly point to the cause of the nation's failure, and its source of reconstructed health, namely, the supremacy of just laws on earth, as in heaven. And another evidence of its unquenchable vitality I found to be in its power to survive the abuses which its "friends" put upon it, and its enemies so industriously advertise. On the one hand I found a popular furor arising, for shouldering the tricks of clumsy "magicians" upon the "spirits," until the sobriquet of "Boy," attached to a Spiritualist, is synonymous with a power to act clown, pantaloons and harlequin amongst ropes and darkness; whilst on the other, I found regularly organized societies, whose chief aim was to convince the world that all there is of Spiritualism consists in making Joe Smith's and Brigham Young's peculiar opinions to the multiplicity of wives, applicable to the ladies also, by promulgating a doctrine which extends the privileges of Mormonism into a multiplicity of husbands likewise.

For a detailed account of this later movement--especially in New York--consult the files of the New York Mercury, where the haunts of New York Mormonism, alias "Spiritualism," are distinctly pointed out. To detail the various hobbies, labelled "Spiritualism," which flood this Continent, from the vastly momentous movement of ladies riding astride, and resolving the veal and voo of all future generations to depend on their wearing pantaloons, and double gilt brass buttons, to the doctrines of "abilities," so prominently preached and practiced in the notables of New York, would occupy volumes, which, by anticipation, I should indict a little too soon upon posterity.

Confessing myself to be one of the anti-free-love, anti-affinity, anti-pantaloons, anti-astiride, anti-vegetarian, anti-apostolic, Holy Ghost, Christ, and great men generally communicating parties--in short, a mere Spiritualist, heterodox to all the wonderful and special missions of the day--I presume these are amongst the reasons why I found myself, like a good many others of the same heterodox class, "unworthy of our hire," and nearly starved out of the itinerant lecture labor.

Believing that the miserable depression of the lecturers' fees generally, rendering it almost impossible for them to support themselves, meet their expenses, and support any besides, dependent on them, was another barrier to the growth of that noble teaching which required, and does require for its exponents, those whose education, refinement and sensitiveness properly precludes them from vagabondizing about the country for their mere board and shelter, and subsistence in the house of some zealous "sister" or "brother" of the old apostolic order. I beheld with admiration, the undiminished love of the people still going out to Spiritualism, and rather choosing to tolerate absurdity, fanaticism and incapacity, than part with the glories which arose in the path of this new and shining sunlight. None more than myself have been compelled to take heed of these shadows, from the fact that both here in the East, as in California, they have been constantly thrust upon me as the representations of Spiritualism, compelling me to spend two-thirds of my time in demonstrating what was not Spiritualism, and aiming to prove that a doctrine existed whose fundamental principles were in Nature and Divine law, whether they were found in the mouths of spiritual lecturers and mediums or not. I must confess I often found it hard to reconcile these assertions with the startling inconsistencies which are represented in the mass of Spiritualists as Spiritualism.

I have lectured in San Francisco on every namable science and subject; commanded the largest and most appreciative audiences ever gathered together in that State; and yet could find the columns of the daily papers full of the details of prize-fights, and the triumph of concert-saloon performers, while my lectures, commanding no noble share of the people's attention, could scarcely claim a line of notice from the people's organ--the Press.

No sooner, however, did the New York papers proclaim that "a celebrated spiritual lecturer had found an affinity in another woman's husband," than every paper of every size, in every town of the State, filled their columns, and sometimes their whole sheet, with the scandalous details; invariably substituted that for a critique on my lectures, or as the subject of their questions, and would up by pointing to the significant fact, that the subject of the scandal was more honored and cited by the societies of Eastern Spiritualists after, than before its promulgation.

Within the last few days, a trial, disgraceful in all its wearisome details, has filled the New York papers; but though that trial is one of a financial character, involving, principally, the administration of a will and the disposition of property; yet because the parties concerned are believers in the doctrine that spirits can communicate, the caption of the trial, and the heading of every paragraph refers all the disgusting slanders, expressions and details, to Spiritualism, so placed as to read that it is synonymous with free-loveism.

If there were any tribunal where public opinion could be formed on the basis of justice, or any appeal could be made through an infamously venal and one-sided press against this disgraceful association of the acts of individuals with the ethics of a philosophy, my pen and voice should be devoted to the work of this necessary elucidation. I know there is no such opening for me in the old-fashioned sphere, that of a paper devoted to a

specialty alone. I address myself to the few who with me, burn with indignation at the foul stains which the world insists upon fastening upon Spiritualism, from the defilements of Spiritualists. Take courage! the true and beautiful in our philosophy is imperishable, and the world's history is full of evidence that every new reform attracts to itself the hobbyisms of all the spasmodic and one-sided minds of the age, but never long retains the stain of their foreign influence. Time--truth's touchstone--resolves all things into their proper place.

When Martin Luther was on his way from the famous Diet, at Worms, he was seized and conveyed away by the tender care of those who feared to trust his life in the hands of his enemies, into a safe place of retirement, from which, after ten months of seclusion, he was compelled, in despite of the most imminent perils, to issue forth from his "Patmos," to prove to the world that the "Lutheranism" of the day was not the doctrine of Martin Luther. Carlstadt, Erasmus, Munzer, John of Leyden, and many others, were followers of Luther at first; but under the spells of fanaticism, or the favorite modern phrase, "Individuality," seized upon the frock of the noble Augustine monk, to shelter doctrines and opinions that, if inaugurated, would have literally crucified his religion. One destroyed pictures, images and works of art, which he cherished and promoted; another abjured music, which he adored. One renounced marriage, whose holiness was with him divine; another taught war and violence, which he abhorred. Scores, then hundreds, and at last thousands of opinions, utterly at variance with his central doctrines, were promulgated in his cause, and as the result of his following, until brave Martin Luther was obliged to draw the theological sword with about as much force against "Lutheranism," as he had ever done against Romanism; and, finally, "to define his position," and that of his real followers, in the famous confession of Augsburg; and the Anabaptists, followers of John of Leyden, Erasmus, Munzer, and the whole crew of fanatics, are quietly reposing in the world's memory, in that portion washed by the waters of oblivion, while Lutheranism proper has survived its founder nearly four hundred years, and the memory of Martin Luther will live forever.

True, pure-hearted, but fainting Spiritualists, can you not apply the lesson, and take comfort in the precedent? I can; and in the assurance it will be a precedent for all that is true, useful or beautiful in Spiritualism, I can and will bide my time. If I and my beloved Spiritualists are on the side of the Lord, what can all Martin Luther's devils, or Spiritualism's fanatics do against it? 8 Fourth Avenue, New York, Feb. 8th, 1865.

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Correspondence in Brief.

Light is Breaking. The inextinguishable words of truth and consolation must, sooner or later, and in every way, be made known to the millions who are groping their way down amid the darkness of ignorance and superstition. Let us hasten the day by an active cooperation with the earnest laborers in the field to promulgate and encourage the good work, and rejoice to know that every word and every thought, uttered or unexpressed, carried on the ether, is irresistible. It is not the violent harangue and awful pointing to a state of future woe that wins the heart to purity of life and a happy hope of heaven, but the peaceful influence of kind words of truth and soberness.

That a day, radiant with the immortal truths of a New Dispensation, is gradually dawning upon the earth, there can be no doubt in the minds of those who reflect and ponder upon the things pertaining to time and sense. But a few short weeks ago not one copy of the Banner could be found in the city of Nashville. A word and an inquiry for a copy at the depot of one of our prominent newspapers, developed an order for two or three copies; they came, were bought and read, and the number has increased up to the present time; they are now found in the camps of soldiers and at the fireside. Readers of the Banner, I have seen joy and hope kindle in the eye of the living soldier, and felt the warm grasp of the feeble hand, when he has reflected on the life of the summer-land. I have heard the anxious inquiry from the lips of unbelievers to know more of that wherein rests the ground-work of our faith, and, pointing to the light of a New Dispensation, have found richest soil for the sowing the seeds of humbleness hope and faith. H. BARTER, Nashville, Tennessee.

Annie Lord Chamberlain in Providence, R. I. DEAR BANNER--We have been favored with a visit from our sister, Annie Lord Chamberlain. She held circles here Saturday and Sunday evenings, there being present on each occasion from twenty-five to thirty. It is unnecessary to enter upon the details; sufficient is it to say the tests of spirit-power were remarkable, and under such conditions, but one could easily believe that the instruments employed were such as are usual at her circles; they were used in divers ways, sometimes two or more together in such positions that they precluded any idea of fraud, collusion or deception. The instantaneousness of the changes of position of the instrument, now upon the floor, then overhead, vibrating over the circle, was that no one in the room could have made them. The manifestations were a complete demonstration of the agency of a power extra-mundane and extra-human. No other but the spiritual theory, can account for them.

Our friends were so well pleased with the exhibitions of these manifestations through the mediumship of our sister, that they hope she may, at some future time, visit us again, and tarry longer with us, to give many now seeking light, an opportunity to investigate. The inquirers are many; they feel in their souls that something is lacking, and the want is the Spiritual Philosophy, which will supply the void, and give the assurance of life eternal. Fraternally thine, W. FOSTER, JR., Providence, R. I., Feb. 14, 1865.

Saved by the Spirits. DEAR BANNER--Thinking that you would like to receive another fact that demonstrates the truthfulness of spirits in giving reliable information respecting events that are about to take place, I send you the following striking test, given through the mediumship of Mrs. M. A. Smith, of Albany, a recently developed medium, and a faithful and fearless advocate of the cause of truth and progression, through whom spirits speak and personate, giving unmistakable evidence of spirit-life. Her son wishing to enlist in the navy, had made a partial engagement to go with a responsible citizen of that place, who was commander of the Monitor Patapsco. The day was appointed for him to go. Mrs. Smith feeling very anxious in regard to his safety, asked the spirits to go and examine the vessel and report to her the condition. They did so, and told her that the vessel was manned with officers and crew of sterling worth, but was in great danger, and advised her not to let him go, which she decided her to detain him; and this fact was well known and discussed by parties who are not, as well as those that are, believers in this philosophy. This information from the spirits was communicated to her more than a week previous to the fatal disaster of the sinking of the Patapsco, Jan. 17th, the particulars of which the reading public are familiar with. This is only one of the many tests that are often being manifested through her, as can be fully substantiated by many disinterested witnesses. I feel impelled to write this in behalf of the cause of Truth. Yours truly, JAMES M. WATKINS, 107 Green street, Albany, N. Y.

Circulate the Banner. A few days ago, while in the South part of this country, I met with people who did not feel bound to believe that twice three, made eight; because

the preacher said so, therefore I thought the Banner would do them good. Please send it to Aaron Gaston, Pleasant Valley, Joe Davises Co., Ill. Warren, Ill., Feb. 8, 1865. H. H. WAX.

California--Emma Hardinge. The Banner of Light subscribed for last October is before me, and I was pleased to greet my old friend in this far-off land of sunset, and I find it has many warm friends in California, and of course they comprise here, as elsewhere, the most intellectual portion of humanity.

Our sister Emma Hardinge has performed a noble work in this State. She has left a host of friends, and her few enemies are not worthy of notice. The poor outcasts are reaching out their arms to her, crying, "Save, or we perish!" Ah, she hears their cry, and her prayers are manifested in kind, loving deeds, that will in time emancipate these poor victims of superstition. And I would say to you, dear Banner, wave on to the homes and hearts of humanity, awaken the latent powers of the soul, and set in motion the wheels of active thought. I trust Spiritualists will rally round thy standard, and give thee ample support; for is there one who professes to hold communion with the good, who would let thy thought-stars grow dim for lack of support, if it were in their power to prevent it? MARY E. BEACH, Red Wood, Cal., Jan. 13, 1865.

From the West. Harvey Tripp, writing from Leeds Centre, Wis., speaks in high terms of the beneficial results accruing from the Banner. He says that on this place some time ago. Several healing and speaking mediums have been developed, among some of the best families, and the good cause is spreading gradually.

O. L. Sutliff, of Ravenna, O., writes: "I cannot do without the Banner. It is better than wine on the leaves; yes, it is a feast of fat things, each word of it may God bless and prosper you abundantly in your efforts to spread the Banner of Light to the breeze for the good of humanity." Voice from a Valley in the California Mountains. Your note of Dec. 6, 1864, informs me that the "Banner of Light still lives," and the two copies which were also received positively caused the grateful tear to start. Well, thought I, I must try to do something in regard to the Banner, and have done for me, and the result was that in a few hours I got eight subscribers (including myself) amongst those to whom I had been accustomed to loaning the Banner. I have taken it three years, and do not now possess one copy; so you see it has made its mark. I hope to do more yet. Grass Valley, Cal., Jan. 17, 1865. AARON DOW.

Newark, N. J. W. P. Miller writes from Newark, N. J., that besides the spiritual meetings held in Library Hall in that place by Mrs. Wilcoxson, there is also one held in Music Hall, a neat and comfortable room capable of holding some two hundred persons. He speaks in very favorable terms of Mr. E. R. Swackhamer, of New York, and Mrs. E. Morquand, who have had charge of the meetings recently. The former, he says, is an eloquent and earnest speaker, and the latter is a trance, speaking and clairvoyant medium; she sees spirits, and describes them so accurately that their friends readily recognize them.

Messages Verified. MR. EDITOR--A friend of mine now reading a message in the Banner, from John O'Brien, dated 7th inst., says himself and Albert Green put him through in the 32d Mass., and that he went to Lowell, and never had any other names; says that the family lived in Ball River, Mass., and they have never returned. Every syllable, my friend Barbor says, he thinks must be correct. I promised Mr. Barbor I would answer for him, and had I time I could verify two or three more messages from Springfield. If I have time I will try to be more faithful in the future. Yours in truth, MARTIN SQUIRES.

Washington, D. C. Spiritualism here has grown from the little, despised and persecuted thing it was a few years ago, to a matter of recognized respectability in the best of society, and its progress is rapidly on, and at least as far as more external recognition and acknowledgment is concerned; and it is to be hoped that the progress of its interior, regenerating influence on the hearts and lives of people will be equally rapid. J. A. R.

Vermont. A correspondent writes, under date of Feb. 8th, "Mrs. A. P. Brown has been lecturing in Fletcher, and has had a most successful success. The cause of Spiritualism is on the increase in this part of the State. When Mrs. B. lectured in this vicinity three years ago, there were but three or four here who called themselves Spiritualists; now there are large numbers, and they are not afraid to attend spiritual meetings."

Mount Pleasant, Iowa. From this far-off land, "where the sun goes down," P. J. Blais writes us that the Banner of Light is a welcome weekly visitor to a few anxious, waiting, hopeful souls, as being almost the only source from which they derive light and strength, surrounded as they are by rigid creeds.

"The Northern Wisconsin Spiritualist Association." This Association was held at the city of Berlin on the 4th and 5th of February 1865. The meeting was called to order by the President, A. B. Smedley, at two o'clock P. M., on Saturday. After the appointment of the usual Committees of Finance and of Arrangements, the balance of the afternoon was spent in conference and business.

The following resolution was, after discussion, unanimously passed, to wit: "Resolved, That a Committee of five be appointed by the Chair, whose duty it shall be to confer together and report at the next meeting of this Association, whether in their opinion some more efficient plan of Organization is necessary for our prosperity and usefulness, and, if so, submit some plan for adoption at the next Quarterly Meeting." The following is the Committee appointed under the above Resolution: viz: Dr. C. E. Phelps of Berlin, Mrs. C. Hazen of Spring Vale, J. P. Galvin of Oakford, Mrs. A. V. Burdett of Appleton and John Wilcox of Omro. On motion of Rev. Moses Hull, the President of the Association was added to the Committee as Chairman.

Saturday Evening, lecture by Benjamin Todd; subject: "The World's Idea of God, and their manner of praying unto him." Sunday morning we spent in conference until half past one, when the meeting was addressed by Rev. Moses Hull. Subject: "The Adaptation of Spiritualism to the Wants of Mankind." Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, lecture by Mr. Todd; subject: "Man and his Idiosyncrasies, as allied to the Animal World on the one hand, and the Angel-world on the other." Sunday evening, lecture by Mr. Hull; subject: "Biblical Spiritualism," or "The Bible Doctrine of the Ministry of Angels," text: Ep. 3: 15. It is impossible to give in this brief notice of the proceedings of the Convention the many items of interest which transpired, or to give a brief synopsis of the discourses of the distinguished lecturers. The crowded hall, the earnest attention of the auditors, as they alternately smiled and wept under the thrilling eloquence of the speakers, bore witness that their labors were duly appreciated. The lectures were usually preceded by the speaking of a poem, and I wish here to say that it would be difficult to get two speakers whose peculiar talents are better fitted to unite in conducting a meeting than those of Mr. Hull and Mr. Todd, and we feel that we have been particularly fortunate in securing their services on several occasions, and hope to do so hereafter. We have been informed by Mr. Todd that he is about starting the East coast, and I feel like recommending him to "whoever it may concern," as an able and eloquent expounder of the doctrines of the Spiritual Philosophy.

On motion a vote of thanks to the people of Berlin for their liberality was unanimously passed by the Convention.

The next meeting of the Association was voted to be held at Spring Vale, on the 10th and 11th of June next. J. P. GALVIN, Secy., Oakford, Wis., Feb. 9, 1865.

From the Rochester Express of Feb. 7, 1865. Dr. J. P. Bryant, the Practical Physician, closed his rooms at the Waverly House, Rochester, Jan. 31st, 1865, and commences practice at Willis Block, 127 Jefferson avenue, Detroit, Michigan, on Monday, Feb. 27th, at 11 o'clock. This skillful man has been overrun with applicants, performing 8,500 operations in all, during eight months in Rochester. He has shown that much can be done to relieve the sick of their trouble, without the use of medicine or surgical operations. His patients manifest all confidence in his ability to relieve, and his success, professionally and financially has not been equalled, we believe, by any other method of treatment in the world. Everybody knows him, and he commands their respect, and all regret that he cannot be induced to make this city his permanent home. But the Doctor considers himself a "Pioneer," and that he must be about his master's business. He treats everybody. Those unable to pay are always welcome, and he richly moderated charged. To show the position he occupies in the hearts of the people, we publish the following letter, which he received on Sunday, Feb. 5: JOHN'SON'S CREEK, NIAGARA CO., February 4th, 1865. DR. J. P. BRYANT--My Dear Sir: My heart is too full of gratitude to God and you to keep silent and not print it on paper. I would print it on marble with the point of a diamond, as deep as it is engraved on my heart. I thank God he has permitted me to live to see this day of miracles, and receive of its blessed power, under the influence of which my feeble, aged limbs have been made to leap as a hart. Oh, that our God would continue to bless and strengthen you to go on in his services through a long life, and when done with you here crown you with a crown, glittering with Heaven's dazzling ornaments, that out-shine all earth can afford. Your sincere friend, MARIA DUEL.

The author of the above was cured by Dr. Bryant in one minute, after having used crutches thirty years, and we say, God bless the Doctor wherever he may go.

The Newspaper Business in New York. The Evening Post, in a recent article on the question of repealing the prohibitory duty on imported paper, makes the following remarks on the great increase in the newspaper business in New York: "The newspapers and other periodicals of our country have increased immensely within the last few years, and most largely of all since the beginning of the war. Ten years ago, the whole amount of business done by the wholesale news-agents did not probably exceed in amount the sum of \$750,000 yearly. At present the cash receipts of the AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, in this city, for newspapers, magazines, books, and stationery, for the eleven months ending with the 31st of December last, have reached the sum \$2,226,372 83. We learn from the office of that company that probably forty millions of newspapers were handled within that time by persons in the employ of the company, of whom seventy were constantly occupied in getting them into charging, distributing and shipping them. For wrapping paper and twine with which to pack this enormous mass, the company paid twelve thousand dollars."

THE PHILADELPHIA SEWING WOMEN--The Committee of women appointed to visit Washington and present to the President a petition from fourteen thousand working women, of Philadelphia, in respect to wages paid by Government contractors, which they did on Thursday, 8th inst. The President was much moved, and requested Acting Quartermaster General Thomas hereafter "to manage the supplies of contract work for the Government made up by women, so as to give them remunerative wages for their labor." The General declared that if it could be done it should be.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES. PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

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 they occur. Should perchance any name appear in this list of a party known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.

MISS LIZZIE HARDINGE will speak in Boston during February. Address: 200 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

MISS EMMA H. BROWN has returned from California, and lectures in Philadelphia during February and March. For further engagements address, 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

MISS CHARLES A. CURRIER will lecture in Worcester during March; in Lowell during April; in Plymouth, May 6 and 12; in Taunton, March 19 and 21; in Worcester during April; in Malden during May; in Haverhill during August; in Portland, Me., March 20, 21, 22, and 23; and during September. Address: 200 Washington street, New York.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Somerville, Conn., during February; in Springfield during March; in Haverhill during April; in Chelsea during June; in Lowell, July 2, 9 and 10; in Worcester during August. Address as above.

DR. L. C. COOMBS will lecture and heal the two last weeks in February and the two first in March in Dixon, Ill. Address: 200 Washington street, New York.

MRS. ANNETTA L. BECKWITH, trance speaker, will lecture in Stafford, Conn. during February; in Worcester during March; in Lowell during April; in Plymouth, May 6 and 12; in Taunton, March 19 and 21, and during September. Address: 200 Washington street, New York.

MRS. S. E. WARREN will speak in Willimantic, Conn., during February; after which time she will return West. Those desiring to hear her will give her the address as above.

MRS. SORHIA L. CHAPPELL will speak in Dayton, O., one Sunday in February. Address, care of Mrs. J. Patterson, No. 200 Walnut street, Cincinnati, O.

MRS. FRANCES LOUD BOND will lecture in Lowell, Mass., in June. Address: 200 Washington street, New York.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Chelsea during February; in Haverhill during March; in Plymouth, April 2 and 8; in Providence, R. I., April 23 and 29; in Lowell during May; in Haverhill during June; in Taunton during February; in Haverhill during March; in Troy, N. Y., during April and May. Address as above.

MRS. E. F. SWANSON will speak in Woodstock, Vt., on the first Sunday in Bridgewater on the second Sunday, and in East Bethel on the fourth Sunday of every month during the course of the year. Address as above.

M. P. PETERS will speak in Dadesworth Hall, New York, during February. Address, 274 Canal street, New York.

WARREN CHAMBERLAIN was addressed at Philadelphia from Feb. 15th to 17th, and in New York, N. Y., Feb. 23 and 24. He will receive subscriptions to the Banner of Light.

MRS. SARAH A. NUTT will speak in Woodstock, Vt., and March 11 in North Ferris, Mass., during May. Address as above, or 200 Washington street, New York.

LEO MILLEN will speak in Geneseo, Ill., Feb. 26. Address, Geneseo, Ill.

E. Y. WILSON lectures in Cincinnati, O., during February; in Lowell during March; in Haverhill during April; in Taunton during May; in Chelsea during June; in Lowell during July; in Worcester during August. Address as above.

MRS. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will speak in Lowell during February; in Haverhill during March; in Plymouth, April 2 and 8; in Providence, R. I., during June. Address, 80 Warren street, Boston, or as above.

MRS. F. O. HYER will lecture in Baltimore during February, April, May and June; in Washington during March. Address, 80 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.

J. L. POTTER will speak in Cherry Grove, Fillmore Co., Minn., during the following Sunday following: viz: in Lowell during February; in Haverhill during March; in Taunton during April; in Lowell during May; in Haverhill during June; in Taunton during July; in Haverhill during August; in Lowell during September. Address as above.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN will speak in Danville, Vt., every other Sunday until further notice. Is at liberty to speak on week-days, and on week-ends, at the following places: Lowell, Mass., during February; in Plymouth, March 19 and 21; in Taunton during April; in Malden, March 19 and 21; in Chelsea, March 19 and 21; in Lowell, March 19 and 21.

Mrs. J. M. WOLOTT will speak in South Wallingford, Vt., Feb. 28; in Rutland, March 2 and 8.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN will speak in Danville, Vt., every other Sunday until further notice. Is at liberty to speak on week-days, and on week-ends, at the following places: Lowell, Mass., during February; in Plymouth, March 19 and 21; in Taunton during April; in Malden, March 19 and 21; in Chelsea, March 19 and 21; in Lowell, March 19 and 21.

MRS. S. A. HORTON has removed her residence to Rutland, Vt. She will answer calls to speak during the winter season. Address, Rutland, Vt.

MRS. CORA E. Y. HILL--Address, New York. B. T. MURPHY will lecture on Spiritualism anywhere in the country within a reasonable distance. Address, Lancaster, Pa.

THOMAS COOK, Huntsville, Ind., will answer calls to lecture on organization.

J. W. SHAW, inspirational speaker, Byron, N. Y., will answer calls to lecture or attend funerals at accessible places.

MRS. C. M. STUBBS will answer calls to lecture in the Pacific States and Territories. Address, San Jose, Cal.

W. W. HIGG, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture. Address, Broome, Green County, Wis.

MRS. SARAH A. HURSTON, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address, 81 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

D. H. HAMILTON will visit the West this winter. Will lecture on the route. Subject: Reconciliation, or the Alliance of Fraternity. Address for the present, Lewiston, Me. Address, 100 Broadway, New York.

SAMUEL UNDERHILL, M. D., is again in the field, and ready to answer calls to lecture. Address care of A. J. Davis, 317 Canal street, New York.

MRS. JENNIFER J. CLARK, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays in Eastern Massachusetts. Address, Lowell, Mass.

MRS. FRANCES T. YOUNG, trance speaking medium, No. 13 Avon place, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. EMMA M. MARTIN, inspirational speaker, Birmingham, Mich.

Mrs. FRANK REID, inspirational speaker, Kalamazoo, Mich. Address, 100 Broadway, New York.

A. P. BOWMAN, inspirational speaker, Richmond, Iowa. Address, 100 Broadway, New York.

Mrs. IDA L. BALLOU, inspirational speaker, Rockford, Ill. Address, 100 Broadway, New York.

W. E. JAMISON, inspirational speaker, Decatur, Mich. Address, 100 Broadway, New York.

WILLIAM H. BALBUSH, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture. Address, 100 Broadway, New York.

Miss H. MARIA WORTHING, trance speaker, Oswego, Ill. Will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals.

Mrs. E. K. LADD, No. 2 Kenebec street, will answer calls to lecture. Address, Hartford, Conn.

Mrs. LOVINA HAZEL, trance speaker, Lockport, N. Y. Address, 100 Broadway, New York.

Mrs. SARAH A. HURSTON, trance speaker, post office box 1018, Cleveland, O.; residence, 38 Baker street, New York.

C. AUGUSTA FITCH, trance speaker, box 626, Chicago, Ill. Address, 100 Broadway, New York.

Mrs. J. M. MURPHY will answer calls to lecture, and attend funerals. Address, 100 Broadway, New York.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN, inspirational speaker, Address, 100 Broadway, New York.

Mrs. FRANCES LOUD BOND, care of Mrs. J. A. Kellogg, Amherst, Mass. Address, 100 Broadway, New York.

Mrs. H. F. BROWN may be addressed at Kalamazoo, Mich. Address, 100 Broadway, New York.

F. L. H. and LOVIE M. WILLES, 192 West 21st street, New York City.

Mrs. N. J. WILLIAMS, trance speaker, Boston, Mass. Address, 100 Broadway, New York.

Rev. D. P. DAVIS will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals. Address, Lafayette, Ind.

Mrs. MARY J. WILCOX, Hampton, Atlantic Co., N. C. Address, 100 Broadway, New York.

Dr. JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, O., will answer calls to lecture on Sundays, and give courses of lectures, as usual. Address, 100 Broadway, New York.

Rev. ADAM BROWN, lecturer, Hopkiss, Conn. Address, 100 Broadway, New York.

F. S. LOVELAND, Willimantic, Conn. Address, 100 Broadway, New York.

H. B. STORRA, Foxboro, Mass., or 4 Warren st., Boston. Address, 100 Broadway, New York.

Miss L. T. WHITZER, Danville, N. Y. Address, 100 Broadway, New York.

Mrs. and Mrs. H. M. MILLEN, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm. B. Hatch. Address, 100 Broadway, New York.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS. BOSTON--Meetings will be held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont, (opposite Hotel School street), every Sunday, (commencing Feb. 27th), at 7 o'clock. Lecturer engaged--Miss Lizzie Bond during February.

THE SPIRITUAL FREEDOM will hereafter hold their meetings at Temple, 64 Washington street.

CHARLES A. CURRIER will hold his first lecture on Spiritualism at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 7 o'clock. The public are invited. Speakers engaged--Mrs. Sarah A. Nutt, Feb. 27 and 28; Townsend during March; A. B. Whiting during June.

CHELSEA--The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Lyceum Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening, at 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged--Mrs. A. A. Currier for February; Mrs. A. A. Currier for March; Annie L. Beckwith for April; Charles A. Hayden for May; Mrs. A. A. Currier for June; Mrs. A. A. Currier for July; Mrs. A. A. Currier for August; Mrs. A. A. Currier for September; Mrs. A. A. Currier for October; Mrs. A. A. Currier for November; Mrs. A. A. Currier for December.

HAVENHILL, MASS.--The Spiritualists and liberal spirits of Havenhill have organized, and hold regular meetings at Music Hall, Speakers engaged--N. J. Williams, Feb. 23; Charles A. Hayden, March 19 and 21; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, June 19