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DREAM-LIFE.

A STORY OF THE IDEAL AND THE ACTUAL.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

"And slight, withal, may be the things which bring back on the heart, the weight which it would ding. Aside forever—it may be a sound, A tone of music—Summer's breath, or Spring, A flower—a leaf—the ocean—while my wound, Striking the electric chain, wherewith we're dearly bound." Byron.

It is, I believe, a great mistake to seek for the restoration of impaired health and spirits by mere physical change of climate. It is well to look upon the various portions of this beautiful earth, and to draw fresh inspiration from Nature's varied aspect. But the demands of the soul will be the same in all climates; and the fairest landscape will pall upon the sight, unless we can at the same time enjoy the pleasures of social intercourse with Nature-loving refined spirits, or equals or superiors.

I am in favor of the exclusive home, and opposed to the community system that is so strongly attractive to some good men and women. I think the spiritual faculties, the æsthetic tastes, were given us for expansion and cultivation, not for crucifixion. And in the home alone can the artist-soul delight, the poet-spirit revel and actualize its dreams. There the colors that charm the eyes of that circle of harmonious agreement, the flowers that are chief favorites, the adornments that satisfy the recreations desired will produce no jar of discord, and the beneficent influences of the good will and peace abiding there will flow worldward in deeds of charity. The true home is no nursery-ground of selfishness; it is a shrine of beauty and beneficence, where souls are taught of angel visitants.

Suppose that A. has largely developed sublimity, identity, and all the finer feelings that make up a keenly sensitive organization; while B. is a strict utilitarian, who sees nothing in a tree but the number of sticks that will go into his stove to cook his pork and beans by. B. would be as willing for his wife to wear a coffee sack as a nicely-fitting dress; he never notices the beaming faces of his children; he lives the purely animal life; while A. is filled with unspeakable, heavenward aspiration, with a holy horror of all things unclean. How could these widely-differing organizations dwell together in harmony? In supreme disgust B. would pronounce the elegant A. an aristocrat, a visionary, a fanciful being; and the poor benighted A. would look with spirit-shrinking repugnance upon the every motion of his companion. Multiply the contrasts; place the quick and energetic by the side of the helplessly lymphatic; the philosopher by the pleasure-seeker; the studious and thoughtful beside the frivolous and vain; the next in close companionship with the slovenly, and what is the result? You cannot combine opposing chemicals or forces in Nature; the time has not yet come for the lying down of the lion with the lamb.

I learnt the value of influences in my later travels; not of spiritual influences alone, nor of those emanating from the varied scenes of beauty, grandeur and calm in Nature's vast dominion; but I learnt, also, to appreciate the bountiful harmonies of social life, and the hardest struggle of my life was and is against the minor influences of the daily contact; the little, stinging, torturing, waspish, fly-buzzing "agonisms" that abound. Therefore, in my soul, this love of home is strong. Sweet home! the heart's sunniest resting-place! "To hear and to forbear," should be the maxim and practice of every one who loves his fellow-man, and labors for the advancement of all. But truly manners are the exponents of the soul's condition, and much real discomfort is experienced from disregard to little things.

As the soul loves expansion, purity and beauty so will it cling to the external representations of these virtues. Ill ventilated rooms, and dirty beds, badly prepared food, uncouth ways, all roughness and coarseness will distress the spirit attuned to better things. An unwarmed understanding will render the senses obtuse; and he or she who cannot comprehend the designs of a progressive philosophy and a more ennobling religion, will not feel the poisoned atmosphere of their close sleeping-rooms, from which the finer nostril flees as from the stench of a pestilence. Such will swallow spoonful after spoonful of hog's grease, disguised under the name of gravy, without a protest from the indignant stomach. Bed bugs will not drive them to the verge of distraction, nor will any accumulation of unsightly objects, of litter, and bad smells, in the least disturb their most unenviable equilibrium.

I have seen a most incongruous medley of articles put under the bed for better keeping! Perhaps I am fastidious, but it did seem to me that a better place could be found for the pickles, the molasses jug, the vinegar barrel, and the preserves. I did not believe that the evaporation of the human body added to the exhalation of the flavor existing in the before-named articles. Neither do I think it wholesome for human beings to have such a hydropathic dread of water. "I have no time to bathe," says Mrs. City Housekeeper; and with the family-house mistress exclaims, "Oh,

I can't attend to those things; I have too many chores to see to."

But my dear Mrs. City H., the time you spend in arranging that seventh row of trumpery, without which your dress would look far better, would more than five times suffice for the much needed bath. And good Mrs. Farmer's wife, I assure you, you could bathe and dress in one quarter of the time it takes you to talk over that mystery of Sally Jane's, on which you lavish a full hour's gossip with your chatty, five-mile off neighbor, who has come in to see you "just for a minute." Oh, beautiful world! abounding in all that constitutes the basis of eternal happiness, how negligently we are of soul-gifts! What tyrants we are unto each other; how little do we render of the tributary respect that is each soul's due. By our yardstick we measure off capacities; and our scissors are ever in readiness to trim the soul-gardens of our neighbor. There are weeds in our own, are there? What's that to you, hey? That's my affair. But I want to trim you down, and trim you up, and make you revolve in my chalk-marked circle. If you dare to step out of it, why? I'll no longer be your friend.

We should respect each other's peculiarities, regard each other's feelings. All that tends to spiritualize, to ennoble, we should be willing to learn. We can combine all the healthful activities of life, all out-door labors with the highest degrees of refinement in the home, speech and manners. As fine broadcloth only does not make the gentleman, so the mere fact of wearing working clothes need not make a clown.

No; changes of the physical atmosphere and temperature will not affect you half as much as antagonistic mental states; as uncongenial spiritual surroundings; as will enforce the company of the rude and repulsive. Your spirit will gain far more in solitude than in such society. On the broad plane of universal love, we regard all these as brothers and sisters, destined to a boundless progression, a gloriously active, immortal life. We take each one of these by the hand to instruct, to learn from, to console, to aid; but we cannot choose them for the daily associates, for the spirit has its impassable barriers far more binding than all the established false rules of caste. These say to the intruder, "The stranger within the gates!" "So far cannot thou come and go, for I am like only attract its kindred like."

Have you suffered from the denial of household love and rest? Has the world's long-continued coldness chilled you so completely that its reaction on the physical is manifested in the form of disease? Has confidence, and faith, and trust been so cruelly abused that you look up your best emotions, and make secretiveness the sentry at the door of the soul? You have become ill and nervous; your surface-seeking physician orders you tonics, and a journey to a balmy southern climate, or bracing northern winter. If your purse permit, you go to the magnolia groves, or to the extreme verge of civilization in search of an arctic atmosphere. You find Nature as you had anticipated; your expectations may be more than realized with regard to her attractions, but you do not find health and strength.

You may never naturalize your every and highest ideal here, but compensations grand and beautiful await you on every side. Some true, tried friend will come to you with summer gifts, and you shall live in an enchanted Eden, that shall not elude your grasp, nor pale before your sight. Love shall lay at your feet the glowing roses of Eternity; the southland of the soul shall be your abiding place, and the invigorating winds of Encouragement shall uplift your drooping pinions, that they may plume anew their joyously-exultant flight.

The atmosphere of home is one of healing; the words of a true friend are balm; letters and tokens from far-off faithful ones are the soul's tonic, that never fail to strengthen. Flowers, sunshine, murmuring waters, our dear pet animals, books and pictures—all are sweet ministering aids of good. But sweetest, holiest of all influences is human sympathy.

But to administer its draughts judiciously, a delicate tact and a degree of spiritual insight is needed; without which its advances become obstructive, and the sensitive recipient shrinks from its well-meant goodness. To exert confidence, is never to possess it wholly. To boast of the sympathy we give, the good we do, is to destroy the beautiful charm that invests good deeds with a halo. Even gratitude dies out before the trumpet sounding of the benefits bestowed.

From morning until night, through storm and sunshine, good and ill, we are surrounded by the influences of the nether and the upper worlds; by the projected powers of truth and falsehood; of temptation and resistance, of light and darkness. We are attracted and repelled; we give forth strength and receive whatever we are in a condition to assimilate with our own views. Let us husband well our resources; bearing in charity with all that opposes and annoys us, placing a true value upon the congenial souls we find upon our life-path.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might; Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight." TENNYSON.

"Love," I tell thee what is mutual love: It is to build of human thoughts a shrine, Where hope sits brooding like a heavenly dove; Where time seems young, and life a thing divine! All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss, And if there's heaven on earth, that place is surely this." AKENSIDE.

"You will find your true mate soon," dear Lily Pemberton had written in one of her love messages to me. But on that point I was not so moved from my incredulity. "All but that," I said to myself; "Lily is mistaken there."

I traveled through a portion of the great Northwestern States; often with homesick longings for the scenes and friends afar. But when we steamed up the Mississippi River toward the wild glories of Minnesota, all other feelings were lost in the rapture of admiration with which my eyes rested on this Rhineland of America. There are no thriving, populous cities, only picturesquely scanty villages along the banks; no ruins of feudal castle, or of ancient fort; but nature sits crowned imperially on the majestic heights, the forests throne.

From Dubuque to Saint Paul, what a panorama of loveliness, what exuberance of summer wealth, what jeweled skies and magnificent sunsets! Before you sail for Europe, take passage up the Mississippi; you will behold no lovelier paradise upon this globe.

It was at a wayside town, before we reached the future great Northwestern Metropolis, that I rested for awhile with some friends, known only through correspondence. I was most cordially received, most hospitably entertained. It was one of those delightful homes, consecrated by wealth to noblest uses. All the surroundings of comfort and luxury were there; books, pictures, statuary; and the June air was laden heavily with the odors of a thousand flowers. The garden and orchard was a labyrinth of sweets. The free birds enrolled in the tree tops, and the caged yellow warblers in the house, poured forth a jubilant flood of melody.

And in this home of beauty there lived a man who had shared in the world's turmoil of business and competition; who had spent years in great Eastern cities, at last, cheerfully to relinquish the bustle of life for the higher avocation of spirit ministry. Famed afar and near for the great gift of healing, Doctor Preston had been the commissioned health-giver to hundreds.

The refined and elegant lady, whose every motion was one of dignified grace, reminded me, strongly of my sainted grandmother. Mrs. Preston's carriage and complexion, the light hair, that was beginning to silver over, the bright blue eye, the thoughtful smile; it was a strong resemblance.

Their daughter Laura was possessed of the father's gift of healing, the mother's graceful dignity. These three, with a German woman in the kitchen, and a wax to do the garden work, composed the household.

While I was sitting and resting myself, on the first day of my arrival, there gambled into the room a nondescript sort of dog, that was neither Newfoundland, terrier or spaniel, but a mixture of all three; he was closely followed by a frisky, grey kitten.

"Come here, Tommy!" called Laura, and the grey imp jumped into her lap, and there performed a series of most wonderful antics. "Sit up for the lady, Fido!" the comical looking dog obeyed with the utmost gravity, keeping his eyes intently fixed upon me.

"Do you like the lady?"

"Bow! bow! bow!" barked Fido, in the affirmative.

"Then go and shake hands with her."

The dog returned to his natural position, walked close up to me, sat up again, and very gravely, and with a sort of flourish, extended his right paw.

"What a darling!" I exclaimed, "how much he knows!" and I shook hands with him.

"He is a dear good fellow, and very affectionate; he and Tommy have the freedom of the house; but our large mastiff always remains out of doors. We love animals, dearly, here. My father enjoys the pranks of Tommy as much as any schoolboy, and Fido is a favorite with him, in particular. He cannot bear to see animals disregarded; he contents that they feel as we do; and mother could tame a tiger; she seems to exercise a magnetic influence over every thing in the dog, cat, and bird kind."

"That is because she is sympathetic and loving, despising not our Father's mute creation," I replied. "Is it not strange, Miss Preston, the prejudice that exists, even among Spiritualists against house pets of this kind. They think it proves growth in Spirituality to withdraw from these sources of innocent pleasure, but I cannot see the truth of such assertions. Some of the most highly spiritualized men and women I have met with, love pets. And to me, in my loneliness, a dog is a necessity of my being."

"And it is your right to enjoy that privilege. But please, Miss Sheldon, call me Laura. All my friends do; and you are surely one of them; for I have felt acquainted with you for some years, through your writings."

"Thank you, and you must call me Olive."

"You are older than I, and I fear it would not be respectful."

"You will very much oblige me, by calling me as my dear loved ones in heaven, as my best earth friends call me. I have lived so long among Quakers, I have imbibed some of their good, true, simple habits."

"Well, then, if it pleases you, I will certainly do so. Would you like to know Fido's history, Olive? I will tell it, while mother is superintending the getting of tea. It is a brief, but not uninteresting story."

"I shall listen with attention. See, we have become excellent friends."

The dog was lying contentedly at my feet; every now and then turning up to me his reddish brown eyes.

I heard joy-bells ringing low and sweet; I was uplifted from all sorrow and cowering fear; my bodily presence rested in the cozy arm chair, in the flower-scented, leaf-shaded room at "The Grange." My spirit wandered in Elysium.

I caught but indistinct words from Laura's lips, for my ear was filled with other sounds, and all I gleaned of knowledge for my futile attempt to listen, was, that my new-found dog-friend had been presented to Laura's mother by Liege Willoughby.

"Who is he?" I faintly inquired.

"One of the purest, noblest, best of men!" said Laura, enthusiastically. "My father thinks he is the model Spiritualist; my mother loves him as a brother, and so do I."

"Where does he live?" I still dreamily queried.

"Nowhere in particular; he is a cosmopolite; he has been for some time in California; we expect him this summer. How I wish you could see him! you would be delighted with him, I know."

Then Laura went on to tell me of his views, his principles, his beliefs; of his great charity, his unimpeachable integrity; of the good uses to which he devoted his great wealth.

And at the tea-table the conversation was continued, and I felt that if human worship ever could be rendered unto man, with safety, its tributes should be placed at the feet of this same Liege Willoughby.

"He reminds me of the Chevalier Bayard, who is represented as sans peur et sans reproche (without fear or reproach). We need just such men in the ranks of Spiritualism, to preach by word and example the Gospel of a pure life," said the Doctor.

"I have some clairvoyant sight," said Mrs. Preston, "and whenever I am in his presence, I feel that holiest spirit-witnesses are with us; I see the white and azure clouds of light that signify the highest purity. You must remain with us, Miss Sheldon, and form his acquaintance. We have been truly grateful for the stand you have taken against the monstrosities of opinion and practice, given to the world in marriage relations. You will find Mr. Willoughby on your side. Cannot you remain with us a month or two?"

I replied that I should be too happy to breathe such harmonious influences for so long a time, but I feared to intrude upon them.

"We expect no other guests this summer," said the Doctor, "and if we did, our house is large. Friendship to us is a privilege; if you feel that you can be happy with us, remain."

And Laura joining her pleadings, on that first day of our meeting, I promised to remain with them.

In the meantime, every week or ten days brought me a letter from Pauline; she was again going East for her health; regretting much that she could not see me before the Autumn, but that then she hoped I would return to her. Never did she offer assistance out of her ample means.

Still trusting more than doubting, and unable to form any other plan, I resolved to return to her at last. I wrote her candidly, telling her that to move in freedom was a necessity of my being; she answered lovingly; desired me to do in her house as if it were my own, &c., &c.

I told the Doctor and his family of my resolve. I painted my idol in the choicest, brightest colors; the humility and seeming goodness of her letters, anew enchained me to her will.

I spent six happy weeks in the paradise of "The Grange," becoming acquainted with the few Spiritualists, and some of the liberal minds in the place. One day, the bell that announced the steambath's arrival sounded, and the Doctor went to the landing to witness the arrivals. He returned with Mr. Willoughby.

They had each in turn described him to me, so I knew him when he entered; and the matured ideal of my girlish days stood visibly before me.

Tall, of a most kingly presence, yet without one shade of haughtiness; with the blue eyes of my dreams, the waving gold-brown hair, amid whose gleams of sunshine Time's silvery tendrils are unseen; my senior in years; my superior in wisdom; the fine face lighted up with a gleam of pleasure as he heard my name.

"I have long known you in the spirit," he said to me. And for those words I could have fallen at his feet and worshipped him!

A week of swift enchantment, and his duties called him elsewhere. A lingering pressure of the hand, no more; no word or sign besides, and the light of my life departed; for as I had never loved before, I loved this man!

But I was left neither hopeless nor disconsolate. A new element had infused itself into my life; a strange, sweet peace dwelt within me. I dared not think of the fruition of my presumptuous hopes; I was plain Olive Sheldon. But the fact of loving one so noble, sufficed me; at last I worshipped at the true God's shrine. I became merry as the blithesome bird. He was at least my friend; he appreciated my labors; he had bade me God speed in my work! I was content.

The nobly generous friends at "The Grange," invited me to share their beautiful home, as one of the family; to enjoy with them its comforts as long as they lived, or I was contented to abide with them. I thanked them from my heart's depths, but I had promised Pauline to rejoin her in October.

After Mr. Willoughby had gone, I continued my long contemplated trip up the river. I saw the beauties and wonders of that beautiful climate. I visited the principal cities, the far-famed Minnehaha Falls. I found no other home so thoroughly congenial as "The Grange." I met with no truer friends. On my return, in September, I abode with them again awhile; and my lovely heart was gladdened by a gift they presented to me the day of my departure. The faithful and intelligent Fido was given me, Mr. Willoughby hav-

ing expressed the wish that he might become my charge. I was overjoyed at this unexpected good fortune, for such it was to me.

The first week in October, I returned to —, where Pauline resided.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"God is nigh; 'Tis then, when far away he seemeth, When hope of freedom none appears; Believe so best for thee he deemeth; He in his time will dry thy tears." ULRIK.

It was a dark, damp, muddy day when I returned to the little town in which I had suffered, reared and loved. My spirit was elate with hope. Every letter that I had lately received from Pauline promised her glad coming; when I found she had not arrived—though I had written her the day when I hoped again to see her face—I was not much disappointed in not finding her. Her kind husband expected her every day. I went to the house of a lady with whom I had become slightly acquainted during my stay at Pauline Laroc's.

Days lengthened into weeks, yet she returned not. Then feeling keenly the wasted time, and the unnecessary expense, I yet uttered no word of reproach, but wrote to her if her health demanded it, to remain where she was during the winter. I was still, as ever, her "darling," her own twin soul-sister; "how happy she would be to sit once more with me in our accustomed place in the library, holding high and holy converse of the world's unseen." Thus five weeks sped on, and then her treachery revealed itself.

One by one, came the testimonies from afar and near; she had repented of her promise to receive me as an inmate of her home; she told others so; she was not going to return. "Till somehow or somewhere, Olive Sheldon got settled for the winter." She was not again going to be troubled with my combativeness, extravagance, and want of order; to be annoyed by my pets; to have the additional expense; it was best for my spiritual development that I learn self-reliance, and depend upon my own resources; with much more in such strains of harshness. Then persons living in the town, came to me, and told me of the selfsame cruel treatment they had experienced at her hands. They would have warned me before, but could not gain access to me, for she denied them my presence.

I wrote her no stinging, reproachful letter; I felt too much stunned, too deeply stricken; but I wrote a few words only, breaking off the correspondence forevermore, and leaving her to the retributions of time and conscience. She returned me no answer; and I sought to put aside her memory, remembering that I had loved her truly; willing only to forget, never to injure her.

I felt too deeply humiliated in all my expectations, to return to "The Grange." I needed the solaces of solitude for a time. I took a room in an adjoining town, separated from — only by a bridge.

I never saw Pauline when she returned, in the spring. Her husband met me occasionally, and always bowed and spoke in answer to my salutation. I returned to my frugal mode of life—my usual pen tasks.

Here and there, my eye would fall upon the name of Liege Willoughby, and still further evidences of his goodness reached me in my retirement.

It was strange, that in certain quarters where I felt sure of receiving employment, my applications failed. Little by little my evidences accumulated. Pauline Laroc, the idolized friend, the sister, was striving with all the evil energy of hatred, to ruin my business prospects; to snatch the scanty living from my hands; to prejudice the pure, and good, and credulous, against me. She succeeded only too well. Why not? She was attractive and persuasive; I, plain and abrupt of speech. She held strong magnetic powers; I, none. She held a position for wealth and influence that I could not approach. Ah, well, Pauline! some day the angels will judge between us.

She is flourishing yet; no retributive thunderbolts have fallen on her heartstone. I am beyond her malice now. But sometimes, in the dead of night, maybe, consciousness will awaken from the torpid sleep, and cause her to confess that she has most barbarously sought to injure her truest earthly friend.

Fill up the grave of the departed friendship! Let the thick cypress glooms overshadow it; let the wild passions of the tempest sweep it away; let the winter snows conceal it 'neath their white, ample wastes! Inscribe forgetfulness above it, where the storm's fury cannot reach, and say, "Farewell!"

A year of solitude sped on, and it seemed to me that I had indeed beheld the departure of my last lingering dream; that henceforth I was fated only to live in the toll-world of the Actual. I was not strong; I was suffering from constant physical reaction of the soul's agonies; and yet a hope without a name, a loving, strengthening, heavenly influence, sustained me.

Letters from "The Grange"—from the dear Eastern friends, formed my chief solace. Occasionally, some unknown friend called on me, some brother-laborer in the Father's vintage grounds, some sister-toller ordained of the angels to teach a saving faith.

I wrote, and waited, unconscious of what I truly expected. I prayed for light, for guidance, for the power to do good. And our Father sent to me his crowned Peace-Angel, whose other name is Love!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"God never yet permitted us to frame a theory too beautiful for his power to make practicable."

I had learned to wait; I had uplifted my hopes unto immortal, no longer earthly realization. I gathered up all past experiences, and of them formed a treasure-store for the uses of eternity. I

grew calm, resigned; my heart, as well as lips, gave forth the prayer: "Thy will be done!" Again the roses of the summer decked with snowy purity, with rich, red splendor, and with golden royalty, the heart-month of the year, sweet June. Again the blue skies kissed the prairie, verges, and the tuncful choristers of field and grove sent heavenward the hallelujahs of their fearless love.

One day a horseman dismounted at the gate. I heard ascending footsteps, a knock at the door. Irresolute and trembling, I advanced to open it—I knew not whence my agitation—Llego Willoughby stood before me!

"Am I not welcome?" he said, with a look of inquiry and surprise.

"You are very, very welcome," I replied. "Excuse me, please, I am nervous."

Still holding my hand, he led me to a seat, and took one for himself beside me.

"Olive Sheldon!" he said, "why did you not answer my letters?"

"Your letters, Mr. Willoughby? I never received any!"

His countenance brightened.

"I have written you three times; I should have written oftener had you replied. Would you have answered those epistles had they reached you?"

"Of course I should. It is a mystery to me why three letters should get lost."

"No matter; do not perplex yourself about it. I have been North, South and East. Have you thought of me, Olive?"

"Often—daily," I answered, truthfully.

A bright smile illumined his face as with fervid rays of sunshine. I was striving to regain my composure; I had almost succeeded, when he said:

"I have come a long way to tell you something; to ask you a question, Olive."

There was the most distant respect in his manner, though he called me Olive at this our interview, after so long a parting.

"Tell me," I replied; "and I will answer your question."

He took my hand, and with his bright eyes fixed upon my face, he said:

"I love you, Olive. Will you be my wife?"

I felt then that I was dreaming; that neither the words nor his presence could be real. I felt the color that had flushed up to my face, receding; and I grew faint and pallid with the dread of awakening.

"I think I understand you, Olive; I cannot be mistaken. Come to the shelter of the true love you have waited for so long! Come to your home, rest, my weary bird! Long tried and proven, come!"

I felt his arms around me, my head lay pillowed on his breast. Was this the fullness of life, or the ascension into heaven?

"How could you tell I loved you?" I murmured in his ear.

"Because I felt that my life had not ever upheld for me this promise, to cheat me in the end; because my love went forth to meet you when I first saw you at 'The Grange.'"

"But—but—" I argued, as soon as my astonishment and bewilderment permitted me to think clearly; "I am so plain, so unattractive, how can you love me, Mr. Willoughby?"

"I love your soul, Olive!" he responded gravely.

"Besides, you know"—and he smiled mischievously—"tastes will differ. You are beautiful to my sight!"

"And I am not good, indeed I am not, Mr. Willoughby! I never can fully overcome that evil temper of mine; I'm a whirlwind and a hurricane all in one, sometimes! and I'm careless and often indolent, and—"

"I will help you to overcome; you shall rest from toil and care, and you will never be indolent in the execution of good works. I do not expect perfection in you. Do not hope for it in me. But, as God and angels live! you and I are mated souls!"

"I believe it; most reverently, most thankfully I believe it!" I said; and a grateful stream of tears relieved my heart.

"Call me Liege, beloved."

"My Liege, my own true sovereign! we can fear no change."

"It exists not for us. Life and eternity for us signify eternal union! Oh, Olive, I have been a sad and solitary man!"

"And in lone, soul-starved woman! My Liege, my love! what is this world without affection? and I have lived amid its coldness so long!"

"From remotest hemispheres we have been brought together, my soul's bride! In middle age we know of the sweetest, purest, holiest reward of love. How do you feel when with me, Olive?"

"At rest!"

"Then tell me all of your past life; all that for want of time remained untold last year."

I told him all, reserving naught.

"I hail thee victor! fitting champion of true Moral Reform! You are my own pure Olive!"

Read, world, and scoff! but I know, to my consolation, that there are souls so fully imbued with the divine realities of truth and purity, they will believe my words. This man whom God had sent me was pure as the most virgin woman; under foot he had trodden the serpent, the wily enemy of the race! Among the young and beautiful he had sought his ideal, and found it not; there were scars of disenchancement on the brave and loyal heart. But, even amid temptation and veiled allurements, he had kept his soul from stain. Truly it was a spirit-love he offered me.

"Do you wish to see me often before you confide yourself to my keeping? speak freely, Olive; or shall I claim you soon? I will not hasten nor influence your decision. You are mine, now and forever! only the external hand, the acknowledgment of our relation to the world, is lacking."

"I am willing to go with you whenever you desire it. 'Wherever thou goest I will go.'"

"Well, then, Olive, I know your extreme sensitiveness and I honor it. But you will not scruple to take a gift from me, when I have given you the highest gift in man's possession, love?"

"I have no pride with you; you are not only my husband, but my teacher and my guide. I will receive any gift from your hands, dear Liege."

"You, also, are my guide and teacher, dearest love! our duties are reciprocal ones."

And he quoted the beautiful lines of Tennyson:

"Woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse; could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain; his dearest bond is this:
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow—
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral light,
Nor lose the wrestling thence that threw the world;
She, mental breadth, nor fall in childhood care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till, at the last, she set herself to man,
Like perfect music upon noble words.
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers;
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-Be;
Self-reverent each, and reverencing each;
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other, even as those who love.
Then comes the stately Eden back to man;
Then reign the world's great brides, chaste and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of human-kind."

"Liege is my gift, Olive, or rather a share in that which is as rightfully yours as mine. I share most fully in your love of the beautiful, and shall rejoice to behold my wife in elegant and neat attire. We do not believe in the follies of fashion, but we do in all that is conducive to spiritual elevation. Beauty is God's handmaid in the universe. Please let me measure one of your little fingers, Olive dear; I believe in the symbolic wedding-ring. Do not you?"

"Of course I do. What is the use of caviling at old customs when they are pure and beautiful, and bear a deep, spiritual significance?"

I took the gift, a purse well filled with the paper money that is yet in vogue. From that dear hand no humiliation could come.

With a bound, a leap and a loud bark of recognition, Fido burst in at the open door and sprang upon his master.

"You faithful animal! would that all human friends were as true!" my Liege said with a sigh.

And there we sat for hours with linked hands, not planning for the future selfishly, but striving with accordant aim for the amelioration of the human woes that darken this fair earth.

"Will not this be glorious news to write to the Prestons?" he said.

"Indeed it will; they will receive the greatest surprise they ever had in their lives."

"I am not quite so certain about that, Olive; they are all mediums, and may have had an inkling of the affair before this."

"That may be; but of themselves they would never guess it; you to choose me!"

"Do not so underrate yourself, dear love! And now good-night. May I come early in the morning?"

"As soon as you please. Good-night my best, my true-found one! God and angels keep you!"

He kissed me on the brow and lips, and departed in the deepening twilight.

"Well, now, h! h! h!" giggled my inquisitive landlady, "I guess Miss Olive's caught a beau at last. Friends and callers don't often stay so long. Won't you please tell me. I'll keep the secret, Miss Olive."

"There is no secret to keep, Mrs. Benning; that gentleman is my intended husband. His name is Willoughby."

"What! the rich Mr. Willoughby as owns thousands of acres everywhere, as made piles upon piles of gold in California? Are you joking with me, Miss Sheldon?"

"I am in sober earnest, madam; Mr. Liege Willoughby is the gentleman, and we are to be married soon."

"The Lord save us! why in the world did n't you tell me before?"

"Because I did not know myself until to-day."

"Gracious! Miss Sheldon, you know I've always entertained the greatest respect for yourself and your talents; and now that you're going to be so rich and happy, you won't lay it up against me that I was sometimes a little cross and worried? now will you? I always heard tell as you Spiritualists is a forgiving people, and my trials and tribulations are many as a housekeeper. Shall I bring up your lamp, Miss Sheldon?"

"No, thank you; I will wait on myself, the same as ever; and be assured I harbor no resentment against you; we all have our little infirmities of temper."

"Thank you, thank you, Miss Sheldon, for so kindly overlooking my short-comings. Can I take your doggie down stairs and give him a nice sup of fresh milk?"

"Certainly, if you wish to; Fido will be very much obliged to you."

All the way down stairs the old lady called him "a black darling" and "a precious pet." I smiled, but not in bitterness, at the sudden change; for, a day or two ago, he had been "that troublesome black beast, as was always tracking mud into the house with his clumsy paws!" But circumstances alter cases.

In a week we were married and departed from

I have now told you all. My life has resolved itself into calm; my ideals are actualized; the invocations of my soul have been responded to. Late in life the great boon of Love has crowned me. Whatever now befalls, I am happy, for that Love is mine eternally. I have regained health and strength; and no one looking at my face awards to me the number of years that I have lived.

We have seen changes, too. When I first commenced these pages, a cloud overhung our earthly future; and I knew not but the toll-paths of actual labor were again opening before us; and I felt strong to bear all. That dark cloud passed, leaving us with the power and the desire to assist in ameliorating the condition, physical and spiritual, of our fellow beings.

We have lived some time in Stagnationville, but hope now soon to remove from it. Even here I have gathered some grains of wisdom; I have tasted of the blessedness of home.

If you, my friends and readers, have been strengthened, cheered or soothed by the perusal of this my history, I am amply rewarded for the task of treading the romantic paths of life and discipline. In the future I may—

What is the matter? all the inmates of my household exclaiming, gesticulating, running up here!

"Lemme tell her first!"

"I seed him afore the rest of ye!"

"It was me, me, Oaddie! I got better eyes than all of you in a hoodie!"

"If I is black I've got as good sight as any of ye!"

What a Babel! "Is it a circus, show, or Tom Thumby?"

They tumble up stairs in a heap, Mrs. Ryan, Caledonia, Bridget, Caddie; panting, breathless, exhausted, but with glittering eyes and joy depicted on their faces, they cry out all at once:

"The master! bless him!"

"Your own dear husband!"

"Our dear, good Mr. Willoughby!"

"Coming home!"

Fido gives a loud bark of joy and begins to caper about insanely. I drop everything and rush down stairs. I see him in the distance! you will forgive me for breaking off abruptly, will you not? God bless you all! Farewell.

"Is that your husband, ma'am?" "He be."

"Is that your wife, sir?" "She be." "Ah, that's pleasant; he be and she be can hardly fall to taste the sweets of life in perfection. Have you a swarm, sir?" "Quite a swarm, sir." "Ah, that makes a difference—but no doubt you love the little humbugs."

A shoemaker was the other day fitting a customer with a pair of boots, when the buyer observed that he had but one objection to them, which was that the soles were a little too thick.

"If that is all," replied the shoemaker, "put on the boots, and the objection will gradually wear away."

Sycamore leaves used in place of hay or straw in hens' nests, not only protect the hens from lice, but, with whitewashing, entirely banish vermin from the building.

Children's Department.

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

"We think not that we really 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."
—LUCAS HOWE.

VIRGINIA PERKINS.

CHAPTER IV.

Temptations.

"Come, Virginia, quick, put on your hat and we'll go off to the woods for a regular good time; we'll hunt for places to gather chinquapins, when they are ripe, and we'll find where the squirrels live, and the great black snakes," said Hugh, as he came up to the front piazza of Mr. Perkins, where Tinny sat in the afternoon sunshine, dreaming long dreams about beautiful things, and among them were always Hugh's eyes, and his proud smile.

He called her Virginia now, for he began to treat her quite like a young lady, and seemed to think himself quite old enough to marry her any day, and carry her away to a home on some beautiful island, where he should have her all to himself, and could make her do precisely as he wished.

Tinny was soon ready, and her face glowed with real delight as she looked up into Hugh's face, so full of life, and all that to her signified courage and wisdom. Poor Tinny had not yet learned that pride is far removed from wisdom, and that selfish will is not courage.

Milly watched them from the kitchen with anxious eyes.

"May de Lord gib Milly patience," said she; "but it's just like coming into de heart and tearing and squeezing it to see dat boy take dat girl off wid him. Bress her, she's like de buful flower in de nor' wind; it blows and blows, and de flower bend an' bend, an' by-an'-by it break. Milly see some things right cude, an' she see dat if de Lord do n't stop de nor' wind blowing dat de stem break, an' den—"

Here Milly broke down entirely, and sobbed as if all her fears were already realized.

"Here he's been off and on ever since de Lord took misus to heaven, bress her; an' dat chile, she just like a little white dove, when de hawk flyin' round; she nobber see notin' 'tall. She jest as peaceful as if der no danger; but Milly know."

And she stirred away at her Indian cake, as if she could bring some beauty and goodness from the depths of the pan that could bless her darling.

Meantime Tinny and Hugh had reached the woods. Here the shadows began to stretch themselves eastward, and a fresh coolness came from the earth. The great chestnuts spread their long palm-like leaves in a protecting manner, and the oaks, stiff and proud, seemed not to think of the earth, or to wish to return its loving care. At least that was what Tinny thought when Hugh told her to look at the trees.

"I'd rather be a chestnut tree," said Tinny, "it gives so much—it gives its shadow, and such nice nuts, and pretty blossoms; and then it lets the rain and de dew drop from its leaves so gently."

"Oh, that's nothing!" said Hugh. "I would like to be an oak the best; it stands so grandly, and never bends, but has its own way all the time, and it don't care for storms, or for anything else."

"But I like to care for things," said Tinny; "it is nice to care and keep wishing all the time to do something for somebody."

"Oh, fudge!" said Hugh. "But see those bushes of chinquapins; now you remember where they are, and don't you tell Estelle; she'll pick them all. I hate her! I wish she was dead! I don't want her living at my house, and I wish pa would die, and then we'd see who would live there!"

"Oh, Hugh, don't say so!" said Tinny; "it's dreadful!"

"It's true, every word," said Hugh; "if there isn't the very old hateful thing now. She did n't mean I should see, but I did."

Estelle was peeping out from some bushes, her handsome face looking handsomer than ever with the sun that she thought it to watch Hugh and Tinny, for she knew it vexed him more than anything else.

"Let me go and speak to her," said Tinny, as if she did not dare to do anything without Hugh's permission.

"If you do I'll choke you. I'll never come to see you again; run, follow me; I know a path 'till puzzle her to find," said Hugh.

Tinny hesitated, and took one step toward Estelle; but her eye met Hugh's. It was full of authority, and she followed him. They were soon in the deeper forest, and followed a narrow path until they came to a little stream, the banks of which were covered with the beautiful bramble and tangled bushes. Hugh jumped across with a bound, but Tinny hesitated, although she was as nimble as Hugh. She thought of her first adventure when Hugh met her.

"Come along, silly," said he, "we'll have some fun now. Oh, you're afraid!"

He bounded back and took Tinny in his arms, and carried her over. She stood there half reproachfully looking at him, and a little tear sprang to her eye, and trembled on its lid.

Hugh saw it and changed his manner. He brushed back her hair gently, and called her dear Tinny, and gathered a little flower for her; and she smiled again, and looked into his eyes, as if she would follow him anywhere. Hugh seemed to understand that it was best sometimes to coax even Tinny, although he never suspected that she could go contrary to his wishes. He spoke very gently to her now, and coaxed her up the bank into an open field, where corn was growing most luxuriantly. He led her along its edge until they came in sight of some buildings. Hugh found a sheltered place out of sight of every one, and he ordered Tinny to wait until he came back. She sat very still, thinking of the silvery waters that flowed just below her, and of Estelle's black eyes, that looked from the bushes to her when they first entered the woods. She heard a little rustling in the bushes and looked around, but she saw nothing but a little bird that seemed to be hunting for its food; so she sat very still, and kept wishing that Hugh would come back.

After a while he came, and his eyes were full of pleasure.

"Now we'll have it all our own way," said he; and he began to draw from his pockets dried fish and eggs. He had, also, a little tin cup under his jacket. "We'll have a jolly supper," he said, as hungry as a bear, and I know you're as faint as a kitten, as old Aunt Kizzy says. Didn't I get them sick, though? Nobody saw me, though there were a dozen niggers at home; but the master was away. I looked out for that."

"Oh, Hugh, you didn't steal, did you?" said Tinny, with a faint voice.

"Steal? No," said he, "I only took them; and if they find out they'll say it was the niggers, and they'll get licked; that's all."

"Oh, oh!" said Tinny, "let's go home. I don't like to stay here."

"It's a lovely place," said Hugh. "I hunted for it all day yesterday, and laid all my plan. I did n't care for the eggs and fish—there's plenty at home—only for the fun of getting them and bringing them to you to eat. Now you're my princess, and I have been out on a dangerous expedition, and have returned with my spoils."

Hugh said this so proudly, and looked at her so earnestly, that Tinny laughed, and thought him the smartest boy in all the world. He soon made a fire with some brush he gathered, and roasted the eggs, and heated the fish. Then he gathered chestnut leaves for Tinny's plate and napkin, and spread them on the ground for a cloth.

Tinny entered into this with her whole heart; in Hugh's zeal she forgot all her misgivings, and fancied that it was great fun. Their merry voices mingled with the gentle murmur of the leaves and the soft flow of the water. The sun sent its rays against their heads, and the great white clouds trooped over them. As Tinny looked at them, a little thought of her mother came to her, and she remembered Hugh's words, "She will never go away." Was she then so near as to know all that she was doing, and could she be glad in her meanness?

"Oh, Hugh," said she, as she thought this, "can angels rustle bushes?"

"Oh yes," said Hugh; "certainly; they make great fires in bushes."

"Just as we have?" asked Tinny.

"Not exactly, I reckon; but they make bushes burn."

"Do you suppose mamma has been here?" said Tinny. "I heard a rustling when you were gone, and some one stepped on some brush."

"Oh, it was only a rabbit, or a squirrel, or a black snake. If it comes here I'll slay it with my sword," said Hugh, brandishing a huge stick.

Tinny could not laugh any more. The thought of her mother's presence had spoiled all her enjoyment, for she felt that she was not doing right. But Hugh kept laughing, and pretending that they were living in a castle, with a table spread with every luxury, which he urged her to partake.

As Tinny looked into Hugh's eyes, she felt that she must do all that he said; but as she looked up to the beautiful sky, she thought of her mother, and wished she would come and speak to her. When Hugh had served all his dishes with a great flourish, and had laid his chestnut leaf down as if it had been a damask napkin, he said to Tinny:

"Virginia, isn't it capital fun? Would n't you like to live so forever, and let me get eggs for you, and fish, and take care of you?"

"Oh yes, Hugh, only I wish you didn't take other people's things, and I wish mamma was here to talk to me, and Milly would clear away the table."

"Oh, please!" said Hugh. "You're always wishing something. You don't love me, or you'd want me all alone."

Tinny was puzzled. Hugh thought that love meant selfishness, but Tinny felt that it was as wide as the world, and just like the sky; so Hugh wanted Tinny to love no one but himself, but Tinny's heart reached out to all beautiful things.

While they were still sitting on the grass with the remnants of their meal about them, steps came up behind, and before they could run, Estelle appeared, with cruel satisfaction in her eye. She was followed by a boy her own age, the son of the gentleman who owned the buildings that Tinny had seen. He was a rough fellow, with coarse features, and his hair hung in tangled masses over his forehead, and his lips protruded, and a wicked smile seemed to be hanging about his mouth.

Hugh jumped to his feet, and angry flashes went from his eyes. Tinny sat perfectly still, with wonder in her face and fear about her mouth.

"You thief, you jail-dodger, you rascal," said the boy, whose name was Morris. "We've caught you, and we'll give it to you."

"Call me a thief!" said Hugh, "you sneaking, creeping, crawling snake! you black liar!"

Morris laughed a laugh of scorn, in which Estelle joined.

"I'll fight you like a gentleman," said Hugh, proudly. "Come on."

"Hal hal!" shouted Morris, and Estelle joined.

"Shut your blabbing mouth," said Hugh to Estelle. "You ran and told, and now you feel better, do you? You mean, hateful, ugly thing! Take this," and Hugh threw a large stick that he held in his hand. It hit Estelle on the forehead, and she fell without uttering a sound. Blood flowed from her nostrils, and her face was as pale as death.

"Oh, Hugh! Hugh!" said Tinny, and ran to Estelle. She lifted her head into her lap, and kissed her tenderly; she brushed back her long curls, and called her by name. Hugh was frightened at what he had done, and forgot his quarrel with Morris; but he took his tin cup and got some water, but he handed it to Morris to give to her.

"Put it in her face," said he.

At the touch of the water Estelle opened her eyes and looked into Tinny's, and a smile of content stole over her face. Tinny stooped to kiss her, and she put up her hands, as if begging her not to leave her. Soon she was quite recovered, and sat up. Hugh took Morris aside, and hired him with a jack-knife and a piece of money not to tell, but to lay all blame to the servants. Morris readily agreed, but Hugh knew he could not hire Estelle with money, so he called Tinny to him, and said:

"Virginia, you are my princess you know, and you must do just as I say. You must never tell of what we have done to-day, and Morris won't, and you must coax Estelle not to, and the blame will all be upon the servants, and then papa will not care, and—"

"But, Hugh," said Tinny, "will the servants be whipped?"

"Oh, that's no matter; don't you mind; no harm will be done. You must promise, Tinny—that's a darling," said Hugh.

But Tinny said not a word. She looked up to the sky, and a thought of her mother came to her. She knew that Hugh was wrong, and she wished to do right, but she hesitated. Estelle came toward her, and Hugh went to see Morris.

"You'll not blame Hugh, will you?" said Tinny.

"Hugh did n't mean to hit you, I am sure."

"You love Hugh, and he loves you," said Estelle; "but he hates me, and—"

"And you love him, too," said Tinny. "I know you do, and so you will not really harm him. Hugh is so good."

"He is n't good," said Estelle; "he's bad, he's very bad; but you are good, and so you think he is. If you want me to promise not to tell, I will; but I won't for him."

"Yes, I do, I do," said Tinny, quickly.

When Tinny sat in the twilight that summer's night, her little heart ached, and she was more sorrowful than ever before. A great wrong seemed resting within her. She went to her room, and Milly came in to prepare her for bed.

"Honey, darlin'," said Milly, "will you tell de

Lord all your troubles, and let him to help you, for I see de trouble on your countenance, Josie de cloud de ober de face ob de moon."

Correspondence.

The Grant and Fish Debate at Philadelphia.

DEAR BANNER—Some time since you called for a report of my debate at Philadelphia with Elder Grant, in October last. As there were no phonographs, or other notes taken of the arguments used in the discussion, I felt that the columns of your paper were too valuable to be occupied by myself in making what would be a mere report of my own. Mr. Grant's report of their own doings sometimes do not read well. They are marred by the too prominent appearance of the "ego."

Since coming to this city, a copy of the World's Crisis for Nov. 14th has been put into my hands, containing the "Elder's" report, which I wish briefly to notice, for it contains some points to which I take exception as not being strictly true.

The first statement of Mr. Grant is, that in impeaching the Bible as the word of God, all my witnesses were found to be lying ones. It was shown by me, and not denied by him, that the entire Jewish ritual and religious teachings were most perfect copies of the Egyptian, in which Moses had been educated. I further proved upon the testimony of Strabo, Plutarch, Manetho and Josephus, that Moses was for years an Egyptian priest, and did officiate as such at his altars, and Elder Grant did not even controvert the point. This it was shown that the religion and religious ritual of the Jews, claimed by the Bible to have been given by a revelation from God, were like the jewels of Egypt, borrowed from that nation and no credit given therefor. Where are the lies of my witnesses?

With regard to the dispute about the supposed extracts from the Zend-Avesta, I stated, on the last evening of the debate, that I had read but one extract from that book, and that was the prayer of Zoroaster to Ormuzd and the reply of Ormuzd thereto, and the extract is a correct one. This was all I read or pretended to read from that book.

That Elder Grant and others thought at the time that I was reading from the Zend-Avesta is most probable; but after the correction was made by myself, stating, as I did, what the only extract I read was; and that the Persian ideas of God, angels, or Amshaspands, devils or Devs, the creation of man and woman, the serpent Paradise, the temptation, the fall, the expulsion, &c., were not taken from the Zend-Avesta, but were sacred legends that they had held from their infancy as a nation, and which they modestly declared they had obtained from older nations, it is not a little surprising to me that my opponent should still insist in his report that I read false extracts. I do not accuse him of willful misrepresentation of the facts in the case, but I have strong suspicions of some slight treachery in his memory.

About the period in which Zoroaster lived and wrote, I gave as authority Pliny, Aristotle, Plato and Plutarch, who all place him at least three hundred years before Moses. I also quoted the modern Rollin, who adopts and follows this chronology. Can higher historical and chronological authority be adduced? Can such authority be overthrown? To meet this array of authorities, he read from the English Encyclopedia an Orthodox statement that the "modern Persians place Zoroaster five hundred and fifty years before Christ." Also, Deeton, another Orthodox author, who places him a little less than five hundred years before Christ. These statements were not shown to be based upon any reliable chronological authority whatever. "Thus were the eyes of the people opened to see the fog and the dust that I had from reliable authority thrown around them." (1) Elder Grant says in his report, that I denounced the God of the Bible. I did no such thing. I denounced no one—neither God, man, nor the devil.

I said that I believed the Jehovah of the Jews and the God that Christ taught were not the same—that Jehovah was but a tutelary deity and a human spirit; for I found from the Bible that he was possessed not only of the weaknesses and frailties, but also of the absolute follies and vices of our common humanity. I showed from the Bible that he was impotent, malevolent, jealous, revengeful and partial, countenancing dishonesty, licentiousness, lust, slavery, theft, &c., and to complete the testimony, showed from the same source, that while the Jews were worshipping him as a God, he had still "sons" in the form marrying the "daughters of men," thus proving conclusively that he was, like all the gods of the ancients, but a human spirit.

To all this my opponent offered not a word in reply, and to the audience the reason was but too apparent. I did say I hoped this Jehovah had repented of some of his ancient sins against humanity; but as my opponent assured me and the congregation he had not, I felt sorry that such was the fact, and so expressed myself. Mr. Grant further states in his report that I "admitted that Spiritualism and Heathenism were alike." He ought to know better than to make such a false statement. He charged it. I denied it; but did say that it was identical with ancient Christianity, and that ancient Christianity, with the change of names and dates, was identical with the doctrines and teachings of the ancient Egyptians or Thuropeans, a sect of Greek and Egyptian leaders by spirit power, as well high-toned philosophers.

He further charges me with saying that "I would that Spiritualism prevailed instead of Christianity." Had he said modern Christianity, so-called, he would have been quite right; and were he a pigressive man, and understood Spiritualism as a harmonious philosophy, he would quite agree with me.

Again says Mr. Grant, "he said the body of Christ was not raised, but embalmed by Joseph, and stolen away by the apostles." Here he is quite wrong. I did not even hint at any theft of that body by the apostles, or any one else. I stated what the Bible says, that Joseph was the legal possessor of the body of Jesus, having obtained it of Pilate; that myrrh and spices had been procured for the burial, or embalming; that the law required the process of embalming to be commenced within six hours after the death of the body; that the guard was not placed around the tomb till twenty-two hours after the body had been deposited therein, thus affording a fair presumption that Joseph could, and did, unbeknown to the Jews, remove the body in the night to Aramitha, and there embalm or otherwise dispose of it, and, therefore, all subsequent appearances of the dead reformer were spiritual, and to be so regarded.

So much for the review of Mr. Grant's report; now for my own in brief. I showed from very many records of the past that all nations of antiquity had been observers of spirit appearances, manifestations and communications. That all sacred writings, including those of the Jews and the early Christians, recognize them. That the Church had always believed them genuine, and that all modern nations have had the same experiences which have resulted to them, in the same conclusion. All of this he admitted, and further, that all the manifestations and phenomena did and do actually take place. Now to explain these

phenomena, what did he do? He just trotted out a poor, miserable, stunted pack of jangling, demagogic, and said these are they that do all the mischief in personating your dear ones, and deceiving, if it be possible, "the very elect." Shade of "bare bones," save us! Were spirit manifestations confined to the clattering of bones, I might have been convinced, for it did seem that the bones of their poor, rickety, skeleton forms did actually clatter most piteously. I really pitied the poor brutes; for, as did the calves in Barnum's famous buffalo hunt in New York, he punched and flailed, and goaded them till the sweat ran, but not a demon had life enough left to tip a table, show a hand, speak a word, or even raise a trot any more than to get out of the way. This stupor, on their part, afforded ample time for a careful examination of this wonderful troop, whereupon they all appeared to be foreign "bags," turned out to grass, and abandoned by their owners ages ago, but still wearing the Hindoo, Persian, and Egyptian brands plainly visible.

With such preservatives my opponent sought to enshroud the ghost of a defunct theory. I cannot say by Mr. Grant, that the debate was largely attended, or that it elicited any great degree of interest. Why should it? It was facts, history, and experience on the one hand, sophistry, negation, and absolute silence on the other. The stupidity of the demons of Mr. Grant's theory is only matched by the stupidity of the mind that still holds on to them as explaining the "manifestations of the spirit."

I hear the opinion expressed by the Spiritualists of Philadelphia, and many others of that city, that our cause can stand many such blows as Elder Grant dealt out to it in the debate, and also in his discourses in Concert Hall, and still be the stronger for it.

In conclusion, allow me to say that Elder Grant is hereby challenged, and all other clergymen with him, to discuss with me, in any city in New England, during the next three months, the same resolution we discussed at Philadelphia, viz:

"Resolved, That man has a spirit which exists after the death of the body in a conscious state, and communicates with the inhabitants of earth."

Address me at Providence, R. I. J. G. FISH.
Providence, R. I., Dec. 6, 1865.

Notes from Mrs. Currier.

DEAR BANNER—It is not often that I protrude my "shining morning face" before the public, except from the rostrum; but I now beg you will indulge me with a little space in your columns, that I may state a few plain truths to the Spiritualists.

This is my third visit to the West, and it is quite probable I shall remain four or five months longer. My Sunday appointments are nearly full, and I fear I shall have to decline a number of invitations, which I should be delighted to accept, were it practicable. I shall doubtless make some new appointments for lecturing week evenings in places where I am as yet a stranger. I intend, however, for the most part, to speak in localities where I have dear, warm-hearted friends, whose hearts and homes are always open to me and mine. That it has been my good fortune at previous visits to secure such friends in Chicago, Milwaukee, Madison, Cincinnati, Saint Louis, and many other Western cities, I am, I trust, sufficiently grateful.

I think it is very generally known that I am in the habit of travelling with a male companion, in the unmistakable likeness of "my own husband." I confess, with deep humility, that I am one of those old-fashioned personages who still have faith in the sacredness of the conjugal relations. Now, I am aware, that among those who call themselves Spiritualists, there are a few who not only grudge a medium every farthing she is paid for her services, but would rather see her going about the country with "anybody's husband, than her own." I am happy to state that I have never been obliged to deal with more than two or three individuals of this sort, and they were very poor specimens of the genus homo. I have to request of such, as a great favor, that they "will not send for me," as I do not desire to come into personal relations with them, even by contact with their hand writing. At the same time, if there should be places on my route where a few earnest, struggling souls earnestly desire, but are unable to pay for lectures, I hope they will apply at once. Let them state the case frankly, and it will be a pleasure for me to address them, caring for no compensation save that genuine hospitality which I know how to appreciate as well in the cot of the backwoodsman, as in the marble halls of the rich.

There is no denying that there are people in the Spiritualistic ranks, who, though blest with a plenty of this world's treasure, may yet hope to enter the kingdom of heaven through the eye of a needle, i. e., if the diminutive size of their souls is, in any way, guaranteed. They are so very fearful that the mediums are getting rich, rich, forsooth! I have yet to see the first medium who has been able to earn a decent competency by the exercise of his or her spiritual gifts. I do know that one medium, and that medium a woman, who for years labored faithfully, doing a world of good, is now dying in the almshouse. Shame on the Spiritualists of Maine for it! Then, again, the little souled people of whom I speak, cannot afford to pay for a spiritual paper—not but what they are fond of reading them; they will beg or borrow, but they won't subscribe, they are so apprehensive that editors and publishers are "making money out of Spiritualism." Of course, they do not realize that it takes capital to support any respectable paper. They are supposed to be oblivious to the fact, that the "Banner of Light" could not possibly have lived to reach the lofty and independent position it now holds, had it not been for two or three energetic, self-sacrificing souls, who, in the hour of trial, determined, that come what might, at whatever cost, their colors should not go down. God bless the "Banner" fraternity for their faith and courage! I do not believe they are "getting rich," but I hope they are—they richly merit just such a punishment.

All over the country, and chiefly among the Spiritualists, a hue and cry is raised against the mediums. This one is tricky, that one is dispatented, such an one has left her husband, etc. Very likely some of these charges are true. More probably still, that most of them are false, or alarmingly exaggerated. Be that as it may, I say to the Spiritualists, i. e., to many of them; You! you! are fearfully responsible before God, for these sins of the mediums. Do you complain that they are mischievous, and unreliable? Thank yourself for being gullible. You suggested the temptation. You succeeded in psychologizing the medium by your own sordid, penurious, fault-finding disposition. Do you say they are ineffectual in their social relations? What right have you to throw a stone? What encouragement have you ever given to virtue? The mediums, from their very organization, are susceptible to good and evil impressions. They hear you prate of "individual sovereignty," and deny human responsibility. They hear you utter supercilious sneers against the laws and institutions of society. They are in-

fectured by your contaminating influence—actually poisoned by your pernicious cant; and it is no wonder if they illustrate your corrupt theories in practical life.

In conclusion, I would say, that I know full well that there are many Spiritualists who have done all in their power to protect and elevate mediums. These loyal and devoted souls are willing to make any effort or sacrifice, in order to relieve the faith they so much love from the odium and reproach too often cast upon it. I have no fear whatever of being misunderstood by the better class of Spiritualists, among whom I am proud to recognize my personal friends.

So now, Mr. Editor, having "had my say," and "defined my position," I will bid you and your readers, adieu.
AUGUSTA A. CURRIER.
Chicago, Ill., Nov. 20, 1865.

A Day in New York.

On reaching Gotham, at the close of last week, I learned for the first time that by some accident or incident in life two speakers had been engaged for Ebbitt Hall on the 31 and 10th of December, and as the other was a lady, and I a "lady's advocate," and always glad to give up my seat or desk or standing place to a lady, I was happy to do so to Mrs. Bullone on this occasion. I have not learned that it was the fault of any one, but accidental. Being for the first time in many months free from engagements on Sunday, I drafted from the notices of six meetings of Spiritualists in New York one, and went up, up, up to the hall, at 814 Broadway, where I found Bro. R. D. Goodwin feeding a small flock, and a medium giving medical tests, etc. Mr. G. has secured a good hall, and other rooms for mediums, and already opened the business, which is to be kept open every day and evening in the week, at 814 Broadway, with lectures and discussions in the evenings and Sundays, tests, examinations, prophecies, etc., during the week, and a place of general information at all times. I have engaged to lecture at this hall several times during my stay in the city, as I find much interest there and elsewhere on the subject.

My next move found me in the Children's Lyceum, assembled in monthly convention under the guidance of Mrs. Davis, Mr. D. being on a visit to St. Louis. I think it would be difficult to get together the same number of children from all the churches in the city, with as good and well proportioned physical and mental conditions. They are certainly, morally, spiritually and physically, gems opening like rosebuds to the dew of spiritual spheres, which is dropping gently on them through the inspirational teachers and angel visits. This is surely a glorious work, but I had not an opportunity to compare this with the Lyceum at Philadelphia, as they did not go through their usual exercises; but in convention and declamation they are certainly deserving the highest praise, and the founders and teachers the blessings of all who have at heart the welfare of the race. At the close of this beautiful and instructive treat, I had only time to reach the spacious and densely packed church, hall or theatre of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, which, on examination of the crowd, no one would mistake for a theatre, as the turbulent and restless spirits of rowdiness are not there, but an intelligent, quiet, though somewhat sleepy audience, who seemed to acquiesce in all the speaker said, and to feel safe under his lashings of sin and sinners, as they seem to feel that the fires of hell are gone out or down to only smouldering ruins. If it would do the loafers and rousers good, or if they would heed his advice, it would be well to have seats for them and collect them; but I think few are frightened, or directed, by his preaching. On this occasion he was more dull and prosy than I ever knew him, and evidently only filling an appointment and expounding a scripture that it might be fulfilled, for he certainly made no point, and had no faith in the whole discourse, although it is seldom the case with this most able and eloquent speaker. I attribute it to the subject. Take him out of the Bible, and on subjects where he can draw on nature and expand his noble mind into the realms of science and receive the inspirations of to-day, and he is full, and fills his hearers; but confine him to the Bible and theology, and he is like a race horse trying his speed in a narrow barn yard; he may kick and stamp, but he cannot run well. I could not look on his noble brow without sorrow for the wastage of such talents on the old, superannuated theology of the Puritan Fathers, when there is so much need of him in the field of progress and modern inspiration.

I wandered among the hurrying crowd to my lodgings, and spent an hour in reflection on the scenes of a well spent day, and dropping at last into a gentle slumber, wandered in my dreams among my distant friends of both worlds, and enjoyed a superior life till recalled to the lower world by the rattling sounds of the busy street on a Monday morning.
WARREN CHASE.
New York, Dec. 4, 1865.

THE INDIAN MAID'S GREETING.
[At the recent marriage ceremony of Mr. Thomas V. Dickinson, Jr., and Miss Tillie L. daughter of Lewis Burleigh, Esq., of Rochester, N. Y., the following beautiful lines were addressed to the happy couple by an Indian spirit, known by the name of "Pinkle," through the mediumship of Nettle Colburn.]

From the gates of the sunrise, where Nature is free,
And life pulses low in her bosom,
I come on the wings of the morning to thee,
To bring thee a sweet orange-blossom.
The bright tears of Nature hath decked it with gems,
And, kissed by the smiles of the morning,
I bring it, so fragrant, just plucked from the stem,
As fresh as the day at its dawning.

Your day is just dawning; this thought in your heart
Shall quicken your souls' intuition,
Till doubts and repulses forever depart,
And fond hope is lost in fruition.
On the cloud the Great Artist is painting his bow,
Joy kisses the end and brow of sorrow;
And fair buds of promise are twining there now,
To burst into bloom on the morrow.

As pebbles when cast in the sea, you will find,
Send ripples wide over the water,
So thought-pebbles cast in the ocean of mind,
Send the waves dashing up to God's Altar.
Oh, then, let thy thoughts, of purity born,
Roll God-ward in soft ripples ever,
Till you stand in the light of Eternity's morn,
Where the white spray of Truth falls forever.

I'll watch thee and guard thee, till life's sun goes down,
And you stand in the dark of Death's even,
When the grim King of Terrors shall yield thee his crown,
Made up of the jewels of heaven.
Be loving, be faithful, from all error free,
And when earth-life and sorrows are over,
Your twin souls shall wander joy-fulder with me,
And your forms fall asleep 'neath the clover.

ABSTRACT REPORT

Of the Proceedings of the First Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, at the Association of the Friends of Progress.

"Speak gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear."
Speak gently; let no harsh word mar
The good we might do here."

Seldom have I known a better exemplification of the beauty and force of the above lines, than upon the occasion of which I am to speak. The spirit of harmony and love was deep and steadfast in the hearts of the assembled multitude. This meeting was a very important one. Being the first gathering ever held of the Progressive Spiritualists of a large section of country, it is worthy of a much more extended notice in the Banner of Light than I am able to give.

The opening session of Friday, Oct. 27th, was consumed in the election of Mr. Elias Waterman, of Ellington, N. Y., as President pro tem, to fill vacancy caused by the unavoidable absence of the President of the Association, and in the appointment of the usual committee, closing with an earnest exhortation and invocation through the mediumship of Mr. Lyman C. Howe, of Clear Creek, Chautauque Co., N. Y.

Mr. Howe is doing a noble work in his unassuming way, and is uniting in his efforts for the advancement of Spiritualism and free thought in Western New York and Pennsylvania. His efficiency is becoming acknowledged by friends and by foes.

Afternoon Session.—The President read the following Resolutions, as having been handed in for consideration:

Resolved, That as friends of human progress, we recognize the right of every human being to all the freedom we claim for ourselves.

Resolved, That as freedom is indispensable to individual and national prosperity, the full recognition of human rights in the present, is the surest protection to ourselves and the only promise of permanent peace to the Republic in which we live.

Resolved, That freedom, both physical and spiritual, consists in obedience to divine laws, and in repudiation of all errors, whether found in ancient records or modern creeds, whether sanctioned by the custom of ages or imposed by the fashion of the hour.

Resolved, That it is our inalienable right to employ every reasonable means to secure to us, whether it be in sacred history, the language of science or the ministrations of departed spirits.

Resolved, That a liberal education is the need of the hour, and that we commend all friends of progress to labor for the rising generation, to establish schools for free instruction, to appropriate schools of crime, and to relieve the burden of ignorance and superstition.

Resolved, That Spiritualism, ancient or modern, in so far as it is the basis of the human mind, and the advocate of ennobling principles, is worthy of universal respect, and whatever is inimical to progress and moral purity, is unworthy the high name of Spiritualism, and should be discontinued by all true Spiritualists.

Resolved, That we sympathize with the weak and pity the victims of ignorance, and that we strive to enlighten all friends of progress for education and strength to overcome evil with good.

Mr. W. H. Johnston, in explanation of the position at present occupied by the Association, read from the Secretary's book, a series of Resolutions which had been adopted by the meeting for the organization, held July 9th, 1865. These Resolutions, as heretofore published, specify the true spiritual life to consist, in avoidance of religious partisanship and the worship of religious chiefs of supernatural faith; and that consequent lack of confidence in, and failure to study the principles of Nature, so characteristic of all classes who oppose the free use of Reason.

2d. A firming the practice of life-labor to consist in the furtherance of Universal Brotherhood; the harmonious culture and right relations of individuals and nations; the unselfish patriotism and love of peace which obeys the laws of a Free Government, whether they conflict with our ideas of marriage, slavery, &c., or not; confidence in goodness as the only happiness, the unfolding of the moral faculties as the rightful lords and masters of the spirit, and the consequent overthrow of sensualism, and the materialism of the present.

3d. Adopting the saving influence of the doctrine of the ministry of angels, and the progressive life after death.

Mr. Johnston remarked, that the Constitution forever prohibited the limitation of individual views, and sincerely hoped that many names would be handed in for membership.

Report of the Business Committee, received and adopted.

Mr. Howe, entranced, gave the closing address of the session, presenting in an able, but rapid manner, the spiritualistic view of "Faith and Works."

Evening Session.—Opened with a discussion of the previous question.

Mr. Chas. C. Burleigh, of Florence, Mass., was the regular speaker. Nothing affords so high gratification as the attainment of new mental perceptions, yet why should we seek new and higher light, if we never intend to walk thereby? Men ask the use of our Convention—why are we not Methodists, Baptists, or Presbyterians—why do we not tread round and round in the well-worn track. Can you pretend to set yourselves up against that which has been sanctified by the blood of martyrs?

The great past! How it looms up before us! With what splendor does the aureole of centuries surround the grey locks of the saints! The other day a convocation of reverend fathers met in council, but they could not shape their words till they had visited the ground trodden by the Pilgrim Fathers. I believe in reverencing the past. I revere the Wesley's, Foxes, the Fenolons, all persons who have received wisdom and inspiration, and poured it out to bless the nations. But I will not reverence the word, simply because they are the words of the fathers. But because they would not accept the teachings of the past, which was their antecedent, but spoke their own living and noble sentiments, for that I venerate them. Shall we take it up where they left off, or shall we stop there? Moses did not roll up his wisdom in a band of Papyrus. Jesus of Nazareth, born in a manger, a living creature, no man ever attains originality, without being better prepared to receive the Divine influx. I love to read the inspirations of the prophets, but I am not willing to take them for what I can obtain at first hand.

Saturday morning session opened with a discussion.

James G. Clark sang "Under the Ice."
F. L. Wadsworth, from the Committee on Resolutions, presented the following in addition:

Resolved, We do ourselves in this world in connection with a system of laws the expression of which indicates the divine method of Nature and Nature's God, and whereas, we believe Nature to be accountable to God only through those laws, therefore,

Resolved, That we accept the teachings of Nature, as set forth in the Bible, as the highest, wisest, and most perfect human experience, as superior to the so-called supernatural revelations of the past, or the theological creeds and assumptions of the present.

Mr. Wadsworth delivered a very effective speech in favor of the resolution, taking the well-known rationalistic position of the universality of divine revelation, the existence of divine intelligence in Nature superior to the human, and that that divine intelligence is "without body, parts or passions," in the sense in which it is viewed by the Church. That Theology disunites Nature from God, making him objective to it. Jesus of Nazareth is made to appear as the representative of God, and mediates between him and his children; and through him, and him alone, can depraved human nature find hope of salvation. Here philosophy differs, and claims that in human nature is the divine essence which will redeem itself.

Assuming God to act upon Nature, as man acts upon the machine he makes, Theology appeals to him for favors, thereby implying that infinite wisdom would grant what would otherwise be withheld.

Go back as far as you will, and you will find that philosophy teaches the existence of God in Nature and Nature's laws; but examine the old system, as given in the primitive history, and you find God to have been alienated from man, and man to have been deprived of innate goodness.

Philosophy affirms the revelation of the law consistent with modern science; but does science teach the same cosmogony? Far from it. Though unaccounted against the divine mind operated to represent itself through man and woman. Does philosophy or science tell you you may pass into the next world and escape the requirements of law? Here is a healthy application of justice. Theology says, "believe, and you shall be saved." Philosophy says, "earn anything and you shall have it; earn it not, and you shall not have it." In this respect, to every Church in the world; and the question before us is: Shall we seek out those laws to and by which we should regulate our lives? Philosophical institutions are to supersede theological institutions.

Afternoon Session.—Song by Mr. Clark, "The People's Altar."

Mr. Wadsworth read the Constitution of the Society of Friends, and called for more names. Mr. Burleigh delivered an able address upon the subjects already before the Convention, advocating the fundamental ideas of the Spiritual Philosophy.

Made by Mr. Clark.
Evening Session.—Mr. Clark sang, "The world would be the better for it."

Mr. Johnston announced that he would take subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

The President read the following Resolution which had been submitted:

Resolved, That an American costume, or reform dress, ranks among the necessary changes and demands of the age, as an aid to health, happiness and spiritual growth; and that if we cannot ourselves advocate this reform, we will not throw our influence against it until we have more abundant reason for so doing than simple prejudice.

After brief discussion the Resolution was adopted.

Made by Mr. Clark.

F. L. Wadsworth gave the regular address. The speaker labored to counteract the theory that the race was either stationary or retrogressive, and to prove that it was the tendency of all things to evolve the highest and most perfect qualities in nature.

His address was replete with pointed illustrations, and its application, in conclusion, full of practicality and force. His last words were: "I wish that men and women would think. I would not ask them to profess any theory, but we need to think without taking any man's assumption. Put all things into the crucible of reason."

Mr. Burleigh delivered an important fact in science, to the effect that the elements found in the rock possess far higher nutritive qualities after being once absorbed into vegetable life, and applied the same to the progress of mind, claiming that the analogy was perfect.

Made by James G. Clark, "I live for those who love me."

Mr. L. M. Brigham, of Warren, Penn., entranced, gave an invocation, and a brief address, which was listened to with deep interest by the audience.

Sunday Morning Session.—After a beautiful song by Mr. Clark, Lyman C. Howe, entranced, gave the formal address, taking for his subject: "The Needs of the Hour."

In every age circumstances differ from those of every other age. The needs of to-day are far different from the needs of yesterday, while the needs of yesterday differed from all the needs of the past. There is in the universal economy no need but has an answer in store for it. From the first, need has been felt for the existence of God. It took not long for the ancients to find the first answer. God is but an abridgement of good. The speaker went on to show the perfect analogy between the growth of the race, with its attendant conceptions, and the growth of a child.

The speaker thought there was a growing need of new and enlarged conceptions of that "Eternal Principle of Omnipotent Power resident in Nature," and that with the manifold of the race would come that universal inspiration of which we have had only transient gleams in the past.

Man is free to submit, seeking truth without alloy, with the windows of the soul open to the sunlight of heaven, then that light, in its highest manifestation, will be surely vouchsafed to him. All our trials are but methods in the divine law of education. We need not only to perceive this fact, but to apply it to our daily life. The need of the hour is the truth to our system of education and the remodelling of our institutions, both of State and Church. Man is expected to be outside of the spiritual, and in need of rendering dutiful obedience to the Church, which contains a record of ancient revelation. But man is very near to the spiritual, and the angelic world is daily breathing its influence upon the material world. We are enjoined to have no dealings with familiar spirits, yet our most violent opponents seek to be familiar with the Holy Spirit. Yea, God is in the human soul, and that Divine Spirit which communes with us and universal nature cannot be shut out by any human injunction, though that injunction be served by St. Paul or St. Peter. The need of the hour is answered by messengers of light from that mystic further shore toward which we are drifting. They glid the passage with golden beams and send throbs of peace upon the waiting heart.

Mr. Clark sang one of his best compositions, entitled "The Evergreen Mountains of Life."

Mr. Wadsworth followed on "The Unity and Universality of Religion." I regret that space will not permit an extended report, yet I console myself with the thought that any report, however extended, could not impress the reader with the full force of this able effort. Mr. W. surpassed himself.

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Judge Edmunds's Reply to the Edinburgh Review.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the last number of the Edinburgh Review—that for October, 1865—is an article, headed "American Psychomania," reviewing spiritual works, by A. J. Davis, Professor Hare and myself. The review is an elaborate one, covering near twenty pages of that number, and showing a considerable familiarity with the writings on Spiritualism published in this country.

The article is characterized by the usual British Tory notions of everything American, by a very uncanonically spirit, manifested, among other things, in its using garbled extracts, and putting them into false juxtapositions, and by the most lamentable ignorance of the subject which it treats.

This is palpable at once to any instructed reader, and we might leave it to correct itself; but as that magazine professes to stand at the very head of, as it was the originator of the periodical literature of Great Britain, it has seemed to me advisable to expose its falsity, lest its high standing may mislead those whose acquaintance with the subject is not as great as ours.

Therefore it is that I desire to call the attention of your readers to some of its errors, in order that they may judge for themselves how far it is to be relied on.

At the very beginning of the article it uses this language:

"About midway between New York and Albany, on the Eastern bank of the Hudson river, stands the pleasant town of Poughkeepsie, containing a population of nearly twenty thousand souls. A quarter of a century ago, the site was occupied by a few miserable cottages and farmsteads, and a solitary building for public worship; it now includes many handsome rectangular streets, six-story churches, four banks, various large factories, an endowed collegiate school for boys, a corresponding academy for girls, and the PASTORATE OF PROGRESS. Such, at all events, was the grandeur and such the prosperity of this newly created capital of Dutchess County, at the sudden disruption of the United States, in 1861. Possibly that terrible event has changed, as in too many other transatlantic cities, the whole aspect of its fortunes, possibly ruined its commerce and dejected its people, or caused many of them to fly from the presence of the detested conscript agent, or the more dreaded tax gatherer."

Behold how strange the ignorance, and how rash the conjectures of this boasted head of the British periodical literature!

Poughkeepsie was settled before A. D. 1700; was the capital of Dutchess Co. before the Revolutionary War, and was so large a place at that time, that the Legislature of the State met there in 1778, and the State Convention to ratify the Constitution of the United States, sat there in 1788.

In 1825—forty years ago—its population was about seven thousand; and twenty-five years ago, when it is said it had "only a few miserable cottages and farmsteads, and a solitary building for public worship," its population was ten thousand.

Like many other "transatlantic cities," it has grown gradually for many years. Starting in 1825, with a population of 5,355, it has increased every five years thus: 7,222, 8,529, 10,066, 11,701, 13,921, 15,873, and 17,448 in 1860.

The "terrible event" of the Rebellion, which is supposed to have "changed its fortunes," has in no respect affected them, unless by increasing its prosperity; and as to many of its inhabitants having fled from the conscription, only two men have been known to have done so. And its population, by the census of 1865, has increased, notwithstanding that the country and the city have filled all their quotas for the army. So far from flying from conscription, the city of Poughkeepsie has voluntarily contributed some two hundred thousand dollars toward filling the armies.

Starting, as the article does, with so sad a misstatement of facts, what may we expect but similar inaccuracies throughout? Accordingly we find them everywhere, not only in its statements of facts, but its representations of the doctrines of Spiritualism.

In another place the article says:

"It is an indisputable fact that Spiritualism has either produced or developed a tendency to insanity in innumerable instances; the bellhans in America are overcharged with its victims."

This is far from being "an indisputable fact." A few years ago such a charge was made by a respectable periodical in this country. I carefully examined, at that time, the reports of nearly all the lunatic asylums in this country, (we have no "bellhans" here—they are purely indigenous to British soil,) and very few such cases were found; not to be compared with the numbers whose insanity was owing to religious excitement, disappointment in love, or pecuniary difficulties. I published the refutation, at the time, in the same periodical, and henceforth the idea has slumbered in America, now to be revived among the savans of what Byron called *Modern Athens*.

The writer in the Edinburgh could never have examined, never have seen even the statistics of insanity in this country, for if he had he never would have ventured an assertion so diametrically at war with the facts as there disclosed.

It can be necessary to notice only one other misstatement of the Review. It says:

"It is equally undeniable that enormous fortunes have been speedily realized by professional mediums, who have profited on the weakness and credulity of their clients."

Every word of this is the sheerest fabrication in the world. No such instances have ever been known in this country, as everybody here knows.

But suppose it was as he states—what of it? The success of the movement has very little depended upon or been indebted to "Professional Mediums." It is the private mediums who have been the great instruments in the work, and they outnumber the professional ones, a hundred or a thousand to one. And what, think you, is the explanation which this very unreliable writer gives of the phenomena of Spiritualism? My mediumship is hypnotism, or mesmeric sleep, or self-induced somnambulism, and the residue is fraud and deception! It is at once a shame and a pity that a work claiming such a high position in the literary world should display such profound ignorance in its pages.

J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, Dec. 10, 1865.

SIZE OF THE WEST.—Illinois would make forty such States as Rhode Island, and Minnesota, sixty. Missouri is larger than all New England. Ohio exceeds either Ireland or Scotland, or Portugal; and equals Belgium, Scotland and Switzerland together. Missouri is more than half as large as Italy, and larger than Denmark, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland. Missouri and Illinois are larger than England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales.

Box, Dr. Manning, the new Catholic archbishop of England, had his enthronization recently at Moorfields. In his address he predicted the speedy predominance of his Church, and said: "Two things are certain: the one, that Protestantism, after running, like other heretics, its course of three hundred years, is dissolving and vanishing away; the other, that the Catholic faith is irresistibly expanding on every side. These two operations never rest."

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1865.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 2, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

The Legitimate Fruits of War.

It is needless—nay, it is worse, for it is hypocritical—to attempt to disguise the fact that war, as it is the fruit, so in its turn it is the parent of gigantic and multiplied evils. A state of war results directly from the love of money and power. While this greed rules the human breast, we shall continue to be afflicted as we are now, and as the world has been through its whole history. When wealth is got, then follows ambition, with its long train of grinding exactions. The desire for rule aways men's hearts with an almost relentless grasp. Once in possession, it refuses to quit its place. Of course from such a desire antagonism is begotten. Resistance is the next most natural step. Then the quarrel begins. The lines are drawn with right scrupulousness, and the outbreak is not long repressed. War rages for a time as if the passions of men could never be checked in their power. The world seems in a state of flame. Destruction appears to be the sole purpose for which man came into the world.

But in time, human passions expend their force. They cannot always continue thus surcharged with electric impulses and fury. And when the smoke of battle is finally cleared away, and the carnage has ceased, and the noise and the tumult is all over—what then? Ah, this is the hardest question to answer; because, in the heat and fervidness of our passions, we cannot possibly foretell what effect will be produced, how many good and noble purposes in men's hearts will have been wrecked, or to what extent the good and healthy instincts of men may be turned out of their channel into something far worse than imagination could have conceived. In a word, as the legitimate sequence of war comes the demoralization of the popular morals and popular sentiment. So inevitable is it, history makes the assertion good at all points. There is no instance of the occurrence of a great war, especially a civil war, which did not result in the greater or less demoralization of the population whom it affects at all.

The ignorant and unreflecting individual who has borne arms, no matter how glorious the cause for whose defence he has valiantly stood forth, feels the power of this influence as soon as any other person, if not sooner. Camp life, and the loss of his self-command to his superior officers, have not wrought favorably on his character. His sentiments are generally dulled, and his finer feelings have parted with their bloom. The avenues of labor he finds more or less closed to him, if only temporarily. Regularity of occupation has become irksome. He wishes he had some external and always visible authority to lean on, confessing that his habit of self-control has been insensibly taken from him. From idleness and a spirit of vagabondism, the descent to open crime is comparatively short and easy. And it is not long after the drums of war have stopped their roll, when the once brave soldier puts off his honored uniform and becomes a robber, a garrotter, and a murderer. Human life is to-day of much less value, in the eyes of this much too numerous class of men, than it was five short years ago. Instead of murdering with ball and bayonet, they make little or no scruple of murdering with the equally swift and silent slung-shot. They see that better men than themselves have grown wealthy and powerful out of the war, and they try to pattern after them in the one rude way they have learned.

Just in the nick of time to make a show—and that is all it does—of putting a stop to such lawlessness and so reckless a riot of crime, the State Constabulary of Massachusetts is put in operation as a newly invented legislative machine. Now, the plan is, to clean out every sign and symptom of vice and crime. No alley way, no slum, no practice by and through which law is violated, is to be passed over unattended to. The ostensible object of the establishment of this new police force is, the permanent purification of the city and State from open crime. We of course suppose that murders, and garrotings, and robberies, and burglaries, are, after this to come to an end. But is it so? Would that we could say it. On the other hand, it would seem as if crimes of these classes never abounded more. Instead of looking after these great and important cases, hunting red-handed criminals to their dens and lairs, and making it impossible for them to put the lives of citizens in continual peril after night-fall, he goes about with his troop of adjutants and shuts up all the beereries, so that families cannot, after a certain hour on Sunday morning, obtain their regular supplies of brown bread and beer! Not only is this an illustration of heroic valor, but it fairly exposes the spirit of those modern laws which play at enforcement as boys play the soldier.

Then he issues his official summons to all his country aforesaid, far and near, to rally to his executive standard for the purpose of tipping over faro-banks, and arresting gamblers wherever they may be found, except in State street. In the very country towns from which he recruits his force, murders and garrotings and burglaries are being continually committed; while they are thus stripped of their regularly appointed guardians! This is taking care of the public safety with a vengeance. Of course we have no sympathy for gamblers, whether they be those who deal in faro-banks; or those who strip the poor of their hard earnings under the name of speculators in the prime necessities of life. But of what little consequence, comparatively speaking, is the breaking up of the establishments of the former to the protection of the lives of valuable citizens all over the State from garroters and murderers and highwaymen?

To such a dangerous pitch are matters arrived, that unless some adequate means are soon provided by the authorities to put a stop to these highway robberies, the citizens everywhere will assemble and organize themselves into efficient Vigilance Committees, with the stern resolution

to protect themselves. The community will surely assert its power to protect itself first of all. If the constituted authorities are derelict, or waste precious time in mocking at the public distress by arresting barbers and bakers, when they ought to have their strong hands on the shoulders of robbers and rogues, thieves and murderers, then society will wait but a little time to gather up its strength and provide permanent safety for itself.

An Awakening in New York.

The popular interest manifested in Spiritualism in New York at the present time, as evidenced by the large number of public halls now open for lectures, in which speakers and teachers are regularly heard by the thronging people, has imparted a fresh impulse to the leaders of the New Church, or Swedenborgianism, who hold meetings as frequently as possible, and appear to want to reap a part of the Spiritual harvest, while still denying that they have the least sympathy or affinity with Spiritualism. We have read a report, in the New York Tribune, of a recent lecture by Rev. Chauncey Giles, of the New Church faith, who openly and emphatically disclaimed any association, even of ideas and belief, with those whose faith rests on the strong foundations of the Religion of Spiritualism, while he nevertheless is obliged, in making up a discourse, to admit exactly what Spiritualism demonstrates and holds, even if not all it demonstrates and holds. Such glaring inconsistency challenges at least a measure of rebuke, when upon its practice an individual or a Church is laboring to build a structure of exclusiveness and sheer authority.

For example, the Rev. Mr. Giles is very particular to keep clear of what he evidently thinks the taint of Spiritualism. But in stating the grounds of his own professed faith, called Swedenborgianism, he has to come straight over upon the ground held by Spiritualists everywhere. We will proceed to show. He would not even recognize Spiritualism, yet he is compelled to say that those of his own faith hold that "the spiritual world is a real world, in the full sense of the term, with all the divisions and forms essential to a world." Next, that "while it is a real world, it must possess qualities suited to the wants of its inhabitants, and must be perfectly adapted to the states of every individual." Third, that "the inhabitants of that world consist of spirits, both good and evil, who have lived upon the earth since its creation, and who have passed from it through the gate of death." Notwithstanding these distinct statements, which the lecturer claimed to be natural deductions from what he had been speaking upon, he still pretended to say of his sect "we are not, as it is generally believed, Spiritualists; we have less sympathy with them, and our doctrines accord less sympathy with them, than the doctrines of any other Church."

We certainly have no objection to the Swedenborgian lecturers and preachers disclaiming all sympathy with Spiritualism, so long as their teachings are filled with genuine spiritual doctrine and spiritual philosophy. The one great fact which the Religion of Spiritualism has brought to the attention of man, and which it has satisfied his soul is true, and as comforting and blessed as true, is that spirit intelligences exist in the other world, and can communicate with mortals. This the Swedenborgians likewise profess to believe, and have made it the distinctive article of their creed. They, too, believe as Spiritualists believe and know, that the spiritual world is one of reality, even far more so than this in which we now dwell. Why, then, should they affect superiority to us and our beautiful philosophy, unless it is because they are afraid that some private and personal Church interests may be swallowed up by the great wave of popular belief which they already see advancing toward them?

Willis and Hepworth.

F. L. H. Willis, of New York, is engaged to speak before the Lyceum Society Spiritualists, in the Melodeon, next Sunday and the one following. His theme in the afternoon will be "The Gospel of Spiritualism."

The Spiritualists of this city and vicinity will be delighted to greet their old friend and champion to the platform again, after so long an absence from this city, especially as he has been faithfully at work in disciplining, developing and in every way cultivating those fine intellectual faculties of which the unseen inhabitants of the upper world have already made such notable and effective use. Mr. Willis is one of the true lights of the time. He lets no gift lie wrapped up in a napkin, but puts it to use as fast as he is assured it is his and has learned how to apply it.

Rev. Mr. Hepworth, of the Church of the Unity, we understand, has accepted an invitation to address the above society, and it is expected he will do so next Sunday evening. The appearance of so prominent a clergyman of the Unitarian denomination on the spiritual platform as Mr. Hepworth, is certainly provocative of remark. It shows that the philosophy of Spiritualism, supported and illustrated as it is by undeniable facts, is being more widely and openly recognized among liberal Christians; and suggests that the day is not far distant when the only exception will be that of the man who refuses to ally himself with the intelligences that are all around us from the higher spheres.

Should Mr. Hepworth be unable to complete his arrangements so as to speak on the evening alluded to above, Mr. Willis will occupy the desk, and give, by request, "The Experiences of Theodore Parker on entering Spirit Life."

All are invited free, and we hope to see the spacious Melodeon crowded, for better talents rarely afforded on such terms.

Conjugium.

We take pleasure in announcing to the thousands of our readers, many of whom have frequently heard with rare delight and profit, the inspirations which have been given through our gifted sister, Cora L. V. Scott, the interesting fact that, in Washington, D. C., on Friday evening, Dec. 8th, at the residence of Geo. A. Bacon, Esq., she was united in marriage to Col. N. W. Daniels, of Louisiana.

Father Morport, the venerable poet, philosopher and reformer, who of all men in our country, seems to have discovered and drank of the Fountain of Perpetual Youth, afflicted with all his characteristic grace, social nature and good sense. This union is eminently one of heart, head and hands.

The gallant Colonel has a proud military record, having been the first one commissioned by President Lincoln—July, 1862—to raise and command a regiment of colored troops, at New Orleans; is an earnest, energetic worker in political, social and religious reform—a progressivist of the right and best stamp—everywhere well and favorably known.

They propose to extend their labors hereafter specially in behalf of the Freedmen.

We are sure the sincere good wishes and hearty "God speed!" of unnumbered thousands, on this and on the other side of life, will follow them as blessings here and hereafter.

Abuse and Slander of the Eddy Mediums.—The Honor and Fairness of the Boston Press.

The wonderful manifestations recently given through the mediumship of the Eddy Family, in Boston, seem to have wonderfully stirred up the elements of opposition to Spiritualism, and, as usual, the press lends itself as a ready vehicle for the promulgation of every slanderous falsehood, which an ignorant prejudice may concoct. But, when an attempt is made to correct these misrepresentations, it becomes suddenly dumb; and its silence can be broken only by the all powerful tallman—money—the ruler of our venal press. One of these outrageous misrepresentations is found in a pretended account of a séance held at the Melodeon, in this city, on the evening of Dec. 8th; where "the whole trick" was discovered, in the opinion of some.

The Boston Post, of Dec. 13th, pretends to give a history of the process by which the wondrous secret was ascertained. We clip the most important statements contained in the article:

"An one trick can generally be best detected by another, the committee had come prepared. First, they would furnish their own ropes, and second, they had a trick they intended to practice, and which in the end proved successful."

As the committee at these séances, is elected by the audience, on each evening, we should like to be informed how the two gentlemen knew beforehand that they would be appointed thereon, unless they came with a packed company, to ensure their election? We more than suspect such was the case, and that the success of "the trick" was assumed before it was tried. But we will hear the press further:

"They were, however, not allowed to use their own rope, but take such quality and quantity as Dr. Randall chose to provide. The mediums were tied as well as circumstances would admit, and placed in the cabinet, shortly after, musical (?) sounds issued from the box, then closed for an instant, and a man's bare arm and clenched hand was thrust through the window and vindictively threatened the committee; then withdrawn. A moment after, a guitar came slowly through the window, and as soon as the hand (a woman's this time) appeared, a jet of ink was directed at the hand of one of the committee. The guitar was instantly withdrawn, soon after, the door opened and the 'media' walked forth unbound, their hands were examined by the committee, and upon the wrist of the female 'medium' the mark of the ink was found; it was immediately announced to the audience and the cause of its being there given, (as many did not see the ink thrown, and she was requested to show her hand with the mark upon it, but instead of doing so, and enraged at the exposition, she made a sharp assault upon the committee, forcing one of them to jump off the stage, but he immediately got back and attempted to explain to the audience what was to be seen upon her wrist, when he was interrupted by the lady committee, who said the marks were black and blue spots made by the ropes, but when the wrist was again examined the black and blue marks had disappeared through the free use of a handkerchief."

Without noticing the minor misstatements contained in the above extract, we wish to call the reader's special attention to the INKY part of it, which affirms that "upon the wrist of the female 'medium' the mark of the ink was found; it was immediately announced to the audience." Now, what were the facts in the case? In the first place, the doors were not opened "soon after" the ink was thrown, but fifteen or twenty minutes had elapsed, during which a variety of manifestations had occurred; and if ink had touched the medium's wrist, it must have become thoroughly dried; and therefore, not easily removed by a handkerchief. Again, but one of the three persons, on the committee, attempted to examine the lady medium, and he, instead of "immediately announcing" the fact to the audience, rudely seized the lady, as though he was expecting a rough and tumble fight with some desperate criminal. The lady, in the opinion of the larger portion of the audience, only defended herself from the assault of a rowdy. But, while the scuffle was transpiring, which of course took the audience by surprise, the gentleman (?) was vociferously calling for his backers to come forward.

As soon as the idea of ink was understood, and before the lady medium had had a moment to remove any stains from wrist or arm, the lady committee made an examination, and declared there was no ink stain to be found, but that purple spots were there, the result of severe tying. Other persons examined the wrist immediately, but found no ink. Bear in mind, that the medium was all the while on the platform, in full sight of the audience, rendering it impossible to use a handkerchief, or any other means to remove the ink, without being seen.

The case stands thus: One of the committee affirms there were ink stains on the medium's wrist; one declares there were none, but black and blue spots, from bruises in tying, while the third, did not see. The first was in a high state of excitement—intensely prejudiced—expected to see the ink, and saw what he wished for; while the second one, more calm, and examining more deliberately and carefully, finds nothing of the sort; but does discover, what the hasty prejudice of the first had magnified into ink.

The Boston Journal has a paragraph in relation to this same séance, more false and scurrilous than the one quoted from the Post.

We are forced to ask, what is the object of a newspaper? Is it not to give a truthful statement of the passing events of the day, with such comments as the conductors may choose to append? Such, at least, is the purpose put forth to the world—such is the promise made to community.

And the manner in which that pledge is redeemed we have shown above. The one-sided statements of a prejudiced person are eagerly seized on, and paraded in the columns of these imposing journals, as giving a comprehensive and truthful statement of most important facts. Were they obliged to do thus? Do none but roughs and rowdies attend these séances, that they are compelled to publish such statements, or none at all? Why not state that only two evenings previous, Wyzeman Marshall, Esq., was on the committee, and that he came prepared with three sets of handcuffs, recently imported from Europe—that they were of different sizes requiring a different sized key for each; that with these manacles, put on so tight that policemen declared it impossible for them to be got off unless unlocked, still hands, arms and faces were shown, coats pulled off and put on, and finally hands came out, took the keys and unlocked the manacles from the mediums? Also that repeated examinations were made as the séance progressed, and in every instance the mediums were found secure, so that the manacles must have been repeatedly removed and put on, in the dark, and without keys, or else some mysterious power outside of mortal wrought the marvels?

We repeat the question, why not give the statements of such men as Mr. Marshall, whose personal character, and extensive reputation for ability and culture, place him above and beyond the suspicion of unfairness or superciliousity?

Painful and mortifying as is the fact, we are forced to the conclusion that the conductors of the popular press are utterly unscrupulous, of

truth, only so far as mere pecuniary and sectarian interests are involved.

We are the more convinced of this when we find not only the strictly secular press, like the Post and Journal, indulging in such unfairness, but even the semi-pious and truthful Traveller far outstripping its more worldly contemporaries in the work of misrepresentation and injustice.

In the Traveller of Nov. 18th, appeared an article, headed "SPIRITUAL EXCITEMENT IN DANVERS," purporting to give a history of some manifestations given through the Eddy Mediums in that place. We do not propose to give or correct the account there published, but, by a statement of the Traveller's course, show how much reliance can be placed upon anything contained in that veracious sheet. Upon the appearance of the article in question, Mr. Randall, the manager of the Eddys, prepared a reply, correcting the positive falsehoods, explaining the misrepresented facts, and supplying those omitted, which were necessary to a correct understanding of the matter. The managers of the Traveller positively refused to publish the reply unless they were paid for so doing.

But the most remarkable part of the affair is that the account was written by one of the Traveller's reporters in their own office! Find your man or cause that is unpopular, libel him or it soundly, and when the poor, abused fellow seeks redress, charge him good round advertising rates for publishing his defence, and appeal to the Boston Traveller to endorse the morality of your course.

We do not ask justice from the press toward Spiritualism, for we have long since ceased to expect it, but we do think the honorable and fair-minded men of the community have a right to demand of it an honest presentation of facts upon all subjects whatever. And we further insist that it is their duty to demand that justice shall be done. The evil ought to be remedied; such men, and such only, can apply the corrective.

We have no anxiety as to Spiritualism suffering from the conduct of which we complain, for truth can never be damaged, but our human brothers are the ones on whom fall the consequences. They are forced to walk in darkness when light is near. The redeeming influences of Spiritualism are powerless in their behalf, because they are withheld from comprehending and embracing them. And for their sorrow the public press is not a little responsible.

Before dismissing this subject, we wish to add that if Miss Eddy's wrist had been found stained with ink, it would have been no evidence whatever that her hand had been disengaged from the tying and thrust out of the window. We can assure our learned contemporaries that, though we are placed by them in the category of ignorance and credulity, we have in our possession facts which will, ere long, force a revision of some of their scientific theories. The law of electrical transfer, when fully developed, will account for any ink, or any other marks, upon the person of a medium, in conditions similar to those we are now considering.

Revival of Spiritualism in St. Louis, Mo.

From various sources we have the pleasing intelligence that the cause of truth and spiritual progress is again in the ascendency in St. Louis. A. J. Davis, Mrs. A. A. Currier, and Lizzie Doute have already been secured for speakers there.

We find the following paragraph in the Democrat of Dec. 4th, published in that city, in which the editor exhibits a degree of liberality that would be of great advantage to all intelligent minds if they would but give the "spiritual doctrine a fair and impartial hearing":

THE NEW PHILOSOPHY.—LECTURE BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.—The Spiritualistic movement, which was interrupted four years ago by the war, has taken a new start in this city, and yesterday morning and last night, the new Philosophy was ably and eloquently expounded and explained in two lectures by Andrew Jackson Davis, one of the founders of the Philosophy. A full abstract of his evening's lecture will be found in another column. The attendance on both occasions was quite large, the Small Library Hall being more than crowded, and many persons were unable to find even standing room. The character of the audience, and the profound attention with which every one listened to the remarks of the speaker, are proofs that a large portion of the most intellectual men and women of the city are attracted by the promulgation of spiritualistic views. Mr. Davis addressed himself to the reasoning faculties of the audience, and however visionary his views may be regarded by strict Church members, there can be no dispute about the fact that he fixed the attention and enlisted the sympathies of many clear and philosophic minds.

In view of the increasing interest which is manifested in Spiritualism, it is the province of the Democrat to give the teachers of the doctrine a fair and impartial hearing through its columns. Whether it be true or false, good or bad, an understanding of its leading ideas can harm no one, but may induce many to do their own thinking and form their own opinions.

The address above alluded to will be found on our eighth page.

Bro. Davis, who is engaged to speak in St. Louis during this month, in a private note to us under date of St. Louis, December 4th, gives the whole story in a nutshell. We cannot forbear publishing the latter part of his note, for it gives in so few words such a pleasing picture of his domestic temple in which he daily worships. He says:

"The Spiritualists here have taken hold of the work in the bravest and strongest style; full of energy, full of money, full of intelligence, and full of the elements of final and rapid success. Next Sunday they will rally in force, children and adults, to enter the rank and file of a Progressive Lyceum. The equipments are all here, ready for the youthful candidates of spiritual culture in the Good, the True, and the Beautiful; and of course I am happy, for this work is the basis of the future kingdom of heaven on earth—the army of 'righteousness'—the population of 'peace'—the children of 'light'—the disciples of Love and Wisdom, and the beloved of the Eternal in the West."

But I am here without my wife Mary! Too bad! The love of a man's heart left at home—one thousand miles distant—over far-stretching prairies, and hills, and mountains, and streams, and rivers. Well, home is all the more "like home" when the heart's treasure is there, drawing as a magnet all the time. But she is working in the New York Lyceum, and I am in like manner working in St. Louis."

In a note of a later date, Mr. Davis says: "Will you be so kind as to communicate to our spiritual public that I have fully decided to remain in the lecturing field; to those communities where they want a Children's Lyceum put in operation, and where they will work and cheerfully spend their money to get the glorious school, in a perfect state of organization. And I, therefore, the present at least, decline all other calls. Of course, I wish to visit the Lyceums already in operation as soon as I conveniently can."

Meetings in Brooklyn, N. Y.

A correspondent writing from Brooklyn, N. Y., wishes us to urge upon the attention of the Spiritualists of that place the necessity of holding regular Sunday meetings there. We see no good reason why Brooklyn should not have spiritual meetings, as well as New York City. Both places are large enough for three or four, and no doubt one would be well attended in Brooklyn, if some energetic person would take the matter in hand and engage good speakers.

A PROPHETIC VISION.

[Our Washington correspondent, G. A. B., sends us the following noble poem, given in that city on Thanksgiving evening, to a large and discriminating audience, at the close of a characteristic and masterly Thanksgiving Discourse by Theodore Parker, through Mrs. Cora Daniels, late Cora L. V. Scott.]

In a parlor, music-haunted,
Kindly faces beaming near,
Kind hearts breathing words of cheer;
By the moonlight's waves enchanted—
Bathed and folded in the moonlight,
In the music and the moonlight
Sat we there.

Conversation and sweet stillness,
Circling all our hearts around,
Blending with the waves of sound—
Such a perfect rapturous fullness,
Such a strange and perfect silence;
Moonlight, music and sweet silence
Floating there.

Suddenly the parlor vanished.
Moonlight, music—all were gone;
And upon my spirit shone
Scenes and sights I thought were banished,
Of a strange prophetic vision—
A thrilling and prophetic vision
Dawning there.

I stood within the nation's Capitol:
The Senate Chamber was the scene
Of deepest interest—there to extol
The virtues of the nation, were convened
The people's giant minds.
And every gallery was filled,
And every aisle was thronged,
And every heart was thrilled.
By some deep theme debated there;
The theme of Justice to a people wronged!
When lo! an Angel clad in white,
With dazzling face of wondrous light,
With plumes of majesty and might—
Holding a sheathed sword with olive twined,
Bearing a manuscript, swept like the wind
Close to the speaker's stand—
Even the highest seat its power could reach—
Placing thereon the paper, did command
(By silence far more palpable than speech)
That officer to read. With voice subdued
And tranquil, (the multitude meanwhile
Thrilled with a strange expectancy)
And thoughts whose strange forebodings did be-
gulle

Him from his task—yet thus he read:
"A voice from South Carolina:
A true memorial from man to man,
From a people long oppressed,
From a people sore distressed,
Long dishonored and betrayed;
Asking if the promise made,
Hailed by them with deepest ecstasy—
Of Justice in accordance with God's plan
Shall be theirs?"
No voice was heard, save that of one whose form
uprose
As if to grant the boon, when lo! the Angel sped
And every Senator bowed low his head
In shame and fear.

Again within that Hall I stood,
And multitudes were gathered there;
The young and gay and fair—
The foolish, wise and good.
And solemn faces there were seen,
And each one with a thoughtful mien
Listened attentively.
The nation's voices spoke,
And in solemn debate
Questioned they of the state
Of those who had just broke
Their fetters and were free—
When lo! the Angel clad in white,
With wondrous power and great might
Again appeared, bearing the sword,
Sheathed and entwined as before,
Bearing again the written word—
Came to the speaker's desk once more
And bade him read, while o'er and o'er
That vast assemblage, gathered there,
A thrill was visible, as if the air
Was filled with unseen wings—
"A voice from man to man,
Asking if Heaven's plan
Shall be fulfilled on earth—
If honor and true worth
Shall find its just reward?"
Alas! alas! it was so very hard
To see that Angel bow his shining head—
To see the slow and measured tread
With which it stalked away—
While one uprose with swift regret
As if to speak. The Angel soft did say,
Smiling on him so sweetly,—"No—not yet!"

Once more within the nation's Capitol
I stood; this time in that high Hall
Of Representatives, from all the States;
Which august body ever more debates
The people's liberties and rights and powers—
More thronged and crowded than before,
Filled from its ceiling to the floor,
With anxious, earnest faces—longing eyes—
Watching the nation's destinies.
An Armed Guard was there,
Stationed throughout the crowd,
And near the outer door;
Talking in voices loud
Wore those who seek for power
At the expense of right—
Who in the darkest hour
Of the Rebellion's night
Sought to overthrow the Government
With Treason's serpent might!
When suddenly, more swiftly than before,
The crowded Angel there appeared,
Rushing through the open door—
While the vast multitude, who feared;
Yet welcomed the strange visitant,
Sat awed—silent and expectant—
"Another, and a last appeal,
To know if ye will still conceal
The truth—and baffle souls for power,
While rank corruption doth devour
Your manhood—From the South,
Speaking through paper's white-lipped mouth,
We ask again if man to man
Will grant the right of Heaven's plan?"
The speaker ceased to read; a silent "No" was
heard.

When at the sound, as though a magic word
Were breathed, the Angel drew his sword,
Like Michael, the Archangel of the Lord;
And o'er the vast thronging a flash of war
Swept like the lightning, when afar
It glared the cloud and strikes the giant tree—
So struck that lightning sword for Liberty!
Or, as the ocean by the tempest driven,
Wave after wave upon the rocks are riven,
So swayed and broke that tide of human forms,
Touched by the breath of the Avenger's storms!

IV.
The scene was changed! Anew,
And slowly to my view,
Appeared the shining, blooming land,
Blessed by perennial Summer's hand.
Two armies, rank and file, were there arrayed
For battle. A wronged and outraged race,
Who had so long waited and watched and prayed,
Were now about to trace
Their record on the page
Of human liberty—
Their faces colored were, but in their eyes
Gleamed the true fires of Freedom's prophesies.
The Angel led them on
And myriads of those
Who long with tongue and pen
Have plead the rights of men,
In rank and file did close,
Sustaining them indeed—
Now in their hour of need
Fighting for liberty!

Arrayed against them were the hosts
Of Lawful power—of Tyrants and of fools,
Who in the hearts of men but simple tools
To serve ambition—and the horrid Ghosts
Of Treason and Theology were there.
The Nation's Government had sold its soul,
Unto the Fiend of Power, whose mocking prayer
In waves of solemn blasphemy forever roll
Through Temples built by man!
And now those hosts, born of great wrong,
With Church and State to make them strong,
Came forth to crush Humanity,
And trail the flag of Liberty
In dust and human gore!
Over the whole bright land—
O'er mountain, city, town,
Their ravages were spread;
And still the strong, true band
Of Freedommen swept them down—
Until, their leaders dead,
Their cause unjust and false,
Their hearts corrupt and sore—
They ceased to battle more.

And those who fought for Liberty and Truth,
Led by the Angel of Eternal Youth,
Beheld a newer Government arise,
Like that which governs all the skies;
And valleys teeming with rich grain,
Fruits, flowers, dwellings o'er the plain;
And Man, pure, free and glorified—
His Truth and Wisdom then applied,
While unto him was given,
Peace that was born of pain—
Liberty, child of Joy,
Love with naught of alloy
And Justice—born of Heaven!

Christmas Jubilee.

A Christmas festival for the benefit of the Charlestown Children's Lyceum is to be held in the City Hall on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Dec. 27th and 28th. The first evening's entertainment will consist of exercises by the Lyceum, embracing silver-chain recitations, singing, gymnastic evolutions, marching, &c., by the children, making one of the most pleasing exhibitions anywhere to be found; and as the proceeds of the two evenings are to be applied to sustaining the Lyceum, we hope all who can attend will feel their duty to do so, for they will not only be well repaid, but add their mite in sustaining a noble work which will be of incalculable benefit to little children and masters and misses. It is, also, an excellent opportunity to witness the workings of the Children's Lyceum, which is becoming so popular among spiritual societies all over the country. The harmony and melody of these youthful, spiritualizing associations, A. J. Davis says, will correspond to the harmony and melody of the eternal Kingdom of Love, Wisdom and Peace.

On the second evening dramatic performances, tableaux, singing, recitations, &c., will be the order. Among the good speakers who are expected to be present each evening are Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Mrs. Nellie Brigham, Benjamin Todd and J. S. Loveland. A donation of twenty-five cents each evening, at the door, will entitle the visitor to all that is to be seen and heard.

An Outpouring Called For.

The committee appointed by the Young Men's Christian Association of this city, to attend to the devotional meetings department of the Association's affairs, have made their appearance in a circular which they have addressed to the "Praying Men of Boston," to meet at their rooms in Tremont Temple every afternoon, at five o'clock, to pray for a general outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the city. A daily journal suggests that we need as much more of this outpouring as we can get in Boston, the state of religious feeling running quite low here at present, and some more efficient check being required upon crime. This movement, however, is only the starting up of the sectarian machinery, to secure recruits for the Churches. The souls secured by the operation do not always turn out to be the biggest or most steadfast.

A Plain Admission.

We learn from the Cincinnati Daily Enquirer that a regular monthly meeting of the Evangelical ministers of that city, was held recently, at which a proposition was made for starting up a general religious movement among the Churches. While discussing the necessity for such a work, it was stated that there were not as many Protestant Church members in the city now as there were twenty years ago, when the population was only about half what it is now. There has been a multiplication of Churches, but the aggregate membership had actually decreased. It cost an effort to make an admission of that character, and it was openly questioned whether, unless a change for the better soon took place, the power of the Church, as a great moral influence in society, would not, to a great extent, be lost.

Emma Hardinge.

We find in the London Spiritual Magazine, the following extract from a letter addressed by Miss Emma Hardinge to Benjamin Coleman: "You have mentioned remuneration, I ask none—I desire none. It is no exertion, but a pleasure to me, to speak amongst kind and sympathizing friends; it is very different to the cares and fatigues attending public lectures. But what I shall require hereafter is a suitable hall, in which I can speak to large numbers—that I believe to be my mission; and whilst I am ready to fulfill it, by giving my services, I will not reject, but will thankfully receive any assistance my kind friends may desire to contribute, to enable me to defray the necessary expenses of giving free lectures to the public."

New Music.

Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, New York, has just issued the "Promenade Concert Polka," composed by Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst; "Santa Claus" song and chorus, by Rev. A. A. Gray; "My Jamie's on the Battle-Field," words by Mrs. M. A. Kilder, music by Mrs. Parkhurst.

A Capital Inducement to Subscribe for the Banner.

For three months from date, Dec. 10th, 1885, we will send to the address of any person who will furnish us three new subscribers to the Banner of Light, accompanied with the money (\$3) one copy of either of the following popular works, viz: "Dealings with the Dead," by Dr. P. B. Randolph; "The Wildfire Club," by Emma Harding; "Blossoms of our Spring," by Emma and Hudson Tuttle; "Whatever is, is right," by A. B. Child, M. D.; or the Second Volume of "Arenna of Nature." For four subscribers, with \$12 accompanying, we will send to one address, one copy of Andrew Jackson Davis's "Morning Lectures." The above named are all valuable books, bound in good style.

Lectures on Geology.

Mrs. N. J. Willis commenced a course of ten lectures in the Melodeon last Wednesday evening, "under the spirit control of Prof. Silliman." A fair audience assembled to hear, the opening lecture, who appeared to be highly interested in what the speaker said. Judging from the introductory address, we think the course will be interesting and instructive. Posthumous lectures by scientific professors are certainly something new in the field of literary science. We advise all who have a taste for this ever interesting science to attend.

The Story Finished.

This number of the Banner finishes the long and interesting story from the pen of Cora Willburn, which has been running through our columns for several months past. Before commencing another, we shall print some of the able papers which have accumulated on our table and been laid over only for want of room. In due time we shall resume the story department.

The Davenport Brothers.

From the December number of the London Spiritual Magazine, we learn that the Brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay have returned to London, where they intend to hold séances. Their address is 14 Newman street, Oxford street, W.

The Eddy Family.

These mediums will be in Stoughton, Dec. 18th and 19th; in Lexington, the 20th; Taunton, from the 21st to the 23d; in Providence, one week, from the 23th; thence to New York.

Christmas Presents.

In the Book line we can supply any kind or style, suitable for Christmas presents, at current prices.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"The Way of the Ancient Word," No. 3, will appear in our next.

We are under great obligations to the friends who have so promptly responded to our request for their cards de visite portraits. We intend to have them nicely framed and placed in our Public Circle Room.

The San Francisco Golden Era, of Nov. 12th, contains a brief synopsis of one of Mrs. Laura Cuypp's lectures, with comments on the same. After describing her personal appearance, the editor says, "She speaks well. We assert it again, most emphatically, the lady speaks well. Her discourse proved to us most comforting, and we left considerably improved in our own estimation, and with some faint hopes for our moral regeneration."

A. B. Whiting, writing from Louisville, Ky., says: "We are having a great revival of the spiritual religion here."

SENTENCE FOR GARROTING.—Last week, in the Superior Court, Judge Russell passed sentence on three more rowdies for the crime of garroting and robbery; giving one twenty and the others twenty-five years in the State Prison.

Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin delivers the next lecture before the Mercantile Library Association in the Music Hall, on Thursday evening, Dec. 23d.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN THE DRESS OF OUR WOMEN.—The World's Crisis has a well merited article of censure on the present extravagance in women's dress, which the editor winds up by quoting passages of Scripture to help and sustain him in his warfare against this vanity. Let us help him a little in this, by suggesting the eighteenth verse of the third chapter of Isaiah, as a good and effectual phial of wrath to pour out upon the transgressors. Here it is:

"In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their chains, and their round tires like the moon."

Of course, it must be that the round tires signified the hoops with which our women expand their dresses. If it did not mean this, will the Biblical scholar of the "Crisis" be pleased to enlighten us, and tell us what it does or did mean?

CHARLES H. FOSTER, the test medium, is holding séances at 1335 Vine street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The waste steam being let off, the other morning, on board one of the Chelsea ferry-boats, as the passengers were stepping ashore, a thin veil of it passed over a group of them; whereupon a funny man, who chanced to be present, exclaimed to a bystander, "Sir, I perceive that those people appear to be highly o-steamed." This infamous pun-garrotter was forthwith arrested, and has been "sent over" for twenty-five years.

The clergymen of Boston are preaching a series of sermons in support of Col. King's efforts to enforce the Sunday law.

Pharaoh's serpent, a new toy recently introduced into the United States, are denounced by Dr. McAdam, of London, as poisonous, and, of course, very dangerous.

The deaths from cholera in France during the month of October were four thousand and twenty, and three hundred and seventy-nine from the 6th to the 12th of November.

In a cemetery in Sharon, Conn., is a family lot in which are seven graves arranged in a circle. Six stones commemorate six deceased wives of D—, while the seventh and more stately slab bears the simple but affecting inscription, "Our Husband."

Mr. T. J. Safford, the famous mathematician and at present the chief astronomer at the Cambridge observatory, has been chosen astronomer-in-chief of the new Chicago observatory.

There are so many and so good counterfeits of the national currency of all denominations that Gen. Sghner, United States treasurer, advocates placing the inscription of the Bank of England notes on our greenbacks: "To counterfeit is death."

The late English papers represent the cattle disease to be increasing to an alarming extent.

Most of the silk machinery that was thrown out of use in Covington, England, by the operation of the high tariff established in this country during the war, has been brought over here and is already in operation. Newton Morton, of this city, has bought the "Swift Mills," at Mansfield, and is to change them to silk mills.

The New York Times has been enlarged to the size of the London Times, and is now the largest daily paper in the United States. Thurlow Weed has become one of the editors.

OMINOUS!—The World's Crisis, Second Advent newspaper, publishes a full notice of the Jersey Flying Machine, which the superintendent thinks will be all ready for operation in a month.

Open-air preaching is now extensively practiced in England, and a peculiar class of itinerant preachers is growing up to meet the demand.

COLORAD JURYMEN.—The list of jurors compiled by the city authorities of New Bedford, and publicly posted in the city, includes the names of seven colored persons.

New York has one policeman for every 400 residents; Boston one for every 500; Chicago one for every 630; Baltimore one for every 800; Philadelphia one for every 1050.

A miser lately died at Vienna, Austria, leaving two million francs to the Pope on condition that he will personally pray for the soul of the donor.

The New York Tribune finds in the frequency of railroad massacres a justification for coining the new word, *viaticide*, derived from *viator*, a traveler.

NOT ALL FOREIGNERS.—Out of the million and a half of names on the army rolls, during the late rebellion, eighty per cent. are native-born Americans.

According to the address of the State Teachers' Association of Tennessee, there are 83,000 adults in that State who can neither read or write, and 300,000 children without school advantages. It seems that one-quarter of the adults are totally illiterate.

The papers say that Anna Dickinson is soon to be married to a New York journalist and widower, to whom she has been privately engaged for four years. He encouraged her in her oratorical aspirations, and to him she ascribes all her success.

OBTAINING MONEY UNDER FALSE PRETEXTS.—Vending trumpery imitations of Lubin's extracts as genuine. The game is about played out, however, for the universal popularity of Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus" has literally taken the wind out of the sails of the tricksters who pretend to sell articles that cannot now be imported except at a dead loss. Sold everywhere.

Business Matters.

Ada L. Hoyt, writing and rapping test medium, San Francisco, Cal.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

HEALING AND DEVELOPING MEDIUM.—Mrs. H. B. Gillette, Healing and Developing Medium, can be found at the Banner of Light Building, Room No. 3, 158 Washington street, every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, from 10 o'clock A. M. to 5 P. M.

Special Notices.

The Great Remedy for Cough and Consumption. Allen's Lung Balsam will break up the most distressing cough in a few hours time, without fail. It is made of purest ingredients, and is a most effective remedy for many cases of Consumption which were considered incurable.

For sale by GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston, 25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179

I, for one, am rather glad your side has been victorious, for I thought in the beginning that the South would be obliged to surrender, sooner or later, as I always told the boys. Not but what I

Written:
 Carlisle Evans, of Lowell, Mass., reports happy
 in the spirit-land, and will meet his friends at
 Mrs. Foster's in Lowell, if they will go there.
 Oct. 31.

I'm a stranger here, sir; not at all acquainted with these spiritual revelations, but, like ten thousand others, was anxious to come back, if I was a little verdant.

Newlenaw, Scotland; Hannah Gale desires to meet her friends
 in England; Augusta Moore, to her mother, in New York City;
 Thursday, Nov. 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers;
 The Wilsons, who died in New Orleans, La., to her mother,
 in Halifax N. S.; Lieut. Wm. Hudson, from Fort, Kramis,
 to his brother, David Hudson, whose accounts in our West
 Virginia, Ala.; Miss Thompson, of Galena, Ill., to his wife
 in the South.
 Monday, Dec. 8.—Invocation: Questions and Answers;
 Mary, daughter of James K. Sawyer, of Raynham, Gt. B.
 and James Smith, a Protestant Irishman to his wife, Mrs. A. J.

Atlanta, Va., Dec 7, 1963. to DIRECTOR FBI WASH DC 100-440621

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