





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 splendour, and with golden rays, the heart-month of the year, sweet June. Again the blue skies kissed the prairie verges, and the tuneful choristers of field and grove sent heavenward the halcyons 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—Ligea 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 deed 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 Ligea, beloved."

"My Ligea, my own true sovereign! I 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 I a lone, soul-starved woman! My Ligea, my love! what is this world without affection? and I have lived amid its coldness so long! 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 discomfitment on the brave and loyal heart. But, even amid temptation and vexed allurement, 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 acknowledged agent 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 Ligea."

"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 alone; 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 thews that throw the world;  
She, mental breadth, nor fall in childward care,  
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;  
Till, at the last, she set herself to man,  
Like perfect music unto noble words.  
And so these twin, upon the skirts of Time,  
Side by side, full-summered in all their powers;  
Disputing 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 reigns the world's great bride, chaste and calm;  
Then springs the crowning race of human-kind."

"Here 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 cavilling 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 Ligea 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 world that darkens 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 meddlers, 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, *hi, hi, hi!*" 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. Ligea Willoughby is the gentleman, and we are to be married soon."

"The Lord save us! why in the world didn'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 out against me that I was sometimes a little cross and worried? now will you? I always hear tell as you Spiritualists are 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 bon 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 know not but the toll-paths of actual labor were again opening before us; but 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 history, I am amply rewarded for the task of treading the reminiscent 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, Owdell! I got better eyes than all of you in a hoodlum!"

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

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

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, m'am?" "He be."

"Is that your wife, sir?" "She be." "Ah, that's pleasant; he bee and she bee can hardly fail 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 humbuckers."

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 Cripple, "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 MISS LOVE M. WILLIS,  
192 WEST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

"We think not that we daily see  
About us life, and death that are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."  
(Lionel Hunt.)

## 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 Tenny 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.

Tenny 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 Tenny 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 buffal flower in de nord wind; it blows and blows, and de flower bend an' bend, an' by-an'-by it break. Milly see some tings right cute, an' she see dat if de Lord do it stop de nord 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 eber since de Lord took misus to heaben, bress her; an' dat chilo, she just like a little white dove, when de hawk dyls round; she neber see notin' 't all. 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 Tenny 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 Tenny thought when Hugh told her to look at the trees.

"I'd rather be a chestnut tree," said Tenny; "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 Tenny; "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 Tenny; "it's dreadful!"

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

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

"Let me go and speak to her," said Tenny, 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 'twill puzzle her to find," said Hugh.

Tenny 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 Tenny 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 Tenny in his arms, and carried her over. She stood there half-prospectfully 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 Tenny, 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 Tenny, 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 Tenny to wait until he came back. She was 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 he hungry as a bear, and I know you're as faint as a kitten, as old Aunt Kissy says. Didn't I get them sick, though? Nobody saw me, but the master was away. I looked out for that."

"Oh, Hugh, you didn't steal, did you?" said Tenny, 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 loked; that's all."

"Oh, oh!" said Tenny, "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 plans. I didn'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 Tenny 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 Tenny's plate and napkin, and spread them on the ground for a cloth.

Tenny 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 a-slant over their heads, and the great white clouds trooped over them. As Tenny 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 Tenny.

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

"Do you suppose mamma has been here?" said Tenny. "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.

Tenny 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 Tenny 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 Tenny:

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

Tenny was puzzled. Hugh thought that love meant selfishness, but Tenny felt that it was as wide as the world, and just like the sky; so Hugh wanted Tenny to love no one but himself, but Tenny'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 Tenny 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. Tenny 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."

"Hut hut!" 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 Tenny, 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 was too proud to go to Estelle and help her. 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 Tenny's, and a smile of content stole over her face. Tenny 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 one side, 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 Tenny 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 Tenny, "will the servants be whipped?"

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

But Tenny 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 Tenny.

"Hugh didn'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 Tenny. "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 Tenny, quickly.

When Tenny 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 face, just like de clouds over de face of de moon."

Tenny began to cry, but she was not sure that she ought to tell even the Lord about Hugh, because he would not like it. She laid her head in Milly's lap, and wondered where her mother was, and in her heart was a prayer that she would come and help her out of her troubles, but she did not dare speak her wishes aloud. She was very sure that Hugh was wrong in all that he had done, and yet she feared to do differently



## 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. Men'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 her altars, and Elder Grant did not even controvert the point. Thus 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, that the only extract I read was; and that the Persian ideas of God, angels, or Amshaspends, devils or Devas, 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 other 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, Beeton, 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 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 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 Hebraism 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 changes of names and dates, was identical with the doctrines and teachings of the ancient Essenes or Therapeutae, a sect of Greek and Egyptian healers by spirit power, as well light-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 progressive 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 Aramithes, and there enshroud or otherwise dispose of it, and, therefore, all subsequent appearances of the great 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 this 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 their 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, starved pack of limping, demagogues, and said these are they that do all this 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 make 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 "nags," 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 with 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. FISKE.

Providence, R. I., Dec. 6, 1885.

## 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 traveling 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 any guarantee. 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 disincarnate, such an one has left her husband, etc. Very likely some of these charges are true. More probable 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 are fearfully responsible before God, for these sins of the mediums. Do you complain that they are dishonest, 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 inconsistent in their social relations? What right have you to throw a stone? What encouragement have you ever given to virtue? This medium, 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 anperilous anenters against the laws and institutions of society. They are in-

fectly 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, 1885.

## 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 3d 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. Bullene 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, prescriptions, 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 roses 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 roustabouts 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, 1885.

## THE INDIAN MAID'S GREETING.

[At the recent marriage ceremony of Mr. Thomas V. Dickinson, Jr., and Miss Tillie L., daughter of Lewis Burdett, 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 Nettie 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 soul's intuition,  
Till doubts and replings 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,  
And ripples will 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 yeld thee,  
When the grim King of Terrors shall yield thee his crown,  
Made up of the jewels of heaven.  
Be loving, be faithful, for all error free,  
And when earth-life and sorrows are over,  
Your twin souls shall wander joy yonder with me,  
And your forms fall asleep 'neath the clover.

## ABSTRACT REPORT

Of the Proceedings of the First Yearly Meeting of the Corry, Erie Co., Pa., Association of the Friends of Progress.

"Speak gently; it is better far  
To gently 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 over 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 by resolution 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 agency is becoming acquainted by friends and by foes.

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

Resolved, That as freedom 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 all who wear the human form, irrespective of color, sex or condition, is the true basis of progress, 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 rejection of all errors, whether found in ancient records or modern creeds, whether sanctioned by the custom of ages or imposed by the fashions of the hour.

Resolved, That it is our inalienable right to employ every resource of knowledge open to us, whether it be in sacred literature, the language of science or the ministrations of departed spirits.

Resolved, That a liberal education is the need of the hour, and that we should endeavor to secure for the rising generation, to establish schools for free instruction, to disseminate science from the tyranny of creeds, and religion from the bondage of superstition.

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

Resolved, That we sympathize with the weak and pity the victims of mental disease, and commend them to the love of all friends of progress for education and strength to overcome evil with good.

Mr. W. H. Johnston, in explanation of the position of the Association, read from the Secretary's book, a series of Resolutions which had been adopted by the meeting for Organization, held July 9th, 1885. These Resolutions, as heretofore published, specify the true spiritual life to consist, in avoidance of religious prejudice, and in the rejection 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. Affirming the positive life-indeed 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 faculties of the soul, and the consequent overthrow of sensualism and free passion.

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 of the Association, which had been adopted by the meeting, was a 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 not Methodists, Baptists, or Presbyterians—why are not Unitarians, and all the other sects, so well known, and yet so ignorant of the laws of the spirit, and the consequent overthrow of sensualism and free passion?

The great past! How it looms up before us! With what splendor does the aureole of centuries surround the key locks of the saints! The other day I was speaking of the great reformers, and 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 Wesleyes, Foxes, the Fenelons, all persons who have received wisdom and inspiration, and poured it out for the benefit of the world. I revere the past, not 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 generate them. Shall we take it up where they left off, or shall we stop there? 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 key locks of the saints! The other day I was speaking of the great reformers, and 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 Wesleyes, Foxes, the Fenelons, all persons who have received wisdom and inspiration, and poured it out for the benefit of the world. I revere the past, not 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 generate them. Shall we take it up where they left off, or shall we stop there? Can you pretend to set yourselves up against that which has been sanctified by the blood of martyrs?

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. That theology disunites Nature from God, making him objective to it. Jesus of Nazareth is made to appear as the representative of God, and mediator 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 ancient cosmogony? Far from it. Through uncounted ages the divine mind operated to represent itself through man and woman. Does philosophy or science tell you you may pass into the new 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. What I deserve, I shall get. Philosophy is opposed, in this, 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 Advent."

Mr. Wadsworth read the Constitution of the Corry Association, 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.

Musical 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.

Musical by Mr. Clark.

E. 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 perfected 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 address 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.

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

Mrs. 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 are far different from 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.

If man is free in mind, 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 the truth to our daily life. The need of the hour is a more liberal system of education and the remodeling of our institutions, both of State and Church. Man is supposed to be outside of the spiritual, and in the way 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 virtuous opponents are so familiar with the Holy Spirit. Now, 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 backed by St. Peter, St. Paul, or St. John. The need of the hour is answered by messengers of light from that mystic further shore, toward which we are drifting. They give 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.

Sunday Evening Session.—Jas. G. Clark sang "The Children of the Battle-field."

Mr. Burleigh made some remarks upon the wisdom of the existence of what is termed evil. Either God is not omnipotent, or man is left to struggle against temptation and accomplish victories that are better than a state of innocence. The speaker was decidedly of the latter opinion.

Mr. Chauncy Messenger, of Wrightsville, Pa., spoke of his experience as an active infidel in the past, and of the great change in his opinions and feelings wrought by the powerful evidences that had been presented to him by the Spiritualists.

Mr. A. Bushnell, of Napoli, N. Y., narrated several strong facts that had come under his observation, in proof of Spiritualism.

Dr. Jas. Catlin, of Sugar Grove, Pa., (formerly of the Danville, New York, Water-Cure), expressed his unabated confidence in Spiritualism and reform.

Dr. G. Newcomer, of Meadville, Pa., made some interesting remarks upon "The Use of Tobacco."

Jas. G. Clark offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That physical cleanliness and temperance being indispensable to a healthy mind, mental and spiritual growth, we as reformers, discountenance the use of spirituous and mal liquors as a beverage, and of tobacco in any form.

Adopted.

Mr. Clark repeated, by request, his new hymn in honor of the late President, entitled "The Martyr of Liberty," the music and words of which are thrilling and beautiful.

Charles C. Burleigh offered and spoke to the following:

Resolved, That in the reconstruction of the States lately in armed rebellion against the Union's authority, every consideration of justice, national good faith, national gratitude and sound policy forbid the adoption of color or peculiarity of racial form or feature, as a test of citizenship, and demand that all men shall be equal before the law.

Mr. Burleigh's speech expressed the sentiments of a large majority of the Convention, and strengthened the loyalty of the large assembly present. It fully manifested the firm devotion, the firmness, the mastery eloquence and power that have characterized this long known and eminent advocate of temperance and physical and mental liberty. Like the venerable Pierpont, Mr. Burleigh is one of the few reformers that have kept ahead of the age.

Mr. Clark sang "The Sword of Bunker Hill," rendering this old piece with such telling effect as only his earnest soul can give it.

E. L. Wadsworth gave the closing speech of the Convention, upon the subject of the previous resolutions. His address was well-timed indeed, leaving the highest impression that could be desired. No better evidence of Spiritualism is needed than that which it presents in the persons of its inspirational speakers. Gathered from the humble walks of life, unschooled in polemics, yet the learned doctors shrink from an encounter with them, as we had abundant reason to know at the close of this very successful Convention.

The Resolutions were adopted.

James G. Clark sang one of his most spiritual and elevating songs, and with three cheers in spirit the meeting broke up, to reassemble during the full moon of August 1886.

WILLIAM H. JOHNSTON.

## NEVER LOOK SAD.

Never look sad; nothing so bad  
As getting familiar with sorrow;  
Treat him to-day in a cavalier way,  
And he'll seek other quarters to-morrow.



### 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 uncanonized 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 churches, four banks, various large factories, an endowed collegiate school for boys, a corresponding academy for girls, and the PATRONAGE OF PROGRESS. Such, at all events, was the grandeur and such the prosperity of this new-born city 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 decimated 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 5,345, it has increased every five years thus: 7,222, 8,523, 10,000, 11,791, 13,391, 15,873, and 17,418 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 county 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 bollians 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 "bollians" here—there 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 those 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 trafficked on the weakness and credulity of their clients."

Every word of this is the sheerest fabrication in the world. No such instance has 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 hypnosis, 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. EDMUNDS.

New York, Dec. 10, 1865.

**SIZE OF THE WEST.**—Illinois would make forty such States as Rhode Island, and Minnesota, six. 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 heresies, 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."

### J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENGLAND.

KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

This Paper is issued to Subscribers and sold by Periodical Dealers every Monday Morning, six days in advance of date.

**Notice to Subscribers.**—Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper or wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires; i. e., the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume, and the number of the paper itself, then know that the time for which you subscribed is out. The adoption of this method also renders it unnecessary for us to send receipts. Subscriptions should be renewed before the time is out, as it will prevent losing any numbers, and save us labor.

## 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 great rule 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 thing. Then the quarrel begins. The lines are drawn with rigid 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 intents 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 shifts up all the benches, so that families cannot, after a certain hour on Sunday morning, obtain their regular supplies of brown bread and beans! 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 ails, 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 talent is 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, on Friday evening, Dec. 8th, at the residence of Geo. A. Bacon, Esq., who was united in marriage to Col. N. W. Daniels, of Louisiana.

Father Pierpont, 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 latent 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 reluctance 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 vondrous secret was ascertained. We clip the most important statements contained in the article:

"As 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 Mr. 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 ceased for an instant, and a man's bare arm and clenched hand was thrust through the window and violently threatened the committee; then withdrawn. A moment after, a guitar was slowly thrust 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 'mediums' 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 and wrist upon it, but instead of doing so, she enquired 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 promise made 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, Wyman 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, cuffs 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 for 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 Doten 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 Spiritualist 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, in the course of his lectures, expounded the views of the Spiritualists upon the reasoning faculties of the audience, and how they 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 a grand 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 march. Full candidates of spiritual culture in the Good, the True, and the Beautiful; and of course I am happy for this work in 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 heavens."

But I am here without my wife! 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 thus drawing near, and 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 determined to confine my labors, the short time I expect to remain in the lecturing field; to those communities where they want a Children's Lyceum put in operation, and where they will work for the youth and spend their money to get the glorious school in a perfect state of organization. And I, therefore, for the present at least, decline all other calls. Of course, I mean to visit 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.







we shall meet you again in a higher sphere.



VALUABLE  
REFORM PUBLICATIONS.

ALL SPIRITUAL, PROGRESSIVE AND REFORM PUBLICATIONS ARE KEPT FOR SALE AT THE  
BANNER OF LIGHT BOOK STORES,  
No. 155 Washington street, Boston, Mass.,  
And 274 Canal street, New York.

Letter Postage required on books sent by mail to the following Territories: Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah.

## WORKS BY DIFFERENT AUTHORS.

ARONA OF NATURE; or, the History and Laws of Creation. By Hudson Tuttle. 1st Vol. \$1.25, post 10 cents.

ARONA OF NATURE; or, the Philosophy of Arcana, Science and of the Spirit-World. By Hudson Tuttle. 2d Vol. \$1.25, post 10 cents.

ANSWERS TO Seventeen Objections against Spiritualism. By John S. Adams. 30c, postage 4c.

ARNOLD, and Other Poems. By J. R. Orton. 70c, postage 10c.

A SKETCH of the History of the Davenport Boys. By Luke P. Rand. 30c, postage 4c.

AN EYE-OPENER; or, Catholicism Unmasked. By a Catholic Priest. 50c, postage 8c.

A LETTER to the Chestnut street Congregational Church, Chelsea, Mass., in reply to a letter from the Rev. Mr. H. W. H. in relation to a change of religious belief. By John S. Adams. 15c, postage 2c.

A B O F LIFE. By A. B. Child, M. D. 25c, postage 2c.

ANSWERS TO EVER-RECURRING QUESTIONS FROM THE PEOPLE. (A sequel to the "Banner of Light.") By A. J. Davis. 50c, postage 8c.

BLOSSOMS OF THE SPRING. A Poetic Work. By Hudson Tuttle. \$1.00, postage 20c.

BE THYSELF. A Discourse by Wm. Denton. 15c, postage 2c.

BRITAIN AND RICHMOND'S DISCUSSION. 400 pages, octavo. This work contains twenty-four letters from each of the parties above-named, embodying a great number of facts and arguments, and is designed to illustrate the spiritual phenomena of all ages, but especially the modern manifestations. 40c, postage 20c.

BRITAIN'S REVIEW OF BEECHER'S REPORT OF SPIRITUALISM; wherein the conclusions of the latter are carefully examined, and a comparison with his premises, with reason and with the facts. Cloth bound, 60c, postage 8c.

BRITAIN'S REVIEW OF REV. C. M. BUTLER'S D. D. This is a brief refutation of the principal objections urged by the clergy against Spiritualism, and is, therefore, a good thing for general circulation. 50c, postage 8c.

BIBLE CONVENTION AT HARTFORD. \$1.

CLAIRVOYANT FAMILY PHYSICIAN. By Mrs. Tuttle. Muslin, 60c, postage 12c.

COURTNEY'S REVIEW of Dod's Involuntary Theory of the Spiritual Manifestations. A most triumphant refutation of the latter theory that deserves a respectful notice. 50c, postage 8c.

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.—A New Manual, with full directions for the organization and management of Sunday Schools. By A. J. Davis. 50c, postage 8c.

DEALINGS WITH THE DEAD: The Human Soul—its Migrations and its Transmutations. By P. B. Randolph. 10c, postage 2c.

DISCOURSES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD. By Rev. H. P. Wilson, Medium. Dictated by the spirit of Stephen Olin. This is an interesting volume of 200 pages. 50c, postage 8c.

DAVENPORT BROTHERS: Their History, Travels, and Manifestations. Also, the Philosophy of Dark Circles, Ancient and Modern, by Orin Abbott. Price 25c, postage 5c.

DISSERTATION ON THE EVIDENCES OF DIVINE INSPIRATION. By Datus Kelley. 25c, postage 4c.

EXPOSITION OF THREE POINTS OF POPULAR SPIRITUALISM. Delivered at Exeter, N. H., by Rev. J. H. Tuttle. 10c, postage 2c.

ERRORS CORRECTED.—An Address by the Spirit of Stephen Treadwell. 10c, postage 2c.

FREE THOUGHTS CONCERNING RELIGION, or, The Spiritual Tinseltown. By A. J. Davis. 15c, postage 2c.

FAMILIAR SPIRITS, and Spiritual Manifestations: Being a Series of Articles by Rev. Enoch Pond, Professor in the Bangor Theological Seminary, with a Reply by A. J. Davis. 15c, postage 2c.

FURTHER COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE WORLD OF SPIRITS, on subjects highly important to the Human Family. By John S. Adams. 50c, postage 8c.

FOOTFALLS ON THE BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD. With Spiritual Illustrations. By Rev. J. H. Tuttle. 10c, postage 2c.

FUGITIVE WIFE. By Warren Chase. Paper 25c, cloth 50c, postage 8c.

FUNERAL ORATION ON THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By Emma Harding. 25c.

GIST OF SPIRITUALISM. Being a Course of Five Lectures delivered by Warren Chase in Washington. 50c, postage 8c.

GREAT HARMONY, in 5 Vols. By A. J. Davis. Vol. 1.—The Physical World. 2.—The Teacher. Vol. 3.—The Soul. Vol. 4.—The Human. Vol. 5.—The Thinker. \$1.50 each, postage 20c each.

GOSPEL OF HARMONY. By Mrs. E. Goodrich Willard. 30c, postage 4c.

HEALING OF THE NATION. Through Chas. Clinton, Medium, with an elaborate Introduction and Appendix. By Geo. T. Tallmadge. First Series. \$2.00, postage 25c.

HARBINGER OF HEALTH. By A. J. Davis. \$1.00, postage 20c.

HARMONIAL MAN; or, Thoughts for the Age. By A. J. Davis. 40c, postage 8c; cloth 75c, postage 12c.

HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF EVIL. By A. J. Davis. Paper 40c, postage 8c; cloth 75c, postage 12c.

HISTORY OF THE CHICAGO ARTESIAN WELL. By Geo. A. Shufeldt. 20c, postage 4c.

HISTORY OF DUNGEON ROCK. By Eusebio. 50c, postage 8c.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST. By Wm. D. D. 15c, postage 2c.

HYMNS OF PROGRESS: being a Compilation, original and selected, of Hymns, Songs and Readings, designed to meet a part of the progressive wants of the age. In Church, Social, and School. By L. A. Cooty. 1c. Price 75c, postage 12c.

HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL, in all Ages and Nations, and in all Churches, Christian and Pagan, demonstrating the Universal Presence of the Divine. Price \$3.00, postage 40c.

IMPROVEMENTS FROM THE SPIRIT.—By J. J. Garth Wilkinson. 75c, postage 8c.

INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM; or Emancipation from Mental and Physical Slavery. By Chas. A. Woodruff. M. D., author of "Legalized Prostitution," etc. Price 50c, postage 8c.

INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE. By D. D. Home, with an introduction by Rev. E. J. Davis. \$1.25, postage 20c.

ISTILL LIVE. A Poem. By Miss Achua W. Sprague. 10c, postage 2c.

JESUS OF NAZARETH; or, A True History of the Man called Jesus Christ, embracing his Parentage, his Youth, his Christian Ministry, his Career as a Public Teacher and Physician of the People, &c. \$2.00, postage 40c.

KINGDOM OF HEAVEN; or, the Golden Age. By W. W. Woodruff. 15c, postage 2c.

LIVING PRESENT AND THE DEAD PAST; or, God made manifest and useful in living men and women as he was in Jesus. By Henry G. Wright. 50c, postage 8c.

LIGHT FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD. Written by spirits through the mediumship of Rev. Charles Hammond. \$1.00, postage 10c.

LADY LILLIAN, AND OTHER POEMS. By E. Young. \$1.00, postage 12c.

LYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE.—A Poem. By Thomas L. H. 10c, postage 2c.

LILLY WREATH OF SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS, received chiefly through the mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Adams. \$1.00, postage 15c.

LEGALIZED PROSTITUTION; or, Marriage as it is, and Marriage as it should be, Philosophically Considered. By Chas. A. Woodruff. M. D., postage 10c.

LIFE LINE OF THE LONE ONE. By Warren Chase. \$1.00, postage 15c.

MILLENNIAL DAWN; or, Spiritual Manifestations Tested. By Rev. C. H. Harvey. 50c, postage 8c.

MORNING LECTURES. Twenty Discourses delivered before the Friends of Progress, in New York. By A. J. Davis. \$1.25, postage 20c.

MAGIC STAFF; an Autobiography of Andrew Jackson Davis. \$1.75, postage 20c.

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS. By Prof. S. B. Brown. One elegant volume, 60c, tinted laid paper, extra vellum cloth, 75c, with steel engraved portrait. \$2.50, postage 30c.

MESSAGES from the Superior State. Communicated by John Murray, through J. M. Spear. 75c, postage 10c.

"MINISTRY OF ANGELS" REALIZED. A Letter to the Edwards Congregational Church, Boston. By E. J. Davis. 10c, postage 2c.

NATURE'S DIVINE REVELATIONS. The profoundest production of spirit through immediate communications of Andrew Jackson Davis. 70c, postage 10c.

NEW TESTAMENT MIRACLES, and Modern Miracles. The same number of evidence for each, in the nature of both; testimony of a hundred witnesses. A Essay read before the Divinity School, Cambridge. By J. J. Davis. 40c, postage 8c.

PRE-ADAMITE MAN; demonstrating the Existence of the Human Race on this earth one hundred thousand years ago. By P. B. Randolph. \$1.25, postage 20c.

PENITENTIALIA; being Harmonical Answers to Important Questions. By A. J. Davis. \$1.75, postage 20c.

## PHILOSOPHY OF SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

—A Vision. By A. J. Davis. 15c, postage 2c.

## PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

—being an Explanation of Modern Mysteries. By A. J. Davis. Paper 60c, postage 8c.

## PLAIN GUIDE TO SPIRITUALISM.

A Spiritual Handbook. By Uriah Clark. Full gilt, \$1.75; plain, \$1.25, postage 10c.

## POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

By Lizio. Full gilt \$2.00, postage 10c; plain \$1.25, postage 10c.

## POEMS.

By Achua W. Sprague. \$1.50, postage 20c.

## PHILOSOPHY OF CREATION.

Unfolding the Laws of the Progressive Development of Nature, and embracing the Philosophy of Man, Spirit, and the Spirit World. By Thomas Paine, through the hand of Horace Woodruff. Paper 30c.

## PROGRESSIVE TRACTS.

Lectures delivered by A. J. Davis, at Woodruff's Hall, New York. No. 1, "Deities and Virtues—their benefits and penalties." No. 2, "The World's True Redeemer." No. 3, "Death and the After Life." No. 4, "Appetites and Passions—their origin and how to cast them out." 5c each.

## PHILOSOPHY OF THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

Rev. Charles Hammond, Medium. 30c, postage 4c.

## POSITIVE CALENDAR.

A Translational System of Public Communication. 50c, postage 8c.

## PROF. HARE'S LECTURE ON SPIRITUALISM.

18M. 20c, postage 2c.

## REICHENBACH'S DYNAMICS OF MAGNETISM.

Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallization and Chemistry in their relations to vital force. Complete from the German second edition; with the addition of a Preface and Critical Notes, by John Alden, M. D. Third American Edition. \$1.50, postage 20c.

## REPORT FROM THE CELESTIAL COURT.

30c, postage 4c.

## ROAD TO SPIRITUALISM.

Four Lectures. By Dr. H. T. Hallack. 50c, postage 2c.

## RECORD OF SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS Experienced and Witnessed and Recorded by Rev. J. H. Ferguson.

10c, postage 2c.

## REVIEW OF A LECTURE BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

on the Religious Philosophy of Ralph Waldo Emerson, by David H. Johnson, Lecturer. Lived in Lyceum Hall, Boston, on Sunday Evening, March 8th, 1885. 15c, postage 2c.

## RELIGION OF MANHOOD; or, the Age of Thought.

By Dr. J. H. Robinson. Bound in muslin 75c, postage 12c.

## REPLY to the Rev. Dr. W. P. Lunt's Discourse against the Spiritual Philosophy.

By Mrs. Elizabeth H. Torrey. 15c, postage 2c.

## RAVALETTE. A Wonderful Story.

By P. B. Randolph. Price \$1.25, postage 20c.

## SELF-CONTRADICTIONS OF THE BIBLE.

14 Propositions, without comment, embodying most of the palpable and striking self-contradictions of the Bible. 25c, postage 2c.

## SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

being an Exposition of Views respecting the Principal Causes, Causes and Peculiarities involved, together with interesting Phenomena, Statements and Communications. By Adm. Hallou. Paper 50c, postage 8c; cloth 75c, postage 12c.

## SOUL AFFINITY.

By A. B. Child, M. D. 20c, postage 2c.

## SOUL OF THINGS; or, Psychometric Researches and Discoveries.

By William and Elizabeth M. F. Denton. \$1.50, postage 20c.

## SPIRIT MINSTREL.

A Collection of Hymns and Songs for the use of Spiritualists and Public Meetings. Sixth Edition, enlarged. By J. H. Packard and J. S. Loveland. Bound 50c, paper 35c, postage 5c.

## SPIRITUAL INVENTION; or, Autobiographic Scenes and Sketches.

20c, postage 2c.

## SPIRITUALISM.

By Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter, with an appendix by Hon. N. P. Tallmadge, and others. \$2.00, postage 20c.

## SPIRITUALISM. Vol. 2.

By Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter. \$2.00, postage 20c.

## SHEKINAH, 3 Vols.

By S. B. Brittan, Editor, and other writers, devoted to an inquiry into the spiritual nature and relations of man. Bound in muslin, 50c, postage 8c.

## SHERES OF PREY.

By Justus Kerner. A book of facts and revelations concerning the inner life of man, and a world of spirits. New edition. 50c, postage 8c.

## SPIRITUAL REASONER.

By Dr. E. W. Lewis. \$1.00, postage 10c.

## SPIRITUAL TEACHER.

Comprising a series of Twelve Lectures on the Philosophy of the Spirit. Through R. P. Ambler. 75c, postage 10c.

## SPIRIT WORKS, REAL BUT NOT MIRACULOUS.

A Lecture, read at the City Hall, in Roxbury, Mass., by Allen Putnam. 10c, postage 2c.

## TRUTH FOR THE TIMES.

gathered at a Spiritual Thought Concert. 10c, postage 2c.

## THE WORKER AND HIS WORK.—A Discourse.

By Dr. H. T. Hallack. 15c, postage 2c.

## TWO DISCOURSES.

By Rev. F. L. H. Willis. 30c, postage 5c.

## TWELVE MESSAGES from the Spirit of John Quincy Adams.

through Joseph H. Stiles, medium, to Josiah Brigham. Gilt, \$2.00; plain, \$1.00, postage 20c.

## THE BIBLE: Is it of Divine Origin, Authority and Influence?

By J. H. Finney. Paper 25c, cloth 50c, postage 8c.

## VOICES FROM SPIRIT-LAND.

By Nathan Francis White, Medium. 75c, postage 10c.

## VOICES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

By Nathan Francis White. 75c, postage 10c.

## WILDFIRE CLUB.

By Miss Emma Harding. \$1.25, postage 20c.

## WHAT EVER IS, IS RIGHT.

By A. B. Child, M. D. 15c, postage 2c.

## WOODMAN'S Three Lectures on Spiritualism.

delivered at Worcester, Mass., 1885. 10c, postage 2c.

## WOMAN AND HER ERA.

By Mrs. Eliza F. Farnham. Two volumes, 12mo, cloth, 80c; paper, 50c. Extra gilt \$1.00, extra \$1.50, postage 20c.

## WHAT EVER IS, IS RIGHT VINDICATED.

being a Letter to Cynthia Temple, briefly reviewing her theory of "It is all right." By A. B. Child. Price 10c, postage 2c.

## MISCELLANEOUS AND REFORM WORKS.

A SERMON on False and True Theology. By Theodore Parker. 10c.

## ART OF CONVERSATION.

with Directions for Self-Education. Price \$1.50, postage 20c.

## AMERICAN CRISIS; or, The Trial and Triumph of Democracy.

By Wm. D. D. 15c, postage 2c.

## APOCYPHAL NEW TESTAMENT.

\$1.00, postage 10c.

BATTLE RECORD OF THE AMERICAN REBELLION. By Horace E. Dwyer. A. M. 25c, postage 2c.

BOOK OF RELIGIONS; comprising the Views, Creeds, Sentiments or Opinions of all the principal Religions of the World. By John Hayward. 50c, postage 8c.

COMPENDIUM OF TACHYGRAPHY; or, Lindsay's Phonetic Short-Hand, explaining and illustrating the common mode of shorthand, and containing a full and complete system of shorthand, with directions for the organization and management of Sunday Schools, by Andrew Jackson Davis. 60c, postage 8c.

COMPANION POETS FOR THE PEOPLE. Illustrated. Vol. 1.—Household Poems, by H. W. Longfellow. Vol. 2.—Songs for all Seasons, by Alfred Tennyson. Vol. 3.—Poems for the Young, by Wm. L. G. 10c, postage 2c.

CRIST and the Pharisees upon the Sabbath. By a Student of History. 10c, postage 2c.

CURABILITY OF CONSUMPTION DEMONSTRATED ON NATURAL PRINCIPLES. By Andrew Stone, M. D. \$1.50, postage 20c.

DARING AND SUFFERING.—A History of the Great National Adventure. By Lieut. Wm. Pittenger. \$1.00, postage 10c.

EIGHT HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL LECTURES ON THE BIBLE. By John Prince. \$1.00, postage 10c.

ELIZA WOODSON; or, The Early Days of One of the World's Workers: A Story of American Life. \$1.00, postage 10c.

EUGENE BECKLARD'S PHYSIOLOGICAL MYSTERIES AND REVELATIONS. 25c, postage 2c.

EFFECT OF SLAVERY ON THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By Theodore Parker. 10c.

EMPIRE OF THE MOTHER OVER THE CHILDREN AND DESTINY OF THE RACE. By Henry C. Wright. Paper 25c, postage 4c.

ERRORS OF THE BIBLE. Demonstrated by the Truths of Nature; or, Man's only Infinitesimal Rule of Faith and Freedom. By Henry C. Wright. Paper 50c, postage 8c; cloth 80c, postage 10c.

FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH; or, A System of Specific Cures and Remedies, by which Disease may be prevented and cured by the proper regulation of the functions of the human organism. &c. By Dr. Wiesecke. \$1.25, postage 20c.

HABITS OF GOOD SOCIETY. A Hand-Book of Etiquette and Good Manners. Large 12mo, elegant cloth binding. \$1.75, postage 20c.

HOUSEHOLD POEMS, by Henry W. Longfellow. Illustrated. 50c, postage 8c.

IDEAL ATTAINED: Being a Story of Two Realized Souls, and how they won their happiness and lost it not. By Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham. 12mo, \$1.00 pp. \$2.00, postage 20c.

KORAN. Translated into English Immediately from the Original Arabic. \$1.00, postage 10c.

LOVE-LIFE OF DR. KANE, containing the Correspondence, and a History of the Acquaintance, Engagement and Secret Marriage between Dr. K. Kane and Elizabeth Kane. 10c, postage 2c.

LOVE AND MOCK LOVE. By Geo. Stearns. plain 25c, gilt 40c, postage 4c.

LIFE OF JESUS. By Ernest Renan. Translated from the Original French, by Charles Edwin Wilbour. 12mo, \$1.25, postage 20c.

MARRIAGE AND PARENTHOOD; or, The Reproductive Elements in Man, as a Means to his Elevation and Progress. By Henry C. Wright. \$1.25, postage 20c.

MISTAKE OF CHRISTENDOM; or, Jesus and his Gospel, before and after Christianity. By George Stearns. \$1.00, postage 10c.

OPTIMISM, THE LESSON OF AGES. By Benjamin Blood. 70c, postage 12c.

## PECCAR: A Tale of the Great Transition.

By Epea Nargent. \$1.75, postage 20c.

## PERSONAL MEMOIR OF DANIEL DRAYTON.

12M. Paper 25c, cloth 50c.

## POEMS OF JEAN INGELW.

Elegantly bound, 12mo, \$1.00, postage 10c.

## POEMS OF DAVID GRAY.

with Memoirs of his Life. Elegant cloth binding, tinted laid paper, with gilt top



Mrs. M. L. French, inspirational medium, will answer call to lecture or attend circles. Free Circles Wednesday evening. Address, Washington Village, South Boston.